

# UPBEAT

*The youth magazine for all*



Abdullah Ibrahim

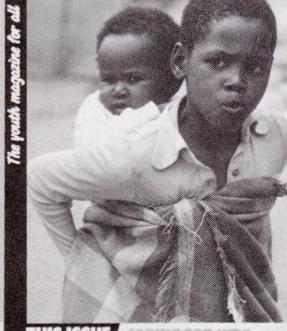
DEBATING EDUCATION

THIS ISSUE

CARING FOR KIDS

# UP BEAT

NUMBER 1-1991



Front cover:  
Anna Zieminski: Afrapix  
Back cover:  
Illustration by William Steyn

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SACHED, 7th Floor,  
Allied Building, 236 Bree Street,  
Johannesburg 2001

SACHED Cape Town  
5 Church Street  
Mowbray 7700

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It's never too late to subscribe to Upbeat. To receive the next 8 issues in the post, send a cheque or postal order to Upbeat, P O Box 11350, Johannesburg 2000

Individual subscription rates (including postage) are: South Africa R11.50; Botswana, Swaziland, Zimbabwe, Namibia, Lesotho R13.50. Postage is cheaper if you subscribe in bulk. Write to us for postage costs on bulk orders.

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Upbeat is written by Upbeat staff except where otherwise stated.

**Typesetting by Thembi Moyana;  
SACHED Production Department**

Design and Production by Mzwakhe Nhlabatsi; SACHED Production Department

Printed by Creda Press (Pty) Ltd., Solan Rd, Cape Town

# CONTENTS

## Newsbeat

Letter to readers

Cigarettes can kill

Music competition winners

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Coming home	4
The great piano player	8
Disappearing forests	10
Growing up — preventing pregnancy	12
Comic: Taxidriver	14
Part 1	
Debating education: Talking to the ANC	16
Visagie is taught a lesson	18
Caring for kids	19
1990 quiz	20
Short story — The Return	22
Choosing a career	26
Poison! Beware!	28

## REGULARS

### Letters

6

### Talkshop

7

Hopes for 1991

9

### Writers' page

9

### Penfriends

24

### Puzzle

25

### Willie Wordworm

30



# Dear Readers

Hello, everyone! Welcome to your first issue of Upbeat for 1991. We hope you weren't shocked when you saw that Upbeat now costs R1.00. But as we explained to you last year, Upbeat costs a lot of money to produce. And R1.00 is not much to pay for a magazine that packs so much education and fun into 32 pages. A cooldrink costs R1.20!

This year we have lots of exciting new stories and competitions for you. We'll bring you stories on what's happening in our country, your favourite pop stars, people and places around the world. You'll find news about exciting new books for young people and views of fellow students around the country. We also have special stories to help you with your school work! On page 14 you can read the first part of our exciting new comic called *Taxidriver*.

In this issue we have a FREE pull-out calendar for you. Don't forget to put it up on your classroom or bedroom wall.

Let's make 1991 a year of learning and building democracy in our schools. Let's make our schools better places to learn.

Remember, don't be without Upbeat in 1991!

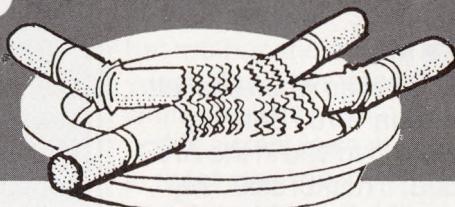
**Editors**

## MUSIC COMPETITION WINNERS

Here are the ten lucky winners of the music competition that appeared in Upbeat No. 6, 1990. The following readers have each won a copy of the New Age Kids' first record, 'Get Down'!

Don't feel too sad if you're not one of the winners. There are lots

# Cigarettes can kill



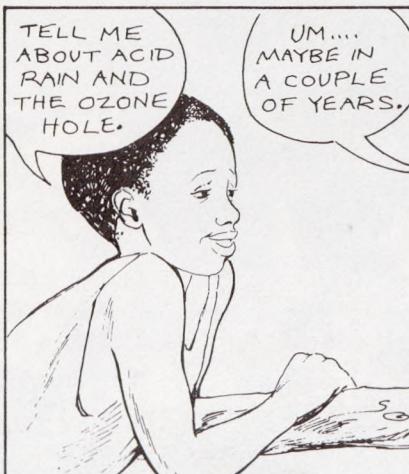
Every day we see adverts in newspapers and magazines encouraging people to smoke cigarettes. But what these adverts don't tell us, is that smoking cigarettes is very dangerous.

Today there are 75% more smokers worldwide than there were 20 years ago. Doctors in America are very

worried about the damage smoking can do to one's health. They say that smoking is responsible for almost 2.5 million deaths every year.

More and more children are starting to smoke cigarettes. Doctors say that millions of children under the age of 20 could die of smoking.

## Mabuza



# PEOPLE COMING HOME

Last year Thembi Majola and Mavivi Manzini returned to South Africa with their children. Both women were living in Zambia as political exiles from South Africa. Upbeat spoke to them about leaving South Africa, their lives in exile and how it feels to be back home.

## Thembi's story

Thembi was seven when she left South Africa in 1970. 'Both my parents were involved in the ANC underground,' Thembi said. 'My brother was the first to leave South Africa. He left in 1968 and my father went to Swaziland in 1969. My mother was left behind with my sister and me.'



Thembi Majola studied Civil Engineering in Cuba.

*It's exciting to be back home. Thembi plays with her baby.*



'I remember very little about South Africa then. I remember our street in Soweto – there was a church at the top and a dam at the bottom. And I remember the police. The police were always at our house, searching and asking questions. I was not frightened of them. I think because my mother was very strict with them. She made them put everything back the way it was.'

'My mother decided to leave one day after she received a tip-off that the police were coming to arrest her. That evening we crept out and caught a train to Zeerust. We later heard that the police came for my mother in six cars, a few hours after we left. But all they found was an empty house.'

'We travelled on a third class coach together with many miners who were on their way home. During the night there was an announcement on the radio – the police were searching for a woman and two children. All the miners looked at us. And we felt very frightened. But later when a policeman came into the coach, all the miners stood around us so that the policeman could not see us.'

Thembi and her mother

eventually crossed the border safely. They went to live in Francistown, in the north of Botswana. Life in Botswana was very hard. They all lived in one room. The family had very little money and Thembi's mother could not find work. But after eighteen months they moved to Zambia.

Thembi went to boarding school in Luanshya. When she was fifteen, her mother arrived at the school one day with an empty suitcase. She had come to fetch her. Thembi had got a scholarship to study in Cuba!

## Off to Cuba

Thembi knew nothing about Cuba except where to find it on a map. But she was very excited. She did not know at the time that she would never see her father again. He was killed the next year during a SADF raid into Swaziland.

Thembi went to Cuba with a large group of South Africans. They spent the first year in Havana, learning to speak Spanish and then doing pre-university studies.

Afterwards Thembi wanted to study Aeronautics but no university in Cuba offered the subject. 'So I had to decide whether to go back to Zambia or study Civil Engineering. I did not want to study Civil Engineering but I knew if I went back to Zambia, everyone would say I had a discipline problem or I had failed at school,' she said.

So Thembi stayed. In spite of the problem with her course, she loved Cuba. She returned to Africa in 1986. She worked in Angola, Tanzania and Zambia where she met Mavivi.



*Mavivi and her son. Mavivi thinks that there is still lots of work to be done to change South Africa.*

### **Mavivi's story**

Mavivi left South Africa in 1976 when she was nineteen. Mavivi was studying social work at Turfloop when she left. Mavivi was a member of SASO – the South African Students' Organisation. 'Saso was banned from the campus at the time so we met at a nearby church. Later I became part of an ANC cell,' she said.

After June 16, 1976 there was a police clampdown. The police arrested many students at Turfloop. Mavivi was one of them. She spent two months in detention. No sooner was she out of jail than members of her ANC cell were detained again. Mavivi knew that she had to leave the country or she would spend a long time in prison.

'I caught a bus to Zeerust,' she said. 'There some people showed me which path to take to cross the border. I walked all the way to Lobatse in Botswana.'

Mavivi spent three months in Botswana. She remembers these first few months of exile as the worst. 'There were many people leaving South Africa at this time. We all found it very difficult to accept that we could not go back, that we would not see our friends and families again. But everyone tried to help everyone else. We became very close friends.'



*Mavivi Manzini left South Africa in 1976. She had not seen her mother and sisters for 14 years.*

Mavivi finished her studies at university in Zambia and then went to work for the Women's Section of the ANC.

### **ANC unbanned**

Mavivi was in Tanzania when the ANC was unbanned in February last year. But Thembi was in Zambia.

'We could not believe that it was unbanned,' Thembi said. 'Many Zambian friends came around to celebrate. But we were all thinking, "What now?" They could not understand our mixed feelings. We thought we would go back to a free South Africa. But South Africa was still very far from free.'

Thembi and Mavivi were part of the ANC task force that came back first. 'We were excited to be going back to join in the struggle inside South Africa. But we were nervous too, nervous of the police in particular,' Thembi said.

Mavivi was very excited to see her family again. She had not seen her mother and sisters for fourteen years. Sadly her father had died while she was in Zambia.

'My sisters were at the airport to meet me. And the first weekend I was here, we drove up to Tzaneen, to see my mother. We had a wonderful family get-together.'

Mavivi thinks it is exciting to be back home. But there are still big problems here. People do not have political freedom. 'I also think that people's living conditions have got worse,' she said. 'When I left in 1976 there were no squatter camps like there are today. There are also too many people without jobs. There is still lots of work to be done here.' ■

### **South Africa's exiles**

The World Council of Churches says that there are over 100 000 South Africans living in exile. They also say that it will cost about R3 500 to help each returnee to settle again in South Africa. To help returnees the Council of Churches has started a National Co-ordinating Committee (NCC) for returnees. The NCC says the South African government must also help the returnees, who have suffered because of apartheid.

But money is not the only problem. Many people have been living for the moment that they could return. Now they are coming back to a country with not enough houses and not enough jobs for everyone.

Whatever problems returnees face when they get to South Africa, Upbeat wishes them well and hopes that they will soon feel at home in the country of their birth.

Upbeat letters  
PO Box 11350  
Johannesburg  
2000.



**Dear Upbeat,**

Thanks very much for your stories on women in Upbeat No. 6, 1990. I think it's very important that we look at the position of women in society today. Unfortunately many people take this issue too lightly.

I would like to put right a mistake you printed. On your Newsbeat page, you said that 2 000 women marched on to Pretoria on August 9, 1956. This is incorrect. On that day, 20 000 women marched.

**Tina Davids, Ennerdale**

**Dear Tina,**  
**You're absolutely right. Thanks for letting us know!**  
**Editors**

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a student at Tsebe Ntlha Middle School. I would like to greet the Upbeat staff and tell them to keep up the good work. I have a question to ask. I really don't know what to say when some people ask me what the aim of Upbeat is. I am worried about our education and what is happening in black schools.

**Amanda Leso, Temba**

**Dear Amanda,**  
**Our aim is to publish a non-racial, educational magazine for all youth in South Africa.**

- Upbeat opens your eyes to what's really happening in our country and the world around us.
- Upbeat helps improve your English.
- We make learning fun!
- Upbeat provides new, worthwhile reading at a price you can afford.
- Upbeat gives you new ideas for a new, democratic education.
- Upbeat gives you, our readers, a voice by publishing your letters, stories and poems. We let you know what young people think, do and hope for the future.

**Editors**

**Dear Upbeat,**

I would like to mention how interesting I find reading Upbeat. I would like to tell Upbeat readers about my visit to an institution for handicapped people. I was really amazed to see that people there were so like us. They're not so different at all. I think that young people should visit such institutions, especially if they are interested in becoming social workers. People usually shun those who are handicapped. I think we should do our best to visit handicapped people. We must make them feel that we accept them, so that they don't withdraw from our society.

**Megan Uren, Port Elizabeth**

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am doing Std. 8 at Madikoloshe High School in Penge. I am concerned about teachers who fall in love with students. Sometimes male teachers have love affairs with their students. Then the student falls pregnant. She has to leave school, but nothing happens to the teacher. But if a boy student gets a girl pregnant, he is expelled from school. I think this is very unfair. Something should be done about this problem.

**Thomas Junior Modise, Dikgageng**

**Dear Upbeat,**

There are so many political organisations. Unfortunately, they don't do enough to keep peace in our communities.

We the youth are influenced so easily to join gangs. It's hard being a teenager. And then we have to face the problems in the community too, like the shortage of proper houses, overcrowding and unemployment. Maybe this is why so many youth join gangs and become gangsters.

If the adults don't want to do anything about this problem, maybe we as the youth should try. We must get together to improve the situation. It is our future, our neighbourhood. Rather try to build a better community than to stay oppressed and blame everything on the government.

**K. Lambert, Mitchells Plain**

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a young black girl of 15, doing Std 7 at Sempapa Middle School. I read Upbeat for the first time and enjoyed it a lot. I loved the poems and stories. I love Upbeat because it reveals truths which other magazines and books hide from us. Thank you very much, Upbeat writers.

**Granny Busisiwe Masango, Temba**

**Dear Upbeat,**

Recently I read through some old copies of Upbeat. I read an old Talkshop. I was horrified at the actions of boys who shaved the heads of people with permed hair. They all say that people have the right to make up their own minds. Yet, at the same time, they say that people must comply with a community decision. I don't think permed hair does any harm to a community. So why can't people be allowed to walk around with permed hair? How can we talk about freedom if people are not allowed to express themselves? To me this sounds too much like George Orwell's Animal Farm. And it's frightening.

**Sinah Mmatlale Maunye, Mamelodi West**

**Dear Upbeat,**

I have written to you many times, but my letters don't get published. But I haven't given up hope. I will continue writing to you until I get one of my letters published. I would feel very proud to see my letter in my favourite magazine, Upbeat.

**Adam L. Skosana, Suurman**

**Dear Upbeat,**

Please send me the topic for the next Talkshop. I would like to appear on the Talkshop page.

**Simon Mokwena, Hammanskraal**

**Dear Simon,**

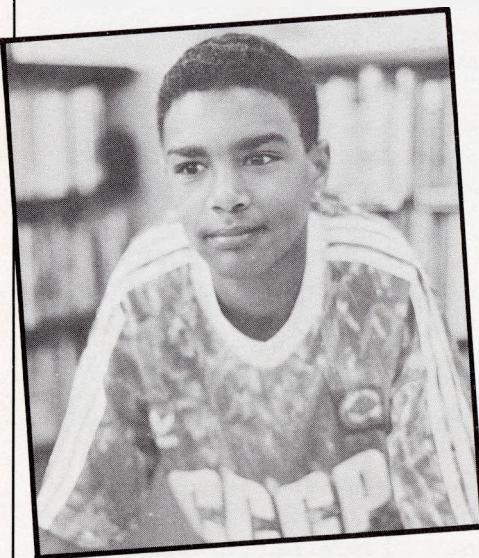
**Unfortunately we can't send you the topic for the next talkshop. Once we have decided on a topic, we go out to a school and get students there to discuss the issue.**

**Editors**

## TALKSHOP

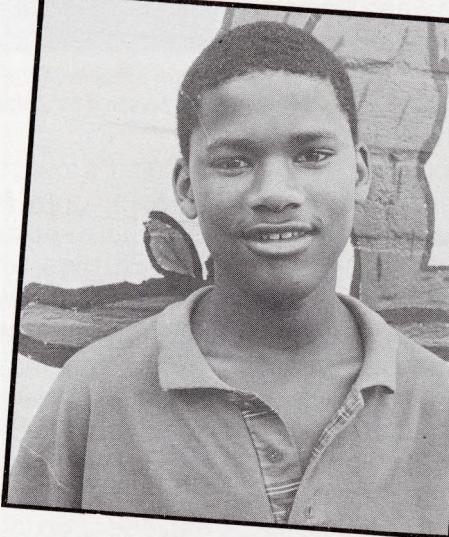
# Hopes for 1991

It is the start of yet another year! Upbeat spoke to students at Sentinel Primary School, Hout Bay in Cape Town. Here are some of their hopes and dreams for 1991.



**Andre van der Ross, 14**

I hope that there will be no more apartheid. I hope there'll be peace instead of all this violence. We look forward to a better life. I think that life here in Hout Bay will be the same.



**Martin Abrahams, 14**

I'm quite scared. Every year, things like food, bread and petrol get more and more expensive. I hope that things will change this year. I hope that people will stop fighting and make more time to speak to each other.



**Bernadine Love, 15**

I will continue buying Upbeat in the future. It has lots of interesting information. I hope that there will be no more apartheid.



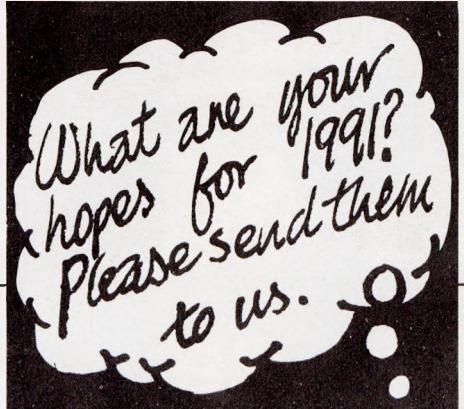
**Paul Botha, 14**

I think that there should be stricter rules against men who rape and kill others. I also hope that life in Hout Bay will improve this year. More houses should be built, especially for the squatters. And there should be work for all people.



**Louisa Minnaar, 12**

I hope that I'll enjoy school more now that I'm at high school. Hopefully there will be computers at our school. I think computers help you to learn quicker. And I hope that the squatters here in Hout Bay will get houses.



# THE GREAT PIANO PLAYER

**T**he piano player was born in Cape Town. But he had not set foot in South Africa for more than 13 years. In September last year, Abdullah Ibrahim – some people also call him Dollar Brand – came back to South Africa to play.

Everyone expected him to have lots and lots to say. But when Ibrahim walked on stage, all he said was 'We are blessed.'

And then he sat down and played. He stroked the keys of the piano for more than two hours, not stopping once. He didn't even stop when Nelson Mandela arrived to hear this great South African jazz musician play.

And when he had finished playing, Ibrahim just bowed, waved a few times and walked off. But he didn't really need to say anything. His fingers on the keyboard and the look of joy on his face at being home again, said more than words ever could.

Ibrahim was born in Cape Town in 1934. His family name was Brand and his parents gave him the name Adolphe. This young boy grew up with music all around him.

His mother was the pianist at the local Methodist church. He got the nickname 'Dollar' because he always used to go down to the docks in Cape Town to try and buy the latest jazz records from visiting American sailors.

*Abdullah Ibrahim now lives in New York. But he wants to come back home to Cape Town.*



Hugh Masekela (left) and Abdullah Ibrahim greet the crowd at a concert in Johannesburg.

Dollar's love for jazz grew and grew. He formed a band called the Jazz Epistles, with saxophone player Kippie Moeketsi and trumpet player Hugh Masekela. But making a living wasn't easy for black musicians in those days.

In 1962, Brand decided to go to Switzerland. While he was performing there, one of the world's greatest jazz pianists, Duke Ellington, saw him performing and couldn't believe his ears.

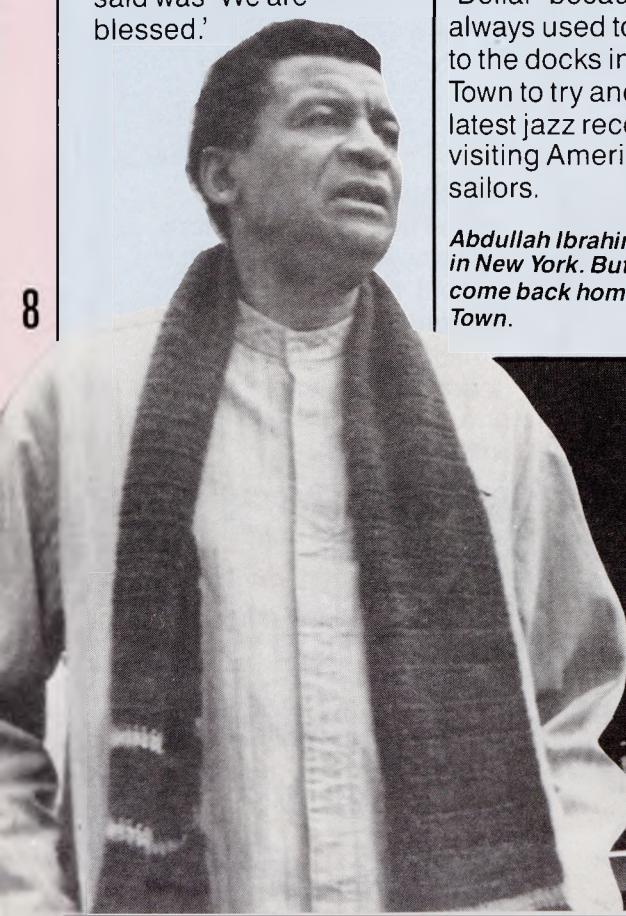
Duke arranged for a record company to make a record of Brand's music. Dollar was starting to make it overseas. He also decided to become a Muslim and changed his name to Abdullah Ibrahim.

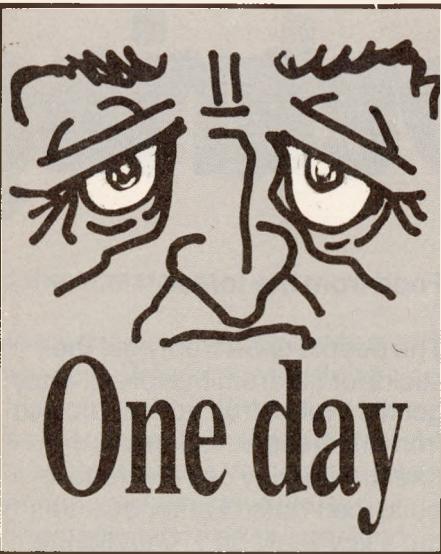
Then in 1974 he came back to South Africa again. While he was back he wrote his

famous song called 'Mannenberg'. But South African record companies were not interested in recording 'Mannenberg'. So Dollar had to pack his bags again. It was many years before he would return again. But Ibrahim says, 'in the music I never left South Africa'.

Ibrahim is now back in New York, where he lives. But he plans to come home once and for all. He says he wants to start an annual jazz festival in Cape Town and build music schools in the city he calls 'the most beautiful on earth'.

'I want to help set up cultural, educational and artistic institutions to train and prepare our youth for the challenges ahead,' he said. 'South Africa needs all its sons and daughters to fashion a new country out of the ashes of apartheid.' ■





How can you divide blacks from whites  
when you can't tell wrong from right?  
How can you preach unity  
when you've built up walls  
that divide east from west?

Why cry for peace  
when you're armed to the teeth  
and there is blood on the streets?  
When you treat people like fools  
And use them like tools?

One day your guns will turn against you  
and your walls will fall down.  
Nation won't fight nation.  
Instead, the righteous will unite  
and fight against you, evil one.  
**Rocky Mdyogolo, Chiawelo**

## School

Nowadays school is a place to fight,  
Nobody knows what is wrong or right.  
All we do is blame one another —  
First the teacher, then your friend, then  
your mother.

The teacher says it's the principal,  
The principal blames the students  
And the students blame the parents!

So how can we solve the problem?  
Maybe we should stop blaming each other  
And let the teachers, parents, principal  
and students  
Get together to talk.  
**Fanie Wiseman Sibeko, Qwaqwa**

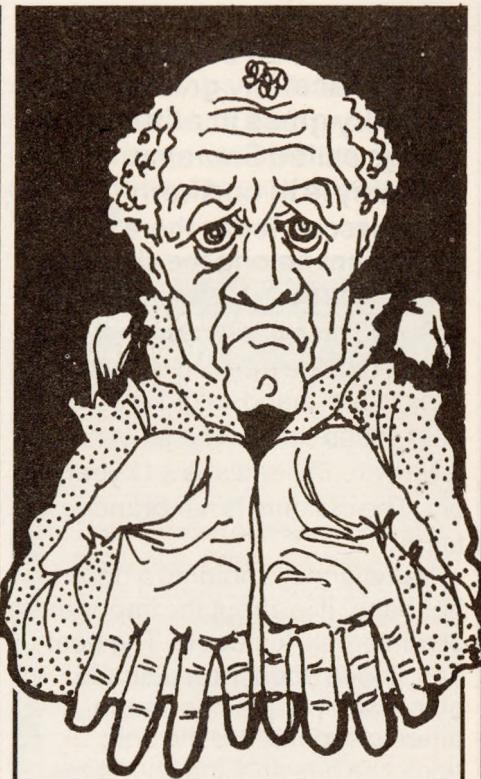
## Dear Aunt Lily

*I wrote this poem to my Aunt Lily who is in hospital. There's nothing doctors can do for her anymore.*

I know I'm not silly  
writing this to you Aunt Lily,  
You were as fit as a fiddle  
funny how it all came apart one day.  
You had a stroke, and that's no joke  
I know I'm losing you little by little.  
**Amanda Flandorp, Factreton**



*'Boris Becker' by A. Pool*



## The Beggar

I was walking down the street  
When I saw this elderly man  
He looked at me and said,  
'I'm very hungry,  
Don't you have a piece of bread?'  
I looked at him surprised  
And said,  
'I'm sorry  
I only have this plastic bag.'

'A plastic bag,' he said  
'Well, that's good enough  
I can use it  
To ask people for a fee.'  
**Melanie Everts, Elsies River**

Send your poems, drawings  
and stories with your name,  
age and address, to:

**Upbeat, P.O. Box 11350,  
Johannesburg 2000**

**All readers whose  
work is published  
here win**

**R15**

# Disappearing

**A** big black buffalo is peacefully grazing the dry grass in a little village called Sacramy. Sacramy is in northern Madagascar. Today there's no movement among the simple wooden huts.

An old man is sitting in the shade outside one of the huts. Next to him stands a girl in an old blue cotton dress. The girl's name is Veuvtienne and she's 11 years old. The old man is her grandfather.

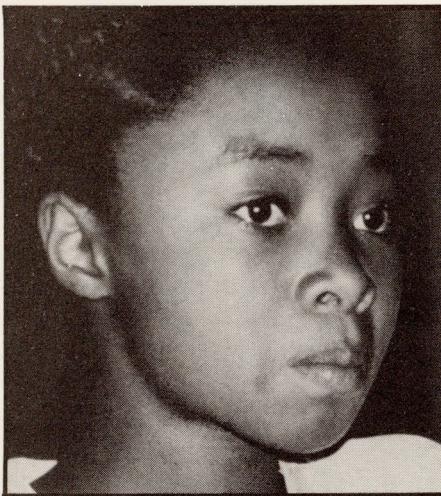
Veuvtienne is holding a book in her hand. It is about the importance of rainforests to people. The book has stories about how animals, plants and people need each other to survive. It is the only book she has and she cherishes it. Veuvtienne got the book at school, where she learns about the rainforest.

For two years Veuvtienne and her friends have worked hard to save the rainforest near their village. 'If the forest disappears, so do we humans,' Veuvtienne explains. 'We cannot live without the forest.'

She has seen with her own eyes how the forest has crept further and further away from the village. Ten years ago Sacramy was in the middle of the rainforest. Now the forest is cut down. Today there are only a few mango and banana trees left.

*Veuvtienne reads from the only book she has. It's about the rainforest.*

'When I was smaller, we used to get brushwood right outside our huts. Now we have to walk very far to get wood and food from the forest. If this goes on, we cannot stay here in Sacramy,' Veuvtienne says seriously.



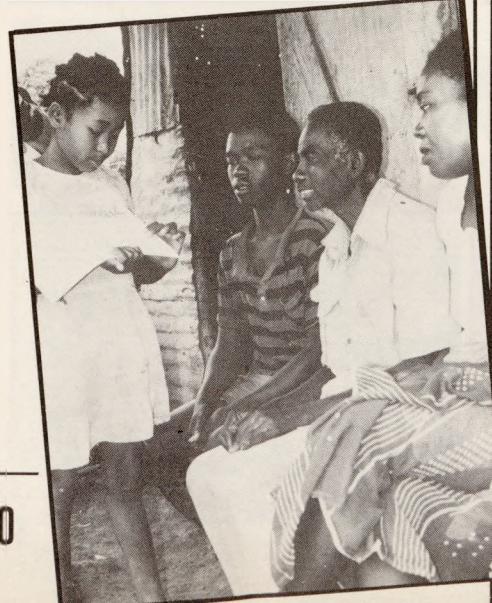
*Veuvtienne lives in Sacramy, ▲ Madagascar.*

## Food from the forest

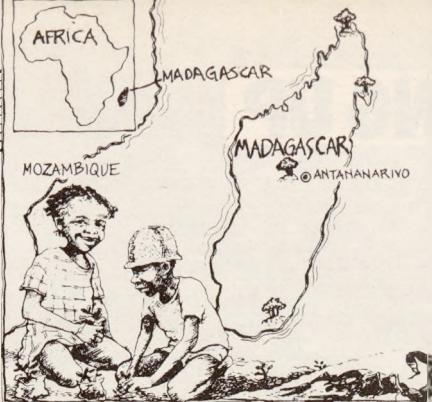
The people of Sacramy get their sticks for fire from the forest. They get their food, fruit and medicines from the trees and plants in the forest. And they use the trees to build their huts. 'Father built this hut a few years ago,' Veuvtienne says. 'The old hut was too small for our family. We are twelve in the family. And there's grandfather too. Father collected wood from trees in the forest. There was nothing else to use.'

'Father and mother think it's a good idea that we learn about the connection between forest, water and life. They have never gone to school. So I have to teach them,' Veuvtienne says, before running off to school on the other side of the road.

*Veuvtienne's classmates and teacher check on the seedlings growing in the hotbeds at school. ▼*



# forests



## In the classroom

Most schools in Madagascar are very poor. Veuvtienne sits in an old, worn desk. The children have been learning about the rainforest for two years now. Veuvtienne and her schoolmates have started a school plantation on the dry land outside their village, where the rainforest used to be.

Every year all children gather seeds in the forests and grow seedlings in the hotbeds in their schoolyards. In the rainy season they plant the small trees in their school plantation. 'Last year we planted 2 000 seedlings,' Veuvtienne said. 'We gather the seeds ourselves, because we have no money to buy seeds.'

## Planting trees

Today Veuvtienne's class is going to check if the seeds they planted last year have come up yet. The children arrive at school with spades and hoes. And the whole class goes to the hotbeds. Veuvtienne carefully lifts a green

little seedling from the soil with her spade. She gently puts the plant into a plastic bag which her friend holds. They put more soil around the roots. Now the seedling is ready to be planted in the school plantation.

It's already midday when the children leave for the school plantation. In their hands they carry spades and hoes. And of course, the seedlings. It's very hot. And there's not a tree in sight. But this doesn't bother the children. They sing out loudly while they walk.

The school's plantation is on a slope. Here and there you see green plants. They are seedlings which were planted two years ago. The children are very excited to see how they have grown.

The sound of hoes and spades in the dry soil mixes with the voices of the singing children. It takes a few hours to plant the new seedlings and to weed around the others. 'It's quite a job and sometimes my hands blister,' Veuvtienne says. 'But that doesn't matter.'

'You feel so happy to see the trees grow,' Veuvtienne says. 'In

*The children get ready to plant these trees in the forest. ▼*



ten years or so we can come here and gather sticks. And father and grandfather won't have to cut down trees in the rainforest. They can come here to cut the trees they need.' ■

## Why are rainforests destroyed?

Madagascar is one of the poorest countries in the world. It has a population of 10 million. More than 90% of the people are peasant farmers. They depend on the rainforest to survive. They cut down trees for wood to make fires to cook their food and to build houses. Some people burn and cut down trees to grow crops.

Land is also cleared to turn it into pasture for beef cattle. Cattle are reared for their meat, which is made into hamburgers and tinned beef and sold in faraway countries.

In Madagascar, the government is trying to stop the rainforest from disappearing by encouraging people to grow trees. These trees can then be used for fire wood and building houses.

But this won't solve the problem. Madagascar, like many of the rainforest countries, is very poor. The rainforest countries owe large sums of money to other richer countries like America and the European nations. So the rainforest countries sell goods like wood, meat and crops like coffee and cotton to the richer countries to help pay their debts. But the rainforest countries get paid very little for these goods. So most countries can't afford to pay their debts.

Julius Nyerere, the former President of Tanzania, once said: 'Should we really let our people starve so that we can pay our debts?'

Some people say that the poorer countries must stop paying their debts. Others say that the richer countries must work out how interest rates on debt can be reduced for poorer countries.

# Preventing Pregnancy

**Happy New Year to you all. Welcome back to our series 'Growing Up'. Last year probably seems very far away. But do you remember we spoke about sexual feelings and falling in love?**

Deciding to have sex carries a big responsibility. Don't rush into anything. There are many ways of expressing sexual feelings for someone without going to bed with them. If you have sex, you run the risk of getting pregnant. And there is only one way to avoid an unwanted pregnancy. You must always use a good method of birth control. It won't help to cross your fingers and hope for the best! Taking chances usually end in disaster.

So before you rush into anything, discuss these questions with your partner:

1. Do we want to have a child?
2. Do we have accurate information about birth control (contraception)?
3. Can we get an effective method of birth control?
4. Are we both committed to using this method every time we have sexual intercourse?
5. There is always a 1% – 3% chance of falling pregnant even with birth control. Are we prepared to deal with this?

In this issue we are going to tell you about some of the methods couples can use to stop getting pregnant. This is called contraception. But if you are thinking of using a method, you must first visit a doctor or family planning clinic. They will help you decide which method is best for you and how to use it properly.

If you have questions, never be afraid to ask. The sister or doctor won't discuss your problems with anyone else.

Before we tell you about the different ways to stop getting pregnant, we want to remind you how babies are made.

## How you get pregnant

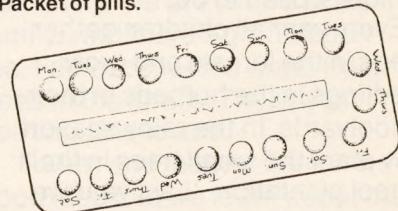
When you have sex, a man's sperm swim up the vagina. The sperm swim through the cervix into the womb and up into the fallopian tubes. If an egg has been released from a woman's ovary, a sperm and egg may join. Fertilisation or conception takes place. Then the sperm and egg together join onto the wall of the uterus (womb). And a baby begins to grow.

There are different things that you can do to stop getting pregnant. Some ways are better than others.

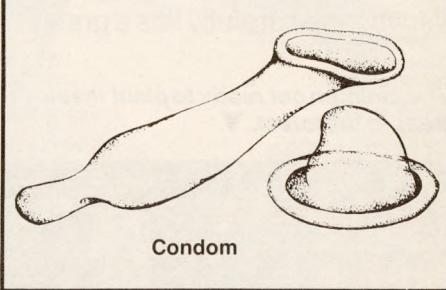
## How to stop getting pregnant

Firstly, you can stop the egg being released. This is what happens when women take the pill or have an injection. These are called chemical or hormonal contraceptives. When these extra hormones are put into your body, your body stops producing its own hormones. So you won't ovulate, that is release an egg from the ovary.

Packet of pills.

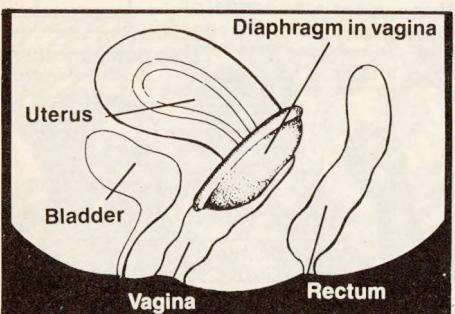
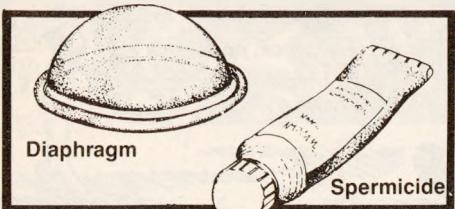


Secondly, you can stop the sperm getting to the egg. This is what happens if you use the condom or diaphragm. These are called barrier methods of contraception. The diaphragm is a barrier method for women. It is a rubber cap that is put inside the

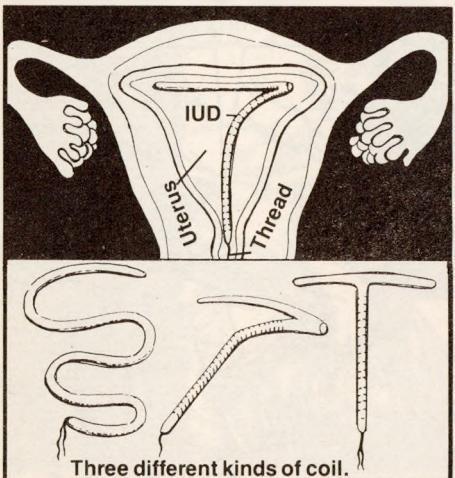


vagina. It stops the sperm from getting through the cervix and up into the fallopian tubes.

The condom is a barrier method for men. It is a rubber sheath which a man puts over his penis to stop sperm from getting into the vagina.



Thirdly, you can stop the egg and sperm joining onto the uterus wall. This is what happens when you use the loop or I.U.D. This is a small plastic object that a doctor or sister puts into a woman's uterus. It stops the egg and sperm from growing.



Then there are the natural methods. Firstly there is the rhythm method. The idea is NOT to have sex during the most fertile time in a woman's monthly cycle and to have intercourse on the so called 'safe days'. This method is not always very reliable.

Another natural method is called withdrawal. This is a method where the man takes his penis out of the vagina just before he ejaculates (before sperm come out of his penis). This is a very common method of contraception but it does not work very well.

Finally there is an operation which makes someone permanently incapable of having children. Generally men or women who already have children and are

certain they do not want any more are sterilised.

Don't forget that with all contraceptive methods there is always a 1% – 3% chance that you may get pregnant. The safest method is to say NO! Remember, you have the right to wait until you're ready for sex. And you always have a right to say 'No'.

Never listen to any silly stories friends tell you about how to avoid falling pregnant.

#### Always remember:

- You can get pregnant the first time you have sex.
- You can get pregnant if you have sex during a period.
- You can get pregnant if the man withdraws his penis from the vagina before he ejaculates sperm.
- You can get pregnant if you go to the toilet or wash immediately after having sex.
- You can get pregnant even if you have sex standing up.



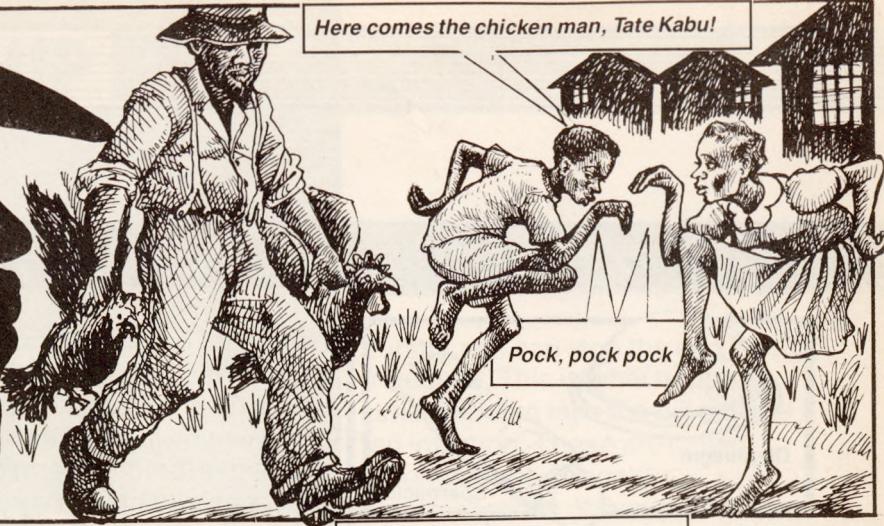
# TAXI DRIVER

## Part 1

1991 – in a village in Sekhukhuniland in the northern Transvaal....



Here comes the chicken man, Tate Kabu!



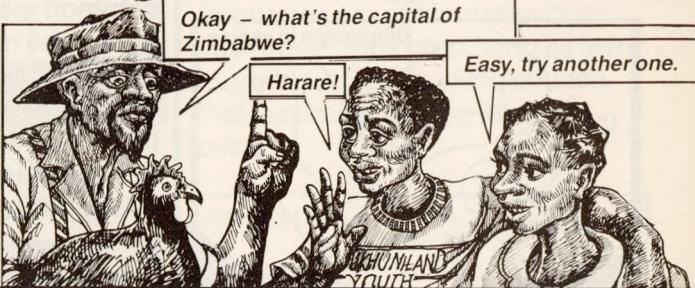
I'm sick of you kids insulting me all the time. Don't you have anything else to do? But you think you are clever, hey!

Bet we know more than you.

Okay – what's the capital of Zimbabwe?

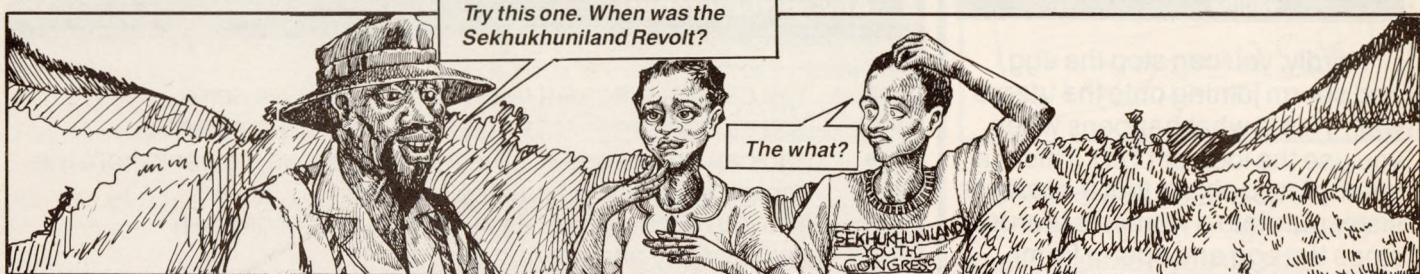
Harare!

Easy, try another one.

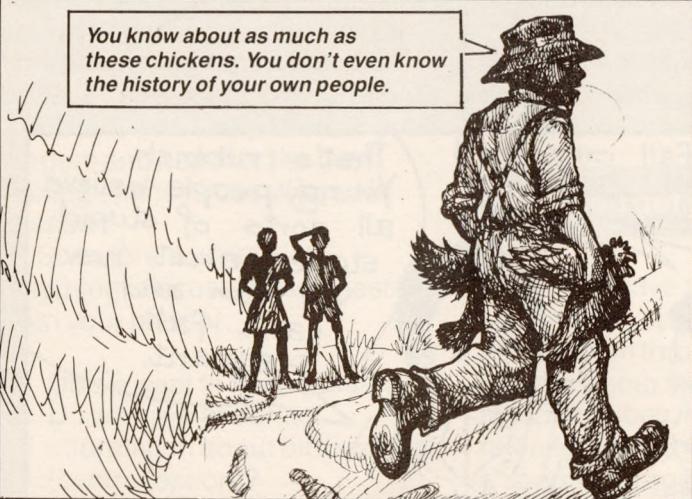


Try this one. When was the Sekhukhuniland Revolt?

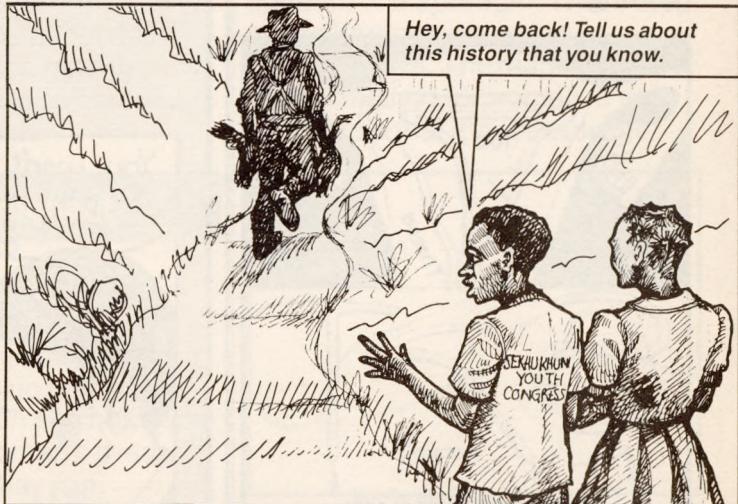
The what?



You know about as much as these chickens. You don't even know the history of your own people.



Hey, come back! Tell us about this history that you know.

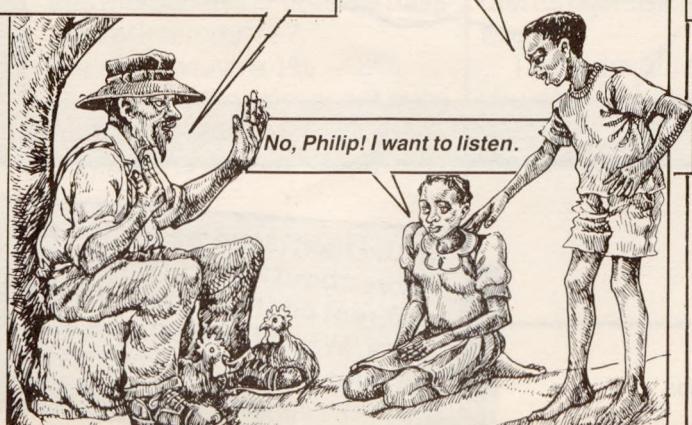


All right, I'll tell you. I was born in the village of Manganeng in 1929. There were no schools like there are today.

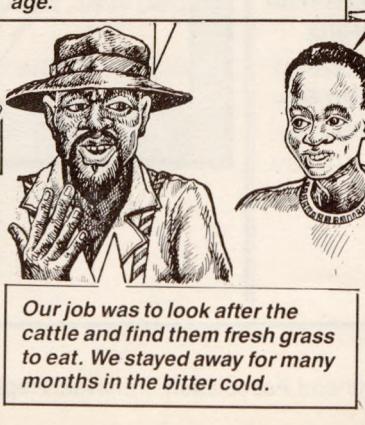
Come on Menta, let's go home.

When I was 11 years, I was sent to the cattle post like all boys my age.

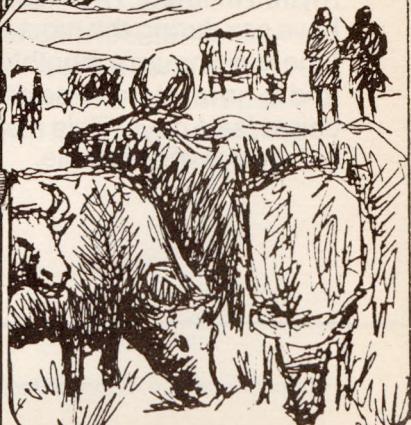
What did you do there?

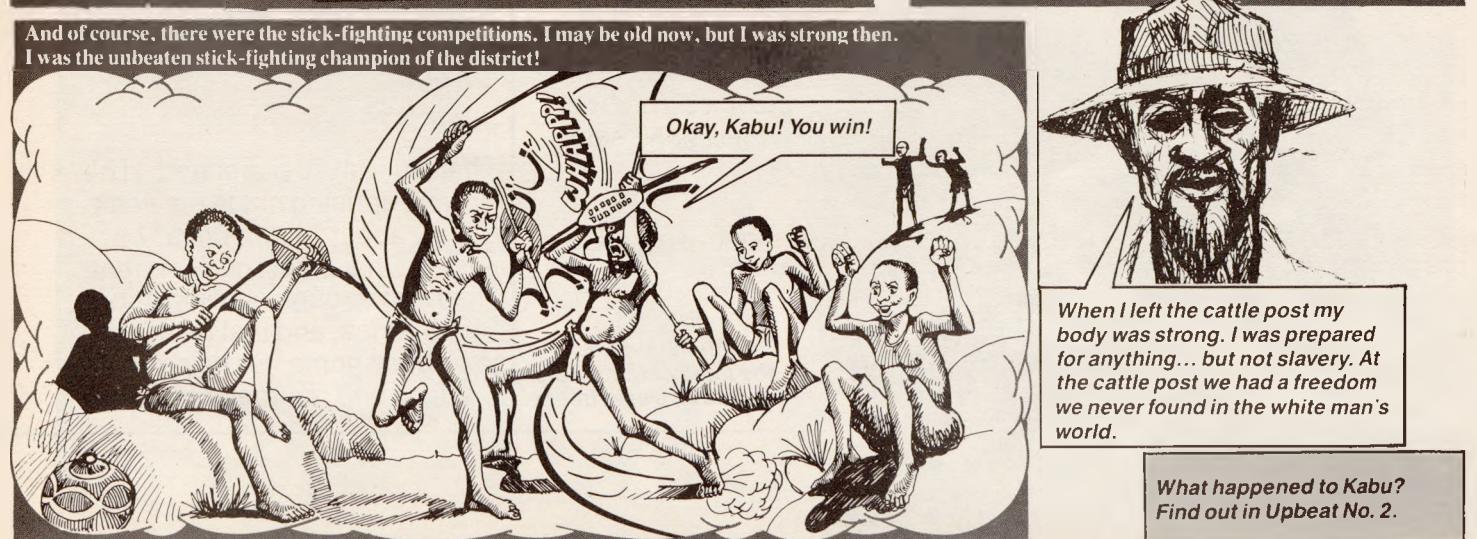
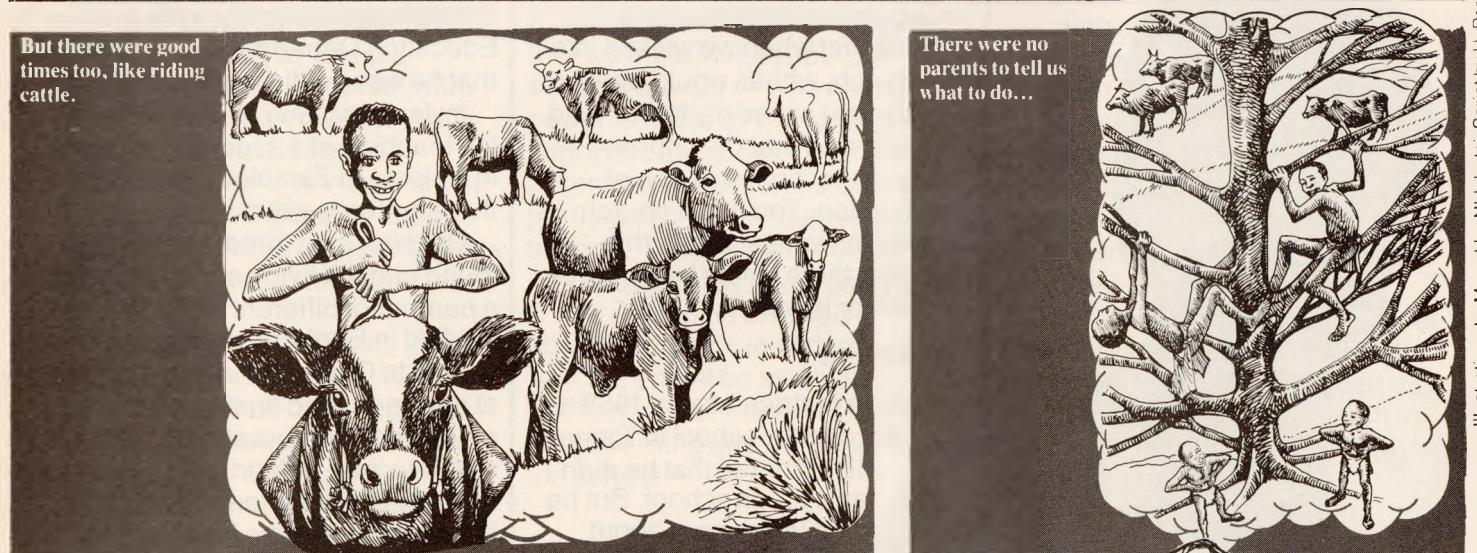
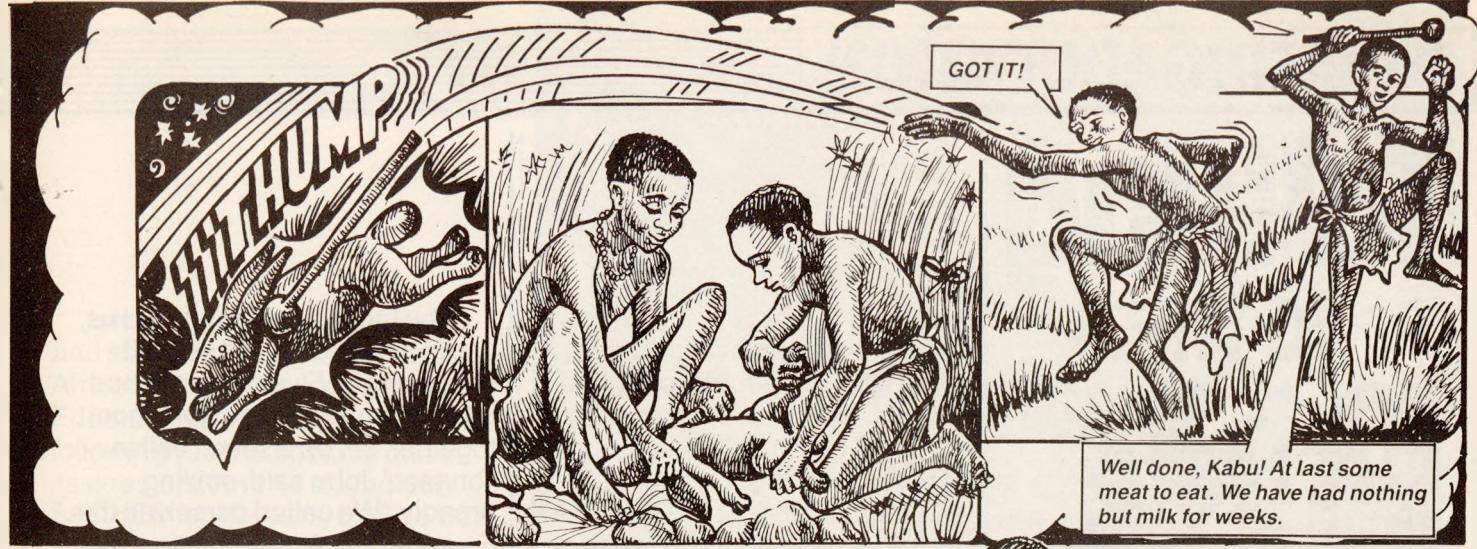


No, Philip! I want to listen.



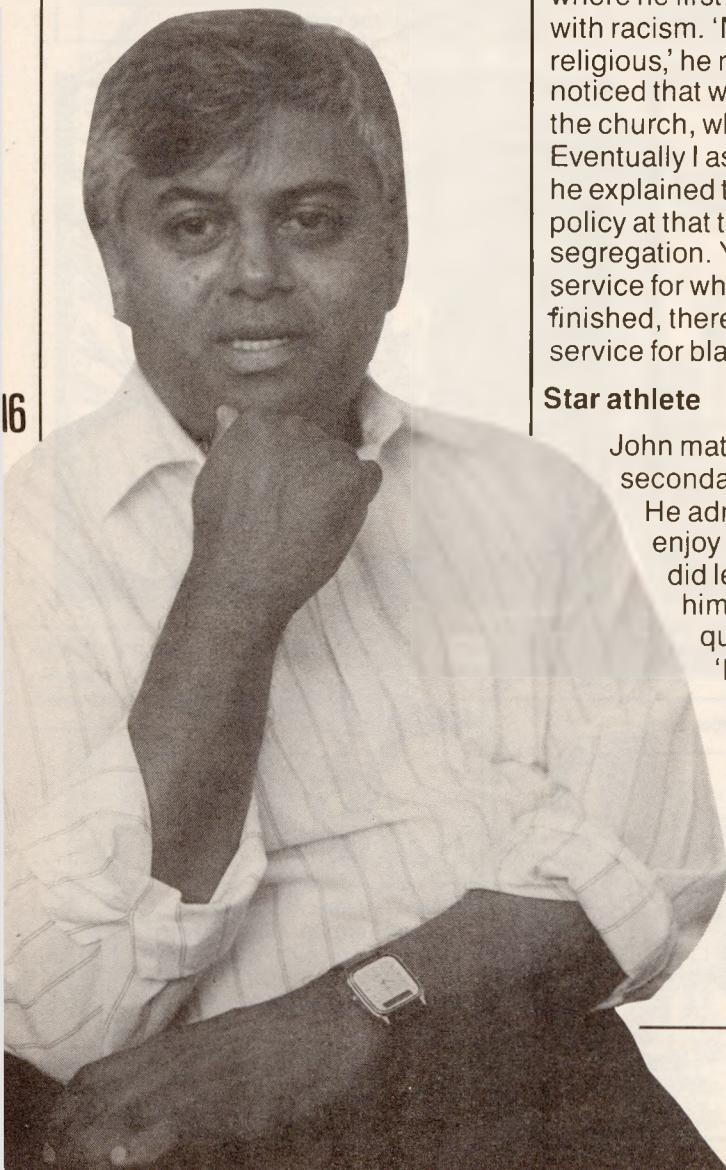
Our job was to look after the cattle and find them fresh grass to eat. We stayed away for many months in the bitter cold.





# Talking to the ANC

**B**lack education is in a mess. So is white education. But what should we replace it with in a new South Africa? Last year the African National Congress (ANC) announced the name of the person who will head the ANC's Education Department – John Samuel.



**John Samuel –  
the head of the ANC's  
Education Department**

John is a very busy man. His phone never stops ringing. So when he said he had time to see Upbeat, we were very pleased.

We set off to talk to him early one Monday morning, with our tape recorder and list of questions. First we asked him about his own education. John started school when he was four years old. He went to St Aidan's Boys' School in Durban.

But two years later, John's father became the headmaster of a small school in Zululand. So when he was six, the whole family moved to a small rural town. And this is where his great love for nature started.

But John doesn't only remember the good things about his stay in Zululand. This is also where he first came into contact with racism. 'My family was very religious,' he remembers. 'I noticed that when we walked into the church, whites would walk out. Eventually I asked my father. And he explained that the church policy at that time was one of segregation. You had a church service for whites. When this finished, there would be a church service for blacks.'

### Star athlete

John matriculated in 1958 at a secondary school in Tongaat.

He admitted that he didn't enjoy high school. But he did learn more about himself and became quite a major athlete. 'I represented my province in school athletics,' he said.

John laughed when he told us about a secret he had kept all these years. 'Five of us who had gone through secondary school together, set up a secret cell in Tongaat,' John said, smiling broadly. 'We called ourselves the Freedom For All Association. We went around painting slogans on the walls of buildings at about 3 o'clock in the morning! These slogans became the talking point of the town. The next day, everyone would give their version of who painted the slogans. And you really had to stop yourself from saying I did this.'

In 1959, John started studying at the University of Natal. Four years later, he left university with an honours degree in literature. He went to teach at his old school. But not for long. In the same year, a charge of political offence was brought against John by the Natal Education Department. They said that he was politicising students.

In January 1965 John took up a job teaching at a secondary school in Chipata in Zambia. He stayed there for three years.

Over the next three years John found himself living and working in a number of different places. He studied in England and then moved to Ghana, where he taught at a college. And finally he returned to Zambia at the end of 1971. Here he helped the Zambian Ministry of Education set up the first training college for secondary school teachers. Today the college is known as the Nkrumah Training College.

### June 1976

Then June 1976 happened. 'The Soweto uprising made me think deeply about South Africa,' he said. 'At that point I decided that I had had enough of being outside South Africa, and that I was going to go back home.' So he packed his bags and returned home.

John completed a law degree and started working at the South African Committee for Higher Education (SACHED) in 1978. The following year he became one of its directors. And he stayed with SACHED for 12 years, until he was appointed to his new ANC job.

### Building democracy

John thinks his new job as the head of the ANC's education department will be a big challenge. But it's a bit scary too! The ANC has never had an education department in the country. 'My major task will be to start developing an educational policy for the ANC,' John said. We weren't sure what this meant. John explained that the ANC had to work out what kind of education system a new South Africa needs.

What a big job for one person, we thought. But John explained that he was going to set up a committee of people to work with. He also wants to involve the ANC branches. 'Branches must participate in developing policy, so that it's not just a group of experts sitting down.' And parents, students and teachers must also be involved.

We asked John to give us an example of a policy issue. 'A major policy issue will be deciding what the role of the new government will be,' John said. 'Should a new ANC government control everything that happens at school?'



*John says we must demand proper facilities at schools so that children can learn.*

John explained that in countries all over the world, the government pays for education. It doesn't matter whether it's a capitalist or a socialist country. But if a government pays for education, must it also control everything that happens in schools?

John pointed out that at the moment, the South African government controls everything that happens in education. And it's clear that their education system has failed miserably. John said that we must look at how our schools are run — who has the power to make all the rules and important decisions? How can parents, teachers and students participate in what happens at school? 'Teachers are central to any education system,' John said. 'Their right to be involved in education is a crucial demand. Teachers must be involved in curriculum development and in the governing and management of the school.'

John felt strongly that the 'back to school' campaign was one of the immediate concerns of his department. He thinks that youth, political and church organisations must all back the call for children to return to school. And the ANC needed to put pressure on the government to improve conditions at school. 'We need to keep the government under constant pressure to deliver,' John said. 'Because if we're creating a learning climate, there must be proper facilities at schools for children to learn.'

We asked John if he thought the ANC could sort out the education crisis. 'No,' John laughed and said that we must all work to change things and build democracy in schools.

Then our time was up. John was late for his next appointment. But before we left, John reminded us that the ANC's doors are open to everyone. We wish him lots of luck in his new job. ■

*A young John Samuel at primary school.*



# Visagie is taught a lesson

**H**i! I'm Bones, your new Upbeat storyteller. You can also call me Amathambo. I'm 17 years old and in matric.

I enjoy reading stories. But I also like listening to them. And I have heard more stories than anyone of my age. That's because my dad's a barber and I help him in the shop.

Here's one of the stories I heard in the shop. It was the early seventies. The Rand Teachers' Training College in the Transvaal was invited to play football against a college in Durban. Mr Lawrence was the goalie for the college team.

They travelled by bus down long, pot-holed roads that seemed to have no end. Dusty byways passed rows and rows of mealie fields.

They were in the Free State. They were thirsty and hungry.

Suddenly a cheer erupted from the bus. They had reached a shop! Visagie's General Dealer stocked everything under the sun. Ice cream, fish and chips, toothpaste, biltong, sandals, hamburgers, chocolates, cooldrinks and bicycles.

When the students squeezed into the shop, they knew immediately that they were not welcome. They were black and the shop was for 'whites only'.

'There's the place where you blacks can buy from,' Mr Visagie said, pointing to a little window on the side of the shop.

Immediately a murmur of protest rose from the crowd. But Lawrie, as Mr. Lawrence used to be called, appealed for silence.

'Wait,' he said, 'we are not here to break the law. Let's go to the window where we can be attended to.' The students saw him winking at them and knew that he was up to something.

Outside, Lawrie explained his plan. Each student handed Lawrie his or her spending money and he approached the 'non whites' window.

'Baas,' Lawrie asked the shopkeeper, 'what is the price of that bicycle there?' Visagie saw the stack of money in Lawrie's hand and decided that this black meant business. 'R145.00,' he said.

'It's perfect for my little brother in Jo'burg,' Lawrie said. 'I'll buy it.'

Visagie excitedly unlocked the bicycle from a chain. 'Just come around and fetch it,' he said, holding out a hand for the notes in Lawrie's palm. 'Oh no, baas!' Lawrie exclaimed, 'I can't!' 'Why not?' Visagie asked. 'That entrance is for whites only,' Lawrie answered. 'I don't want to break the law. You'll just have to pass the bicycle through the window.'

'It won't fit, man,' Visagie explained desperately. 'Well, that's your problem,' Lawrie said.

The students were still laughing when the bus pulled away. Lawrie and his friends had to do without cooldrinks. But it was refreshing to know that a racist had been taught a lesson.

*Hey, talking about lessons, I'd better do my homework. See you next time!*

*Bones*

WHITES ONLY  
NET BLANKES

TANT SANNIE SE  
PERGONDE SE  
KOERSUETERS

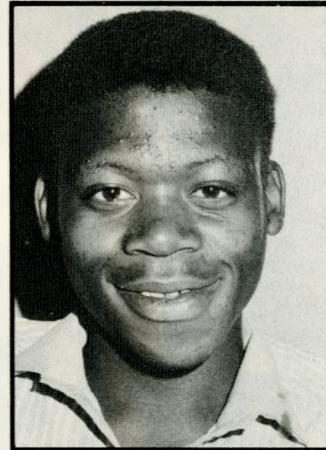
**F**or many parents life in the townships is hard. They leave very early for work, and get home late at night. This means that older children often do two jobs. They study at school and they look after their baby brothers and sisters.

Lucas Khunou lives in Alexandra. He is 19 years old. He has cared for his three brothers and sisters since they were babies. Lucas loves his brothers and sisters very much. 'But I remember, I had many problems,' he said. 'First you must wake them up in the morning and give them water to wash. Then you must prepare their tea and dress them. You must clean up after them. You must be responsible. You cannot leave them alone,' Lucas said.

Lucas said that he also had to stop them fighting with each other. They made it hard for him to study. 'They wanted to be close to me. When I was at school and they were with a neighbour at home, they remembered me and cried.'

Faith Rabothata is 14.

## Caring for Kids



*Lucas Khunou looks after his three brothers and sisters.*

She has 3 brothers under 7 years of age. Her mother works at a supermarket which closes late. 'I have to look after all my brothers. I have to make food for them every day,' she said. Faith says that cooking is easy. 'But I also have to dress them



*Faith Rabothata sometimes goes to school late because she has to look after her brothers.*

and take them to school and creche.'

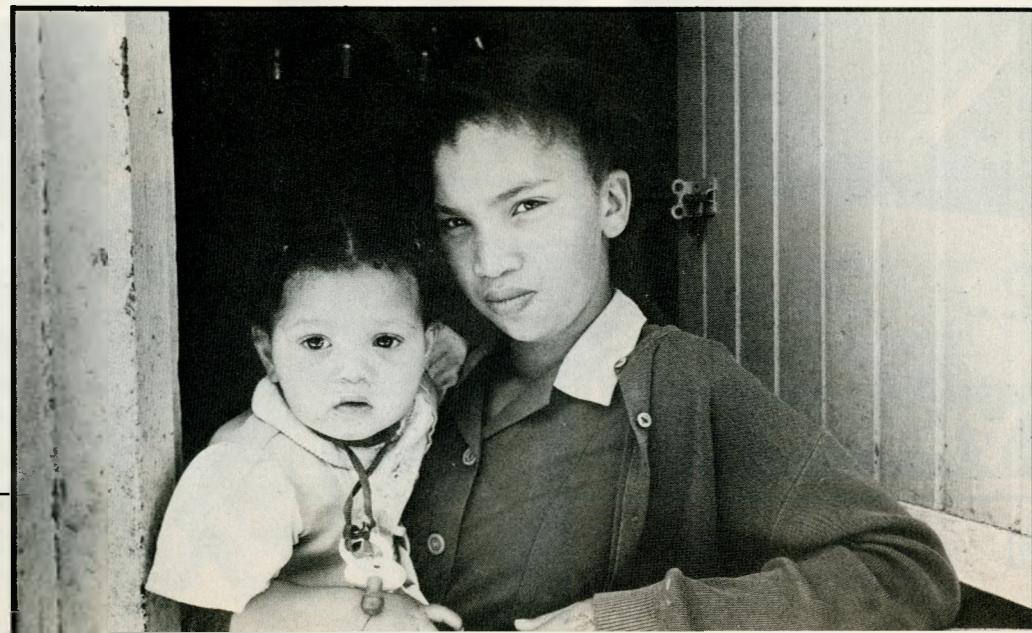
Faith is in high school. But she finds it very hard to study. The main problem is time. Faith has to wash the children, cook, then put them to bed. She is very tired when she finally sits down to her studies.

'Sometimes I go late to school because I have to look after my brothers first,' Faith added.

Looking after young brothers and sisters is hard work. But it is a job many teenagers do because their parents must work long hours to pay for food and clothes for the whole family.

Upbeat can help. Over the next few issues we are going to talk about some of the things very young children need. We will also give you tips on how to care for little ones. ■

***Write and tell us how you look after your baby brothers and sisters. What problems do you have? Maybe we can help.***

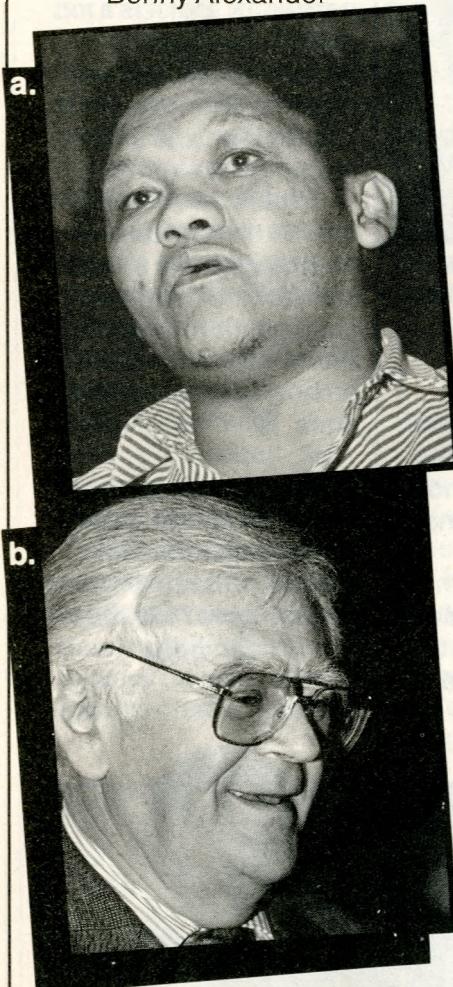


# 1990 QUIZ

1990 was a year of great changes – not only in South Africa, but also all over the world. How much do you remember of 1990? Try this quiz. For each question, there are three possible answers. But only one of them is correct. Can you choose the correct answer?

**1.** Here are photos of four political leaders. Can you match the correct names with the photos?

Walter Sisulu  
Nelson Mandela  
Joe Slovo  
Benny Alexander



**2.** What is the name of the Arab country which invaded Kuwait in August?

a. Iraq  
b. Iran  
c. Egypt

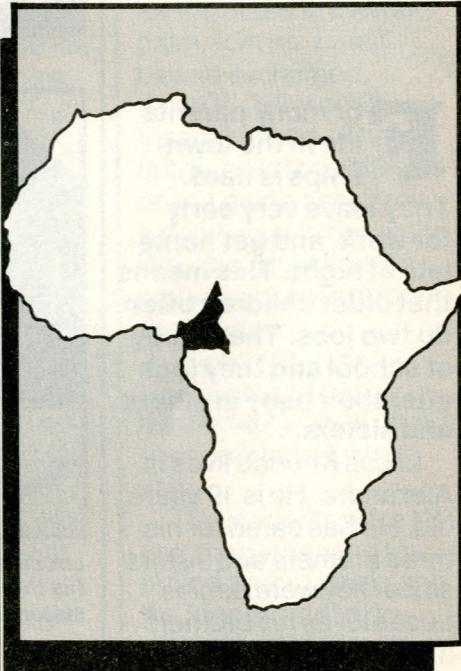
**3.** Which country won the 1990 World Cup Soccer?

a. West Germany  
b. England  
c. Italy



**4.** What is the name of the African country that played so well at the 1990 World Cup? They nearly beat England in the quarter-finals.

a. Cameroon  
b. Egypt  
c. Uganda



**5.** In May, an historic meeting took place between the South African ruling party, the National Party and the African National Congress. What is the name of these talks?

a. Groote Schuur Minute  
b. Pretoria Minute  
c. Cape Town Minute



**6.** A national non-racial youth organisation was launched on 27 October. What is it called?

- a. South African Youth Congress
- b. Non-racial Youth of South Africa
- c. African National Congress Youth League

**7.** On 3 October, East and West Germany united to form the Federal Republic of Germany. What is the name of the wall that divided Germany into East and West for 45 years?

- a. Great Wall
- b. Berlin Wall
- c. German Wall



**8.** Who won the 1990 Nobel Prize for Peace?

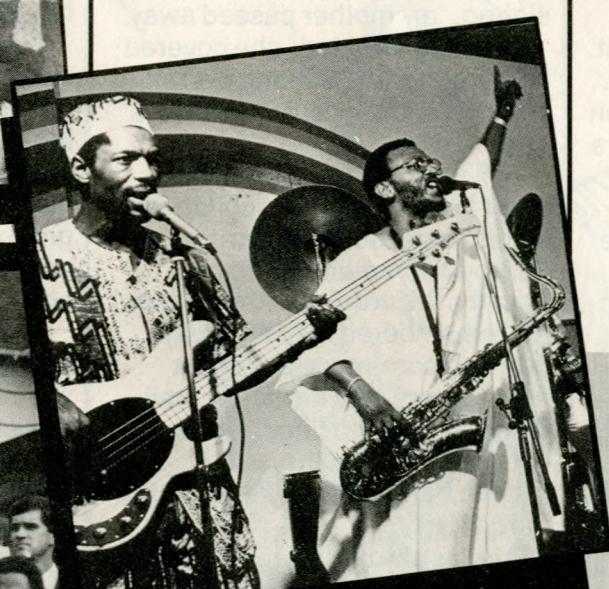
- a. Mikhail Gorbachev
- b. Nelson Mandela
- c. Margaret Thatcher

**9.** A new organisation was formed in October that united teachers from all over South Africa. This organisation claims to have the support of 210 000 teachers. What is its name?

- a. National Teachers Unity Forum
- b. National Education Union of South Africa
- c. South African Democratic Teachers' Union

**10.** What is the name of the South African jazz band that performed in Botswana, Finland and England last year? They've also released a new album called 'Phambile'.

- a. Sakhile
- b. Bayete
- c. Mango Groove



**11.** In February, Nicaragua had its national elections. The outcome of these elections surprised the world. The UNO, a party backed by the United States, won. And the party that had first brought democracy to Nicaragua in 1979, lost the election. What is the name of this party?

- a. Freilimo
- b. Unita
- c. Sandinista

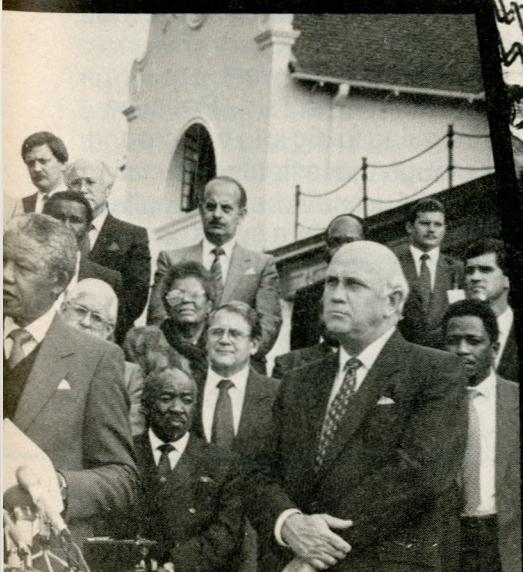
**12.** Dirk Coetze, a policeman, told the public that the South African Defence Force was involved in setting up a hit squad called the Civil Co-operation Bureau (CCB). The government set up a commission of enquiry, and it was alleged that the CCB was responsible for attacks on anti-apartheid activists. What was this commission called?

- a. Hiemstra
- b. Harms
- c. Justice

8. a; 9. c; 10. a; 11. c; 12. b;

d - Nelson Mandela;  
c - Walter Sisulu  
b - Joe Slovo  
1. a - Beny Alexander

**ANSWERS**





## The Return

Beverley Jansen teaches at Kleinberg School in Ocean View. She also studies part-time, does community work, is mother to four children and when she has time writes poems and stories. Here is one of her stories. It brings a message of hope for us all.

Lewis stepped out of his car and walked across the wide Calitzdorp main road towards the cafe which had signs displayed on its walls – ‘Volstruis Biltong’ ‘Sonskyn Droe Perskes en Rosyntjies’.

He looked around for a moment. Yes, the post office was still there. Van Eck’s old tailor shop had been bought by whites and turned into a curio shop. And there was the police station with its same old wagon wheels. He stepped inside the cafe. The large boer woman behind the counter looked up and in a tone reserved for strangers, asked if she could help.

‘Cavalha twenty please and a fruit juice,’ he said. She looked intently at the black man in the expensive slacks and casual summer shirt. Suddenly a smile lit up her face.

‘My hemel Lewesie! After all these years!’

How could she forget? The child

was in here often when he came to do the Van Eck’s shopping. Those bright eyes and high cheek bones.

‘Visiting your brother on the farm?’ she asked. ‘No,’ Lewis sighed, ‘my mother passed away.’

‘Siestog, my kind,’ she covered her mouth with her hand and said sympathetically, ‘but God always knows best.’

As Lewis started the car, his mind swept back to his childhood in this dorp and on the farm nearby. He remembered the poverty, the cruel apartheid laws. He remembered his Ma; always tidy with corn-row plaits and a white apron. And his father; frail, cigarette-stained fingers, always coughing. His brothers and sisters, barefoot and grey from the Karoo dust.

And as always, his mind turned to that hot December day that changed his life. He was fourteen and had just passed Std 5 ...

His mother walked into the tiny yard, a bundle of washing on her head. ‘Lewesie,’ she said, trying to catch her breath, ‘Lewesie the baas wants to see you.’ Lewesie just went on stacking the wood. ‘I’m not going Ma,’ he said at last.

She put the washing on a *bankie* outside the door. ‘If that man wants to see you, you go. Or do you want to get your father in trouble?’

‘Pa’s already in trouble Ma,’ he said, desperately wanting to convince her. ‘Just listen to Pa. Every day it’s: “Ja baas, Nee baas, Prys die Here, baas.” Ma, I hate it!’

His mother wiped her hands on her apron and glared at her son. ‘If the baas wants you, you’ll go. Where will we go if he tells us to pack up – because of you?’

Later, he stood near the barn waiting for the farmer who would come soon to see to the ration of the cheap wine. The men stood in a twisted, raggedy queue, each with a tin mug in his hand. Oom Karools, the chief labourer, poured. The farmer saw Lewis standing next to the tractor. He turned to the boy’s father and said, ‘That boy of yours is getting big, and too big for his boots – just standing there looking at the other boys as if they’re cow mis. Lewis!’ he shouted.

Lewis approached the farmer slowly. His heartbeat quickened but he stared straight at the white man. Suddenly the workers were silent. Chickens clucked in the distance somewhere. The farmer grabbed a spade leaning against the barn door and thrust it into the boy’s hand.

‘This is what you want – a spade, hotnot,’ he said. ‘Because you’re going to dig into this ground and plough these fields like your father and grandfather!’ He pulled the boy towards him by his jersey. Lewis didn’t resist, but never took his eyes off the farmer’s angry blue eyes. ‘You’re a hotnot and standard five is good enough for a hotnot!’



*'Lewesie,' she said, trying to catch her breath, 'Lewesie the baas wants to see you.' Lewesie just went on stacking the wood. 'I'm not going Ma,' he said at last.*

The next day Lewis was gone. He enrolled at the dorp school which had Std 6. The boys and girls back home on the farm admired his guts. Van Eck took him and Lewis helped the old tailor in the shop after school. He scrubbed floors, swept the yard, cleaned the windows. In return they fed him and gave him a place to sleep.

He studied hard and his teachers only had praise for the quiet but determined boy. Their only concern was that he had so much anger in him. So young, could he not forgive and forget? ...

The potholed gravel road to Grootfontein jerked his mind to the present. Soon he saw the farmyard in the distance, larger than the farmworkers' cottages. Dogs barked excitedly and ran alongside the car. A curtain fluttered in a window; someone was watching. He brought the car to a halt alongside that same bankie where he had had his last confrontation with his mother all those years ago.

His brother stepped out of the house and said, 'Hello, Lewis.' So much was packed into those two simple words, so many years that they would talk about later.

But for now, he greeted the family, his brother's shy wife and children. He felt a lump in his throat. Nothing had changed.

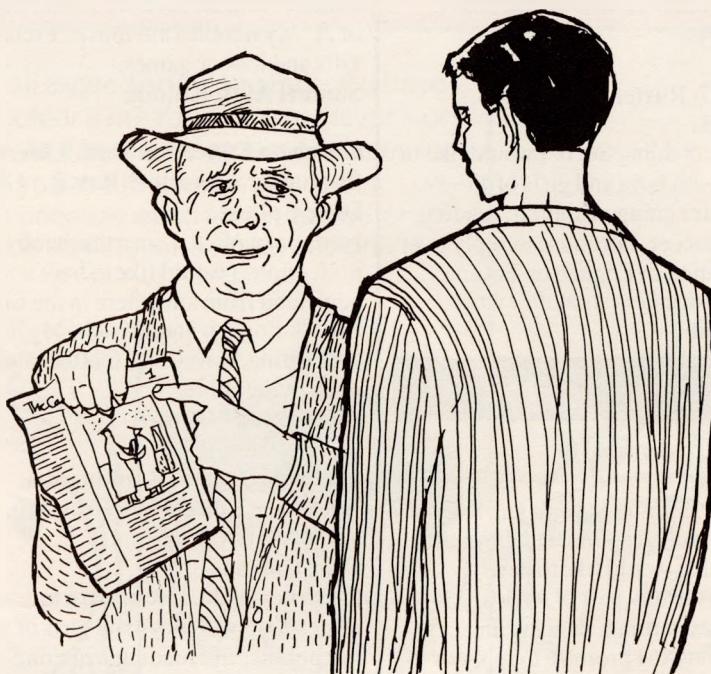
'The baas wants to see you, Lewis,' his brother said. Lewis looked at his brother and felt as if he was living a part of his life over again. His brother had uttered almost the same words his mother had used more than 16 years ago.

The funeral was simple and dignified. Ma was placed in a pine coffin with brass handles and lowered into the Karoo earth that she had helped plough all her life. And the farmer was there too, in his black suit. He walked over to Lewis. 'I'm sorry,' the farmer said.

Lewis thought the farmer was offering his condolences. But then the old man said, 'I was wrong, but now I know better. We white people thought we could keep it all for ourselves. But you made a stand and took what belonged to you.'

The farmer fumbled in his jacket pocket and took out a folded piece of newspaper. Carefully he unfolded it and showed it to Lewis. It was a picture of Lewis on his graduation day in Cape Town. 'I'm proud of you,' the farmer said.

Lewis had come to bury his mother. And an old man had come up to him to bury their differences. There was hope, Lewis thought, for his brother, his brother's wife and children, for this country. Because somewhere on a little Karoo farm an old man had said, 'I'm sorry.' ■



*It was a picture of Lewis on his graduation day in Cape Town. 'I'm proud of you,' the farmer said.*

# PENFRIENDS

## OVERSEAS

### TRANSVAAL

P O Box 103, Jericho 0264

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 16 doing Std 6. I would like to correspond with boys and girls of 14–17. My hobbies are listening to music, playing volleyball and watching TV. My favourite stars are Tracy Chapman, George Michael and Chicco. I promise to reply to all letters written in English, Afrikaans or Setswana. Photos are welcome.

**Alpheus R. Modibane**

1134A Tshabangu Drive, P O Jabavu 1856

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 18 doing matric. I would like to correspond with girls and boys of 15–21. It doesn't matter if they stay in or outside South Africa. I like listening to music, playing soccer and tennis and watching TV. I promise to reply to all letters written in English, Zulu or Xhosa.

**Moses Themba Mhlanga**

602 Sedibeng Section, Tembisa 1628

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 18 doing Std 8. I would like to correspond with boys and girls of 16–21. My hobbies are going to church and singing. I promise to reply to all letters written in Southern Sotho or English.

**Sello Moeketsi**

P O Box 1487, Rustenberg 0300

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 18 doing Std 6. I would like to correspond with boys and girls of 15–19. My hobbies are going to church, reading and playing soccer. I promise to reply to all letters written in English or Tswana. Smokers and drinkers shouldn't write.

**Aaron Mosiane**

### NATAL

P O Box 021, Inanda 4310

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 16 doing Std 7 in Durban. I would like to correspond with boys and girls of 14–18. I would like to have penfriends from any part of Africa. My hobbies are swimming, dancing and listening to music. I promise to reply to all letters written in English or Zulu. Photos are welcome. Please write as soon as possible.

**Mandla Sokhela**

Vukile High School, Private Bag X9202, Maphumulo 4470

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a girl of 14 doing Std 8. I am looking for penpals between the ages of 14–20. My hobby is listening to music. I promise to reply to all letters.

**Wendy Busi Mtsweni**

Box 54759, Umlazi, P O Umlazi 4031

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 17 doing Std 7. I would like to correspond with boys and girls of 14–16. My hobbies are playing soccer, listening to music and singing. I promise to reply to every letter written in English or Zulu.

**Innocent Xaba**

Box 54759, Umlazi, P O Umlazi 4031

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am 17 years old. I would like to correspond with boys of 16–18. All letters will be answered. My hobbies are music, swimming and soccer.

**Matthews Mkhulise**

### AFRICA

Dowa Secondary School, Private Bag 1, Mponela, MALAWI

**Dear Upbeat,**

I would like to have penfriends, male or female, from all over the world. I am a boy of 21. My hobbies are music, exchanging gifts and indoor games.

**Samuel A. B. Khinda**

Garrison Education Unit, Liberation Barracks, Sunyani – B.A.R., GHANA

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a man of 28. I am a teacher by profession. I would like to have a penfriend from anywhere in the world. I speak English and French. My hobbies are writing, travelling, football and reading the Bible.

**Jacob Smart Hinneh**

Av. Paulo Samuel Kankhomba, No. 946 – Third Floor, Maputo, MOZAMBIQUE

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 20. I would like to correspond with boys and girls of any age. My hobbies are reading, listening to music, going to the movies and watching TV. I promise to reply to all letters. Letters must be in English or Portuguese.

**Anesio Tamele**

Adlerweg 16, 4134 Rheinberg 1, WEST GERMANY

**Dear Upbeat,**

I want a penfriend from South Africa. I am 17 years old. The penfriend should be my age. I promise to reply to all letters.

**Lydia Pusnick**

100 rue de Letandeure, 49 000 Angers, FRANCE

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a girl of 15. I would like a penfriend, boy or girl, of 15–18. My hobbies are dancing, drawing, swimming, writing and reading. I speak English, French and German. I've got a brother of 19 and a cat. I like school, the flowers and the trees and animals.

**Anouck Haslouin**

9a rue de Chateau, 68250

Niederhergheim, FRANCE

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 13. I would like a South African penpal of any age. My hobbies are reading, writing, listening to music, laughing, animals and nature. I hate violence and racism. Write to me in English, please.

**Laurent Burger**

### CAPE

38 Sirius Road, Surrey Estate 7764

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am looking for a penpal from anywhere, except Cape Town. I am 11 years old and my hobbies are baking, sewing, reading, collecting stamps and listening to music. My favourite singers are Paula Abdul and New Kids on the Block. I promise to reply to all letters written in English. Please send photos with your first letter.

**Nazreen Shahabodien**

67 St Nicholas Street, Elsies River 7490

**Dear Upbeat,**

I am a boy of 18 in Std 7. My hobbies are writing letters, listening to pop music and going to the movies. I would like to have penfriends between the ages of 16–19. Photos are welcome.

**Anwar Beghardien**

NY 100-38, Gugulethu 7750

**Dear Upbeat,**

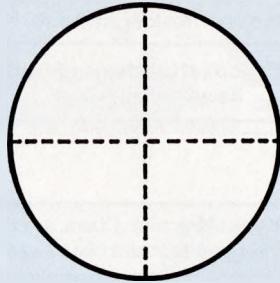
I am a girl of 12 doing Std 5 at St Mary's School in Nyanga. My hobbies are reading, playing netball and going to church. I would like to correspond with girls and boys of 11–14. I promise to reply to all letters written in English or Xhosa.

**Pinkie Wulana**

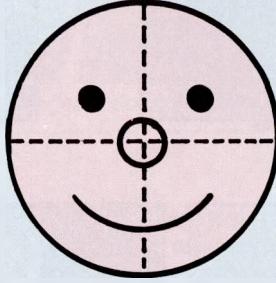
# PUZZLE

## FUN WITH FACES

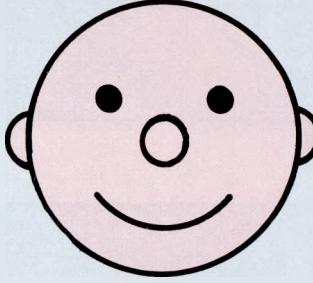
So you think you cannot draw? Here are some easy cartoon faces for you to try out. All you need is a clean sheet of paper, a pencil and an eraser.



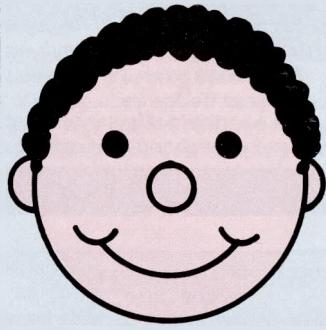
1. Draw a circle. Draw two pencil lines crossing it.



2. Put the nose where the lines cross in the middle. The ears are level with the nose. Fill in the eyes slightly above the nose.



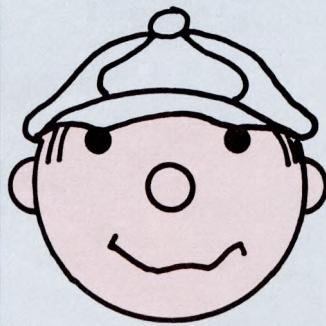
3. Now carefully rub out the lines crossing the face.



4. Add any sort of hair you like.

## Faces to draw

Now that you're all excited about the face you have drawn, why not colour it in? You can use crayons or felt tip koki pens. And here are some more faces for you to copy. Can you see that each face looks different? That's because each face has a different expression. One is smiling, one is sad and one is even talking!



Taken from *How to Draw*, published by Usborne

# CHOOSING A CAREER

Elaine Mohammed is a career guidance teacher. Join her classes and find out all you need to know about choosing a career.

Hello everyone! I hope you've all had a good rest and are ready to work hard this year. Today we're going to look at how apartheid affects you as students and your chances of getting a job.

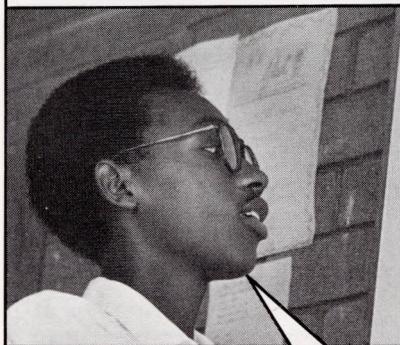


Class, divide into two groups.

Group 1, look at the demands students have been making since 1976.

Group 2, look at the demands workers have been making.

Twenty minutes later, group 1 reports to the class.

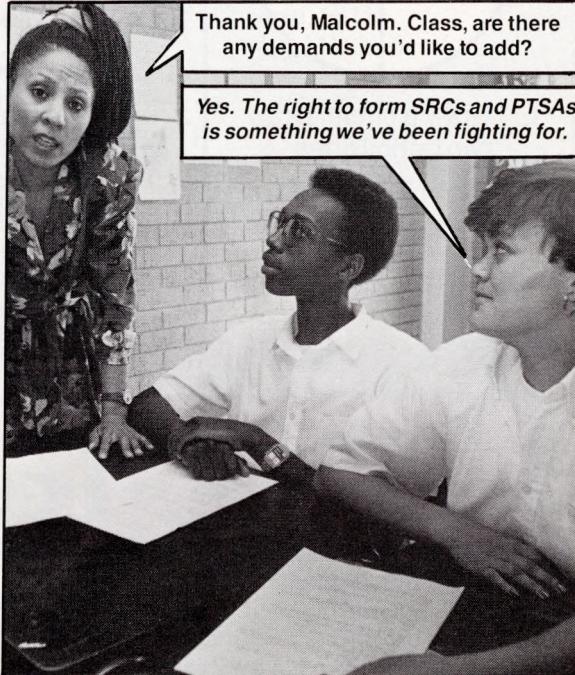


We briefly discussed the history of student struggles since 1976. Then we listed some of the demands students have been making over the years, like:

- one education system
- free and compulsory education
- adequately trained teachers
- free books
- open schools for all
- textbooks and good teaching facilities

GROUP 1

- ONE EDUCATION SYSTEM
- FREE + COMPULSORY EDUCATION
- ADEQUATELY TRAINED TEACHERS
- FREE BOOKS
- OPEN SCHOOLS FOR ALL
- TEXTBOOKS FOR ALL
- BETTER TEACHING FACILITIES



Thank you, Malcolm. Class, are there any demands you'd like to add?

Yes. The right to form SRCs and PTSAs is something we've been fighting for.

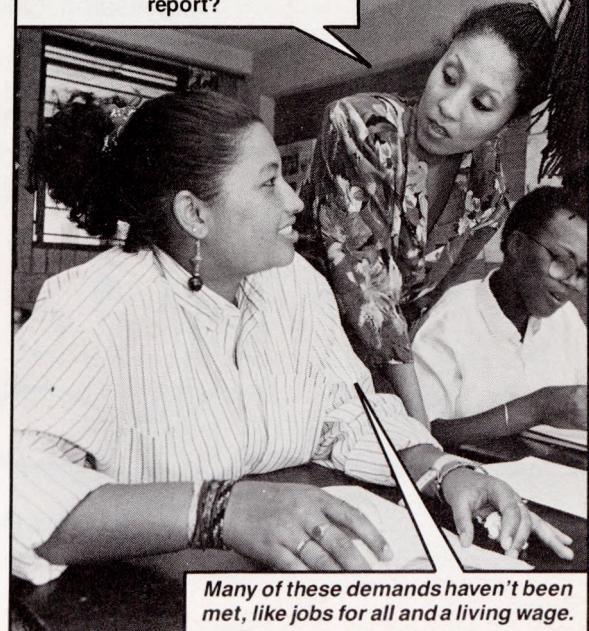
Group 2 reports back:



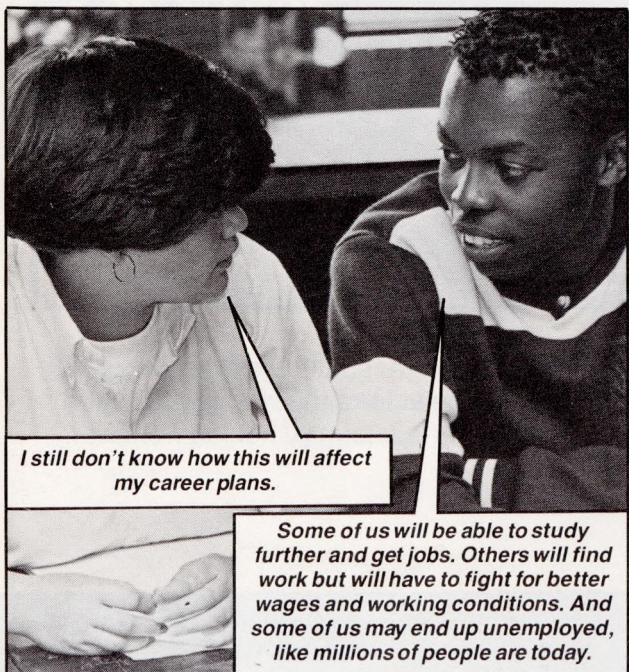
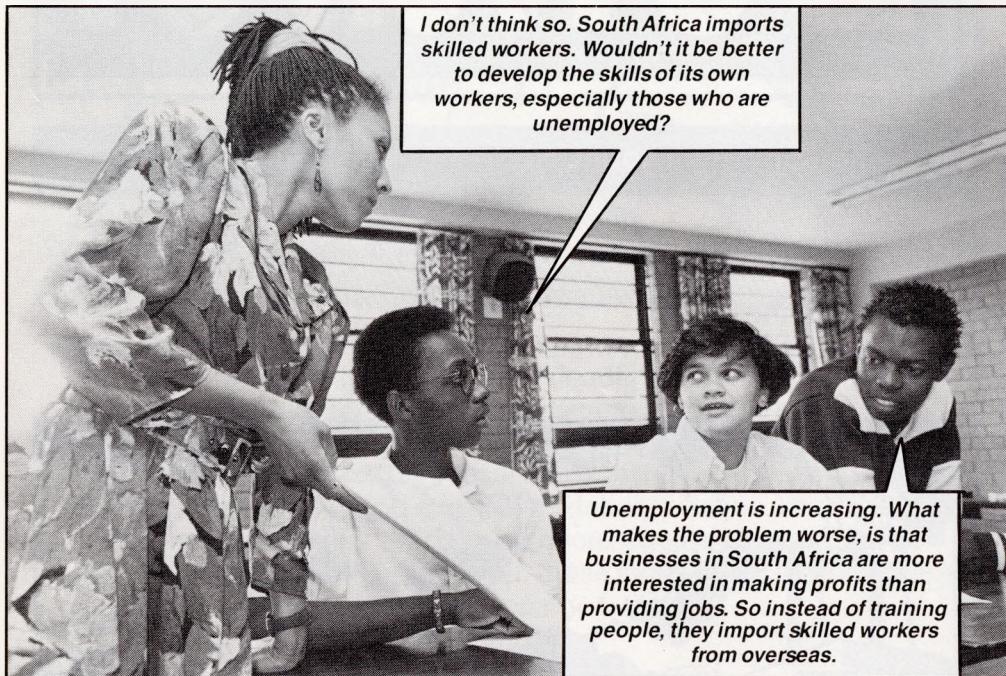
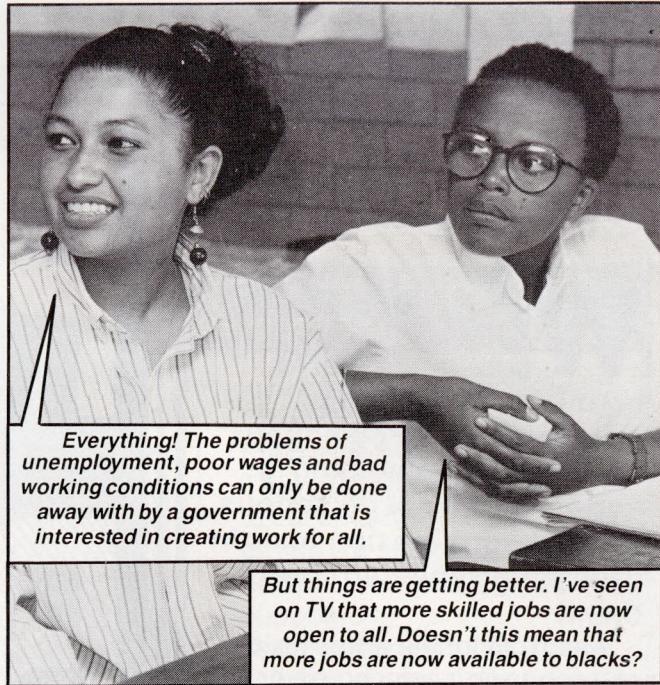
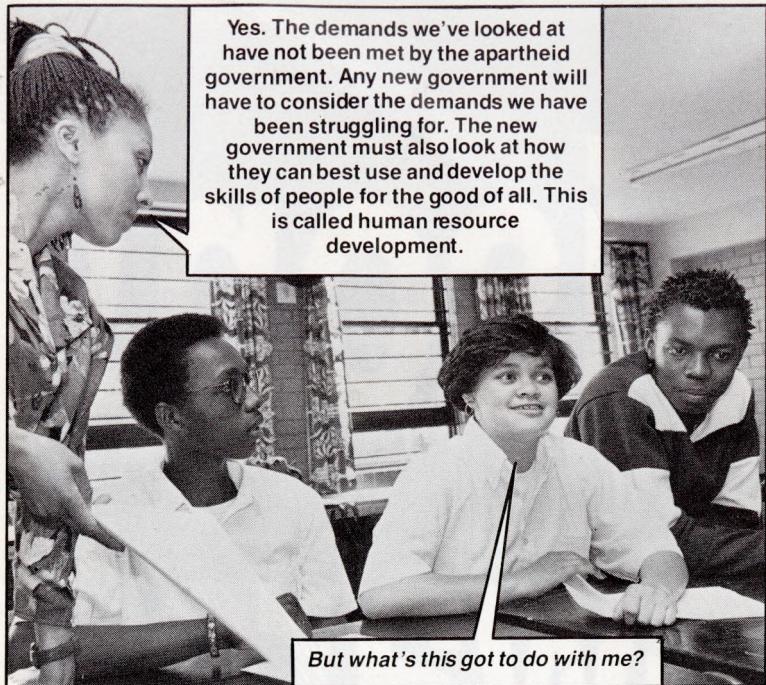
We discussed the demands workers have been making in progressive trade unions like Cosatu and Nactu. Here are some of them:

- the right to form independent trade unions
- one industry, one union
- the right to strike
- jobs for all
- a living wage
- people's holidays like June 16 and Sharpeville Day
- benefits such as maternity and paternity leave

Would anyone like to add to this report?



Many of these demands haven't been met, like jobs for all and a living wage.



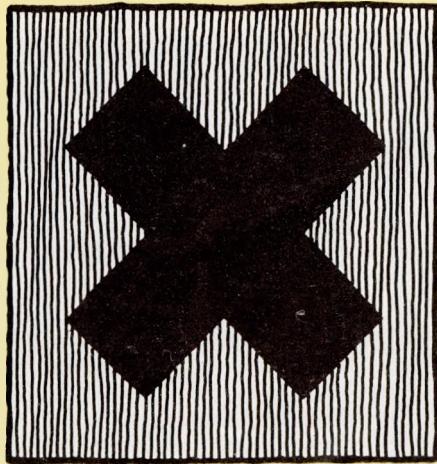
Readers, this is the last story in our careers series. Did you enjoy finding out more about careers and the world of work? Please write to us and tell us what you thought of this series. Remember, if you need any information about careers, you can write to:  
Cric  
P O Box 378  
Cape Town  
7760

Or phone them at (021) 637 8040

**W**hat is a poison? A poison is a substance that is harmful to living things. Another word for poisonous is toxic. So if something is non-toxic, it's not poisonous. Most crayons are non-toxic in case young children chew them!

Watch out for the words toxic and non-toxic in your house or school.

Look out for these symbols too. You'll see them on packaging and on labels. They both mean that the contents are poisonous.



# Poison! Beware!

## How poisons enter your body

Poisons work from inside your body. But how do they get into your body?

- **By breathing**

You can be poisoned by breathing in fumes from cars and factories.

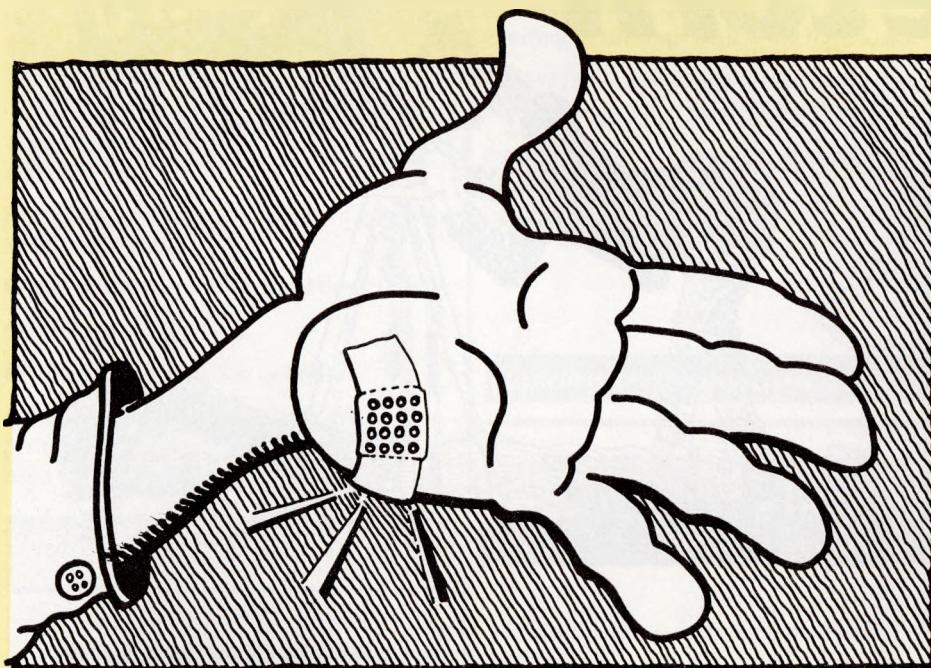


- **Through the skin**

Poison can get into your skin just like water soaking into a sponge. Some chemicals which gardeners use act like this. Be careful when you handle soil and plants.

### ● Through a hole in your skin

Poisons can get into your body through holes in the skin such as cuts or grazes. It's best to cover these cuts with a plaster.



### ● From germs

Some germs live in food and give off deadly poisons. Germs are very small creatures. Some are plants and some are tiny animals. Plant-like germs are called *bacteria*. There are billions of bacteria in the world. Most of them are harmless. Some of them are good for us. But some bacteria live in food and give off deadly poisons. You must be very careful with foods like dairy products, eggs and meat. Some of the most deadly bacteria can live in these foods. If you eat food that is poisonous, you can get food poisoning.



### ● By swallowing

This is the most common way that people are poisoned. It's easy to swallow poison by mistake, even in your own home.

### How to stop accidental poisoning

Here are some easy things to do:

1. Check that poisons are out of the reach of young children. They might think they're good to eat or drink! Make sure that all lids are on bottles and cans, and put them in a high cupboard.
2. Never put poison into a bottle with the wrong label on it. Lots of people have been poisoned by weed killer that's been stored in a lemonade bottle!



3. To stop food poisoning, make sure that you wash your hands before touching food. And remember, cooking destroys bacteria. So don't just warm up leftovers – they must be cooked properly.

All of these items could poison you.

Answer to Spot the Poisons

# WILLIE WORDWORM

v = verb  
adj = adjective  
adv = adverb  
n = noun

## *The Return*

**casual** (adj) — informal

**to convince** (v) — to make someone believe that something is true

**to glare** (v) — to look or stare in an angry way

**ration** (n) — a certain amount of food or drink

**to enrol** (v) — to register

**guts** (n) — the courage to do something difficult and unpleasant

**condolence** (n) — sympathy

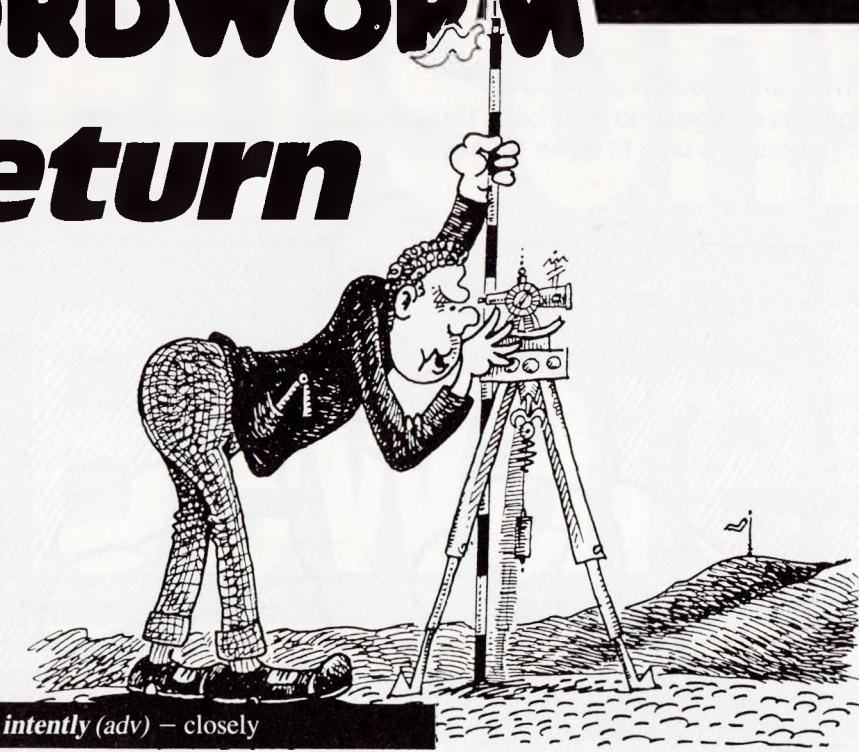
**confrontation** (n) — disagreement or fight



## 1990 QUIZ

**to allege** (v) — to say without proof

**commission** (n) — a group of people appointed to investigate something



**intently** (adv) — closely



**frail** (adj) — weak

## **COMING HOME**

**exile** (n) — a person who lives outside her own country

**tip-off** (n) — to give a hint to

**scholarship** (n) — money given to help a student to carry on further studies

## **THE GREAT PIANO PLAYER**

**annual** (adj) — every year

**institution** (n) — a building or organisation that is built for a particular purpose

**to fashion** (v) — to make

**to stroke** (v) — to touch gently, as a sign of affection

# Visagie is taught a lesson

**to stock (v)** – to keep a supply of goods to sell to customers

**to murmur (v)** – to say something quietly

**to appeal (v)** – to ask

**to attend (v)** – to serve or help

**refreshing (adj)** – something that is pleasantly different from what you are used to

# Preventing Pregnancy

**disaster (n)** – an extremely unfortunate happening

**incapable (adj)** – not able

**fertile (adj)** – able to have babies

**reliable (adj)** – something that can be trusted to work well

**effective (adj)** – something that works well



# Talking to the ANC

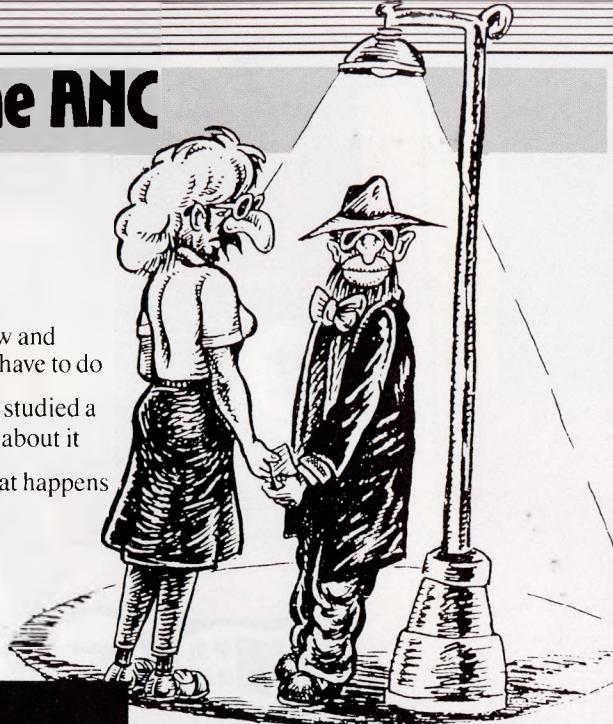
**challenge (n)** – something new and exciting or difficult which you have to do

**expert (n)** – a person who has studied a certain subject and knows a lot about it

**constant (adj)** – something that happens all the time

**central (adj)** – main

**to deliver (v)** – to give



# Disappearing forests

**plantation (n)** – a place planted with trees

**slope (n)** – the side of a hill or mountain

**ecology (n)** – the study of plants and animals

**pasture (n)** – grass on which cattle graze

**debt (n)** – what one owes

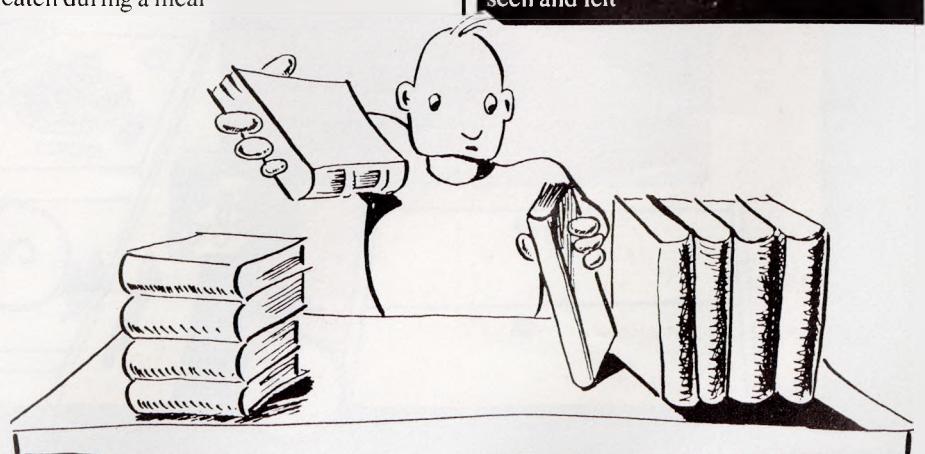
**to rear (v)** – to breed



# Poison! Beware!

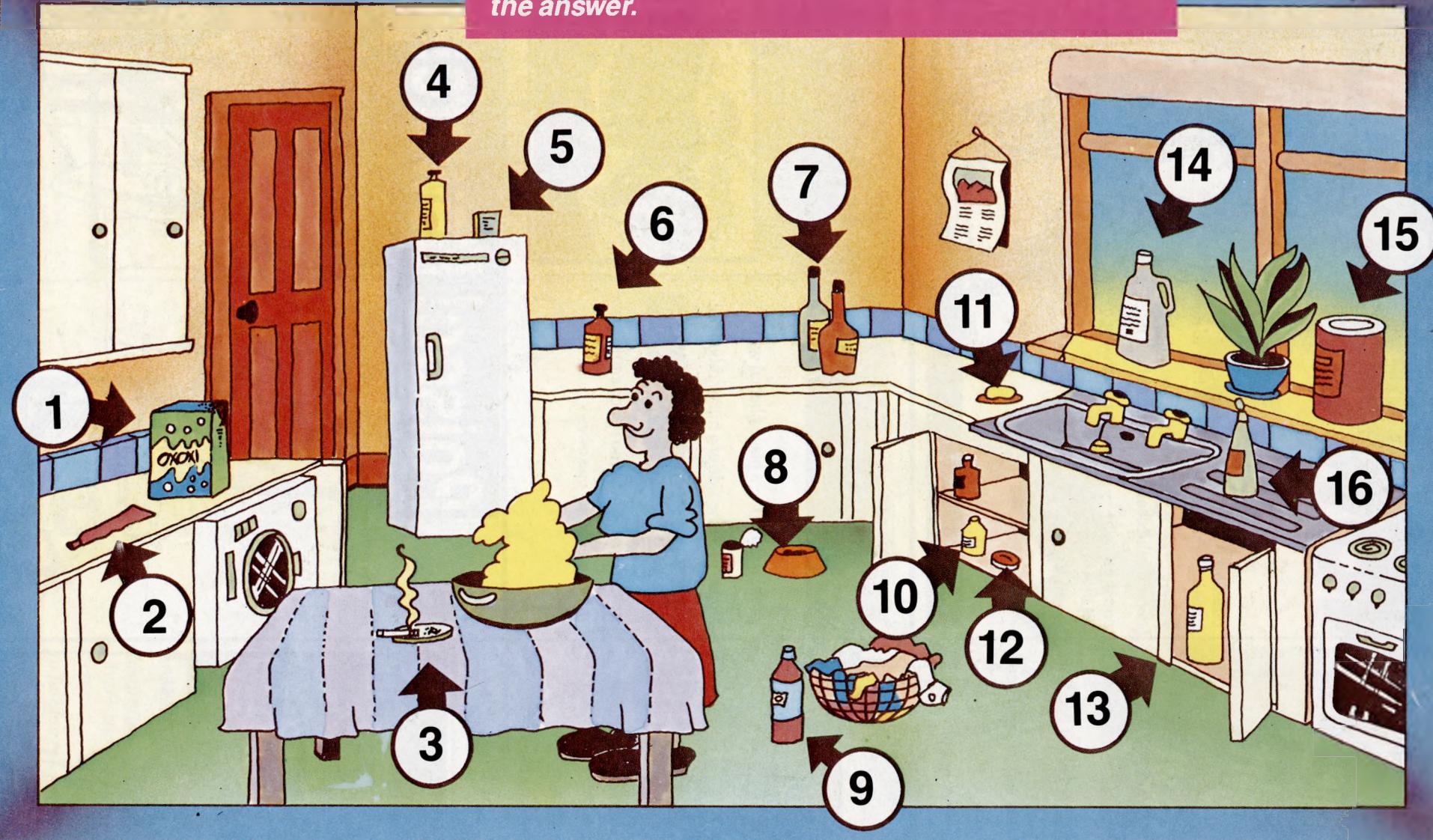
**leftovers (n)** – food that has not been eaten during a meal

**substance (n)** – something that can be seen and felt



## SPOT THE POISONS!

Here's an ordinary kitchen. How many of the numbered items are poisonous? Turn to page 29 for the answer.



1. Washing powder
2. Glue
3. Tobacco
4. Air refreshener

5. Aspirin
6. Wax polish
7. Alcohol
8. Old cat food

9. Bleach
10. Metal polish
11. Soap
12. Shoe polish

13. Paraffin
14. Disinfectant
15. Paint
16. Washing up liquid