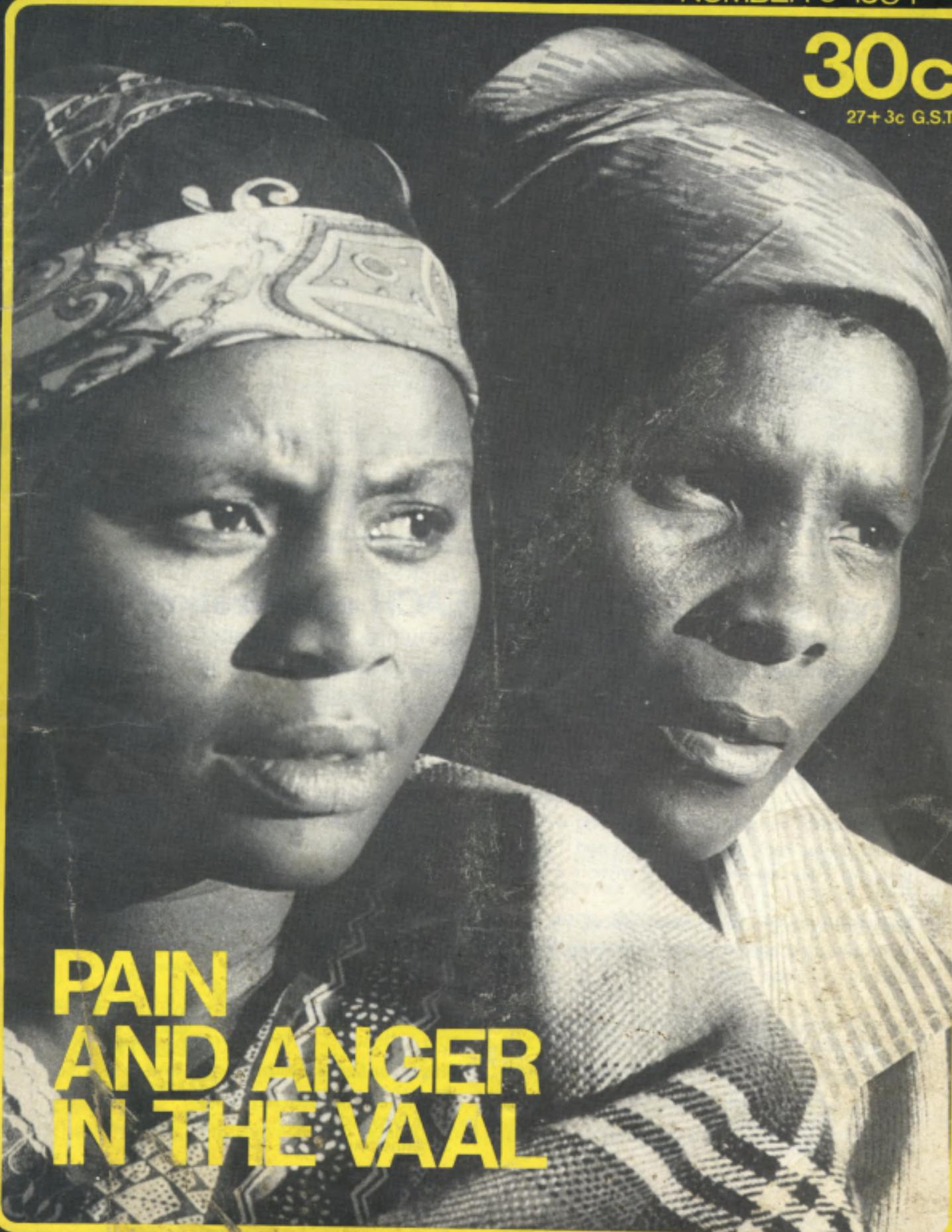


Learn and Teach

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**PAIN
AND ANGER
IN THE VAAL**

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What is the LEARN and TEACH organization?

The Learn and Teach organization helps adults learn to read and write. People learn in groups. Learn and Teach helps people start learning groups. We find a co-ordinator (teacher) for the group and we train the co-ordinator.

We also help groups after they start. We visit groups very often to help them. And we print books for groups to read.

In the groups people learn to read and write in their own language. People learn in Sotho, Xhosa, Zulu, Pedi, Venda, Tswana and Tsonga. When people can read and write in their own language, they learn to read and write in English.

We work with groups in many places. We work with groups in Soweto, Johannesburg, East Rand, Pretoria and Northern Transvaal. We also work with organizations that help learners in Durban and Cape Town.

Do you want to know more about learning groups?

Write to: Learn and Teach
P.O. Box 11074
Johannesburg
2000

Or come to see us at: 4th Floor Merlen House
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Johannesburg





ANGER IN THE VAAL

"They picked up dead bodies in Sharpeville every day this week. They picked up dead schoolchildren, dead mothers and fathers, dead community councillors. By the end of the week they had found 30 bodies — but residents said there were more."

That's how one newspaper wrote about the anger and the pain in Sharpeville at the beginning of September. And it wasn't only Sharpeville. It was the same in Evaton, Sebokeng, Boipatong and Bophelong.

Nobody knows how many people died and how many were injured. But people say Sebokeng hospital was full. And many more people lay hurt in their homes. They were too scared to

go to hospital. They said the police were waiting there to arrest them.

It all began when the Lekoa town council sent letters to people saying the rent was going up. Very few people voted for this council. And very few people have money to pay more rent.

The people met in a church in Sharpeville to talk about ways to fight the rent increase. The people chose a special rent committee to talk for them.

At a meeting on the first Sunday in September, two thousand people met at the church. They decided to call for a stay-away from work and from

school the next day. They would then march to the council offices to complain about the new rent. They decided to have a peaceful march.

But it didn't work out that way. Some people say that the people lost their tempers when they went to a councillor's house. They wanted him to join them in the march – and he started shooting at them. Some people say the trouble started because the police were everywhere – and that never helps anything. Others say that the people had just had enough.

"Many people have no jobs and the cost of living goes up every day," says

one person from the Vaal. "Rents, permits and transport go up. Then there are water and electricity bills. And then sales tax went up. And just last month H.P. charges went up. And after all this, wages stay the same.

"And then we have many people losing jobs, mostly in the steel and chemical factories. And then we must talk about the terrible housing shortage. People live squashed up like animals – and they don't have much chance of getting a bigger or better house.

"But most of all the people have had enough of greedy councillors. These



Police in the Vaal.



Sharpeville 1984.

councillors eat and eat – and then they just wipe their mouths clean. They own most of the shops and businesses in the township. And they are always trying to get more.

“The people hate the councillors because they are greedy. But they hate them more for doing things without talking to the people first. They just tell the people what to do – and nobody chose them in the first place.”

Three councillors were killed and their houses and businesses were burnt down. But the people also burnt and looted other shops and homes. Why?

“The newspapers say that the people went for Indian shops,” says another

person. “But this isn’t true. Nearly every shop was looted and burnt down. The dry-cleaning shop full of clothes belonging to African people was burnt down. I lost my jacket in the fire. I think people looted shops because they were hungry – a hungry stomach knows no law.”

Some leaders were not happy about some of the things that people did. One leader said that at times ‘tsotsis’ took over. Quite a few people were stabbed when people fought over goods in the shops.

Rent was the main reason for the anger. But most people say it’s more than rent. It’s more than the hated councillors. It’s more than the

shortage of houses and jobs. It's all of these things. It's the way the government treats black people in this country. Until the government throws

away all of apartheid, they will have anger and hatred — just like we saw in the Vaal.



One of the many shops that burned in the Vaal.



People unite to demand a lower rent.



THE LAW THAT FAILED

The whole world saw just how much the people in the Vaal hated the councillors. Three were killed and most of them lost their houses and businesses. Many are still in hiding.

People say they hate the councillors because they are "greedy sharks" - and because they are "puppets" of the government.

In the last election, very few people voted for the councillors. For example 33 thousand adult people live in Evaton - and only 535 voted.

What does all this mean? It means that the government's system of town councils in the township is a failure. And so it also means that the government's new law, The Black Local Authorities Act, is also a failure. Learn and Teach had a look at this new law:

The government passed The Black

Local Authorities Act last year. The government called this a new deal. They said Africans will have a bigger say in the running of the townships. But this deal was not so new - the old community councillors didn't get more powers. They only got more work to do.

The old community councils are no more. We now have "town and village" councils. The old community councils did things like collecting rent and chasing "squatters" out of backyard shacks.

Under the new law, the councils must do things that the administration boards always did - like managing the sewerage, electricity and water.

So the councils have more to do - **BUT THEY DON'T HAVE MORE MONEY TO DO IT WITH.** All the money must come from the people in the townships. The government will



A shop burns and people help themselves.

not use taxes they get from rich people and companies for the townships.

A few months ago one newspaper wrote: "For many years the government has starved the townships of money. The rule is simple: Africans must pay for their own houses and services. If they can't afford it, they must go and live in the homelands."

The same paper wrote: "It is the workers and their families in the townships who will have to pay for the councils. Workers, who can now hardly pay for rent, transport and food, will have to pay more for everything.

"Even if the councils push up rents,

service charges, electricity levies, liquor prices and dog taxes, they will still not solve their many problems. They will try by squeezing the workers for more and more.

"That's why the Lekoa town council had to put up rents - and that's why the people were so angry.

The government says the councils will give people more say in the running of their townships. They say townships will have more power over their own affairs.

But this is not true. The councils won't have much power. Look at what the government minister can do to the councils:

- He can set up or close down councils.
- He can give the councils extra powers or take them away.
- If nobody votes in the town council elections, then he can just put anybody into the council.
- If he doesn't like the work of a council, then he can tell the council what to do. Or the government can do the work of the council.

Many people say the government doesn't really want to give people a

say in the way their townships run. They say the government wants the councils to do all the dirty work in the townships - like charging more for rents. Then the people will blame the councils for all the problems in the townships - and not the government itself.

"People can see what the government is trying to do", says a man from the Vaal Civic Association. "We can see that the government is using the councils to make us pay for things in our townships. We even pay the salaries of the councillors. So who can blame the people for their anger?" ●





Another councillor's house burned down.



Streets of fire in the Vaal.

DANCING FOR FREEDOM



The man's body twists and jives like a snake. Sweat shines on his face. He holds his clenched fist high in the air. His shoes go clickety clack all through the dance. And he sings — in time to the tapping of his shoes.

Then the tap dancer stops. He sits down. The workers shout "Amandla". Someone gets up to make a speech. And the workers' meeting goes on.

The man's name is Baazner Moloi. He

is a song and dance man. And he sings and dances for the workers in his trade union.

Baazner also works in a big factory every day. So he knows about the lives and daily struggles of workers.

He knows they need more rights. He knows workers want more freedom. And he knows that after work each day workers need something else. They need a chance to keep their souls alive.

"We need to laugh and be happy," says Baazner. "Song and dance helps us to forget our troubles for a while. But it also makes us brave. It brings us together and makes us strong."

So at the meetings of his union Baazner dances. He dances so the workers can laugh and be happy together. And he dances so they will be strong when they stand up and fight for their rights.

Baazner's union is called the Chemical and Industrial Workers Union. Today it is fighting for a better life for the workers of this country. Baazner is one of the worker leaders in this union.

So Baazner Moloi is many things. He is a factory worker. He is a fighter. He is a worker leader. And he is just an ordinary guy who loves to sing and dance. This is his story.

EYES OF A FIGHTER, EARS OF A DANCER

Nearly 40 years ago, Baazner Moloji was born in Moroka township. People called the place "Emasakeni". It was a good name for the place. People lived in shacks made of tin and old sacks.

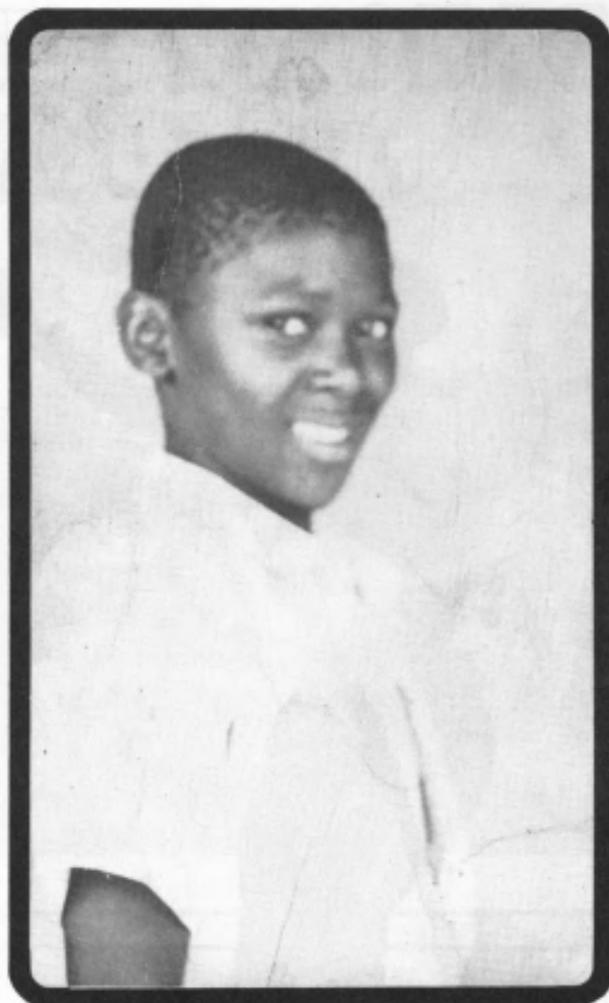
Baazner does not remember Emasakeni. But the young boy's eyes saw the suffering of the people. And they did not forget.

Baazner's father was poor. But he loved his son very much. He didn't want Baazner to live in a place where babies died like flies. So he took the boy to his grandmother's place. She lived in a place people still call Kofifi – the peoples' name for Sophiatown.

People were poor in Sophiatown. But it wasn't as bad as Emasakeni. And the place was always alive with music, song and dance. Some people say South African jazz was born in Kofifi.

Baazner was still too young to remember Sophiatown. But his ears heard the song and music of the people. And they did not forget. The sound of Kofifi stayed in his blood.

Then Baazner's father got a job in Germiston. So he moved everyone – his wife, his kids and the old granny. They moved to a house in the old location near Germiston. That's where Baazner began to sing and dance. And that's where he began to fight for his rights.



The young Baazner.

JIVING ON THE OUTSIDE

Baazner's mother was a very strict Christian. She sent the boy to Sunday school. The teachers noticed two things about Baazner. He was very naughty. And he loved to sing. He had the best voice in the singing class.

Baazner remembers his first big fight at primary school. The boy knew his parents were poor. And he didn't know why his father had to pay for the teacher's wages. So one day he marched into the headmaster's office and said, "Give me back my school fees."

Baazner didn't get the money. And he

didn't stay long at that school. From then on he spent very little time in the classrooms. One day Baazner's father even sent the blackjacks to find the boy and take him to school.

But Baazner did not listen. He only had ears for the music he loved. At night he went to the township dance halls with his many friends. Together they crept around in the dark outside the halls. They looked in through the windows.

Inside big and famous bands made music for the people – bands like the Inkspots and the Bogart Brothers. And inside the people jumped and jived to the great old sounds – the sounds that made them feel alive.

Outside the small boys sang and danced. They jived like the people inside. And nobody jived like Baazner – inside or outside.

Baazner and his friends had another great love – the movies. They loved the American movies about tap dancers best of all. So they put the caps of beer bottles under their shoes. When they danced they made their own clickety clack music. And nobody could clickety clack like Baazner Moloji.

THE ACE MONKEY JIVER

The people of old Germiston Location were poor. They called the place "Dukathole - a lost sheep". But they

liked their home. The white factories were nearby. Bus fares were not much. And the place was a little like Sophiatown – it had some life in it.

But the whites wanted their town to be white – pure white. So the government moved the people of Dukathole to a new township called Katlehong.

Soon after that Baazner's father gave up trying to educate his son. He said: "OK, don't go to school. Go and find a job." That's when Baazner decided to go back to school.

His father sent him to a boarding school in Standerton. Baazner hated it. But one thing kept him there – the school had a band. They played jazz and called themselves the "Soul Souvenirs".

The band soon heard about the new boy. "They heard I was from the Reef," says Baazner. "And they saw I was a top jiver. So they asked me to dance at their shows.

"We travelled to all the towns around Standerton. Before the show we put up posters. The posters told people to "Come and see the Soul Souvenirs and Baazner Moloji – the Ace Monkey Jiver from the Reef."

The people crowded into the shows and Baazner became famous – in those small towns. They were good days for a song and dance man like Baazner Moloji.



Baazner and his friends - for them overtime was jive time.

So the young Baazner didn't fight much. He only gave the teachers a headache every now and then. But after he finished standard eight things changed. It was time to go home, to find work — and to begin fighting again.

THE IMPIMPI GETS A KLAP

Baazner found many jobs after school. But he didn't stay long in most of them. "I hated bosses. I hated the way they swore at us. I hated the low wages they paid us," says Baazner. "And in life, I believe in one thing. If someone treats me badly, then I fight back."

Baazner's first job was in a fruit and

vegetable shop. He wasn't in the job for long before he asked for more money. "What?" screamed the owner. "All day you eat my bananas. You eat my tomatoes. Now you want more money. Suka!"

So Baazner went looking for other jobs — mostly in the big metal and chemical factories on the East Rand.

His best friend was a guy with a nice name — Goodman. The two friends always looked for jobs together. Baazner and Goodman didn't know about trade unions in those days. But if they didn't like a factory then the two friends stood together. They fought for their rights.

And after work each day they tried to forget their troubles. So they filled their souls with booze. And they jived – late into the night.

“Many shebeens had dancing competitions,” says Baazner. “The winner always got free beers. So I became a boozer. I couldn’t help it.”

One day a boss told Goodman and Baazner to work overtime. The friends didn’t like this. For them overtime was jive time. So they got the other workers together and said “if we all stand together and say no together, then the bosses cannot make us work overtime.”

The workers agreed. They said, “We are brothers in this together.” But one worker was not a brother. His name was Sam. He told the bosses about the plans of Goodman and Baazner.

The next day Baazner told his brothers to watch him. He walked up to Sam’s desk. He jumped over it. And he gave Sam a loud klap. “Sam screamed so loud,” says Baazner. “A supervisor came running to help him. So I klapped the supervisor too.”

Baazner and Goodman didn’t stay long in that job. Baazner found that his style of fighting didn’t help so much. He didn’t win many fights. And most times he just got fired. He had no power behind him when he fought the bosses.

Then something happened that

changed Baazner’s life. He got a job at a big glass factory. And at this factory he found two things – a trade union and a friend called Ronald Mofokeng.

THE FIGHTER FINDS HIS GLOVES

Ronald Mofokeng was a fighter of a different kind. He was a worker leader in the trade union at Plate Glass. And he knew a few tricks about making workers strong in their struggle.

Ronald saw that Baazner was a fighter too. But he knew that all fighters need some training. So he spoke to Baazner for many long hours.

Ronald explained the meaning of the word “organize”. He told Baazner that fighters must work hard. He said worker leaders must call many meetings of workers. They must explain how workers can use trade unions to fight their problems.

And above all he told Baazner to listen to the voice of the workers. He told Baazner to fight the way the workers told him to fight. If worker leaders do this, said Ronald, then they will have power behind them – the power of the workers

Baazner heard these words. And he understood them well. “The union fitted me like a glove,” says Baazner. “It showed me the way to fight for the rights of workers – and win.”

After three months the workers elected Baazner to be a shopsteward — a worker leader in the factory. This time the fighter didn't get fired. He had the workers behind him. He still works in the same factory today.

"Every day workers crowd into my office to talk about their problems," says Baazner. "And the bosses can't do much about it. So they just call my office 'Soweto'."

UNION TIME IS DANCE TIME

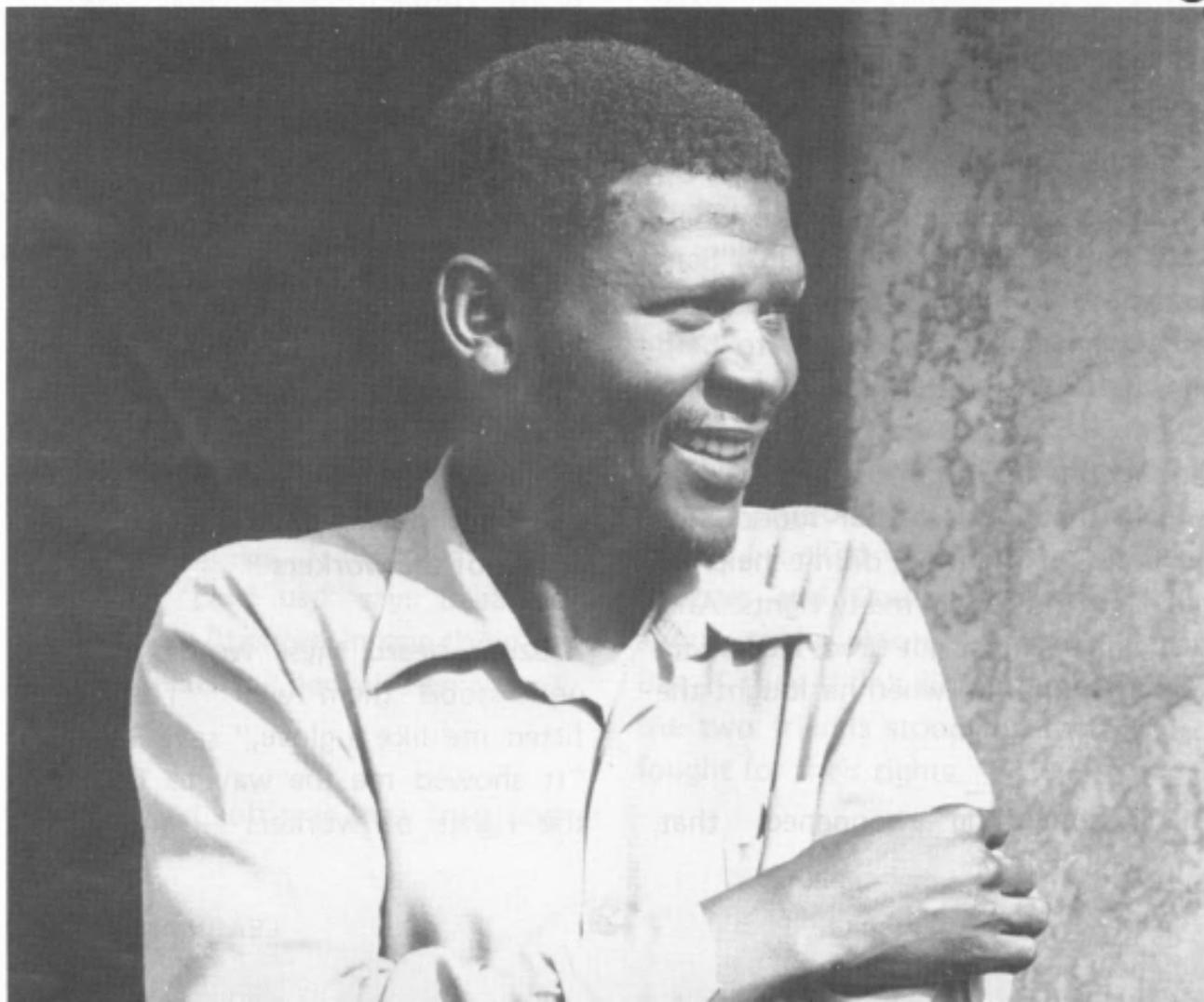
"The union took up a lot of time," says Baazner. "After work we had many meetings with workers. Many times we worked until 3 o'clock in the morning."

"I didn't do much dancing for a while. But then I saw that workers were

beginning to make plays. And some workers came together in choirs — to sing worker songs.

Baazner knew that workers were doing these things to keep their souls alive. So he said "Now — its time to dance". He went out and bought a pair of tap dancing shoes. He began to dance again. And his shoes began to make the old clickety clack music again. Sometimes in the shebeens but mostly at his union meetings.

And when Baazner dances in the meetings he also sings. But he doesn't use funny songs that mean nothing to workers. He sings about the problems of workers. He sings words that make the workers brave. And he sings about something else, something special - a little bit of freedom. ●



WHY THE STUDENTS ARE ANGRY

Thousands of students all over South Africa are staying away from school. They are unhappy about many things. Learn and Teach spoke to Lulu Johnson, president of the Congress of South African Students. We asked what is happening in the schools today.

Learn and Teach: Lulu, can you please tell us why so many students are staying away from school?

Lulu Johnson: There are two main reasons. Firstly, as you know, thousands of students didn't go to school because they wanted to show their anger at last month's elections – the elections for the new Indian and "coloured" parliaments. And secondly, the students are unhappy about many things at the schools.

Learn and Teach: Can you tell us why the students are unhappy at the schools?

Lulu Johnson: Well, the main reason is that students want SRCs at the school. They don't like the system of prefects. Another problem is the way teachers beat students. Students want teachers to follow the rules – they must not give a student more than four strokes. And they must not do this in front of the class – they must do it in front of the principal. Many women students complain that men teachers give them problems. If the women don't show some love to these teachers, the teachers often punish them.

Another very big problem is the high failure rate. In January, half the students failed matric. How can half the students fail matric? And then we hear stories about DET losing students examination papers. We hear stories about somebody failing – and then three months later, that person passes. There is funny business going on in DET.

And then we have the whole question of age limits. The government made this law in 1982. Students can't do



Students on the march in Pretoria.

standard six if they are over 16 years old. They can't do standard eight if they are over 18 years old. And they can't do standard 10 if they are over 20 years old. Students feel this law is very unfair. Many students lost time in the troubles of 1976 and 1980. And many students come from poor families. These students need to work before they come to school.

Students are also unhappy about subjects and grades. Students can't freely choose subjects and grades. If they force a student to do standard grade, that student will never get into university.

Students are also unhappy about the soldier-teachers in some schools. The army sends these soldiers to the schools. Some of these soldiers teach in uniform – and some of them even put their guns on the table in front of them. But let me say that the students don't hate all these soldier-teachers. There are a few who care for the students.

Learn and Teach: Lulu, you spoke about SRCs earlier on. Why do students want SRCs instead of prefects.

Lulu Johnson: Students never know what is happening in their schools.

And they never know what will happen. For example, suddenly teachers will tell students who play sport to pay R1 for transport. Or they will ask money for polish for the floor. Or they will say students can't leave the school at break.

Students are always told what to do – nobody ever asks them what they think.

Prefects don't help or talk for the students. Prefects in our schools just work for the administration. The principal will talk to the students through the prefects. The prefects are like a shield for the principal and the teachers. If we had SRCs the students can tell the principal and teachers what they think – and then they can also tell the students what they think also through the SRCs. The SRCs will be like a bridge between us.

Learn and Teach. We often hear people say. "There are people on the outside who make trouble in the schools." Is there any truth in this?

Lulu Johnson: That is a really false thing to say. I can only say that DET officials are the ones who often make the trouble. When there is a problem, the officials or the principal just call the police. And then we all know what happens.

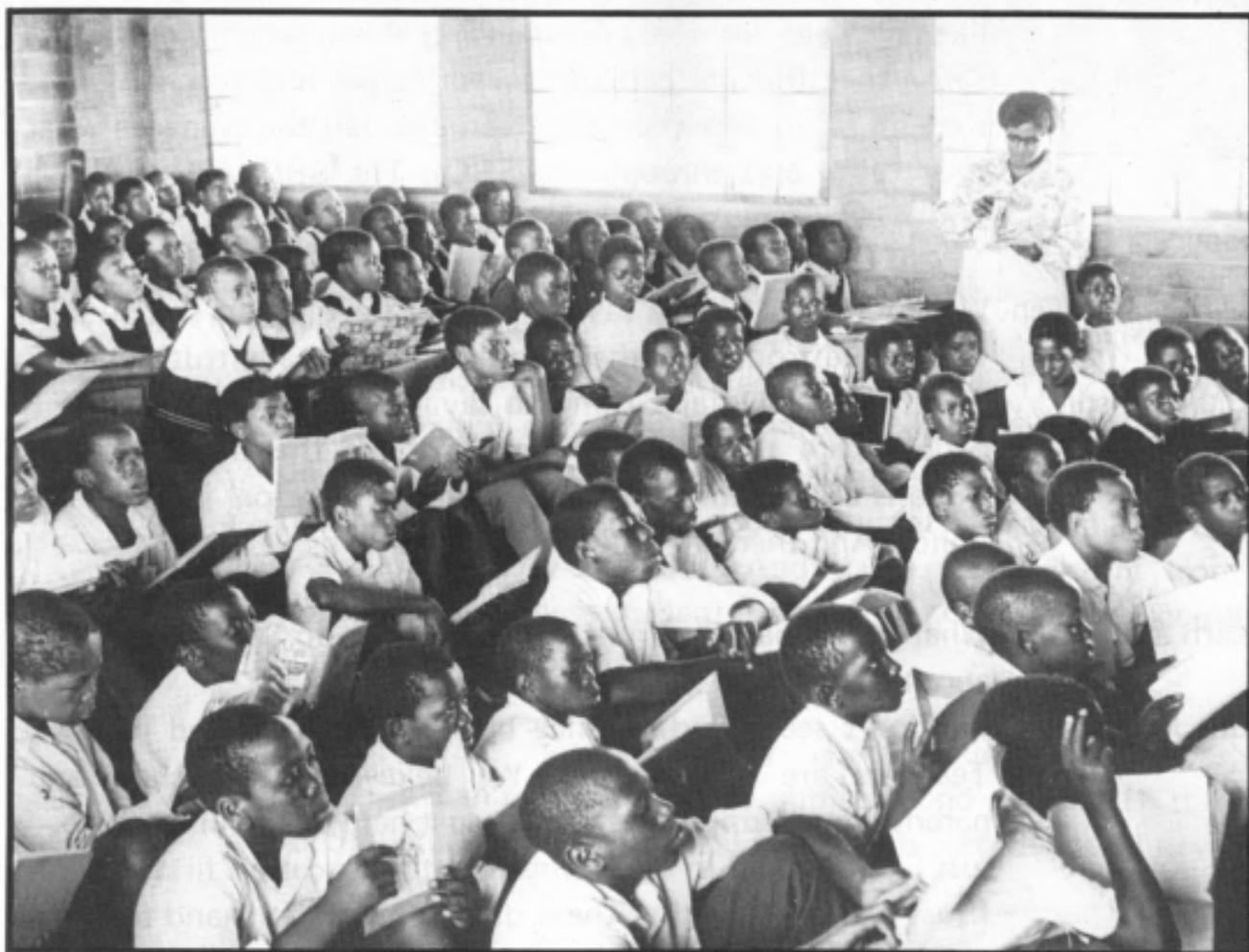
Learn and Teach. What about parents and teachers – how do the students feel about them?

Lulu Johnson: We don't see any difference between teachers and parents. Teachers are also parents. We believe that teachers and parents must support us. They must help us in our struggle – just like they did in 1953 when Bantu Education first started. I just want to say that these days some parents and teachers don't help us as much as they can. I think they must try to help us more. We are all in this together. We will be like cripples without each other. I believe parents can really help us. If all parents were behind us DET would listen much more – and the police would not always be so hard on us. The police always think twice when they see our parents are behind us.

Learn and Teach: What is the answer to all these problems?

Lulu Johnson: We students will only be happy when "Bantu Education" is gone altogether. We want equal and free education under the same department for all the children of this country. And we want an education we can believe in. You know, students are the cream of this country. And right now they don't believe in their education.

But I think Bantu Education will only go when apartheid goes — and when all the people of this country are free. ●



The cream of the country - looking for an education to believe in.

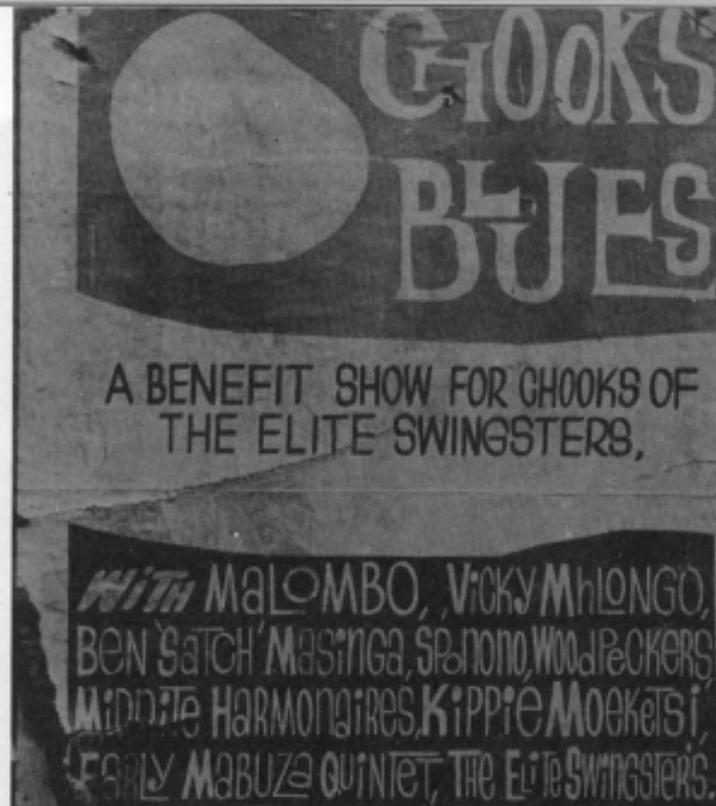


Dancing in the street outside Dorkay - the King Kong farewell party .
Thanks to Drum for the picture.

Today most of the music and the art and the life is gone. But not all of it. Sis' Queeneth Ndaba still fights to keep the place alive. She rents rooms for her dressmaking business called Jazz Creations. But she doesn't make much money from her beautiful Swazi prints and seShoeshoe dresses. She spends too much of her time trying to help the old musicians.

"I can never understand this disco stuff," she says. "Today our children don't even know the sounds of those old groups that played here. So some of us had this idea. We wanted to start a big jazz band with some of the old timers from those swinging days. So some time back we started the band called the African Jazz Pioneers."

Ntemi Piliso is the leader of the Jazz Pioneers. And Dorkay house is their home again.



And up on the third floor, music is still flowing through the veins of Dorkay. About 200 students learn to play piano and big brass horns. And when they play they can see the old posters on the walls of the building. Like the poster that says: "Come and see Dollar Brand — Non whites on Tuesday and Thursday only."

The students belong to AMDA — the African Music and Drama Association. AMDA was started by Union Artists back in the fifties — and it is still alive today.

So next time you rush past Dorkay House, stop for a moment. Step inside. You will see a place of history that is old and broken. And you will want to cry inside.

But you will also see that Dorkay still has some blood in its veins. AMDA and people like Queeneth and Shumi are still fighting on. They are keeping the place alive.

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With the world under his feet



At one time Thielman Klaas was like most other people. When he walked, he walked with both feet on the ground. But in 1972 his life changed. He got a job – and now you won't find him next to you on the ground. If you want to find him, look up – high, high into the sky.

Thielman Klaas is a crane driver on a building site. He sits in a small box high above the ground. Just below the aeroplanes, he will tell you. And from his little box in the sky, he moves concrete, planks and tools from one part of the building site to the other.

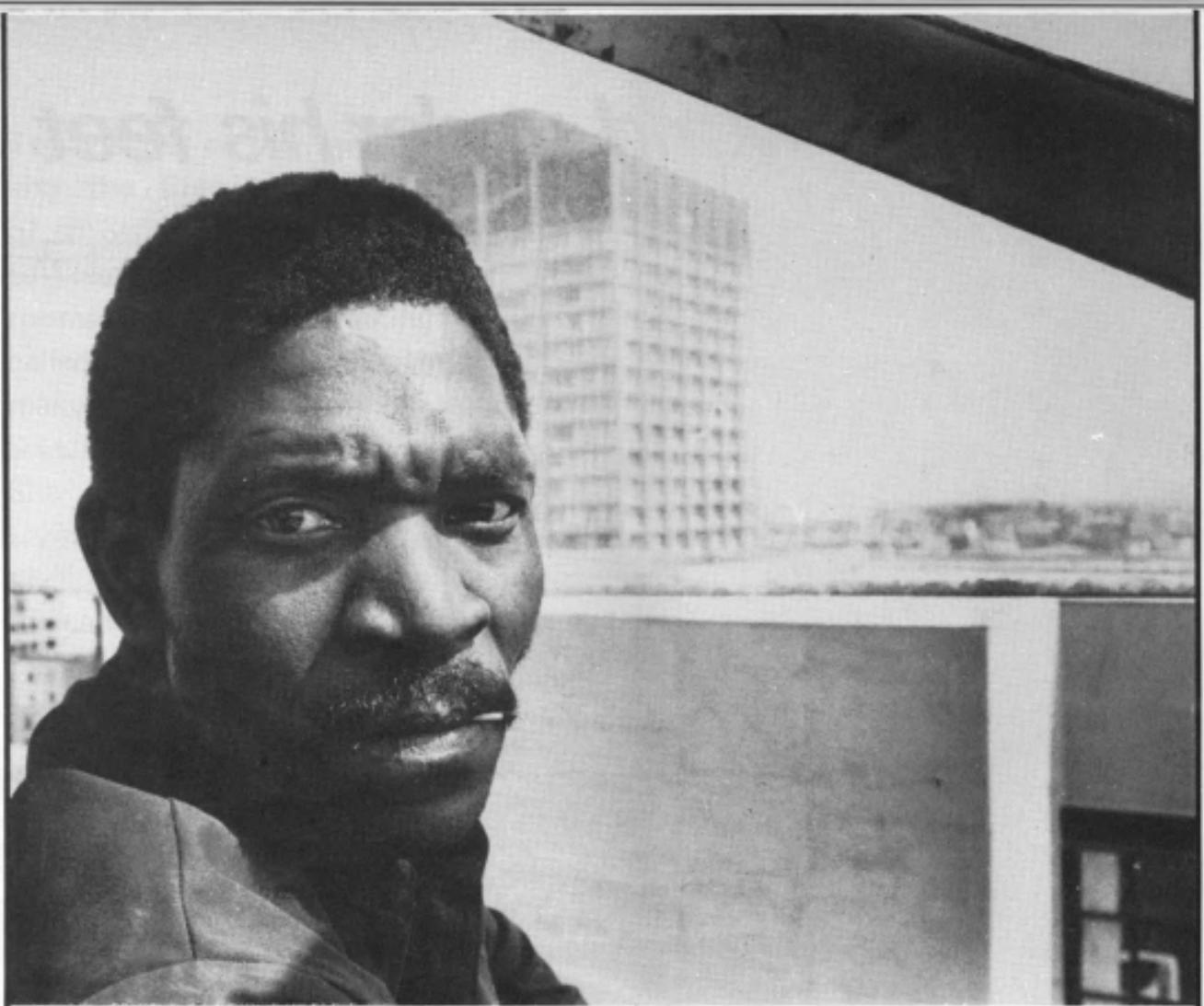
Learn and Teach bravely climbed up the crane to talk to Thielman. We got ourselves full of oil and grease. But it

was fun and interesting. We saw Johannesburg from the heavens. And we heard about the life and work of our new friend, Thielman Klaas.

"I was born in Lady Frere in the Transkei. Lady Frere is a small place and everybody knows everybody else. The people in the village use only one small piece of land to feed their animals. They do this because there is not enough land.

So we boys were like a community on our own. We sat together and looked after the animals in this place. We were living like one man's sons. We treated each other like brothers.

Then big changes came to us. It was



Klaas Thielman - just below the aeroplanes.

not only a big change but a sad one too. My friends got contracts and left home. They went to work in far away towns and cities. I was still at school at that time. I felt very much alone.

Some of them were even younger than myself. When they came home, they were like different people. They spoke a different language. They spoke about money, marriage and their own cattle.

What could I say when people started talking this language? I did not say a word because I did not have money. I could not talk about marriage. The young boys did not even respect me. To them I was just a small boy.

So in the end I joined my friends as a worker. I left Lady Frere and came to Johannesburg. My first job was on a building site. Then they sent me to Cape Town with a group of young and old men. We worked at the Cape Town University.

After making tea I went around to the workers. I collected money for tea break. I loved that job because the workers were kind to me. I made tea

But there was one thing I didn't like about that job. There were young workers there – younger than me. They called me "shop-boy". I hated that name like nothing. I warned them many times. But they did not listen. This name was in their blood.

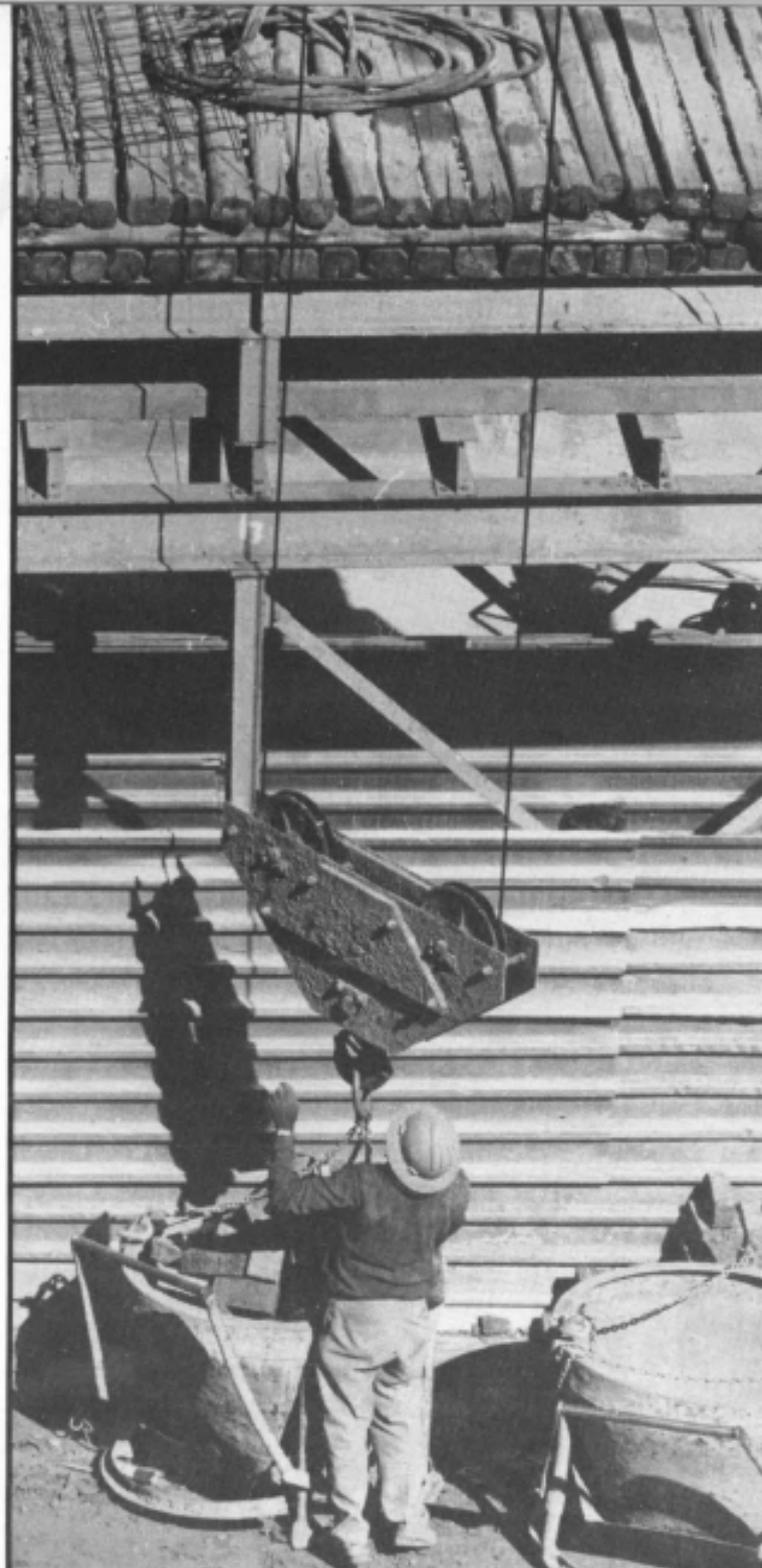
One day all the crane drivers were away. The old Portuguese man came to me and said, "Mina ka lo fundisa wena lo crane – I'm going to teach you to drive the crane." And so I followed him up the crane.

Going up the crane for the first time was not an easy thing. Every step was very hard. My arms were painful and tired. When I looked down, I heard my heart knocking. I didn't feel so good that day.

I was tired. I stood there and held on very tightly. There is a lot of wind up there – much more wind than on the ground. My clothes began to blow and shake. And my eyes began to water from the wind. I stood there crying like a small child. I was scared. But I stayed up there because I wanted to drive the crane.

The old man told me about all the buttons on the crane. He touched each button to show me what it did. After lunch I drove the crane without his help. I made no mistake. If it was a motor car driving test, then I would have passed first time.

The crane driver came back to work the next day. And I went back to work on the ground. But when the crane driver worked overtime, I stayed with him. I did not get paid. I just wanted to learn – that's all. The crane driver was not a jealous man. He helped me to learn.



The crane moves bricks and concrete from one part of the building site to the other.

One day the Portuguese foreman climbed up the crane and said to the old crane driver, "Wena ka lo sebenza naye yena lo yazi lo crane OK".

"He is welcome," the old driver said. And from that day we worked together.

The crane makes a person very tired. So the boss hires two people for this work. One drives the crane and the other stands on the ground. He shows the driver where the crane must go.



One worker drives the crane.
The other shows him where to go.

After lunch the driver comes down and the other worker goes up.

Then I left the job because the bosses insulted me. The gears of the crane got jammed – and the bosses said it was my fault. They said I didn't know how to drive the crane. I went for a walk and didn't go back.

I got another job. I told the foreman, "I can drive the crane". But he did not believe me. So we went up together and he said, "Swing to the right. Swing to the left. Trolley out. Trolley in." I did it all – no problems. And I got the job.

I like my job. But sometimes I think too much. When there is no work, I look in the direction of Lady Frere. I think a lot about my girlfriend. No, I won't tell you her name. When I think of her then I think about home – and all my promises to her. She rings too much in my mind.

You know, I always watch the rich men. They drive around with their wives in big company cars. But I don't need a car. I wouldn't mind if my love sat with me up here. We could watch the little life down there together.

When I am up the sky I don't always worry about my girl and my home. When they don't need the crane for a few hours, I sometimes just switch off and sleep. And I forget about the world under my feet. ●

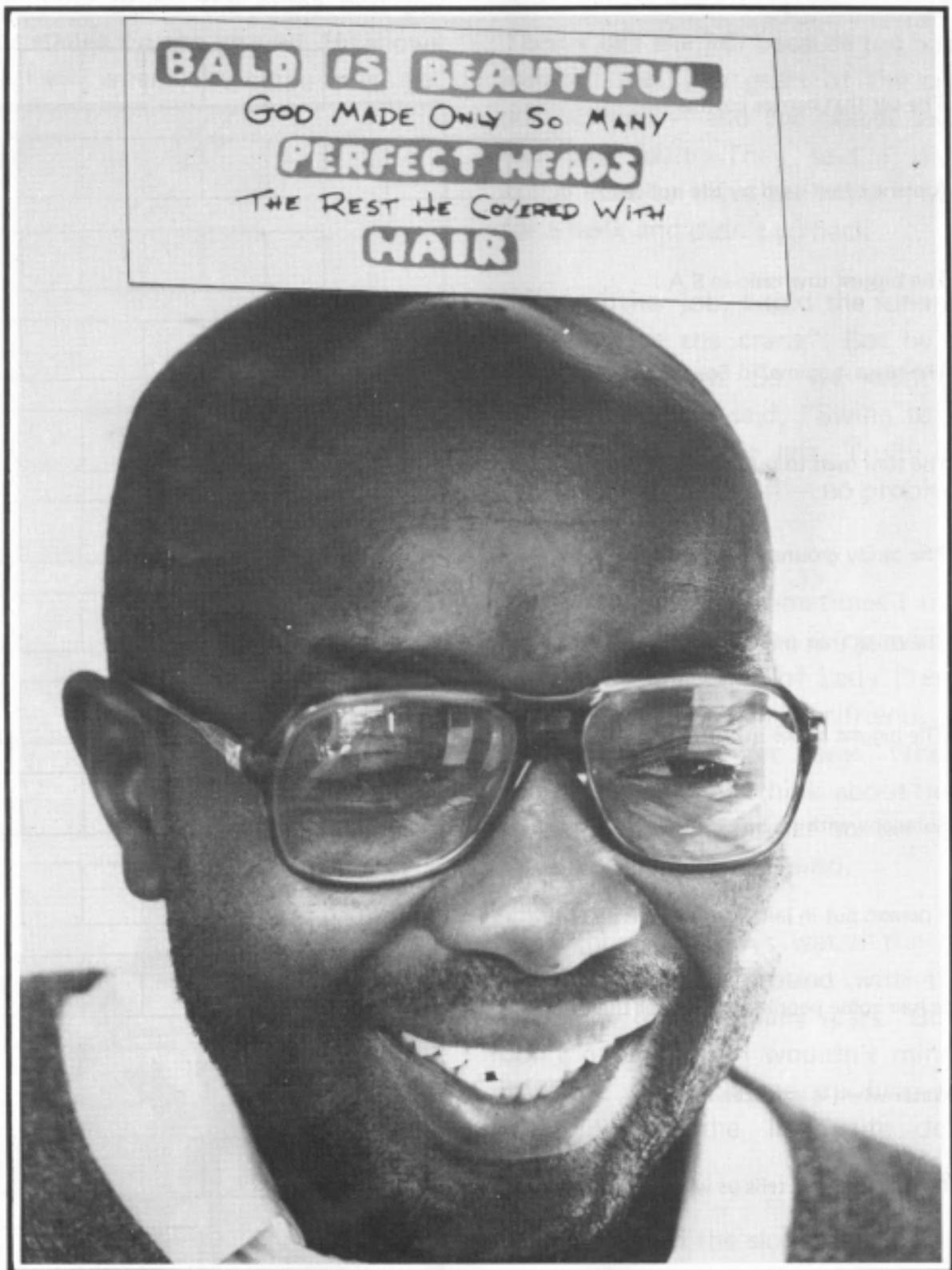
What's the word for

1. The car that carries coffins :
2. A plane often used by the police: ...
3. The biggest township in S.A.:
4. The biggest animal in South Africa:
5. The tool used to put nails into wood:
6. The sandy ground next to the sea:
7. The thing that shoots out of a gun:
8. The biggest snake in Africa:
9. Someone with no hair on their head:
10. A person put in jail with no trial:
11. The hair some people grow under their noses.
12. Water when it is frozen hard:
13. The person who tells us what we are allowed to read:
14. The place where boxers fight:

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

- | | | | | |
|---------------|---------------|------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1. hearse | 2. helicopter | 3. Soweto | 4. elephant | 5. hammer |
| 6. beach | 7. bullet | 8. python | 9. bald | 10. detainee |
| 11. moustache | 12. ice | 13. censor | 14. ring | |

BALD IS BEAUTIFUL



Bullethead, Bleskop, Mpandlana, Showtop, Samora Machel People have many names for bald people like me. But, as my grandmother always used to say, only the jealous call you names. After all, God only made so many perfect heads – the rest he covered with hair.

Nobody really knows why us perfect heads lose our grass on top. Some people say you lose your hair if a calf licks you on the head when you are still young. Other people say you lose your hair if God touches you on the head with his finger. Maybe.

But let me tell you a much easier way. Just join Learn and Teach. And before you can say "Bald is Beautiful", you will be one of us.

If you don't believe me, come and have a look for yourself. But if you don't have a perfect head, pull your hat tight over your ears. And try not to breathe in the air.

Let's start at the top with the president of the Perfect Heads Association. People call him Mr Hot Seat. He is the president because he has the most perfect of perfect heads.

Old Mr Hot Seat has a bit of a problem. His wife thinks he looks better and younger if he also has no beard and nothing on the side of his head. So don't visit our president after eight o'clock in the evening. He will be fast asleep. He needs to get up early — so he can shave from one side of his head to the other.

And then we have the artists, Mohau and Stephen. They are still junior members of the club — not because they have much left on top, but because they still aren't used to the

idea. They still try to hide it. They will try all types of tricks. For example, Mohau tries to make people remember his feet instead of his head. He often doesn't wear socks.

And Stephen and his dog Bozo share a little something each evening — a Bob Martins dog tablet. Bozo has a nice shiny coat and Stephen thinks he has the same. But let me give you a warning. Don't stand too close to Stephen. He may think you are a tree.

And then we have the writers on the magazine. Two are loyal and senior members. First, we have the one we lovingly call "the little ox". He is very special. I bet you've never seen a bald ox before! (Maybe too many calves licked him when he was young.)

And then we have the one we call The Shark. He has plenty of hair — except on his head. Ever seen a bald, hairy shark?

The third writer is not yet a member of the Perfect Heads Association. And he laughs when we tell him about the dangers of breathing Learn and Teach air. I wonder if his good friend Brenda knows about this?

And so to our motto: "BALD IS BEAUTIFUL". If you don't believe it, come and have a look for yourself. But don't forget to come early. There's always a queue. ●

Letters from our readers

Dear Learn and Teach

I would like to get more information about Learn and Teach. My brothers and sisters are worrying me. They saw me reading Learn and Teach number 4 with the story about Rivonia. I read this magazine until the tears ran down my face. That's why I want more information. I would like to teach others as I learn. How can I get many magazines from you for my brothers and sisters?

Victor Nousa
UMLAZI

Dear Learn and Teach

I am a young man of twenty two. I started reading Learn and Teach from the first issue. I find it very helpful. But most people cannot get the magazine in our area. So I want to help get the magazine to our people - especially those in the factories. Please send me more information.

Prince Matome
BRITS

Thanks for the letters guys. Here is the information you want. We will send you 50 magazines to start with. Then please sell them for 30c each. When you finish selling them, then please send half the money. You can keep the other half for yourself. Maybe next time you will want to sell more than 50 magazines. Then just write to us and tell us how many you need. Good luck.
-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I am now a Learn and Teach reader. I did not know about this lovely magazine. But then one day I was walking along a footpath. The grass was burning. And the magazine was lying down there burning. I picked it up. I read about Putco bus drivers and the machine they call Madumelana. Learn and Teach really shows us things that are hidden away. Please send me the magazine every month.

Aaron Masango
KABOKWENI TOWNSHIP, NELSPRUIT

We are glad you like our "hot" little magazine. Please send us a postal order for R4.00. Then we will send you the next eight magazines for a year.
-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I always read your magazine. I read about

the National Union of Mineworkers. But I don't know where the NUM offices are. I want to join this union. Can you please tell me how to do this.

T.M.
MOTSEMOTSE, EVANDER

Please write to the NUM office in Johannesburg. Give them your address. They will send an organizer to see you. Or they will send you forms to join the union. Their address is.

National Union of Mineworkers
P.O. Box 10928
JOHANNESBURG
2000

Good Luck. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I read your story about bus drivers. Now let me tell you one thing. Some bus drivers are good but some are bad.

There is one bus driver from my area in the Vaal. Man you won't believe the way he behaves. People even gave him the name "Matha Fatshe Sefebe". This is what he calls women who get in the bus with 60c when they must pay 55c.

Sad
SEBOKENG

Dear Learn and Teach

Please help me. I am a student at a technical college. My home is at Kwa Ndengezi near Pinetown. My younger brother lives at home. When he was twelve he had a car accident. His right arm was badly injured and he is paralysed. My parents want him to go to school. But he cannot write like the other kids. He can only write very slowly. Can you tell us of a school he can go to. He always cries when he sees the other kids going to school.

Patrick Sishi
KWA NDENGEZI

Thanks for your letter Patrick. Sorry to hear about your brother. There is a place that might help. The address is.

Dr. Lips
c/o St Annes Hospital
P.O. Box 44
Isipingo Rail
4110
Telephone: (031) 97-1250

They have a boarding school at the hospital. It is full this year. But please write to them. They might have a place for him next year. Good luck and say "Heyta" to your brother from us.
-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

Something in my heart tells me I am in love. The woman is a good friend of mine and she is very beautiful. But I have a problem. I don't know how to tell her about my love for her. What do you think I should do?

Leho N.
NAMIBIA

Thanks for your letter. It's quite hard to answer your letter because I never have that problem - beautiful women always tell me how much they love me. But I asked some people for their ideas. Some say you must take your friend for a slow walk under a full moon. Others say you must stand outside her place - and make noises like cats do. Some say you must walk up to her, breathe in deeply, and in your sweetest and most loving voice say, "I love you". And then others say, "Just be yourself and what will be, will be". Let us know what happens.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I got a shock when I heard that our lovely, little magazine was banned last month (No. 4, 1984). Can you please tell us readers what we must do with the magazine. Must we throw it away, burn it, or take it back to the shop?

A regular reader
CAPE TOWN

Thank you for your letter. The magazine was banned for "distribution" and not for "possession". So in other words, people can keep the magazine - but they can't sell it or give it away. We are making an appeal against the banning - and hopefully we will win.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I like your magazine. It helps me a lot. I was bad in English. Now I am clever.

Now my point is this. I want you to put my picture in your magazine. What can I do to get on the front cover?

D.M.
WATTVILLE, BENONI

Thanks for your letter. We are happy to hear the magazine is helping you with your English. We are sorry but we can't put your picture on the cover. This does not mean that you don't have a great face. We must use pictures on the cover that say something about the stories in the magazine.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I read your magazine about bus drivers in Learn and Teach number 3. I agree with Mr Ndwandwe. I see no reason to blame bus drivers for bad things on the buses. Bus drivers are workers. They do not own the buses. These bus drivers also have children and wives. They must also pay rent. They are trying to avoid starvation. I think people must not have bad manners when they board the bus. Then maybe all bus drivers will be good like Mr Ndwandwe.

B.S. Buthelezi
KATLEHLONG

Dear Learn and Teach

Please put this letter in your magazine. I have a problem - I can't talk English very well. Now I ask people with the same problem to come forward. Then we can start a study group. I want to hear from people who can read and write English quite well - but who feel shy when they must talk English to others. In the group we can talk English to each other. And maybe Learn and Teach can send somebody to help us. If people want to meet me, they can find me at 304A Lebogang Street, Zone 1, Diepkloof. They must ask for Happy Letsholo.

Happy Letsholo
SOWETO

Nice idea, Happy. If you do start a group give us a call or write us a letter. I'm sure we can help you. All the best.

-editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I am an 18 year old boy. I have a problem I want to become a disco - dancer. I broke the record in all the zones of my township by dancing like John Travolta last year. I practice dancing at home next to my tape recorder. But people say, "Why don't you go to Johannesburg?" So I said, "Well I'll write to Learn and Teach. They will tell me what to do."

Phuthuma Nthongana
MDANTSANE

You are in luck. We didn't know how to help you. Then right now our friend Soso from Soweto walked in. She says she knows of a new dance school in Soweto. She said she will give us the forms. Then we'll send them to you. In the meantime, keep on dancing and reading Learn and Teach.

-editor

Write to us at P.O. box 11074
Johannesburg 2 00

THIS AND THAT...

JOKES AND RIDDLES FROM OUR READERS

Question: Why is the letter "m" like magic?

Answer: Because it changes ice into mice!

from Solly P. Masokoane
MEADOWLANDS

Betty Botha bought some bitter butter. The butter was so bitter that Betty Botha bought more butter to sweeten the bitter butter.

Question: How many t's are in there?

Answer: There is only one t in "there"!

from Donald Mongwane
HAZYVIEW

The man says to the shopowner: I want a loaf of bread.

Shopowner: It will cost 35 cents.

The man: When did the price go up?

Shopowner: Today.

The man: Then give me yesterday's bread!

from Kenneth Miya
THOKOZA

Thabiso says to his teacher: Sir, would you beat a boy for something he did not do?

Teacher: Of course not, Thabiso.

Thabiso: That's good, Sir! I didn't do my homework!

Question: What comes once in a year and twice in a week?

Answer: An "e" !

from Aubrey Mothobela

KWA-XUMA

A worker in Johannesburg has a brother in Cape Town who is a bricklayer. But the bricklayer in Cape Town does not have a brother in Johannesburg who is a worker. Why?

Answer: The worker in Johannesburg is the sister of the bricklayer in Cape Town!

The king takes off his crown for only one person. Who is that?

Answer: He takes off his crown for the barber.

Teacher: Class! Where there is smoke there is...

Class : fire!!

Teacher: Where there is fish there is

Montwedi (proudly): There are chips!

from Montwedi WaMoloko

MAFIKENG

Question: On Noah's ark, what animals did not come in pairs?

Answer: Worms. They came in apples.

from Susan Mahlong

RESIDENTIA

★



Readers, do you know any good jokes or riddles or funny stories?

Send them in to us. Write to This and That, P.O. Box 11074

Johannesburg 2000 ☆ * ☆ * ☆ * ☆ *

FIND THE WORDS

Look at the letters. There are words hidden in the letters.
Try to find the words. Draw a line under each word.

Look for 15 words. We have done the first one

s	m	c	r	x	o	<u>w</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>k</u>	y
d	w	e	t	f	g	s	d	r	y	p
c	e	i	k	m	w	o	r	k	t	q
t	a	l	k	p	r	t	d	a	y	v
c	f	m	o	n	e	y	i	l	n	f
a	v	e	l	t	r	a	v	e	l	p
w	e	a	t	x	a	f	o	o	d	d
t	a	e	x	i	s	s	h	o	e	s
c	t	i	c	k	e	t	m	i	n	s
t	o	w	n	s	h	i	p	z	o	t
i	n	n	i	p	s	w	h	e	e	l
s	k	s	u	p	p	e	r	i	r	f

HERE ARE THE WORDS

walk; wet; dry; work; talk; day; money; travel; eat; food;
shoes; ticket; township; wheel; supper.



Look at this picture, then answer the questions

1) How many people can you see in the picture?

2) What are these people doing?

3) What buildings can you see?

4) What kinds of animals can you see?

5) What can you say about the land?

READ THE STORY

Ethekwini – the city of the sea. This is Durban, a place of holidays and sun. For some. But for many others, it's not that much fun.

Take the stevedores – the guys who work down at the docks. These are the guys they call "Inyathi" or the "Buffalo". Like the buffalo, they are strong and proud. And like the buffalo, they fight all their battles together.

They start work at six in the morning. They work deep down in the ships – ships bigger than factories. And there they sweat – packing and unpacking sugar, mealie meal, coal, asbestos and heavy rolls of paper.

"It's very, very hard work," says Mr Zulu. He came to work at the docks 12 years ago. And Mr Zulu knows all about hard work. Before he came to the docks, he cut cane in the sugar fields.

"The work hurts your body," says Mr Zulu. "And on top of that, you feel the salt on your body from the sweat. If you work with rolls of paper in the day, you feel the pain in your body at night."

The stevedores work in groups. Sometimes four work together, sometimes six. After eight hours, they are tired and hungry.

NOW ANSWER THE QUESTIONS

1) What's the english name for Ethekwini?

2) When do the stevedores start work?

3) Where do stevedores work?

4) How long has Mr. Zulu been working at the docks?

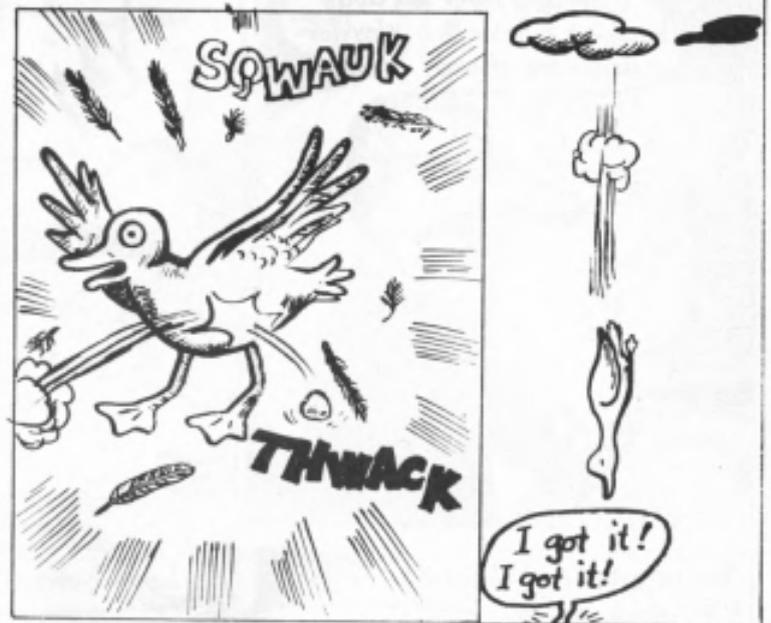
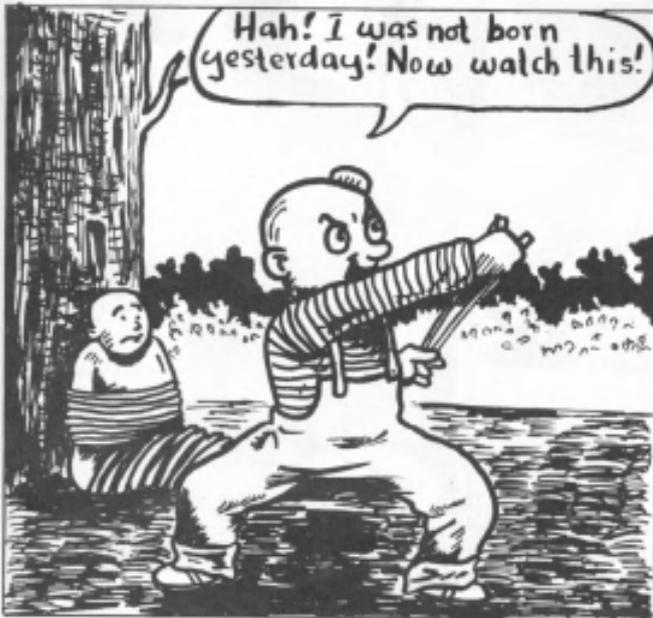
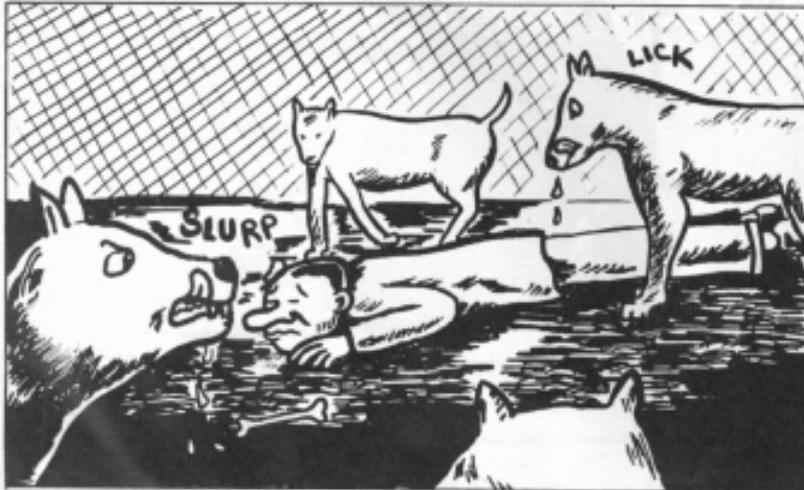
5) Do stevedores work alone or in groups?

SLOPPY

... SAVES SLOPPY



Dr Crusher's men have thrown Sloppy - The Warrior - into a cage. The cage is full of savage dogs. The dogs don't attack anything that is not moving. They wait for Sloppy to wake up...



But the duck falls straight into the dogs' cage...



The noise awakens Sloppy.



Sloppy does not waste time.







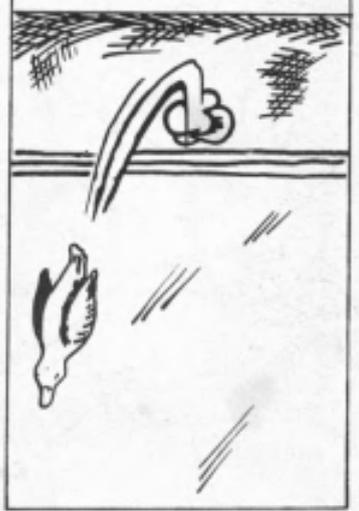
Lucky crashes through the dogs' cage. He grabs the duck and runs...



The dogs catch up with lucky. He throws the duck away.



The duck flies straight into Dr Crusher's office. The dogs follow it...



...Inside the house, Dr Crusher has pulled out a powerful gun...



Then...



Sloppy grabs Lizzy and Lucky...

Dogs! Let's get out of here!

Wee! I got my duck!



They jump into Dr Crusher's car. Sloppy drives off in a hurry.

ROARRR

Heita! Away we go, Papa Slops!



Back in Dr Crusher's place. The dogs attack Dr Crusher and his men...

Get away! Get away! I'm your master, you know! P- please!



Next day...

Sloppy! Have you seen the paper?

Great! Lucky, go and call Dumpy! We shall have a party!

DR CRUSHER KILLED BY OWN DOGS

Give me another piece of that tasty duck! Burp!

I didn't need my special powers this time! My fear for dogs helped me! Maybe I'll just be Sloppy for a while! After all, don't you think I need a rest?

