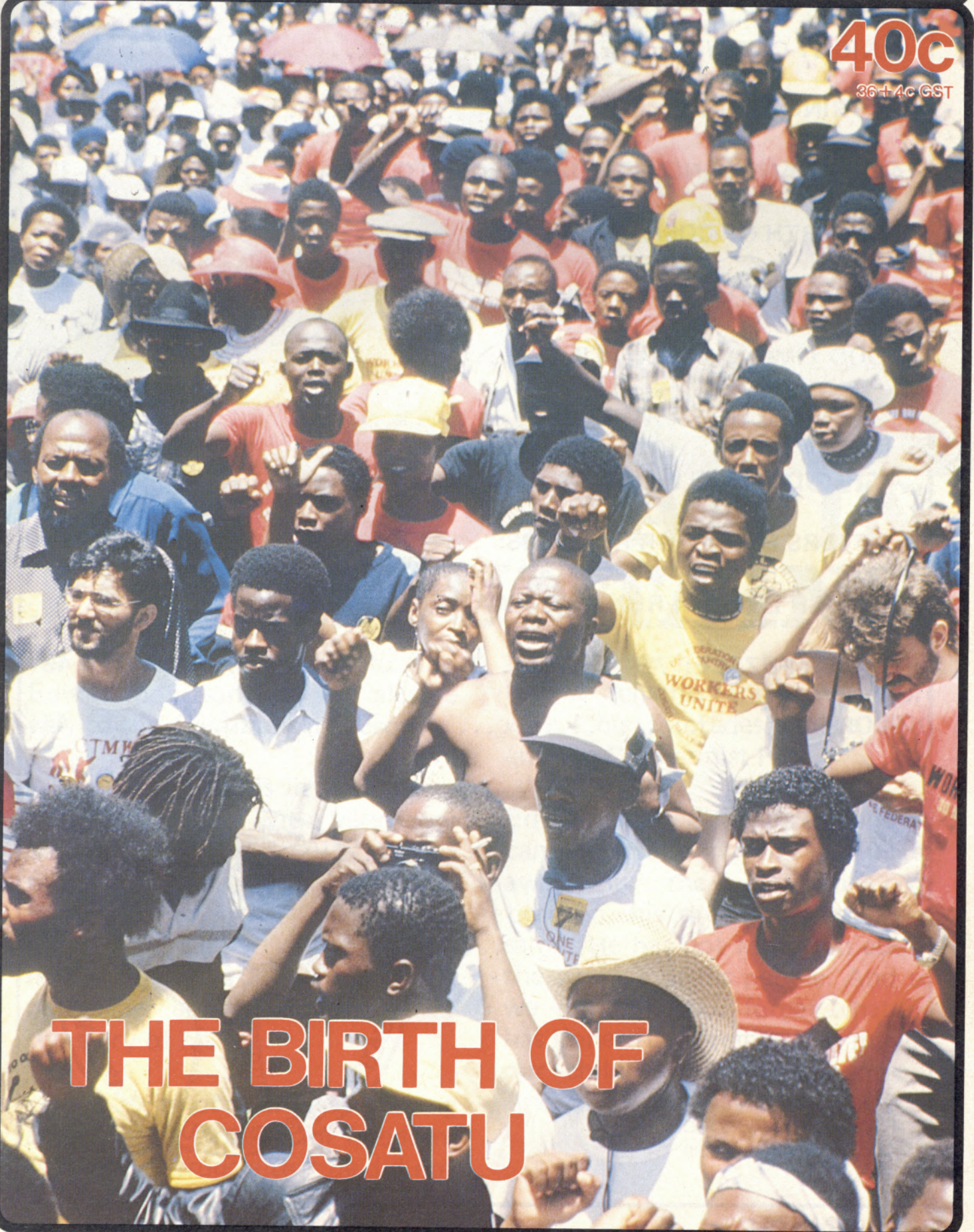


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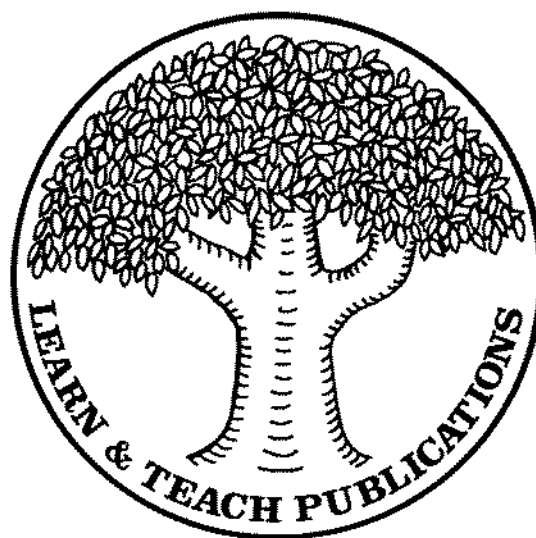
THE BIRTH OF COSATU

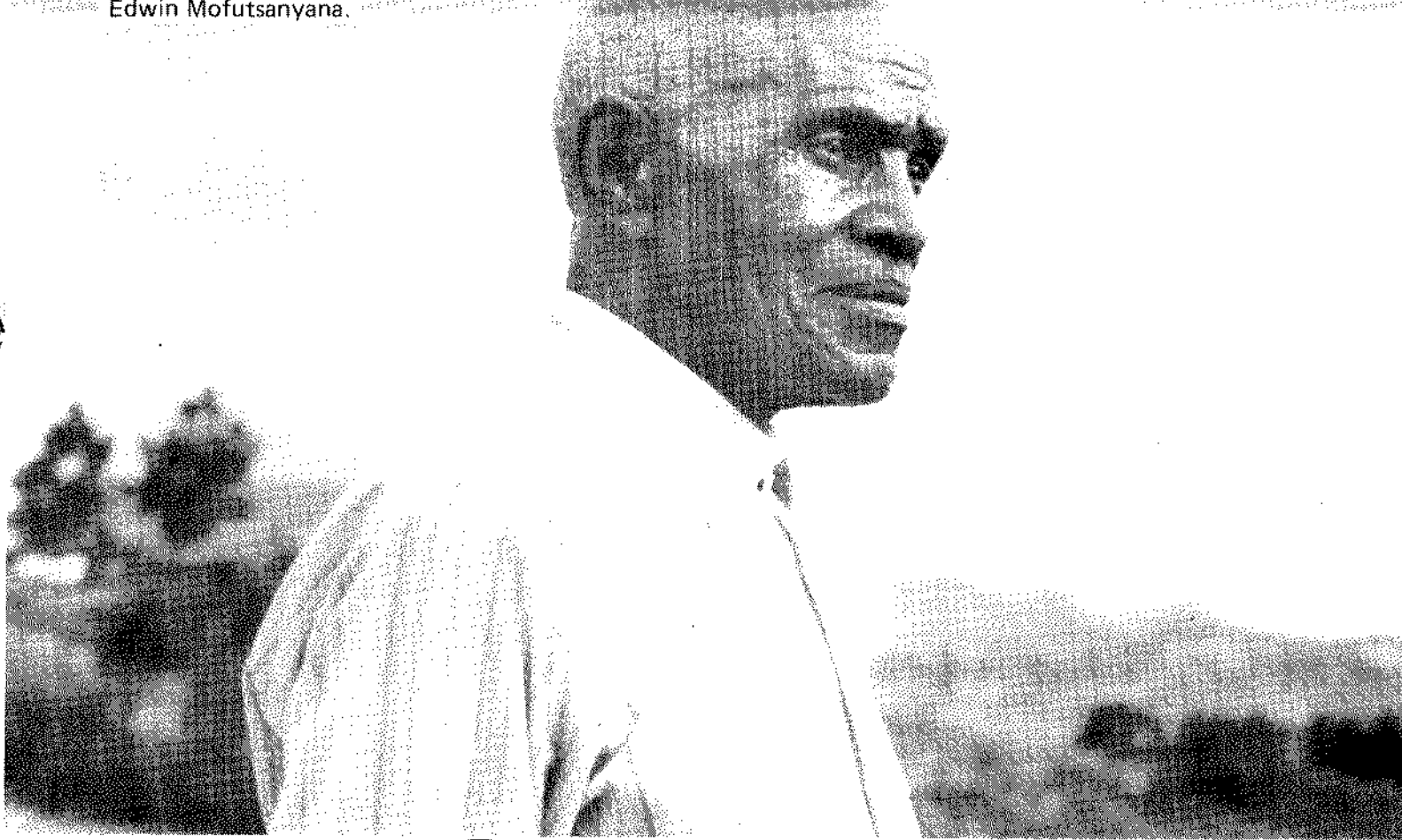
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THE OLD MAN IN THE MOUNTAINS

We travelled a long way to find Edwin Mofutsanyana -- all the way to the mountains of Lesotho.

When we got to his little house, a tall, gentle man with very grey hair got up to greet us. He was pleased to see us. He wanted to know if we had a newspaper for him - newspapers are hard to get in the mountains. We gave him a newspaper and sat down to hear the story of his life.

It is a story of a struggle - a long and difficult struggle for freedom. And it is a struggle that he did not

fight alone. He worked and fought together for many years with his comrades in the ANC and the Communist Party.

Edwin is now 86 years old and he can't fight like he used to. But far away in the mountains of Lesotho, his dreams are still the same. He has not forgotten about the struggle of his people. And so we too must not forget what he has done. If we remember, maybe our children will remember too. And that is the way it should be.

WITSIESHOEK

Edwin Mofutsanyana was born in 1899 and he grew up on a farm in Witsieshoek in Qwaqwa. When he was 17 years old, he went to work on the mines. He wanted to get money so he could go back to school. The school in Witsieshoek only went up to standard four. Edwin wanted to study further.

So he worked on the mines for a while. When he had enough money, he went to a school called Bensonvale in the Eastern Cape.

When Edwin finished at Bensonvale, he went back to the mines in Johannesburg. He was a clerk. He gave other workers passes for Sunday. It was an easy job.

EDWIN JOINS THE ANC

Edwin's best friend was a young man called Majoro. One day Majoro got into trouble, on a train at Jeppe Station. Just as the train was leaving the ticket inspector got on the train. He grabbed Majoro and both of them went flying off the train. The ticket inspector then charged Majoro in court.

Edwin and Majoro were angry about this. They decided to get help. They went to the African National Congress. They did not

know where else to go.

The ANC helped Majoro win his case — and Edwin and Majoro decided to become members. But they did not do much work for the ANC at this time. A few years later, something happened that changed Edwin's life very much.

LISTENING TO A "BLUFFER"

Edwin and Majoro were going home to Witsieshoek for a holiday. They stopped in Vereeniging on the way. There they saw a white man with a big crowd around him. They thought he was one of those mad preachers. Majoro said to Edwin: "Come, let's go and hear him bluff the people."

They got a big surprise. The man was talking about the problems and suffering of the black people. Suddenly the police came. They took him away.

Edwin wanted to know who this man was. Not only did he talk to black people, but he was arrested for them as well. Somebody told Edwin that the man worked for the Communist Party.

When Edwin came back from Witsieshoek, he went to the Communist Party office in Fox Street in Johannesburg. He asked



An old night school. Workers not only learnt how to read and write in these schools. They also learned about the struggle. Some of these workers later became leaders -- like Edwin Mofutsanyana and Moses Kotane, who became the secretary -general of the Communist Party.

about the man he saw in Vereeniging. They told him the man had gone back to England. But the people in the office were very kind to Edwin. They told him all about the Communist Party. They told him to come to their night school to learn some more.

A BIG FIRE IN POTCH

Edwin went to the night school. But he did not learn much. The books were very difficult, with very difficult English, all about money and workers and profits. But he liked the way that everyone worked together.

Then in 1928 the Communists asked Edwin to work for them in Potchefstroom - a backward place for mad people, that's what Edwin

thought. Edwin had a hard time in Potch. The superintendent did not like him. He refused to give Edwin a permit to live in the township.

For months Edwin slept in the veld. And every week they arrested him because he did not have a permit. In the end, even the magistrate asked if there was no one else to arrest.

In Potch Edwin led the people in the fight against lodgers permits and passes. Once Edwin and the people there made a big fire -- and then they burnt their passes. Edwin never carried a pass again.

In Potch Edwin met two people that became very important in his life. One was a woman called Josie Mpama. Josie was a church worker

and she and Edwin worked together. They soon lived together as man and wife.

A BULLET AT A MEETING

The other person was J.B. Marks. He used to translate at meetings for Edwin. He later became a full time worker for the Communist Party. Edwin remembers one meeting when J.B. Marks was translating.

The day before this meeting, a young woman called Hilda Nyembeni came to Edwin. She worked at the Superintendent's office. She said she heard the superintendent talking. She said they were planning to shoot Edwin at the meeting.

Edwin thought that they just wanted to scare him so he would call off the meeting. He did not listen to Hilda -- even after she told him what clothes the gunman would wear.

At the meeting, while Edwin was talking, he saw a man take out a gun. Now he knew that Hilda was not lying. He grabbed J.B. Marks and quickly pulled him under a table. There was a loud bang. But the bullet missed. Edwin Mofutsanyana and J.B.

Marks lived to see another day.

DURBAN AND RUSSIA

Josie and Edwin left Potch and went to live in Sophiatown. But soon afterwards the Communist Party sent Edwin to work in Durban. Edwin did not stay in Durban for very long. After just two months, the police arrested him and put him on the train back to Johannesburg. Edwin was banned from Natal.

Then the Communist Party gave Edwin a scholarship to study in Russia. Edwin was very excited. But he had a big problem - how to get out of South Africa without the police finding out.

Edwin decided to borrow somebody else's passport. He went to one of his friends, a man by the name of Eddie Roux. And so Edwin left Johannesburg with Eddie's passport. That same day the police started to look for Eddie Roux.

When Edwin got onto the boat in the old Lourenco Marques, he was a worried man. He thought the police would be waiting for him. But they were not waiting



Members of the ANC who met in Bloemfontein in 1930. Can you spot Edwin Mofutsanyana? He is in the third row, on the far left.

and a few hours later, Edwin was on his way to Russia.

Edwin stayed in Russia for over two years. He was cold and lonely. But he learnt a lot. While Edwin was in Russia, Josie gave birth to their first child at home in South Africa.

When Edwin came home, he was very worried about his passport. When he got off the boat in Mozambique, he decided not to use Eddie Roux's passport again. He dressed up like a worker from Mozambique and got a special pass to visit Johannesburg.

Edwin got back to Johannesburg safely. But the police knew he had been away. They came to

the Communist Party offices. They said they had not seen him for a long time. Then one policeman said: "Ah, but we know that you have been in the Transkei." The police laughed and left.

A BUSY MAN

Edwin was a busy man when he came back from Russia. He was now secretary of the Communist Party. He also worked on the Communist Party newspaper, *Umsebenzi*. And he later became the editor of *Inkululeko*.

Edwin and his old friend J.B. Marks also worked for the ANC. At this time the ANC was weak. Edwin worked hard to make the ANC strong again.



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The young Comrade Mofutsanyana.

Edwin also became a member of the Native Representative Council. These councils did not have much power. They could only advise the government. The Communist Party was against these councils but Edwin thought he could use these councils to teach the people about communism.

He travelled up and down the country talking at meetings. And when it came to talking, you couldn't find anyone better than Edwin Mofutsanyana.

THE MINeworkERS OF 1946

In 1946 there was a big strike on the mines. Edwin's friend Majoro

was working for the miners union. Edwin often helped him. Edwin remembers going to a mine near Benoni. The police were all around the compound. No one could go in or out. But Edwin and Majoro wanted to give out some pamphlets.

Then Edwin saw a lavatory in the wall of the compound. There were planks at the back for the bucket. He crept up to it. He pulled the planks up and crawled inside. The next minute, there were pamphlets everywhere, inside the compound. The police never knew how they got there.

But Edwin went to jail because of the miners' strike. The police arrested many people. They said they started the strike. Edwin was found guilty for the first time. He had to pay a fine of 60 pounds. And we don't have to tell you — sixty pounds was a lot of money in those days.

FIGHTING FOR HOUSES

At this time Edwin was also on the Orlando Advisory Board in Soweto. When people voted for the Advisory Board, Edwin and the other person both got the same number of votes. So the superintendent took a penny and said: "Heads for Tema, Tails for Mofutsanyana." The penny landed

on tails and Edwin got onto the Advisory Board.

There was a big problem with houses. Many new factories started. And there had been no rain. People from the homelands -- or reserves -- came to town so that they would not starve to death.

The government did not want them in town so they did not build houses for them. People were sleeping everywhere, in the veld, in old cars, on verandahs. Then a man called Sofasonke called the people together and they went and built shacks in the veld next to Orlando.

The government did not want shacks. So they tried to get rid of Sofasonke. They put Sofasonke on a train to Natal. Then Edwin got a lawyer. They stopped Sofasonke's train. Later there was a court case, and Sofasonke won. They could not send him away again -- thanks to Edwin.

COMMUNIST PARTY BANNED

In 1950 the government decided to ban the Communist Party. The Communists called a big meeting. No-one knew what to do. In the end they decided to break up the party before the government banned it.

The Communist Party did not have any plans and the members did not know what to do. Edwin was not very happy about this. So he got together with some of the old communists and they worked together in secret. They worked in small groups. They taught others about communism.

One Saturday, while Edwin was resting at home, the police arrived. They said he must go with them. But they did not have a warrant to arrest Edwin. So he refused to go with them. The police told Edwin that he must come and see them on the Monday -- with his suitcase ready for jail.

Edwin thought that the police were just trying to scare him. But on the Monday, the police came again. Edwin hid away from them. But now Edwin knew the police were not joking. He decided to go to Lesotho. He thought he would be safe there.

HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS

When Edwin got to Lesotho, he began to farm -- like everyone else there. But farming in the mountains in Lesotho is difficult. The weather is bad. There is snow and bad frosts in winter. And the land is very steep so the fields are small.

For a long time Edwin was very poor. He had no money at all. Once he went to speak at a friend's funeral. It was raining and Edwin had nothing to cover himself with. He went to the funeral in an old sack.

Today life is a little better for Edwin. He has a few kind friends who help him. He gets a small pension and he sometimes gives

talks at the university.

But Edwin Mofutsanyana, like so many others who were forced to run away, is homesick. Yet he is not without hope. He knows that others are carrying on with the struggle that he spent so many years fighting. He is old now and wants to come home. He wants to come down from the mountains. ●



Edwin Mofutsanyana in the mountains of Lesotho.



Sacos leaders at the Sacos sports festival in Cape Town in 1982.

A NIGHT OUT WITH THE WINNERS

Learn and Teach got a letter the other day. The letter was from Sacos – the South African Council of Sport. They were inviting us to the Sacos “sports person of the year” party.

We were very excited. We thought of all the good things there would be at the party – lots of food and booze and smart people. Maybe there was also going to be some dancing.

Everyone in the office went mad. Everyone wanted that one ticket. Soon everyone was fighting – they all wanted a good time.

I was the lucky one. I won the battle of the ticket. The ticket was a bit torn but what did I care? I was going to be with all the other winners.

So, on the 9th November, at eight o'clock on the dot, I was there – at Cathedral Place in Doornfontein. Even my mother didn't know me, I looked so smart. Sacos people were at the door, shaking hands and welcoming everyone. I said to myself: “Ja, you are in good company tonight.”

THE SPEECHES

The party started at about nine o'clock. The President of Sacos, Frank van der Horst, was the

first person to speak.

"Tonight is the second time we are having awards since our beginning in 1973," said Mr van der Horst. "Over these last twelve years our beliefs have not changed. Only our numbers have changed — more and more people are joining Sacos. We still say no to sport where the colour of your skin is important. And we say no to sport tours in South Africa — no tours until there is no more apartheid in South Africa.

"We say to this government: 'Lift the state of emergency'. 'How can we play sport while people are getting killed and hurt in the townships? Tonight our vice-president, Joe Ebrahim, sits alone in a cell. His two sons are also in detention. And so are many of our players. People are dying every-day. We cannot play sport at such a time."

The next speaker was the president of the Tennis association, Mr A. Fortuin. He told us that the government has many bad laws. He said that in South Africa there is only one race, the human race. The people loved that. They clapped and shouted in agreement. I'm sure their friends in Cape Town heard them.

A HARD JOB FOR THE JUDGES

After the speeches we all ate

snacks. The food was not fancy but it was good. People were now getting excited. We were soon going to find out who was the sports person of the year. I felt a bit sorry for the judges who had to choose the winner. Sacos has champions in so many different sports.

Just for example, there is 12 year old Rushdie Warley. Rushdie is a champion swimmer. This young boy gets up at 5.30 every morning and trains for 2½ hours. Then he trains again after school in the afternoon. It is no wonder he is a champion.

Another champion is Charmaine Carolissen. She is a big tennis player. Charmaine has won so many tennis tournaments that she cannot remember how many. Many clubs want Charmaine to leave her Sacos club and play for them. But Charmaine says NO to them all.

But the night belonged to a table tennis player, Cheryl Roberts. Sacos chose her as the sportsperson of the year because they say: "Cheryl is a walking advert for us." Cheryl has already won 65 table tennis titles.

But Cheryl does not only play table tennis. She works for Sacos too. She is starting a cricket club in her home town. And she is also helping friends with softball. And that is



Cheryl Roberts: "A walking add for Sacos."

not all. Cheryl also teaches people to play table tennis and she writes the table tennis newsletter for the whole country. Cheryl is very busy. But that night, she was not too busy to talk to us.

TALKING TO THE WINNER

"Why do you love Sacos so much?" we asked Cheryl.

"Because I believe in non-racial sport," she said quickly, like she was hitting a quick backhand to my soft serve.

I tried some topspin. "Why don't you go and play for teams that don't belong to Sacos?" I asked, hoping that she would not return it.

But Cheryl came back with a smashing reply. "I am not just worried about prizes, bats and balls," said Cheryl. "If I help in

Sacos, I am helping to build a better South Africa. That's why I only play for Sacos."

HOME TIME

Cheryl had won the day. Now it's time to relax, I thought. I sat down — it didn't seem like there was going to be dancing. Some people read poems, others played music and sang. The K-team Fosatu choir sang and then there were some short plays afterwards. I must say I enjoyed it all.

Before I knew it, it was nearly twelve o'clock and everyone was getting ready to go home — every one except me. Then I heard someone say: "Don't these Learn and Teach people ever go home?" I grabbed my things and headed for the door.



SNORING THOMAS

company that can fix her pass. The name of the company is American Eagle African Consultants here in Bree Street, Johannesburg."

One afternoon after lunch, I was sitting on my chair at my desk. I was full after eating my 'skaftin'. I felt like having a quick nap. Anyway, my friend asked me to help him dream up some winning horses. But, whew, one of my fellow-workers was looking at me like he was going to say: "Oh, Modimo, this boy is asleep — again."

Just then I heard someone call my name. When I looked up I saw someone I thought I knew. Before I could even remember her name, she was busy telling me about how her friend was cheated by some company.

Just then I remembered that the person who was speaking to me is one of my fellow-workers here at Learn and Teach. She told me about her friend from the Transkei. "Because my friend comes from the Transkei, she cannot get the right stamp in her pass and she cannot find any job without this stamp," she said. "Then somebody told her about a certain

By now I was no longer feeling very sleepy. I could not believe my ears. It was the first time I have not believed my fellow-worker. I listened to the rest of the story. My fellow worker now said: "The company told my friend to pay them R200.00 if she wanted to get the right stamp in her pass. But because she did not have enough money, she told them that she would pay them R20.00 every month. After that she got a card and some forms to give to her employer. They told her that with the card no-one, not even the police, can arrest her. She must just show the card and there will be no problems."

Now I had something to do. I had to find out if the story was true. But there was one problem. I am not very brave, you see. This meant that I could not go to the offices of American Eagle African Consultants. So, I started thinking. A letter, ja, a letter, I thought to myself. No wonder some of my friends say that I am a very clever person.

I then wrote this company a letter. I told them that I am a worker from Gazankulu. I told them that I wanted them to help me get a stamp in my pass so my employer can register me. After writing this letter I made sure that my mother never saw it — otherwise she would klap me for writing lies.

After some few weeks, someone from American Eagle African Consultants wrote me a letter. For once I got a letter. In the letter they said they got my letter and they understood everything I told them. They said they cannot tell me everything in a letter. They said I must go and see them with my pass. Then they told me about the price for their help: Fixing my pass alone will cost me R200.00. If I want a stamp, then the fee is R250.00. And that is not all. The card costs R12.00 and the joining fee is R10.00 every month. Whew, these people are not shy, I say to myself. Not shy at all.

Just after I got the letter, I heard about someone who also gave his money to this company. I went around looking for this fellow. And I found him.

This fellow paid American Eagle African Consultants R100.00 so

that this company can fix his pass for him. But a long time passed and this fellow's pass was not fixed. So he went to the Black Sash for help. The people at the Black Sash sent him to see some lawyers. The lawyers wrote the company a letter. They told American Eagle African Consultants to give this fellow his money back.

The company wrote back to the lawyers. They said they tried to help this fellow but because he was not working they could not register him. They also said that this fellow told them some lies and that they cannot give him his money back.

Now I had a question for the Black Sash. "Can any company really help people to fix their passes?" I asked. "No, no," said my friend at the Black Sash. "No—one but the Department of Co—operation and Development can fix a pass."

Whew, I told myself, at least I have finished doing my job. Now I can go back to my nap. Just then a phone on my desk rang. It was my friend wanting to know if I had dreamt of any good horses. Oh, by the way, there is a phone on my desk. I decided to phone

the Department of Co-operation and Development.

I spoke to Mrs Maahbs. She said: "No-one can ever get a stamp if they do not come to this department. It is illegal for any company or person to give another person a stamp. Any person who has a problem can contact us. And we will help them free of charge."

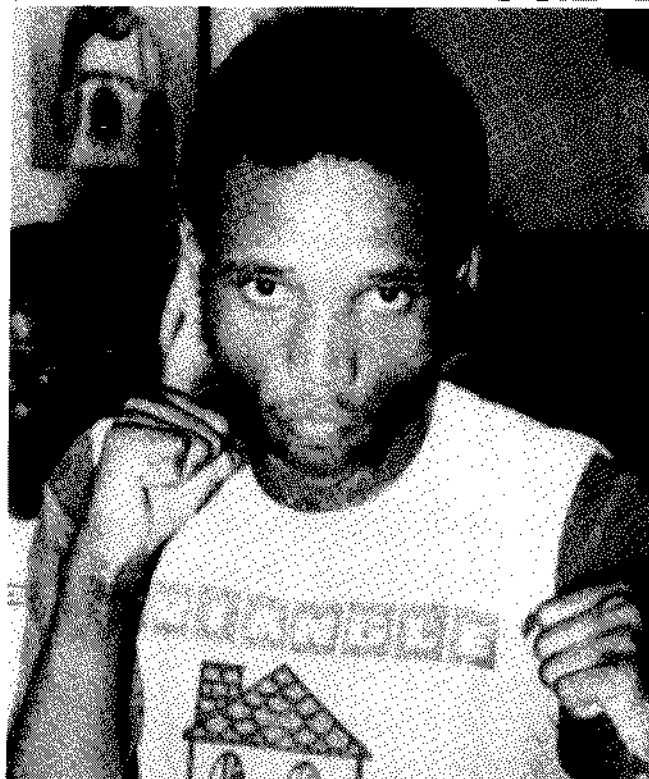
Now I was shaking my head. Since when are the pass office people so friendly and so helpful? Those of you, dear readers, who have pass problems can go to the nearest offices of the Black Sash or other such organisations. If you do not know of any organisation near where you live, then please write to us and we will give you the address.

Oh, ja. Now I can go back to helping my friend win some money on the horses. I am going back to sleep.

OK. Watch out for skelms and skelm companies. See you next time. Heyta daar. ●

*With love
- Thomas.*

HAMBA KAHLE



JACOB "DANCING SHOES" MORAKE

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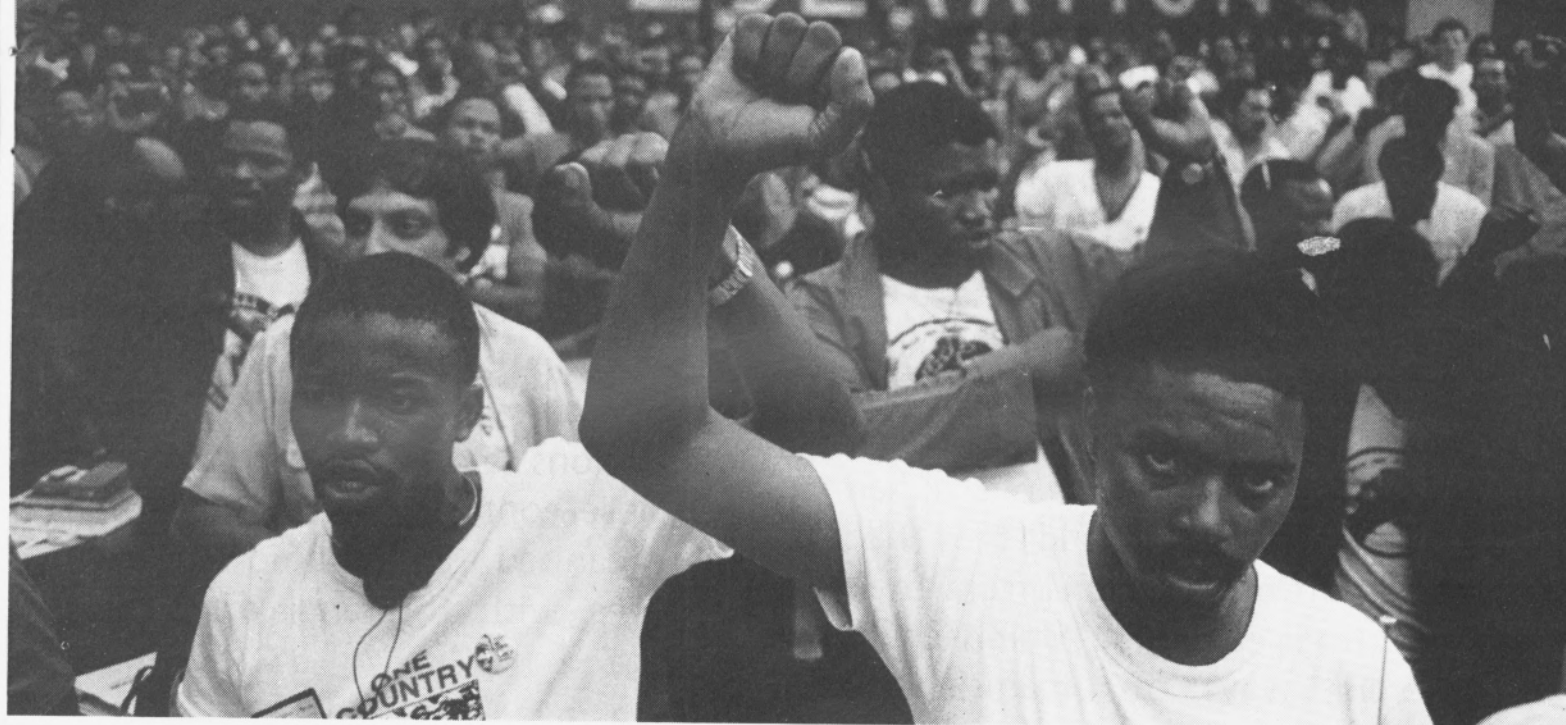
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ONE COUNTRY
ONE FEDERATION



A LONG AND WINDING ROAD LEADS TO COSATU

"Unity is often like a frog," said a worker. "Everytime you think you have it in your hands, it jumps out." This is very true. After four and a half years of talking, fighting and planning, 33 trade unions have joined together under a big new federation. This new federation is called Cosatu and it stands for the Congress of South African Trade Unions.

Cosatu was born on the 30th November at a big meeting at the university in Durban. Nearly 450 thousand workers will belong to the new federation.

"A federation brings unions together under the roof of one organisation," says one worker leader. "The federation keeps unions united at all times and lets workers fight battles together. And in these struggles the unions will be loyal to each other — just like a man and a woman who get married."

THE FIRST MEETING

Trade unions met to speak about the new federation for the first time in 1981. They met in Langa in Western Cape. "This was a meeting

that made history," says Moses Mayekiso from MAWU. "The meeting in Langa started the ball rolling for what we have today. The meeting was important because the unions came together after many years and said they still wanted unity."

If the unions all wanted unity, why did the birth of Cosatu take so long? "It was difficult to get unions with different ideas together," says Dave Lewis from the General Workers Union. "The unions all had their own histories and they had learned different lessons from their own struggles. Some unions have different ways of organising to other unions. Also some unions are old and some are new. These are some of the reasons why we took so long."

"If you want something that is real and not just for show, it takes a long time," says Mayekiso. "There were political differences among the unions. People did not trust each other. Unions used to leave the talks and then come back. All these things made us go slowly. But we think that it's good that the Federation took so long. The long path has helped us to work out many of our differences."

GOOD MEETINGS AND BAD MEETINGS

The unions met every year in

different places around South Africa. Not all the meetings were good. Like when unions walked out of the meeting in Port Elizabeth in 1982 saying: "There is no way that unions can come together under one organisation."

At this meeting workers fought about the new law that said that unions must register. Some unions said that the registration will make workers lose control of their union. Other unions said that workers can never lose control — if unions are well organised. Some unions did not agree with this and left the meeting.

In 1983 the trade unions tried again. They met in Cape Town. This time they went forward. They chose a committee to go and help them find 'unity'. They also agreed how the new federation would work. "I am sure that in a short time a federation of all trade unions will be started," said Dave Lewis after the meeting.

But once again trade union unity slipped out of the workers' hands. It took another two years to find unity.

Mayekiso smiles as he talks about some of the fights. "I remember the Wilgespruit meeting where there were problems with the constitution. Some unions walked out. But

after a lot of talking we sorted out the problem."

Dave Lewis agrees. "Wilgespruit was an important meeting. We agreed that the workers must control their unions. We also agreed that unions in Cosatu will have a say in the running of Cosatu — and they will still be free to run their own union."

THE SOWETO MEETING

At the Soweto meeting in 1985 many trade unions that left the talks were invited again. Also invited was AZACTU. It was the first time that the Azanian Confederation of Trade Unions was invited. They told the meeting that they did not agree with some of the old unions in the talks.

AZACTU said they believed in black leadership. They do not believe in whites should be leaders of unions or political organisations that have mostly black members. Another big group of trade unions called CUSA agreed with AZACTU. Over 100 thousand workers belong to CUSA.

CUSA and AZACTU asked the meeting to agree to black leadership. The other unions refused and said that AZACTU and CUSA must agree to non-racialism — when the colour of a person's skin is not important.

The meeting in Soweto was stopped so that everybody could think about things. They agreed to meet again in Johannesburg.

When the unions met again,

Cape Town, 1983. One of the many meetings in the long march to unity.



AZACTU was left out of the talks. CUSA refused to go to the meeting. They said that some of their member trade unions were invited to the meeting and some were not. They said they did not like this "divide and rule" way of doing things.

Then the National Union of Mine-workers (NUM) decided to leave CUSA. NUM is the biggest union in the country and CUSA lost a very strong member. NUM said that CUSA was not serious about unity. NUM decided to join Cosatu .

Both AZACTU and CUSA say they are still interested in unity. Piroshaw Camay, general secretary of CUSA, told Learn and Teach that CUSA still wants to talk about unity with Cosatu . "We sent our best wishes to Cosatu ," says Camay. "We hope the new leaders of Cosatu will meet with us soon

so that we can unite all workers in South Africa."

JUST THE BEGINNING

Cosatu has just been born but already it is a giant. But workers and their leaders know that this is just the beginning.

Many thousands of workers do not belong to any union. These workers must be organised. Thousands of other workers belong to useless "sweetheart" unions that sleep with the bosses. These workers must be brought into real unions. And Cosatu must keep on talking to CUSA and AZACTU. Until these two groups join, there will be no real worker unity.

There is much work to do. A big start has now been made. But we are sure that one day the sun will rise for the workers. ●

18

Members from the Transport union at the birth of Cosatu.





THE BIRTH OF COSATU

Thousands of people came from all over South Africa. They came on bicycles. Others came in cars and taxis. Many came by bus and a few came by aeroplane. Ten even came by horse and cart. And many came with their "old faithfuls" — on their own two legs.

They all met at the King George Stadium in Durban on the 1st December 1985. They were there to make a bit of history. They were there to celebrate the birthday of Cosatu, the new big trade union federation.

The rally started at 11 o'clock. The Durban sun was hot and sticky but the spirit was high. There were many speeches and there was much singing.

There were many messages for Cosatu. People from countries such as England, France, Zambia Zimbabwe and the Phillipines sent messages wishing Cosatu a long and healthy life. Many organisations that are fighting apartheid also sent messages. The UDF, the Cape Action League, the South African Congress of Trade Unions

(SACTU), the New Unity Movement and many more sent their blessings.

Then the crowd heard the names of the new leaders of Cosatu. Let us tell who they are:

Mr Elijah Barayi is the President. He is the vice president of the NUM. He has worked on the mines for 25 years. He worked with SACTU in the 1950's.

Mr Chris Dlamini is the First vice president. He is also the president of the Sweet Food and Allied Workers Union and he was the president of Fosatu.

Mr Makhulu Ledwaba is the Second

Workers carry their new president, Elijah Barayi.

vice president. He is the president of the Commercial, Catering and Allied Workers Union.

Mr Jay Naidoo is the general secretary. He is also the general secretary of the Sweet, Food and Allied Workers Union.

Mr Sydney Mafumadi is the assistant general secretary. He will help Jay Naidoo. He is the general secretary of the General and Allied Workers Union.

Mr Maxwell Xulu is the treasurer. He will be in charge of the money in Cosatu. He is the vice president of the Metal and Allied Workers Union.



Then the leaders spoke. They spoke of freedom for the workers and they spoke about unity. But everybody was waiting to hear President Barayi. He is a big man who likes a good joke. He made the people cry and he made them laugh. He said this country has always been ruled by crooks and criminals.

"Take J.B. Vorster," said Barayi. "He worked with Hitler's people in the Nazi Party. He landed in jail. But they still made him Prime Minister and State President. Then there is this P.W. Botha. He also worked with the Ossewabrandwag. Now he is locking up our leaders. I tell him to release them all."

Barayi then told Botha that he must resign — and that Nelson Mandela must take his place. He also said that "homeland" leaders must "change their minds because time is running out for them."

The people were going wild. They

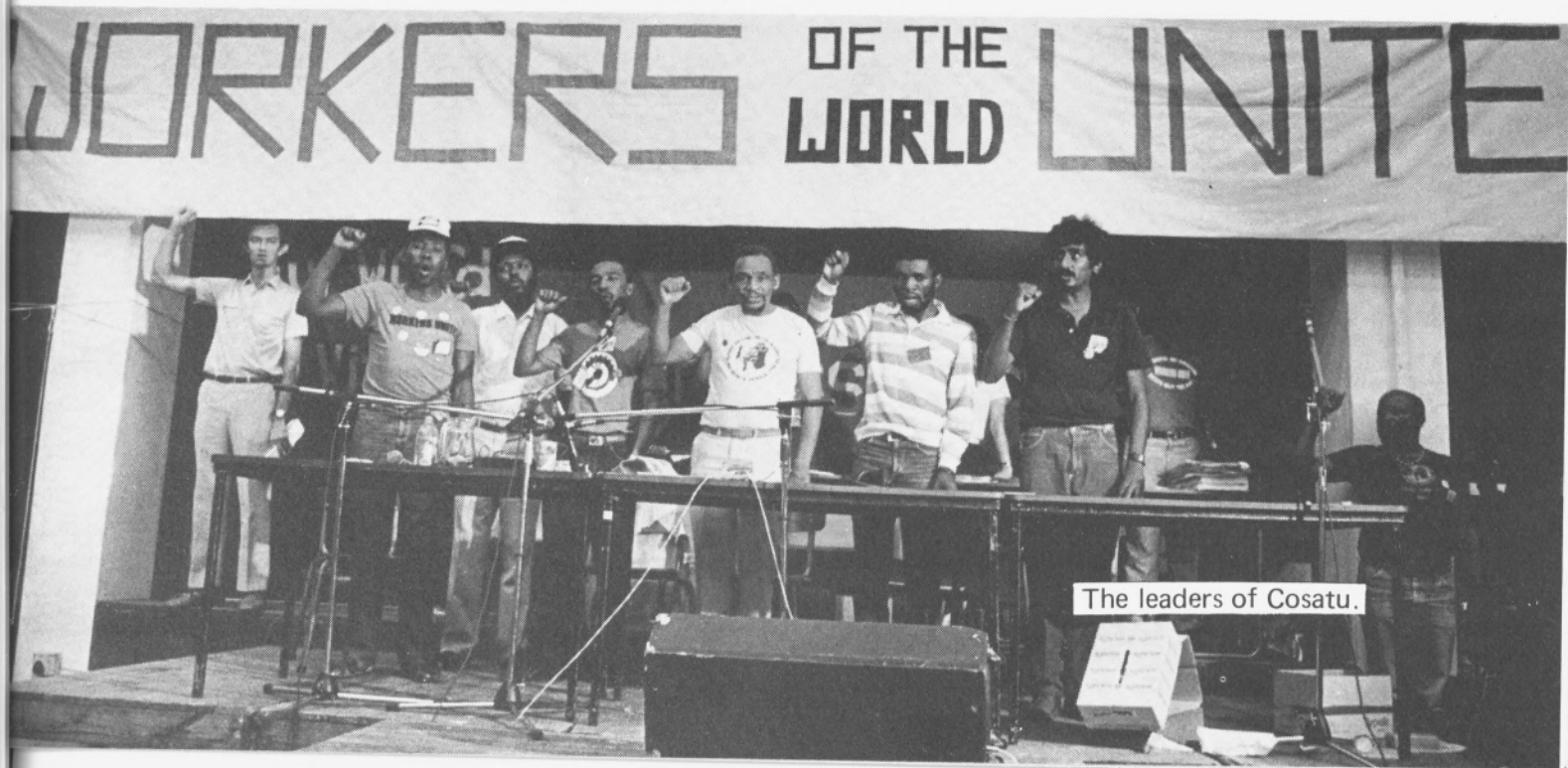
were laughing, screaming and singing. Then Barayi started with the police who were standing outside the stadium. They were making a film of the meeting.

"I have a message for you P.W. Botha," he said. "We give you six months to get rid of passes — otherwise the workers will get very angry and may start burning them again. And if the police outside stop you and say "pass", first think what "pass" means in English. It means "to go by". So next time the police say "pass", just walk past them. They cannot do anything to you."

Again the crowd laughed, shouted and sang. The workers were excited. They loved his tough talk. But it is not just tough talk.

Cosatu has half a million members already — and it's just been born. The baby isn't even crawling yet.

21



The leaders of Cosatu.

WHAT COSATU BELIEVES IN

"We, the trade unions meeting here today, say to all that we want a united South Africa. We say no more apartheid, low wages, poverty and hunger.

We believe that we can only win if the working people are united, and lead the struggle. From our own struggles in the past, we know what we must do:

- We must build strong trade unions. Workers in the factories, mines, shops, farms and other work places must control and own the unions. We must organize all workers who are not yet members of trade unions.

- We believe in "One industry, One Union." All workers working in the same industry must belong to the same union. Our member trade unions must join together. We want 10 big unions instead of 33 smaller unions. We also believe that unions must get money from their members — if members pay for the union, they will control the union.

- We believe in "One Federation, One Country." All workers in the country must belong to unions that belong to the same Federation. Workers must control this Federation.

- We must fight against all divisions in our struggle. There will be no apartheid in Cosatu. Any worker can be a member — and become a leader, if they are chosen.

- We must build strong worker organization and worker leaders in South Africa. We must work with other organizations that are fighting apartheid — like community organizations and youth groups.

- We must give support to workers in other countries — then they will give support to our struggle in South Africa.

ONE COUNTRY



ONE FEDERATION

Inaugural Congress November 29–December 2

We call on all those who share our beliefs to join us as comrades in the struggle. "AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

WHAT COSATU WILL FIGHT FOR

At the meeting in Durban, Cosatu told South Africa and the world about some of the things they will be fighting for. They also showed that they are not scared to say what they think — and that they won't be scared to use their power.

For example, Cosatu say that they don't like bantustans and bantustan leaders. They were not scared to say this — even to Mangosuthu Buthelezi. And they also gave the government a warning. If the government sends workers from other countries back home, Cosatu will call a national strike — a strike in every factory, shop and office.

ONE COUNTRY



ONE FEDERATION

Inaugural Congress November 29–December 2

Here are some of the other things that Cosatu will be fighting for:

An end to the State of Emergency. They also want the army and troops out of the townships. And they want all political prisoners out of the jail.

And end to the bantustans. Cosatu wants one South Africa, with one person one vote.

No Trade or Sport With South Africa. Cosatu wants other countries to do all they can to end apartheid.

Women must be treated like people. Cosatu wants women to get equal pay for equal work. They also want full maternity rights — the right for a woman to have a baby and not lose her job, with pay.

The Right to Strike. Cosatu believes that it is every worker's right to strike in the struggle against bad working conditions and bad pay.

An end to migrant labour and the pass laws. Workers must work where they want. And workers must live where they want — and with who they want.

A living wage for all workers. Cosatu wants a national minimum wage — that is a wage that no worker must get less than. Cosatu also wants an end to GST on food and other things that people need every day.

A Job for all healthy men and women. Cosatu believes that a job is every worker's right. They will fight retrenchment and they will fight for a 40-hour week with no overtime. They will try to help workers who have no jobs — by fighting for more UIF money and by starting a union for unemployed workers.

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL



MaMotaung at the rubbish dump

GOOD TIMES and BAD TIMES

“Many people think that I am just a piece of rubbish because I work in the rubbish dump,” says maMotaung. “I want people to hear my story. Then they can decide if I am a piece of rubbish or not!

A pile of rubbish covers maMotaung’s feet. Her face is white from the dust. And the stink of rotting food is everywhere. MaMotaung carried on speaking. “I don’t really care what people think. I work hard for every cent that I get. And my job is important — someone has to do it.

SCHOOL IN QWAQWA

“I was born a long time ago in

Qwaqwa. My family had a small plot there. We grew vegetables, potatoes and spinach. My father got money, working on the white farms nearby. There was not a lot in our house — but there was enough for everyone.

“I went to school there. I loved my teacher very much. She knew every child in the class. She saw some children did not have food at school. So she asked all the parents to give vegetables. We cooked them at school — the boys collected wood for the fire and the girls boiled the water. Then everyone got food.

But I did not stay at school. My

mother died first. And then my father died a few years later. I was fifteen. There was no—one to look after me. So I went to live with my sister in Johannesburg, in Pimville.

BREWING BEER IN PIMVILLE

I missed the mountains and open space of Qwaqwa a lot. But living with my sister was exciting. We lived in a yard with lots of other people. My sister's husband did not get much money. So, my sister used to brew beer.

My sister made lots of money with her beer. We had everything we needed. My sister decided to hire more rooms so that more people could come and drink her beer. But there was one room that was always very quiet. And the men who sat there hardly drank at all.

The landlord used to say that those men were real gentlemen. And my sister used to laugh. One day I asked her why, she laughed. "Well," she said. "You know that the landlord hates politics. Those men in that room are from the ANC. They asked me to hire the room so that they could meet and no—one would worry them."

FINDING AND LOSING WORK

I met my husband when I was twenty two. What a nice clean

young man he was. We built a shack in Rockville. I found a job in the kitchens. I worked for an Afrikaans family. They were funny people.

They liked me to clean their house and pick up their underpants. But they didn't want me to sleep there. They didn't like 'natives' so close to them. It was the same in the motor car. I always sat in the back just like a very rich madam.

After two years I was expecting my first child. My 'madam' was also pregnant. My husband said I must stop working and rest. When I told my boss, he was very angry. He said I must stay and clean for his wife. She was pregnant, so she couldn't do the work. He said I was selfish. My husband was very angry about this. He said I must leave that place and never go back.

FAHFEE

After my first child was born, I stayed at home for a long time. I didn't want to work. I just wanted to look after my child. Sometimes my husband complained because I wasn't bringing home any money. Then, one day an old friend from Qwaqwa came to visit me.

She said she would help me. She worked for some Chinese people. They ran fahfee. They trusted her because she had worked for them

for a long time. So she said, "I will come and tell you the number before the fahfee runner comes. Then you can win money and you can stay at home. But don't tell anyone, not even your husband.

After that I won money nearly every week. But then my husband wanted to know how I got all the money. So I told him about the numbers.

He promised that he would not say anything. But one night he got drunk and told his friends. He told them how I knew the numbers. After that people came from everywhere to ask me the numbers. It was the end of fahfee for me. I was frightened that the Chinaman would hear — and that my friend would lose her job.

GOOD TIMES

I stopped playing fahfee. I found a really good job at a paper mill. I earned R199 a week. I dressed beautifully in those days. And when I fell pregnant with my second child, they gave me three months maternity leave. But the mill closed down and I was without a job again.

So I went to look for a job in the kitchens again. This time I worked for the De Beers in Mayfair. The pay was bad but they were good

people. I took my children with me to work. Their eldest child played with my children. I liked to watch them playing together.

TROUBLES

Then Mr de Beer died. He was only sick for a short time. I think it was liquor that killed him. He worked at a bottle store. He often came drunk — and there was always liquor in the fridge.

Mrs de Beer had no money. She left her house — and told me she had no money for my wages. So I lost my second nice job.

I was also having problems at home. My husband started to drink. When I was pregnant with my third child, he told me that he had two children from another woman. He said he didn't have enough money for all of us. So I told him to bring the children to our house. I said I would look after them.

JEALOUSY LEADS TO PETROL

Not long after Mr de Beer died, my husband died too. I was left to look after all the children with no money. My husband's other children were difficult. The one boy was very jealous. He said that I loved his brother more than I loved him.



MaMotaung showing the driver where to dump the rubbish. She says: "I have had some good times and I have had some bad times. But I've lived through it all."

One Saturday, he got so angry that he threw petrol over me. Then he threw a match at me. Luckily only my left arm got burnt — and it was not badly burnt. But I was badly frightened.

I ran away from the house. I was frightened this boy would do something worse next time. I took my two babies with me. The welfare took the other three children. I had nowhere to go. I did not know what to do.

LIVING IN A SCRAPYARD

I went to Mayfair and I lived in the scrapyard there. I found an old mattress with two boards. I made a place for us, between all the old cars. I stored all my things in one old car.

Some friends of mine worked in Mayfair. They visited me and brought food for me and the children. But it was not enough. I had no milk for the baby. He did not grow well like my other children.

Once, when it was very cold, my friend said, "You will die out here tonight. Come, you can sleep in my room but my madam mustn't hear the children. She will chase me away if she does." So we crept into her room. We didn't make a sound.

One day Mrs de Beer came to the scrapyard. She could not believe her eyes. She took me to the pass office in town. Before a week had passed, I had a two roomed house and a job with the Soweto Council.

CLEANING SOWETO

I went to the office on my first day of work. There was a truck waiting outside. I got a shock when someone gave me a big fork and a rake. They told me to get on the truck. Twelve other women were already sitting on the truck.

The women told me what we had to do. The truck took us to different places. Then we had to rake up the rubbish that was lying around. When the rubbish was in heaps, we had to throw it onto the truck. It was very heavy work. I was sore and tired at the end of my first day. But after a few weeks, I was used to it.

Everyone who walked past us had something to say. Some people laughed at us — women doing men's work. Others felt sorry for us. But I

liked the school boys best. Sometimes they would stop and help us throw the rubbish up onto the truck.

THE RUBBISH DUMP

One day, after about four years of cleaning the streets, my supervisor called me. She said she was going to give me a lighter job. Since then I have worked in the rubbish dump, showing the trucks where to drop the rubbish.

It is easier work but I worry about the dust. One of my sons has T.B. I think it comes from the dust on my clothes. I am worried that that the other children will get it too. The houses is so small that the dust from my work clothes goes everywhere.

I will die happy when my son finishes his matric. Then he can help his brothers and sisters. I have done my best to make my children into good people. I think they are good people. I just hope that none of them start to drink and drain their brains in liquor.

When I think of my life, I cannot say that I am happy or sad. I had good times and some very bad times. But I have lived through them all — like many people. I am tired now. I just wish that I could rest." ●



LEARNING AFTER WORK

The bell rings. It's five o'clock and it's tjaile time at the Rolfes Factory in Elandsfontein.

Some workers walk back to the hostel for a rest. Others go straight to the canteen for a carton of Daveyton. Some go to help the nightwatchmen fix his old car — or to give advice.

But 12 workers do none of these things. They make their way to two small rooms near the factory. They meet there every Monday and Wednesday. They meet to learn English.

NO SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Simon Ntombela was one of the first to join the group. He told us

how it started.

"The first group started in 1981," says Simon. "Judy from Learn and Teach came with people from our union. They spoke to the boss. The boss said Judy could start a group if the workers wanted to learn English. So the union called a meeting. They told us about Learn and Teach. Then they asked who wanted to learn English.

"I wanted to learn English because my father didn't send me to school. At my home in Nqutu in Zululand people do not send their sons to school. The sons must herd the cattle. But my sister went to school. She taught me to read and write in Zulu but she didn't know any English.



Never too late and never too tired to learn.

THREE WIVES AND 19 CHILDREN

"My father had three wives," says Philemon Nemalamangwa. "There were 19 children at home. So when my father stopped working, I had to leave school. I was in standard four.

"At first I worked in Louis Trichardt. You will not believe the pay there — R5.00 a month! At Rolfes the pay is better. I like to come to Learn and Teach. I think I will get good ideas here because I did not go far at school."

ROLFES AND THE UNION

Everyone in the group belongs to the union — the Chemical Workers Industrial Union. Watson Mphaphuli told us about the union.

"They did not pay us enough at Rolfes," says Watson. "We were all unhappy. Then Richard, who learns English with us, told us about the union.

"We called meetings. Everyone wanted the union. When everyone joined, the union said we must talk to the bosses at Rolfes.

"Since then they pay us better — we get R1.80 an hour more than before. We also asked for more leave. We only got two weeks paid leave. Now we get four weeks. But we have not had a strike here. Mr Rolfe, the owner, is very frightened of strikes. So he gives us what we want."

NO JACK AND JILL

"Our learning group is not like

"I really wanted to learn English. But I was frightened. I did not know one word in English. And maybe I was too old to learn. I went to Judy. I told her my problem. She said I was just the right person for the group.

"Judy was right. After three months I knew 'Good morning', and I knew how to talk to the supervisor. I always try to speak English now and it feels good. When I go to the shops these days, I always talk in English."

THE CATTLE ARE GONE

Joseph Ndou is also learning English. He also only went to school for a short time. "I left school in 1959," says Joseph. "I left because my father wanted me to look after the cattle. Now the cattle are gone and I am 'dom'."

But Joseph is not 'dom'. He has learnt much. His English is good — and it gets better everyday.

LEARN AND TEACH WAS LATE

"I left home at Moletjie, near Pietersburg, 41 years ago," says another learner, Alpheus Semenya. "I have worked at Rolfes for 21 years. I never went to school. In the 1940's I went to a 'moruti' once a week. He taught me to write in Sotho — but no English.

"Learn and Teach was late in coming to Rolfes. They should have come here 20 years ago. I didn't know any English when I joined the group but now I can talk a little."

Alpheus's friend, Bra Dan, has also worked at Rolfes for a long time. "I have worked with Alpheus for 20 years," says Dan. "Now that we know English, we can read together in our free time. We are reading a book called 'The Sun Shall Rise'. We like the book because it is about a worker like us."

A WORRIED MAN

"I left school when I was in standard four," says Thomas Mabasa. "I was nineteen. I was big and I was shy to learn with the small children. I was so old because every year, in December, I had to leave school to help with the ploughing. I didn't write the exams. So I had to stay in the same class again and again.

"When I came to work, I saw I needed English. I could read English but I could not talk. I was a worried man. I was afraid to speak to the bosses in English. When the telephone rang, I was afraid to pick it up. Now I can answer in English. I am also not afraid to speak to the bosses anymore."

school," says Richard Rambau. "We don't learn 'The cat sat on the mat', or 'Jack and Jill went up the hill'. We learn English that we can use everyday — like how to tell the supervisor that you want time off, — or how to tell the doctor that you are sick.

"It is not just English that we learn. In our lessons we learn about other things too. We choose what we learn about. We told our teacher that we wanted to know about pensions and insurance. We also wanted to learn about the overseas unions. So our teacher taught us and now we know."

WORKING TOGETHER

"Our lessons also help us with the union," says Richard. "When we talk with the bosses, we now understand what is happening. We also practised how to hold meetings in our group. We use this in the union.

"We like the way that we learn. Everyone works together. If someone doesn't understand, then

another learner will explain — not just the teacher. We all teach each other."

WHITES MUST LEARN TOO

"In South Africa, when you can't speak Afrikaans, they say you are stupid," says Thomas. 'And if you speak English, they say that it is not England here. Very few whites want to learn our languages. But we must learn English and Afrikaans."

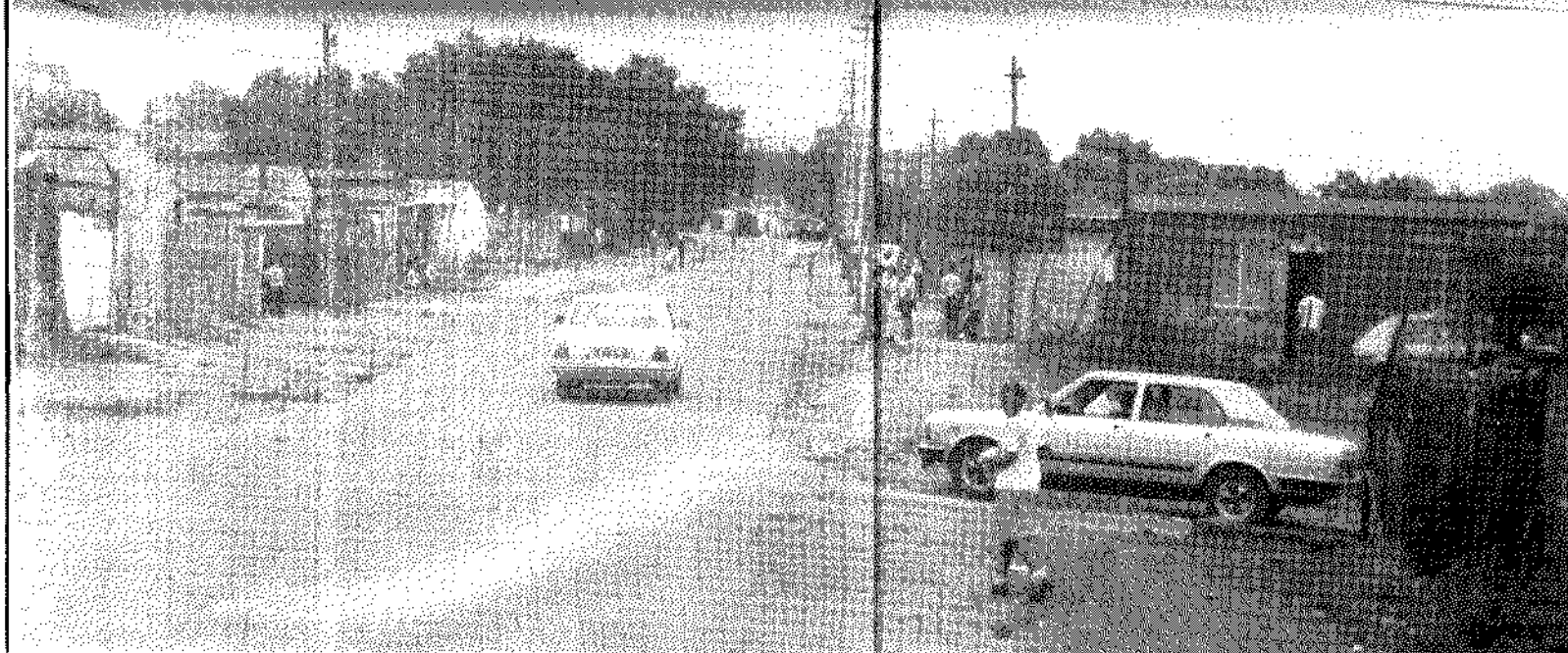
Richard agrees with Thomas. "Whites must learn African languages," says Richard. "At the universities now, they have black teachers who can teach them Sotho or Zulu. But they teach the whites so they can say, 'Watson, my boy, you must wash the dishes'. We don't like that."

And at Learn and Teach, we agree with Watson. Whites must learn African languages so that they can talk nicely, not just order people around. We also wish the learners at Rolfes good luck in their struggle to learn English. ●

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Service with a smile. That is the Learn and Teach way.



A SHOWDOWN IN WESTERN

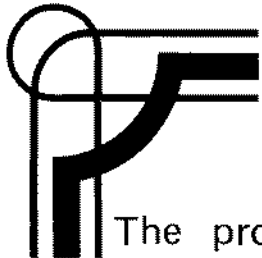
It's on a Thursday night, half past seven in Western Township, Johannesburg. The hall is full. A man is standing at the front talking. But no-one can hear him. The man's voice is too soft. So everyone starts to talk amongst themselves.

Suddenly someone stands up and says: "We all know that Elvis doesn't talk loudly. So will everyone stop talking so that we can hear. Everyone nods in agreement. Then someone fetches Elvis from the front. He stands on a chair in the middle of the hall. Elvis looks like he will fall off the chair — but he carries on talking.

Now everyone is quiet. They all want to hear. Elvis is talking about a meeting with the Johannesburg City Council. The Council are breaking down people's homes and building new houses in Western.

You will think the people of Western are lucky to get new houses. But you will only think they are lucky until you see the houses. As someone at the meeting said: "These new houses are like a pair of fifteen-year-old pants. When you try to put them on, they don't fit anymore. They hurt you. Our families have grown. We will never fit into these tiny new houses."

The people of Western have fought a struggle for better houses — and they have won. When the Council started to build the new houses, no-one in Western knew about it. And when the people saw the new houses, they did not like them. Now the Council has said they will build eight different types of houses — not just one kind. And people can look at the houses and choose. The Council will only build houses that people have chosen.



The problems in Western started twenty-five years ago. The Johannesburg City Council was 'cleaning up' Johannesburg. They moved everyone around. Everyone who lived in Western Native Township, as Western used to be called, had to move to Soweto. Then the Council started to move 'coloureds' out of 'white' areas — and into Western.

Mrs Daniels was one of the people who moved into Western twenty five years ago. She tells us about it: "I was living in Newclare. We lived in a GG house — a government house. Then the City Council told us to move. We didn't know why we had to move — we just did what the Council told us to do. They said we must go to the housing office in Western Native Township. And so we did.

"I went with my baby, Elvis, the same one with the soft voice. I waited at the office the whole day — and the whole of the next day and the day after that. There were people at the office from all over Johannesburg, from Doornfontein, Fietas Jeppe, Sophiatown.

"Then the people in the office said we must go and find houses for ourselves. And that is what we did. We walked up and down the streets.

If you saw a house that you wanted, you wrote down the number. You took the number to the offices. Then they gave you the keys. If the keys were gone, it meant the house was taken and you had to start looking again.

"It was terrible looking for houses. People were still living there, waiting to be moved to Soweto. I think they hated us. When we asked them about houses, they were very rude. They thought we were the reason that they had to move.

"I first looked in Matta Street before I found this house here in Moguerane Street. I'm pleased now — Matta Street is where all the shebeens are. I chose this house because it was big and clean. The people before us had taken the ceilings out and a window-frame. People did this because the Council did not pay them for the work they had done on the houses.

"When we moved into Western, the Council said it was just for a short time. They said they were going to build new houses for us. That was 25 years ago. Since then, the children have become parents and the parents have become ouma's and oupa's — all while they were waiting for new houses.

"But things started to change in 1980. There was a big meeting to



Mrs Daniels with children and grandchild.

talk about houses. People started the Westbury Residents' Action Committee (WRAC) to fight for better houses. We also decided to send a letter to PW Botha. In that letter we told him we were tired of waiting for new houses. We sent that letter to the Council and to every newspaper. Two months later they started knocking down old houses and building new ones. They called the place where they built the new houses "Pedestrian Court."

"People say that Western is a slum, a bad place to live. But you should see Pedestrian Court. With those houses they built an instant slum.

There are just bare blocks, no ceilings, lime paint, no hot water. And the rooms are so small that people had to sell half their furniture when they moved in.

"The Council did not talk to anyone about the houses. And when the council moved people, they just moved people anyhow. When everyone had moved, the two biggest gangs were in one street — the Spaldings were on one side, and Fast Guns were on the other side. It was war there every Saturday.

"We complained so much that the Council only built 300 houses in Pedestrian Court. Then for five

years we heard nothing.

"In May this year we saw them digging trenches. This time we were wise. Everyone went to look. We didn't like what we saw. They were building houses with two bedrooms. But in Western you can find 27 people living together. The houses were too small. So people just filled the trenches up again.

"Our Action Committee, or WRAC as we call it, also went to see the Council. The Council didn't want to listen. They carried on building. People got angrier. They went and pushed the walls down. Then the police came with their teargas. Children threw stones at the cars on Ontdekkers Road. People were arrested.

"In the end the Council started to talk to us. First they said they would change the new houses.

The Council said they would build houses with three bedrooms, not two bedrooms. When we said we still didn't like the houses, they said we must plan our own houses. They thought we couldn't do it. But we did.

"WRAC got an office at the hall — people came every afternoon to say what they wanted in the new houses. We used what they said for new plans. We then gave these plans to the Council. Now the Council is using some of these ideas."

The people of Western have been pushed around for a long time. They have been told what to do. But no more. Now they have an organisation and they fight their struggles together. They have not only won better houses. They have won the right to choose. That is a right most people in this country haven't got yet!

Oliver McDonald with family and friends. Oliver and the people of Western are fighting for better housing.



LETTERS

from our readers

Dear Learn and Teach

Please help me. I am in my last year at school. But because of the trouble in the townships, there are no exams this year. I want to know if I can teach at a higher primary school without a matric certificate?

Jabulani Dlamini

Dear Jabulani

Thank you for your letter. You can get a teaching job without a matric at a primary school. We do not know if a higher primary school will take you. But a lower primary school will definitely take you. Speak to the principal of a school near you. Good luck. —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I like Learn and Teach magazine. I am 22 years old. I left school in 1982, after I finished standard seven. I left because my parents did not have money for school fees. I want to learn some more. Can you tell me how I can get money for school.

Petrus Makopole
Witbank

Dear Petrus

Thank you for your letter. Write to one of the following people. They will help you. They will tell you how to get money and where to learn. African Bursary; South African Council of Churches P.O. Box 31190 Braamfontein;

or

Education Information Centre, 601 Dunwell House; 35 Jorissen Street, Braamfontein.

editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I have been very angry for the last two months. I ordered a pair of shoes and one shirt from Sonny Boy's U.S.A. Mail Order Catalogue in May. I sent R42 cash and I waited for my things for a month. When my parcel came, the shoes were not the shoes that I asked for. And there was no shirt. They said that they did not have the shoes I wanted, so they sent others. They also said that

they were sending me the rest of my money. But the money has still not arrived. Please tell me what I can do.

Mr Gundula

Dear Mr Gundula

Thank you for your letter. We are sorry to hear about your problem. You must be very careful with mail order. Many mail order firms are crooks. But if you buy something by mail order, and the shop sends you different things, you must send them right back. The shop must give you the right things or they must give you your money back. I spoke to Sonny Boy U.S.A. They say that they will send your money back to you. Please write and tell us if you do not get it back. —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I want to thank you for your magazine. Learn and Teach has opened many people's eyes. It tells us what we do not know. But there is one thing that worried me. Learn and Teach never tells us about Natal. Where are stories about the struggle in Pietermaritzburg, Newcastle, Durban, or Zululand? People will think that people are only fighting in the Transvaal, the Eastern and Western Cape. We beg you to write about Natal so that people can know what is happening here. We are fighting hard here in Natal. We believe that one day we will win our own United States of Africa.

Lucky Nzuza
Ntokozweni

Dear Lucky

Thank you very much for your letter and your kind words about the magazine. We are happy that you like it. It is true that we do not write about Natal. It is our mistake. But we hope to come to Natal in the new year. If you have any ideas for stories, please write and tell us. Maybe we can meet you when we come. You can show us around Natal. We look forward to our visit. —editor

Write to us at;

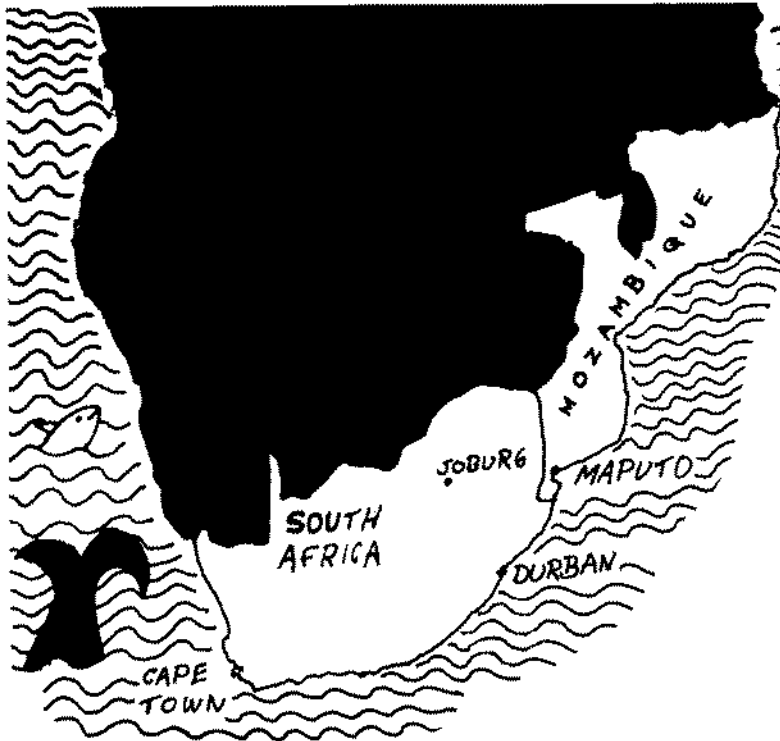
P.O. BOX 11074

JOHANNESBURG

2000

Please write your name
and address clearly

RUNNING AWAY FROM RENAMO



Mozambique is a country next to South Africa. The people of Mozambique have not had much rest. First they fought a long, hard war against a country called Portugal. The Portuguese ruled Mozambique for over three hundred years. Only in 1975 did Mozambique win its freedom.

When Portugal left Mozambique, they did not leave much behind. The people of Mozambique had much work to do. They had to build schools, hospitals and roads. But the people were not left in peace to do their work.

A group called Renamo began fighting the government. They

call themselves an army but the people call them bandits, or thieves. Renamo got money from the South African government for a long time. Many people say they still help Renamo.

The people of Mozambique are scared. They are scared of Renamo's terrible cruelty. Many people are leaving Mozambique to come to South Africa. So you know how bad things must be there! Many of these people are now at Acornhoek, a small town near the Mozambican border. Three people who ran away from Renamo told their story to Learn and Teach.

STORY No. 1

AN ACCIDENT

In July this year, I left Maputo with some friends. We went to visit another friend in the country. While we were there, Renamo attacked our friend's house. We ran away, full of fear. We did not know where we were going. We lost one friend.

We ran to the forest. Three boys came. They promised to help us. We were very frightened. We heard gunshots on all sides. The three



People from Mozambique in Acornhoek in the eastern Transvaal. They have run away from Mozambique because of the cruelty of Renamo.

boys took us to a path. They said the path went to the Transvaal. We took the path. We slept during the day but at night we walked and walked. At Manyelek our three friends left us.

We carried on walking. Then we met an old man. The old man asked us: "Where are you going to and where do you come from, looking so tired?" We said that we did not know where we were going. The old man gave us some food and water. The next day he took us to Tintswalo hospital in Acornhoek. And this is where we are now.

STORY No. 2

AN ESCAPE

We decided to leave one Friday in

August. We all wanted to leave, even our neighbours. I wanted to leave because I saw Renamo kill my father and children. Renamo burnt our houses and they took our food. We had nowhere to sleep and nothing to eat. We had to leave the country of our birth because of Renamo.

We decided to come to South Africa. We walked for five days. We did not have any water for three days. Buffaloes and wild animals chased us. We saw dead bodies and bones. Wild animals had killed other people. My story ends here.

STORY No. 3

ARENO'S STORY

"My name is Areno Chuma. I lived

in Mapulanweni, in Mozambique. We lived in the forest. We left our homes because of the war with the bandits called 'masnanga'. The bandits, Renamo, do not care who they kill. They shot our parents and they stabbed our children. They used our grinding poles to kill

our children. Their bodies were eaten by dogs.

We decided to leave and not die at home. We didn't worry about where we went. We just wanted a place to hide. My story ends here.

DIFFICULT WORDS

doing words

to rule	—to make laws for a country.
to attack	—to fight.
to promise	—to say that you will do something
to chase	—to run after
to leave	—to go away.

naming words:

freedom	—when people decide for themselves.
peace	—when there is no fighting.
army	—soldiers who fight together.
cruelty	—hurting people very badly.
fear	—being frightened.
gunshots	—when a bullet is shot out of a gun.
bandits	—thieves.
border	—a line between two countries.
neighbour	—person who lives near you.
buffalo	—a wild animal with horns.

other words:

scared	—frightened.
terrible	—very bad.
grinding	—making into powder.

TEST YOURSELF.

See if you can use the difficult words here.

1. When Mozambique got _____ they chose a new government.
2. People _____ Mozambique because they are frightened of Renamo.

3. Renamo is not an (i) _____. They are a group of (ii) _____
4. People had a (i) _____ journey but they were chased by (ii) _____ and other wild animals.
5. The government that _____ Mozambique today is called Frelimo.
6. The _____ between Mozambique and South Africa is near Acornhoek.
7. People are leaving Mozambique because they are (i) _____ of Renamo's (ii) _____

ANSWERS

1. freedom 2. leave 3. (i) army (ii) bandits 4. (i) terrible (ii) buffalo
5. rules 6. border 7. (i) scared (ii) cruelty.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY:—TEST YOURSELF

Can you answer these questions:

1. What country ruled Mozambique for 300 years?
2. Who is fighting against the government of Mozambique?
3. Why are people leaving Mozambique?
4. How do people travel from Mozambique to South Africa?
5. What is the big danger on the way?
6. How long does the journey take?

ANSWERS

1. Portugal.
2. Renamo
3. They are scared of Renamo
4. People walk
5. Wild animals
6. 5 days.




Letter puzzle

Look at the pictures and fill in the right words.




Look for the words here.

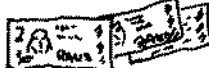


Laugh, pigs, heart, township, hippos, bush, glasses, carrots, baby, army, newspapers, money, toilet paper, mealies, pumpkins, toilet, snake, boots,


Dear Mpho,

Thanks for your letter. I have now found my _____ , so I can write back to you.



Our _____  is full of   _____.



When I was a child I thought hippos were like big fat _____   that lived in the _____ .




Now, I don't mind where they live, I just wish they would stay out of the township. Ntate Lombard says the _____  is worth very little now. He says we must not buy _____  anymore. It is cheaper to use _____ .


The _____  old man still makes us _____

I'm now growing vegetables. This year we have grown _____ , _____  

and _____ . But even my garden suffers from the _____  boys.

Last week they were busy 'protecting'. They were chasing our children and they ran all over my garden with their _____.  I hear that the _____  cannot tell us what is happening in our townships. Is the government ashamed of what they are doing?

Let me tell you some good news. Annie has had her _____ . We all knew she had it in her. She is happy and sends love. Ntate Amos is visiting and still remembers the day you found a _____  in the _____ .

We all miss you and wait to see you at Christmas. Keep well and safe. You are in my _____  Irene.

Write down the words in a new way to ask a question. We have done the first one.

- 1) the time? What is _____
- 2) today? is the date What _____
- 3) is your name? What _____
- 4) the Where is station? _____
- 5) Where my are shoes? _____

Here are the answers

2) What is the date today? 3) What is your name?
4) Where is the station? 5) Where are my shoes?

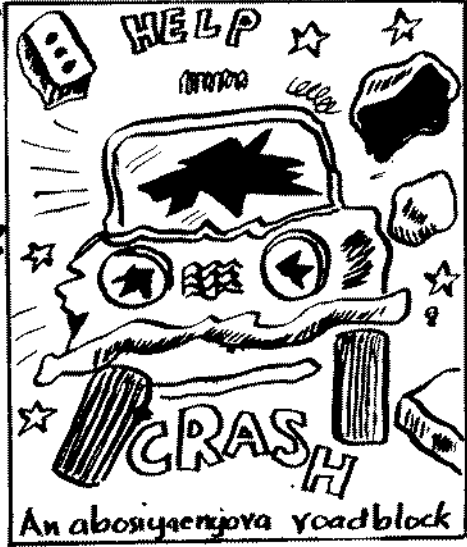
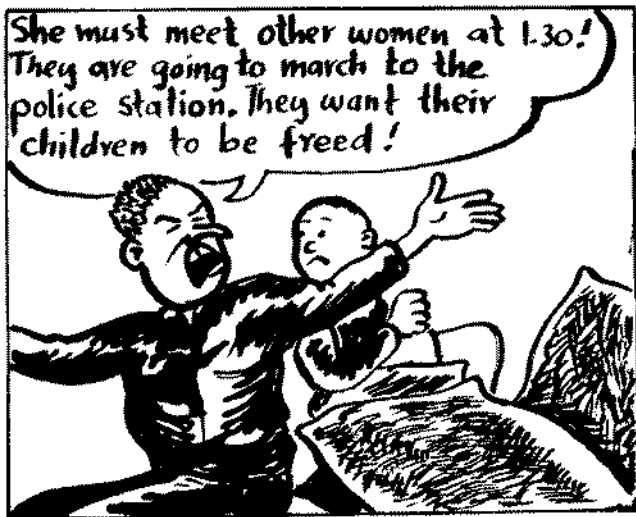
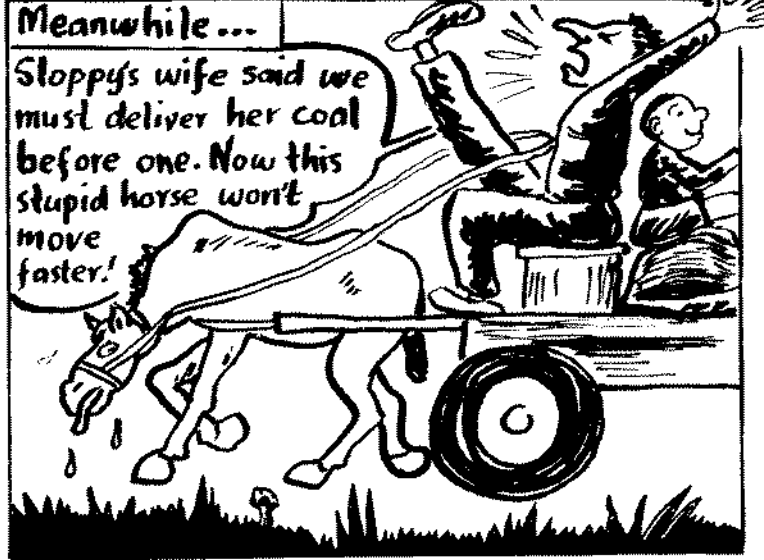
SLOPPY

ESCAPE TO VICTORY

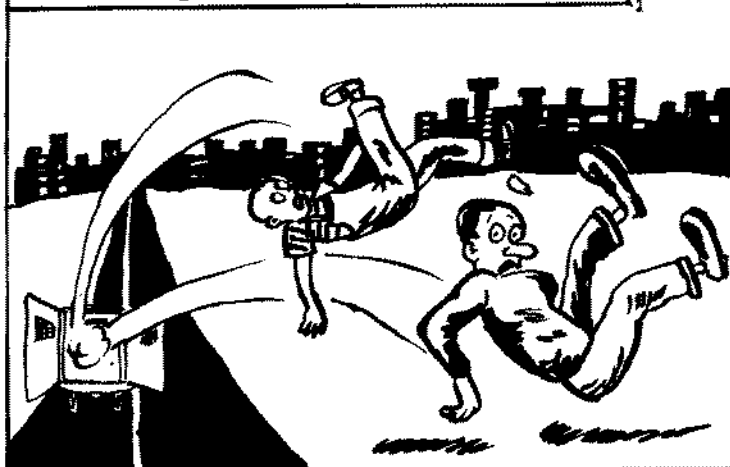
Heyta daar

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Sloppy has been arrested. To his shock, he finds himself in the same cell as his son, Lucky. The following day they are taken to court in a kwela kwela.



The doors fly open. Sloppy and Lucky are flung into the air...



They land on the very same coal cart.

