



Volume 1 Number 4 1981

Upbeat

Read about relationships
on pages 28 and 29 . . .

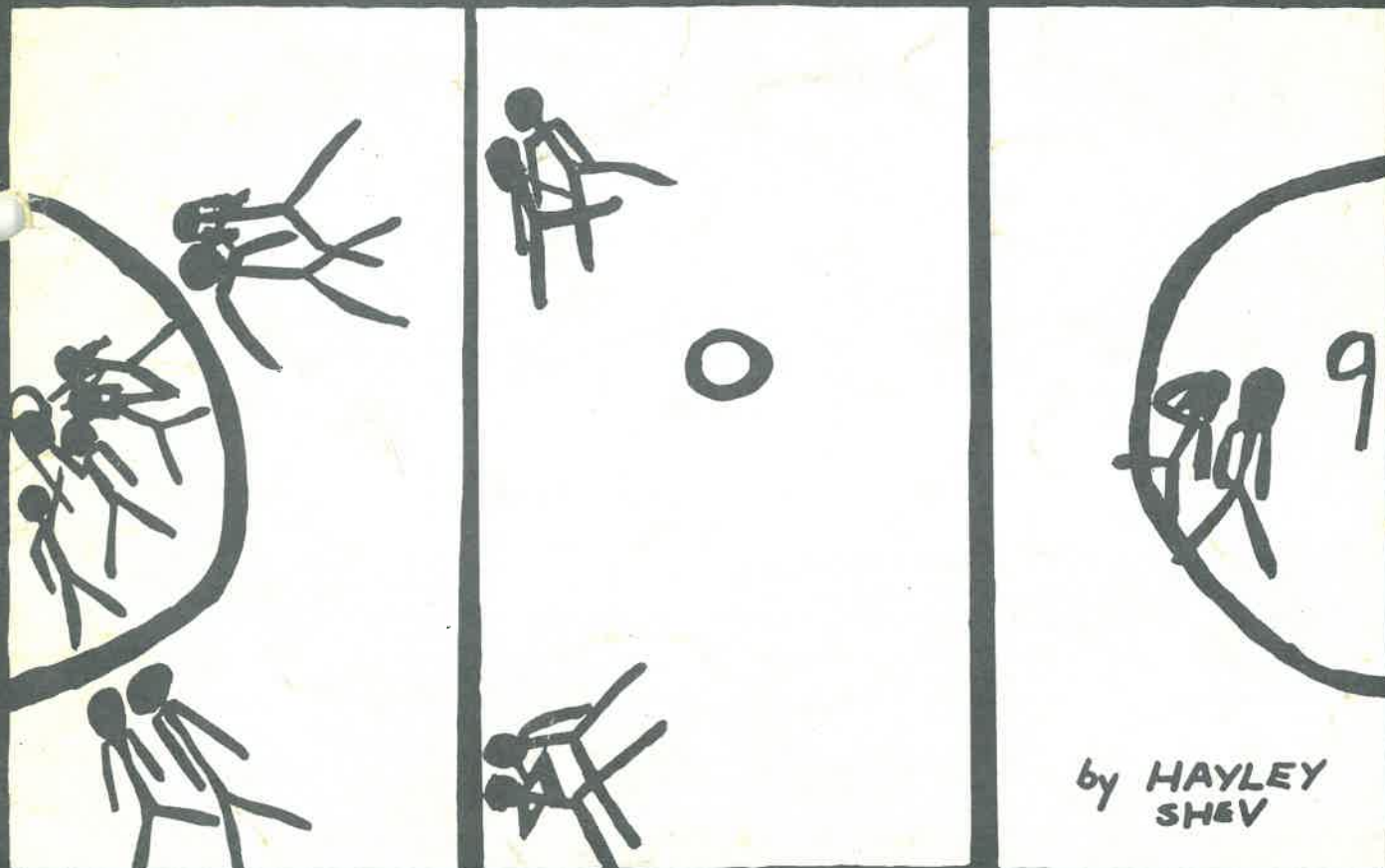


By Sharon
Wink, from
Cape Town

What's in this UPBEAT



. . and about sport in South Africa
on pages 14 and 15



by HAYLEY
SHEV

PENFRIENDS

We now have so many penfriends that we can have a whole page of them! So if you want a penfriend, read through this list and see if there's someone here you would like to write to. Many people want penfriends from Natal — where are you all, Natal penfriends? Do write to some of these people or send your names and addresses to us with some things about yourselves. Send them in to UPBEAT PENFRIENDS, P.O. Box 39, Claremont 7735, C.P.

Zimbabwe:

Agnes Goche (15), 35 Kuwe Avenue, Dombotombo Township, Marandellas, Zimbabwe, has as her hobbies discos, films, volleyball, listening to music, reading about pop stars.

Sarah Zhuwao Chigayo (14) likes heavy music, letter writing, swimming, tennis and listening to Radio 3.

Janet Hativagone (15) likes outdoor life, hockey, swimming, cookery, stamp collecting and needle-work.

The address for both these girls is:
Nagle House Girls' High School
Private Bag 3804
Marandellas
Zimbabwe

Zambia:

Wonder Phiri (15), House No. 70, Kwacha Road, Kansenshi, Ndolo. His interests are swimming, film shows, friends, football and basketball.

Monicha Chilekwa (14), Mtendere Primary School, P.O. Box 34431, Lusaka. Monicha's interests are watching netball, making friends, studying books, writing letters, photo exchanging, volleyball and singing.

Transvaal:



These five pupils are from a school in Dobsonville in the **Transvaal**. They are: Francinah Manzi, Xavier Pule, Innocentia Morake, Sergius Mokhine and Iris Motihako and they all want penfriends. Here are their addresses and something about themselves:

Francinah Manzi (14) of 831 Msikinya Street, Dobsonville, 1865, wants to be a nurse when she leaves school. She says "I would like to change the hostile and unfriendly attitude that nurses have towards patients."

Xavier Pule (12) of 1571 Mhlanga Street, Dobsonville, 1865, wants to be a doctor when he leaves school "because then I will be able to help the thousands of sick people we have everywhere". Xavier is an artist and he belongs to the Zamani Arts Association. He also loves playing the drums.

Innocentia Morake (12) of 232 Sefuba Street, Dobsonville, 1865, wants to be a nun when she grows up. She says that this way "I can serve both God and people. I will be the second black nun in Dobsonville."

Sergius Mokhine (12) of Box 25 Dobsonville, 1865, wants to be a high school teacher. He likes learning and he also thinks that teaching is a good way of keeping young people off the street, because there is so much crime in Dobsonville.

Iris Motihako (12) of Box 93, Dobsonville, 1865, likes sport and plays for her school. She wants to be a professional tennis player one day. "You will see me on TV one day," she says.

AND LETTERS

Western Cape:

Diane Damons (13) of 10 Duveen Road, Heathfield, Cape: I would like to correspond with a French or German person of either sex.

Delia McGregor (14) of 126 Ninth Avenue, Kensington, Cape, 7405. I have black long hair and hazel eyes. I am not so tall. I am in standard 7 at Kensington High School. My hobbies are swimming, disco, listening to music and outdoor life. I would like to write to boys of any age.

Nazlie Martin (16) of 31 Constitution Court, Lavender Hill, Retreat 7945. I am Moslem. My hobbies are reading, cooking, listening to the radio and going to the movies. I've got short black hair and hazel eyes. I attend Crestway Senior Secondary School. I would like male penfriends from Durban aged 16 to 18.

Shane Martin (15) of 33 Durr Road, Greenhaven, Athlone, 7764. His interests are cycling, swimming, dancing and pop music. He would like two penfriends, ten years of age, and they must be girls.

Geraldine Williams (13) of 79 Rooiels Street, Bonteheuwel, 7763, says: "My hobbies are karate and ballet. I have brown eyes and black hair and I am in Std 4c. I talk English at home — I have one brother and two sisters. Their names are Albert, Berenice and Nicolett. I would like a boy or girl to write to me.

Beulah van der Vent (13), 18 Rooiels Street, Bonteheuwel, 7764: "My hobby is netball. I am a happy person and I love music. I have a cat called Tessa. Anyone can write to me."

Charlene Phillips (16), 36 Fourth Avenue, Kensington, 7405. Charlene writes: "I am in Std 7. I am 5ft 2 ins in height. I have black hair and dark brown eyes. My hobbies are ice-skating, disco dancing, needle work and I hope to do a lot of travelling one day. I intend becoming an air hostess. We are seven in our family, I have 2 brothers and 2 sisters, one sister being my twin sister. I live in Cape Town, South Africa. I would love to correspond with a male in France, Germany, England and Canada and his age should range between 18 and 20 years old.

D. R. Mesamari of Dimani High School, P.Bag X2297, Sibasa, Venda, writes:

Dear UPBEAT

Can you please help me by answering the following question: In volume 1, Number 1 of March 1981 on page 5 under the topic "Nature's building blocks — atoms and molecules", an example of toasting bread to separate carbon (C) and water (H₂O) was given. Now tell me what will that black substance which will be left after the lysis (burning) be composed of, and how we can reach the simplest elements separated if it is composed of elements?

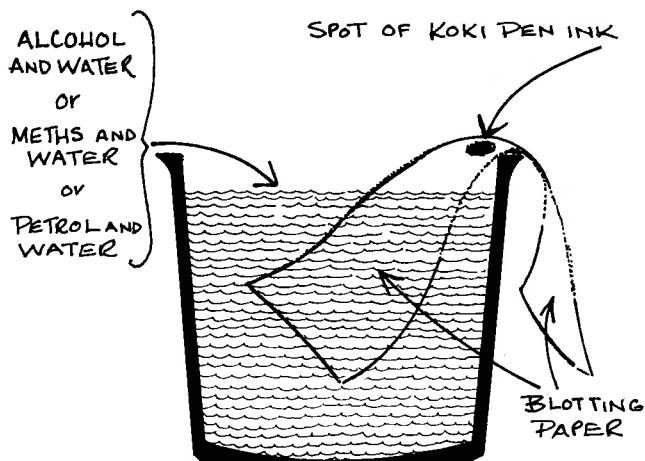
Yours faithfully
D. R. Mesamari

UPBEAT replies:

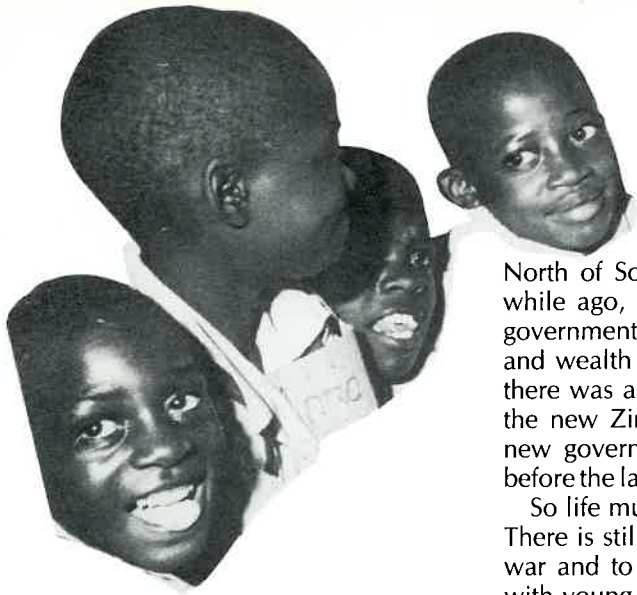
Dear D. R. Mesamari

The "black stuff" is mostly carbon, but there are usually some hydro-carbon compounds in the mixture. The way to separate the pure carbon from these is very complicated. It is called "Chromatography", which means "to write with colour". Here the chemicals are all absorbed by something, say blotting paper. The smaller molecules, in this case pure carbon, are absorbed first. The bigger molecules (hydro-carbon molecules) take longer to travel across the paper, because they are absorbed more slowly. You can't do anything with them once they are separated, you can just see that there are different chemicals in the toast.

Chromatography Experiment



Method: Put a big spot of ink on a piece of blotting paper. Hang one end of the paper in a glass full of water and alcohol or methylated spirits or petrol. The water mixture soaks into the paper and carries the coloured molecules along with it. Some of the colour molecules are bigger than others. The bigger ones will remain behind the smaller ones, so the colours of the spot will separate. Try this with different colours and see the results! This method is used especially in Biology and Biochemistry.



ZIMBABWE -

North of South Africa lies a very rich and fertile land, Zimbabwe. Until a short while ago, the country, then called "Rhodesia", was run by a "white minority" government. They were mostly whites under Ian Smith who wanted to keep power and wealth for themselves. From 1973-1980 there was a war here. After the war there was an election and Robert Mugabe of Zanu was chosen to be the leader of the new Zimbabwe. There has been a "revolution" in Zimbabwe, and now the new government says that all people, of all colours and religions will be equal before the law, in education and in work.

So life must be different for the people of Zimbabwe now. But how different is it? There is still a great deal of work to be done to get this country out of the chaos of war and to get the refugees and soldiers settled again. Here are some interviews with young people and a teacher in Zimbabwe, and a look at what's happening in the Ministry of Education and Culture.

Some young Zimbabweans out in the veld doing an environmental studies project.



COMRADE NYAMATORE FROM THE EASTERN HIGHLANDS

Comrade Nyamatore is the vice-principal at a primary school on a farm. For classrooms, they use the old manager's house and another brick room. Comrade Nyamatore came to teach here because it was one of the few schools that were open during the war. Now that the war is over, he wants to leave, because he says the company that owns the farm won't do anything for the school. He says he is tired of the bad conditions there. UPBEAT asked Comrade Nyamatore what it was like to teach before the new government: "The Rhodesian government didn't care about the teachers. They spent more money on weapons than on us. There were more beerhalls for Africans than schools.

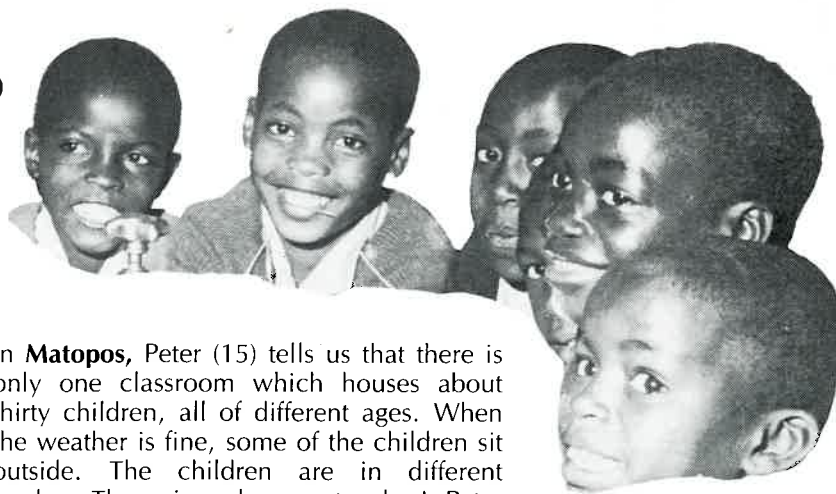
"During the war you couldn't teach a good lesson. You didn't know when a Rhodesian soldier would knock on the door and ask what you were teaching. Then he would take out some of the children that he wanted to question.

Lights and fires had to be out at 7 at night during the war. Also, there were so few textbooks, the pupils couldn't take them home. So there was no homework.

"Now things are different," he says, "now I am free to teach what I believe in. Everybody is free to teach what they think now. The new government has promised to rewrite all the textbooks, starting with history. Now our history has changed. Children must also learn about people in the nearby countries: how they live and about their struggles."

At the front of the school we see some of the pupils' work that they do in the afternoons. On the side, there is a vegetable garden where the older pupils work with things like tomatoes, carrots and mealies. They started the garden a few years ago with 30c, and this last summer they made 48 dollars profit. Some of this money is used to buy prizes for the pupils at the end of the year.

A NEW START?



In **Umtali**, a town very badly hit during the war, we met Darlington (18). Darlington had dropped out of school at the age of fifteen to become a guerilla or "freedom fighter". What made him do this?

"I fought for my people. In 1977 we were very poor. My father had no work. All we had was a small patch of maize, a sick cow and two fowls that we couldn't feed. Now my father has a job. He doesn't earn much, but still we manage.

"Now that the war is over, I will probably go back to school or maybe find a job . . . I'm not sure."

Did he think that many more things would change?

"Yes, but our government still has very many problems. For ninety years we (i.e. the majority of the people of Zimbabwe) have been oppressed and for eight years we experienced war. So we must think of this when we speak of change. Change will be slow, but I am sure it will come."

In **Matopos**, Peter (15) tells us that there is only one classroom which houses about thirty children, all of different ages. When the weather is fine, some of the children sit outside. The children are in different grades. There is only one teacher! Peter says that most of the women in his village stay at home and look after the children. Some work in the maize fields, while others are domestic servants in the towns. He thought that women should be given more opportunities and should be educated.

"I do nothing much in my spare time," he said. "We have no libraries and no bioscopes. All we do is sit around and maybe work in the fields. But this will change. We must be patient. We are glad to have our freedom, to go where we please and do as we please."

At **Fort Victoria** we met Charity (15) and asked her what she thought of the new Zimbabwe.

"Things have changed and in 1981 there will be more changes. I am glad that the war has ended. Now we are able to go about freely and live without fear. During the war one could hear the sound of shell fire and in the morning dead bodies would be found in the bush. Sometimes no food would come for days . . . now things are different!"

About education Charity said:

"If you have the money you can go to any school and at one of the better schools here at Fort Victoria there are a few black children. Education is more or less the same as before, there are still good schools and poor schools. The only difference is that during the war when the fighting was intense, the schools would close for months at a time."

Charity felt that equal education would come in the new year. She had not been able to go to school regularly because of the war. She then spoke of her future:

"I want to become a policewoman because that is the highest paid job for a woman and also because I think it is a way of helping my country."

A VISIT TO MR WITT AT THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION AND CULTURE

Before independence, education in Zimbabwe was segregated; there was one department for "Europeans, Asians and Coloureds", and one for "Africans", and they didn't all teach the same things. Now, says Mr Witt, all the children learn the same subjects and use common syllabuses in primary school. The subjects taught are English, Shona or Ndebele, Religion, Maths, Environmental Science, Social Studies and Art and Craft. The ministry thinks that all the children in Zimbabwe will benefit by learning together from the same textbooks and syllabuses.

The ministry's ideas about education have also changed and they have been working on new syllabuses. In the new English syllabus the aim is that it won't just be loads of grammar rules. Now the pupils will learn to use English to **communicate** with other people; ask questions about how to get somewhere; join in an argument about something; describe what something looks like. They must be able to talk about things that are important to them in their daily lives, and they must enjoy doing it.

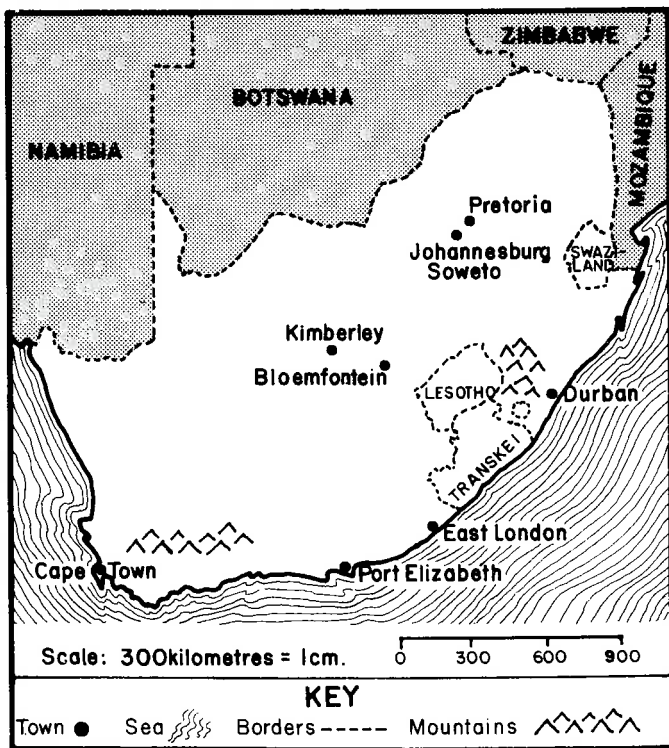
An example of the new English syllabus, is the std. 5 third term textbook — it is a newspaper with photos, articles, adverts and lessons on things like how to answer the phone, and even a crossword. This textbook shows that language isn't dull, it's alive and it's something we need, to get on in this world.

To get on in this world, we also need to understand what is happening in the world. For this reason the ministry's planners have introduced a new, more **relevant** course: Environmental Studies. Here the pupils will learn about the world of people. For example, they might discuss living together, money and wealth, or work. They will also study nature, and what people do with it. Here they might do a project on building a new town, learn about the uses of water or about insects. The aim of this course is to get pupils to understand their environment and to solve the problems in it. The planners feel that if they can do this, the children will help to build a better nation and a better world.

What we can learn from MAPS

MAPS, AS YOU KNOW, are a way of reading certain kinds of information. In the last issue of UPBEAT, you had to find a way to get to your new job. Now someone could tell you how to get there, he or she could write the directions down for you, or he or she could draw you a map. To show you the way on that map, all that you needed were the streets, the robots, the bridge and the way that you had to go.

Not all maps are as simple as that one. There will often be times when you need to put much more information than this onto a map. We looked at physical and political maps in the last issue. Both of these need much more information, and they each need very different information from each other. You know that the information you get on a map is different from the information you get from a photograph. Maps show things by **signs**. When maps have so much information, we will need to find out what everything drawn on the map means, so that we can read it.



Most maps have a **key** next to them. The key explains what the signs on the map mean. So if the key tells you that \approx is the sign for mountains, you know that wherever you see that sign on the map there are mountains in that place. But the key won't explain everything on the map. There are some things that you will have to know before you start reading the key. Before you look at any map, you need to know that the solid black lines around countries show where the countries end. The outer black line around South Africa, for example, shows where the land meets the sea and where South Africa meets Namibia,

Botswana, Zimbabwe and other countries. We call these black lines around countries "borders".

These borders are often clearer on maps than they are in reality. On the map you can see a black line. But when you are travelling from one country to another, it is not so easy to see. There is no black line running across the country, like a big black fence. Between South Africa and Lesotho, for example, there are border posts, like gates where anybody who goes from Lesotho into South Africa or from South Africa to Lesotho, is checked. But in some places there are no border posts, and you can't be sure **exactly** when you've gone from one country to the other.

There are three black rings inside South Africa. Two of these are small countries, Lesotho and Swaziland. Why are these two countries inside a bigger country? The third ring is Transkei, which is also supposed to be a separate country. But many people say that Transkei is **not** a separate country, it is part of South Africa. They say that a separate country is ruled by its own leaders, who don't take orders from people in other countries. We would have to learn more about Transkei before we could decide if it is a country in this sense. Also, a country usually has **citizens**, the people who live in that country. But many of Transkei's citizens live outside Transkei, in South Africa itself. In the Africa series, we will read about how borders sometimes divide people who speak the same language and share the same culture. This has happened in parts of North Africa. Then it does not seem to make sense to have the border there. Sometimes countries even fight about where the borders between themselves should be. For example, Egypt and Israel have been fighting about the Sinai desert for 20 years.

Another thing that you need to know, is that on political maps the black dots show where cities are. It's difficult to think of a city the size of Johannesburg or Cape Town being only a dot on the map. It shows how things are different on a map from real life.

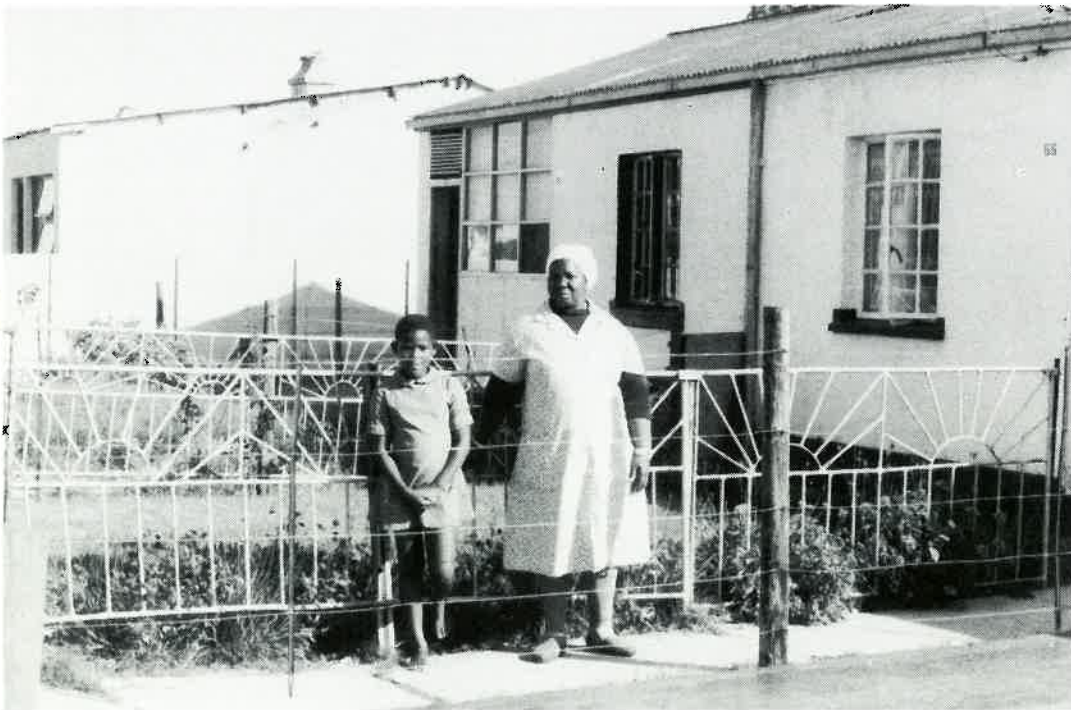
But even if keys don't tell you about borders or cities, they will tell you about all the other things that you can see on the map. Here is a key to a map of South Africa: We can see on the key a **scale**, which shows distances between places. This scale tells you that 1 cm on the map is the same as 200 kilometres in reality. For example, on the map Johannesburg and Cape Town are 8 cm apart. Your scale tells you that 1 cm is equal to 200 km, so you must multiply 8 cm by 200 km. This gives you 1 600 km, which is how far Cape Town is from Johannesburg in reality. So although Cape Town and Johannesburg are very close together on the map — only 8 cm apart — it will take two days and a night to travel from Johannesburg to Cape Town. And if you were to walk from Johannesburg to Cape Town, it would take about a month!

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO

Try making a map with a key yourself. You may already have drawn a map in the last issue, but now you can use a key with your map. You can choose your own signs for the things that you want to show, and you can make up your own key. This means that you can show anything at all on your map — fields, buildings, shops, special places where things happened or other kinds of information — where a gang meets, for example. As you did last time, start with your own house or flat. Then draw in any other houses around it that you want in your map, and fill in the

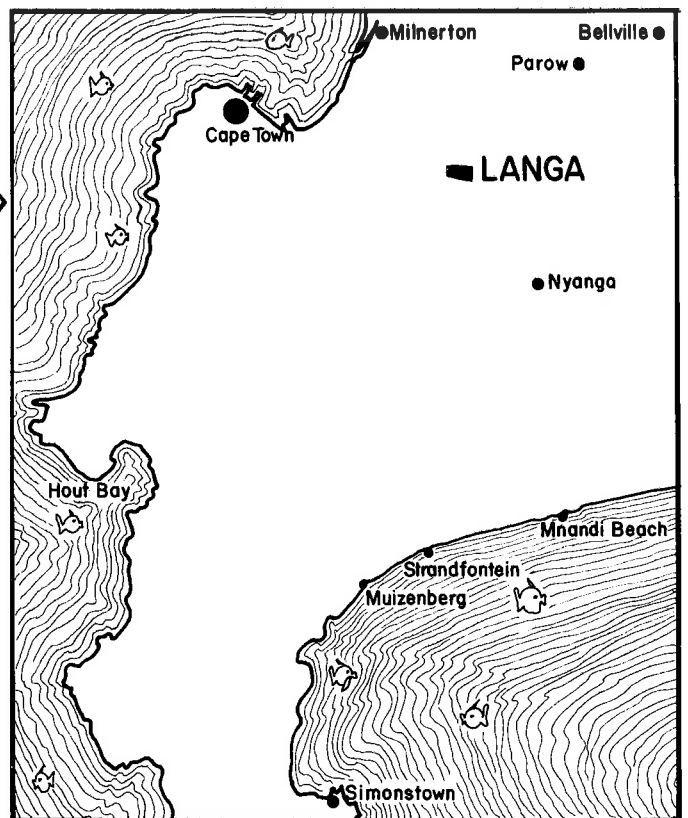
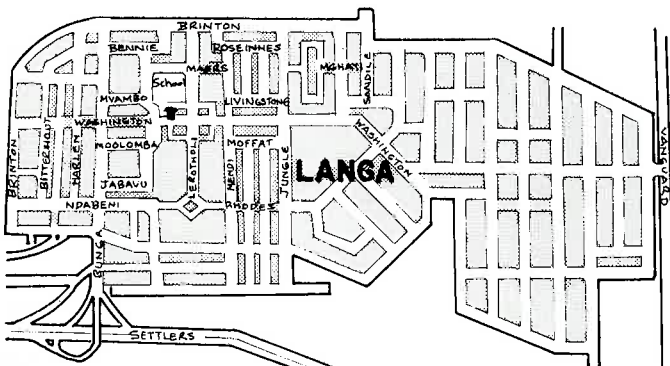
streets. If the streets are straight, draw them straight. If they curve, you must draw them that way. Then you can put in any kind of information that you want to show on your map.

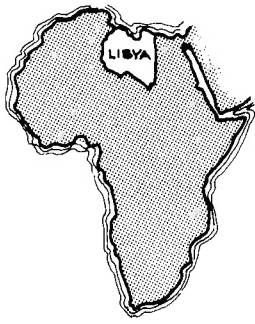
To show distances, you can put your own scale into your map. If it takes you 300 steps to get from one end of a street to the other, and the street is 1 cm long on your map, then your scale will show that 1 cm = 300 steps. If you want to, send your map to UPBEAT, P.O. Box 39, Claremont 7735, C.P., with your name and address. We will print as many as we have space for. This way UPBEAT readers can get to know about the places where other UPBEAT readers live.



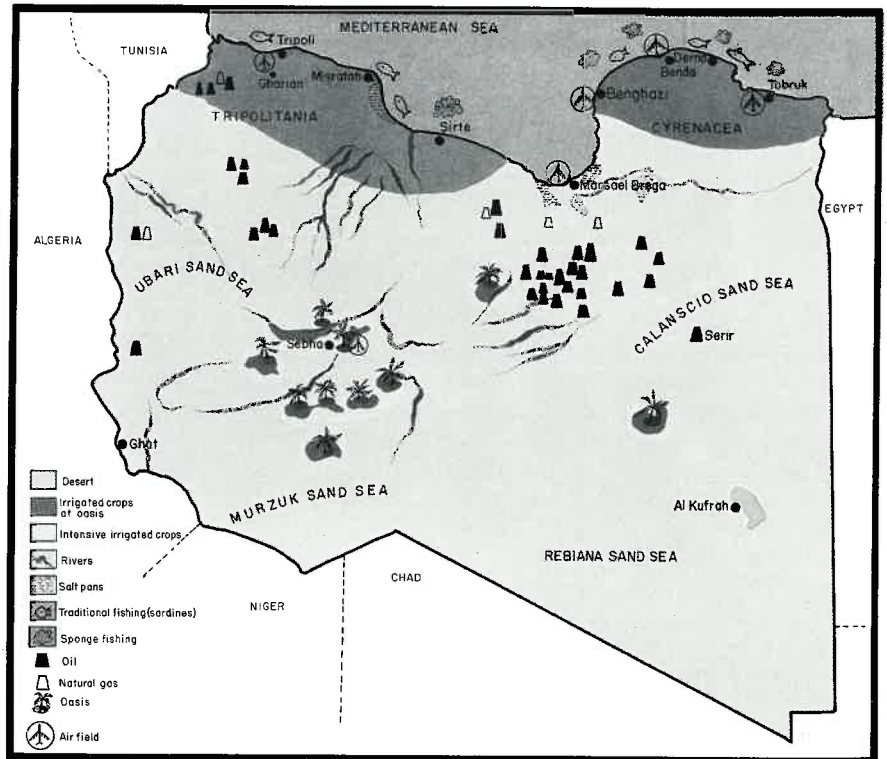
TURN TO PAGE 31
FOR THE MAP
THAT WILL
TAKE YOU
TO THE FARM →

This is a photograph of Mrs Mshudulu and Bridget Mshudulu outside their home in Langa, Cape Town. You can see what their house looks like. On the map of Langa you would be able to find the Mshudulu home, but it would be very small and you would not be able to tell what it looks like. On this map of Cape Town you can see that Langa is only shown as a small township. Not even the streets are put in. You wouldn't be able to find the Mshudulu's house at all. Now look at the map of South Africa. On that map Langa isn't even shown, because the whole of Cape Town is just a dot. So you can see how different things look on a map from real life.





AFRICA...



FROM GHAT TO BEIDA

(The words in *italic writing* are explained at the end of the article)

ONCE WE CROSS the border between Algeria and Libya, we find that the land hasn't changed much. Most of the country is desert, just like Algeria. We also find very few people in the desert here, just like in Algeria.

One thing that disturbs the peace and sameness of the Libyan desert is the oil wells. Although the desert is dry and little farming can be done, it has something rich to offer from below the ground: oil. We can imagine how different this country must be since oil was discovered in 1956.

In the Sirte Basin where most of the oil wells are (find it on your map) we meet Mr and Ms Zehar. They work in the area, and they have lots to tell us about how Libya has changed. They are both 60, so they remember Libya well from the old days:

"Before, the desert was bare, except for people and animals here and there. Now there are oil wells, and the people who used to work on the farms of the Italians have come to work at the wells—like us."

When the Italians took over parts of Libya early this century, they took much of the good farmland away from the Libyan people. This meant that many Libyans couldn't farm their own land; they had to go to work on Italian farms. We will learn more about the Italians when we meet Malek and Aisha.

We do notice many signs of oil drilling, especially as we go through the Sirte Basin. What happens to the oil from here, we wonder? It is carried to the sea ports in big pipes under the ground. Once it arrives at the ports, it is loaded onto big oil tankers — ships that take it to other parts of the world. Most of Libya's oil goes to Europe.

When we get to the sea after the Sirte Basin, we will visit a port called Marsael Brega. This town was especially built, in fact, to handle the oil as it came out of the pipes.

There are other ways in which oil has changed the face of Libya. Ms Zehar says: "Libya is a very rich country now. They tell us it is one of the richest countries in Africa. After World War 2, Yusuf was working at the Tripoli harbour. All that Libya had to sell to other countries at the time was scrap metal from weapons used here during the war. Now Libya sells so many barrels of oil a year that the harbours are really busy. Life is so much busier these days," they continue. "The cities have grown so much."



An oil well in the desert

LIBYA

Things are being built all the time. It's better now. Our grandchildren go to school. We weren't so lucky."

The oil from under the ground won't last for ever. So Libya uses some of the profits from the oil sales to build factories and improve farming. A lot of the profits also go to what are called "public services" — better schools, eye hospitals, T.B. clinics and more roads. This has meant more work in the towns, ports and at the oil wells. With better wages, people have more money to spend, so there are more shops in the town.

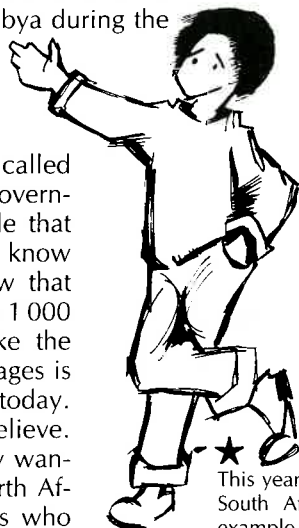
With more money, Libya can do something about the dryness of the desert. The head of Libya, Colonel Gaddafi, says that he wants to make Libya as rich and green as it was 1 000 years ago. One of the things that people can do is to lay pipes from the rivers or wells through to the farms. In pipes, none of the water gets lost. But if the water ran along the ground, much of it would evaporate before it reached the farms. Also, farmers can cover their crops with sheets of plastic. This keeps the water inside the plants from evaporating into the air.

From Marsael Brega we travel back through the desert into the part of Libya called Cyrenacea. As we get nearer the sea again, the land becomes greener and we see small farms and herds of cows, goats and sheep. We soon arrive at Beida, the capital of Libya.



In Beida we have a date to meet Malek and Aisha, a brother and a sister who are students at the El Beida University. Malek and Aisha speak Arabic, which is the official language of Libya. They can speak to us in English though, because this is the second most important language in Libya and they learnt it at school. Malek has been studying *Ancient History* and Aisha has been studying Arabic. Aisha says that she is very lucky to be able to go to university. Most families send their sons rather than their daughters to university. They expect the daughters to stay at home until they get married. After we have some tea, Malek tells us what he knows about Libya during the time which he is studying:

"First of all, there wasn't always a country called 'Libya' with a border around it and one government. We can't go back to the first people that lived in North Africa, because we don't know enough about the life, then. We do know that amongst the different people that lived here 1 000 years ago, though, were those who spoke the Berber languages. One of the Berber languages is Tuareg, and these people still live in Libya today. You have already met them in Algeria, I believe. The Berbers were mostly nomadic and they wandered around the grasslands of ancient North Africa with their animals. Some were traders who went along the Trans-Saharan trade routes, taking goods to the markets and ports.



Tripolitania, the capital of Libya

The history of this area is very similar to that of the other countries in North Africa. They were ruled by peoples from over the seas for about 2 000 years, then in the nineteenth century they became *independent*. The first people who came from other lands to colonize Libya were the Phoenicians. They sailed out from the Middle East in boats and conquered much of North Africa. After them came the Greeks, then the Romans, from the Mediterranean. During the Roman times the land was well irrigated. Water was brought from rivers, lakes and wells to the farms. Much of the food that was grown was taken back to Rome, though.

★ In about 600 A.C.E. (usually called A.D.), the Arabs came to North Africa. They brought with them the Arab religion, Islam, and the Arab language, Arabic. These people were also mostly nomads, like the Berbers, but they brought a new animal with them: the camel. Weather changes all over the world, as well as the grass-eating habits of the camels and goats, have changed the Sahara into desert over the years. Many different Arab nations ruled over this part of the world, like the Turks in the 1800's. They didn't have that much effect on the lives of the nomads in the south, though. They were more interested in the two small bits that stick out into the sea, Tripolitania and Cyrenacea. This is where most of the trading and the best farming was done, and this is mostly what the rulers were interested in. When Italy took over this part of North Africa in the 1900's, they gave Libya the borders it has today."

Malek went on to explain:

"I don't know whether you've discussed this before in the Africa series, but in most cases in Africa, the borders that countries have were put there by the colonists from over the seas. These were the ones who decided where Algeria ends and where Libya begins, or whether Zimbabwe and South Africa are different countries or not."

This year 600 is a date in the Western Christian calendar, that we use in South Africa today. There are other ways to count the years, for example, the Chinese or Hebrew calendar. The year 1, according to the Christian calendar, is the year when Jesus Christ was supposed to have been born.

AFRICA... LIBYA

Continued from Page 9

Here Aisha took over the story:

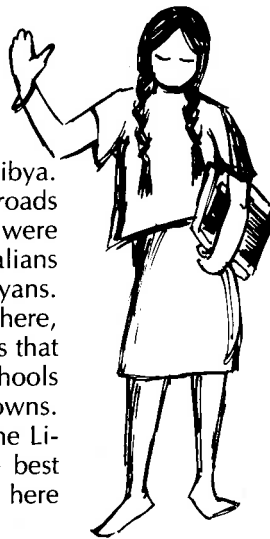
"People argue about what Italy did for Libya. Some say that the Italians built fantastic roads through the country. But then, these roads were only in the area near the sea where the Italians came to live. It didn't help most of the Libyans. Then the Italians built many schools down here, too. But they taught Italian, and what good is that language in North Africa? Also, these schools only helped the wealthier Muslims in the towns. There weren't enough of them to serve **all** the Libyan children. They also took some of the best land near the coast away from the people here and gave it to the Italian farmers.

Anyway, by the time that Libya became independent in 1951, with King Idriss as its leader, it was one of the poorest countries in Africa. When oil was discovered in 1956, it brought lots of money to the country. But the money went to a few people, and the rest of the people remained poor. They say King Idriss was *corrupt* and that he didn't do the best for his people. These are some of the reasons why in 1968 some people tried to take over the country. They failed, but in the next year a group of young army men tried the same thing. In one and a half hours they took over the whole of the country, even the police! The leader of this band was Muammar Al-Gaddafi, who was 27 years old at the time.

Muammar Al-Gaddafi is about 39 now, and he is still the head of Libya. Many people say that he is crazy. They say he is always interfering with world affairs. The country is so rich, he also uses the money to make his country powerful. He has given money and arms to fighters in other parts of Africa. He has helped Idi Amin, who used to be the president of Uganda. If you can remember how many people hated Idi Amin, you can see why people think Gaddafi is crazy. Libya also



Colonel Muammar Al-Gaddafi



gets on very badly with its next-door neighbour, Egypt. This is because Egypt made peace with Israel, a country it had been fighting on and off for 22 years. You will probably learn more about Egypt and Israel when you get to Egypt, so I won't go into that whole story."

Aisha wanted to tell us a little more about Gaddafi:

"This man might interfere a lot with things he shouldn't, but in some ways he has done a lot for the people of Libya, especially the poor. Gaddafi began the 'Third Revolutionary Force' that is neither capitalist, like France or America, nor Communist like Russia or Mozambique. His new force is about Islam and Socialism, he claims. Through it he has set about taking away wealth and property from those who have it, and giving it to those who don't. For example, he decided that no one should own more than one house, and no one should pay rent to other people. The government went ahead to pay out the people for their extra houses and to give these to people who used to have to pay rent before. This made many people angry and a lot of fighting broke out because of this.

Gaddafi called to working people to take over factories and businesses, and some of them did this. He said that although people could save, they shouldn't make money at the *expense* of other people. These new decisions to take wealthy people's and organisations' property away was supposed to be against the law of the Koran, the Holy Book of Islam. Even though Gaddafi is a Muslim himself, he still had many Muslim preachers punished because he said they were against the new order. He called those he punished 'atheists', that is, people who don't believe in God. He said Muslims must not be conservative and keep things as they are, they must be revolutionary and want change. 'Libyans must be the first to join in the Islamic Revolution and the age of *technology*.' "

"But Aisha, can we just change the laws of a religion like this? And will the changed religion still be Islam, or a new religion?" Malek wanted to know.

Aisha wasn't too sure how she felt on this one. What do you think? Can people just decide to change the laws of a religion today? Or are the laws laid down by God or a high priest, to remain the same forever? Can we say that Islam or Christianity *must* be revolutionary religions, and if we do believe this, then why and how do we see this happening?

Aisha and Malek were in a bit of a hurry, but they helped us get our tickets to go by sea to Egypt. We should get there by the next issue.

ancient — from a time long past. We talk about the Ancient Greek, Roman and Egyptian states, which came about before and a little after the year 1 in the Christian calendar.

independent — not being ruled by other or outside groups.

corrupt — rotten, immoral or takes bribes.

expense — cost, or in this case, harm (as a cost).

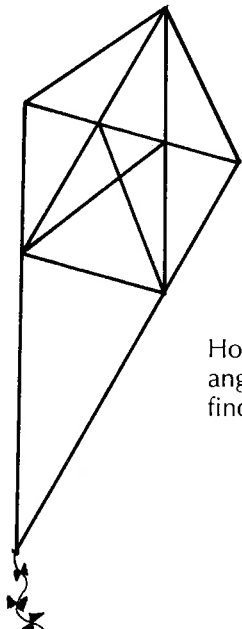
technology — science of factory and machine-making. We usually use the word to mean the factories, machines and transport of modern, wealthy countries.

century — the Christian western calendar measures the years in 100 (hundred) year periods called "centuries". The century we live in, from 1900 to 1999 is called the "twentieth century".

PUZZLE PAGE



Three women, each with two daughters, went into a room. There were only 7 chairs, but all of them had a chair to sit on. How do you work this out?

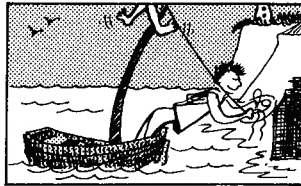


How many triangles can you find in this kite?

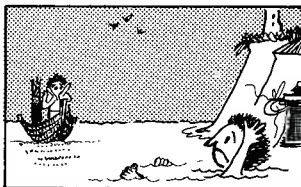
Draw arrows to show where the pictures go.



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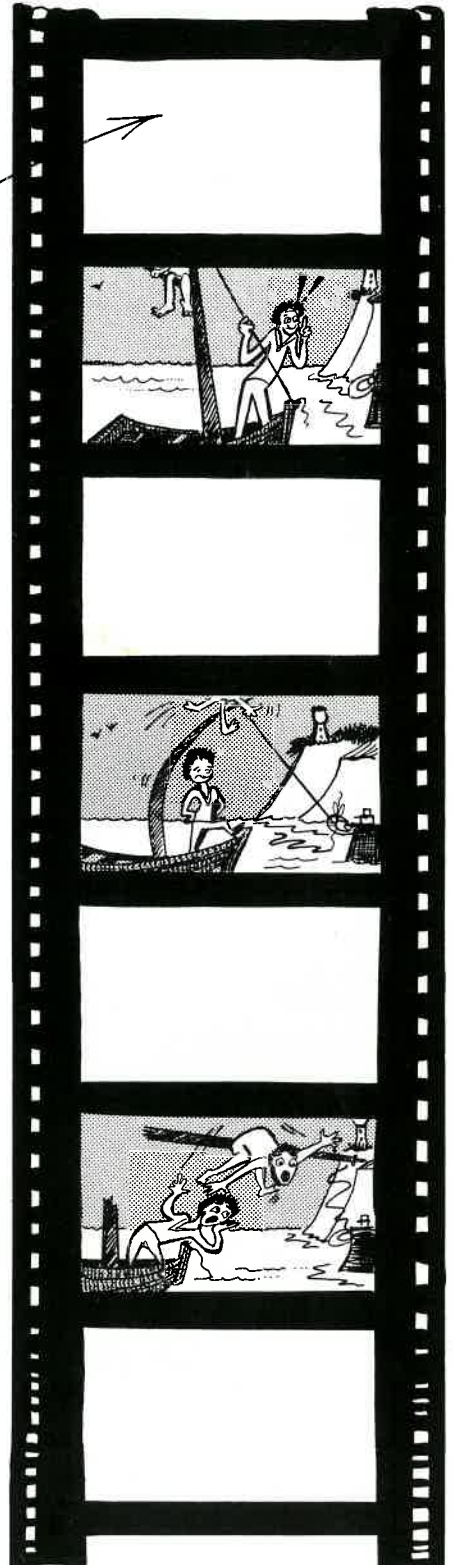
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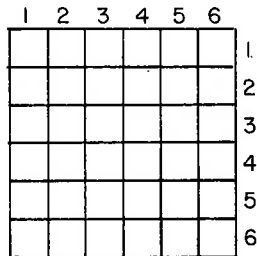
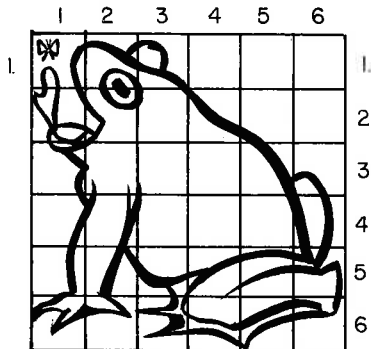
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ANSWERS ON PAGE 31



Teach yourself to copy by using this simple grid method. Draw the frog to size in the smaller block.

MAGGIE'S FIRST READER

BY BILL NAUGHTON

adapted by Upbeat

This story is about a hardworking Irish housewife who learns to read and write. The effects reading and writing have on Maggie (and her family) are quite something. It certainly gives her husband and son quite a shock to discover that women aren't just made for cleaning and cooking.

The best housewife in Clegg Row was Maggie Gregory. Always a good smell of steak-and-kidney pie or stew around the door at dinner-time. And three days a week at tea-time you got that old-fashioned smell of home-baked bread as you went by.

"I wouldn't let a bought loaf across my doorstep," Maggie used to say. As for her family eating fish and chips or a bought pie, Maggie wouldn't hear of it. She had five well-fed youngsters at school, and Harry, the husband, was a nice, easy-going chap, a glass-blower at Yorrock's.

"It's queer, you know," a neighbour would say of Maggie behind her back. "I never did see a Catholic family so fussy and hard-working. Funny thing, she goes off to Mass every Sunday with the prayer-book in her hand, but she can't read a word."

The new rector, Father O'Flaherty, was shocked when he discovered this. "A fine respectable wife and mother like yourself, ma'am," he said, "that can't understand the written word. Tell me, why is that?"

"I were only eight," said Maggie, "when me ma died. I hadn't been much to school at the time, an' being the only girl, I had to get stuck into the housework. Not," she added, "as I regret it, when I see some of them as have been educated."

"But this will never do, woman," said the priest. "You attend the mass — but how can you follow?"



"I can follow, but I don't know what it all means, Father".

"You don't have to," he said crossly, "but read you must, a woman like you."

Just as he was leaving, the twelve-year old son came in from school.

"Ah, Timothy," said the priest, "just the man I need. Will you teach your mother to read?"

"I'll try, Father".

"Then let there be no mistake about it. Start her off with 'Tom filled his can at the well.' I'll call in 2 weeks' time, my boy, and if your mother can't read by then, you'll answer to me."

Timothy nagged and bullied his mother for the next 14 days. But she had no time to sit and rest, and he would follow her about the house, trying to get her to do words like 'cat' and 'dog'.

"Now leave her be," Harry would say, "she's managed up till now, an' very well at that. I've never complained that she couldn't read."

But the boy kept on, for he went in fear of Father O'Flaherty. Near midnight on the thirteenth day, he gave her the final lesson. Suddenly and clearly, she read out: "Tom filled his can at the well."

"Now read it backward," said Timothy. And she did.

"Oh, champion, Mum," he cried.

But then he looked at her in wonder, for a strange light shone in her eyes. She walked around the kitchen, reading out loud the words on tins and boxes that she'd looked on blankly for so many years.

"To make delicious cocoa. Use twice as much sugar as cocoa. Mix thoroughly while . . . Stir one cupful of oats into one cupful of cold water . . . Granulated sugar. Untouched by hand."

"Who's that?" Harry shouted from upstairs.

"It's Mum," yelled Timothy in alarm. "Come down,



dad, will you — she's readin' away like mad an' won't stop."

Harry came banging downstairs and stood there in his shirt watching his wife and listening to the words. Now she started reading out of the prayer-book. "Thou art beautiful above the sons of men . . ." She read on, not hearing her family, and Harry turned to the boy. "See what you've done, lad?" he said with a shake of his head. "She were the best wife in the row, but God only knows where this'll end."

From that night on the printed word fascinated Maggie. Where once she had cooked a delicious pudding without a thought, she now spent much time reading the "Directions for Use". But the reading matter on labels wasn't enough, and soon the house was filled with love and murder magazines. Soon Maggie began to take out hard-covered books from the library, that she read until late every night.

BOUGHT PIES

The home suffered. Once she fell under the spell of the printed page, Maggie forgot about time and place. She often left the mopping of the doorstep until late Saturday afternoon, and her washing was done in dribs and drabs. The meals were often burnt, or were made up of bought pies, tomatoes, and bread and butter.

"Hang it, woman," Harry once roared. "You know this ready-made bread gives me wind. When are we going to see some good home-baked bread again, I'd like to know?"

Father O'Flaherty called in one dinner to find Maggie deep in War and Peace. She was sitting up beside a cold hearthstone, Harry's old Army topcoat fastened up to her chin.

"See what you've done, Father?" remarked Harry, taking an angry bite at a sardine-paste sandwich. "A right good housewife she were, but you had to stick your nose in an' make her read. It were interferin' with nature."

"Oh, there's nothin' for it, man," groaned the priest, "but interferin' again. Alas, too late to unteach her, but no home can go on like this."

Harry and the priest tried to think up an answer, and they came up with the idea of a Reading Day.

"I'm a fair chap, Maggie, as you well know," said Harry, "an' me an' Father O'Flaherty reckon this to be a liberal offer. We set aside every Thursday for reading — from midnight to midnight, see? That's not to say you can't snatch an hour now an' again, lass, just see that you have meals on time, or near enough. But on this day every week you do nothing but read — till your eyes ache."

Maggie, a fair woman herself, accepted the offer. On Thursday mornings Harry would quietly place a breakfast tray beside her bed, and Maggie would go on reading all day — inside, then outside in the sun. And the family would be quieter than mice during the evening, while Maggie read away. They certainly knew her worth now; at one time they had taken everything she did for them for granted.

For a time it all worked nicely, until one evening Harry went chasing off after Father O'Flaherty. Timothy went with him.

"Oh, what have we to do, Father?" Harry cried. "She's given it up. Says there's nothing in most books that she couldn't write better herself."

"I'm sure she could," said the priest, "but what's all the fuss about?"

"Because that's just what she is doing!" exploded

Harry. "House is full of pencils an' paper. She says she's going to put things down just as they are, and have it all printed in one of them hard-cover books."

"Ah, sure, no one would read it anyway," said the priest, "for can't they see things the way they are all the time?"

"But what can I do, Father? It's worse than her reading. I can't get a word in nor out."

"Nothing — do nothing at all," said the priest flatly. "It's not for us to interfere further, man. We must accept the fact that your wife is a very remarkable woman."

"Ee, what a pity," sighed Harry sadly, "a chap likes his woman to be ordinary."

Father and son walked home in silence. As they walked into Clegg Row, Harry looked at Timothy and thought he spotted a glint of pride in the boy's eyes.

"Huh," was all he said.

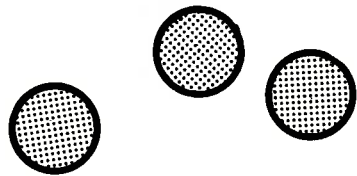
"Washing-up's waiting, Dad," said Timothy. "Shall we get down to it?"

"This book'll take her years," said his father with a sigh.

"If it's like her cooking and her baking, Dad, it will be well worth waiting for."



Acknowledgement: UPBEAT is grateful to Pergamon Press for permission to adapt and use this story.



Street Beat

Most of us enjoy playing or watching sport, and some of us are probably very confused about the whole sport and politics argument in this country. There are people who feel that sport is sport and politics is politics, and that the two don't go together. Then there are people who feel that politics and sport do go together, and that for example sport in South Africa *can't* be normal, because the political situation of the country isn't normal. S.A.C.O.S. is an organisation who believe this, and you can read more about it in the articles by Vernon Pelston and Chris Morrison. South Africa isn't the only country where sport and politics is an issue. For example, last year about 21 countries boycotted the Olympic Games in Russia, because they felt that Russia was wrong to have invaded Afghanistan. You can read more about the Olympic Games in nex month's UPBEAT. Please write to UPBEAT at P.O. Box 39, Claremont 7735, C.P., and give us your views about politics and sport.

SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA by Vernon Pelston from Heideveld in the Cape

My opinion about normal sport in South Africa, is that I don't think that we can play normal sport now.

I won't be able to play with whites because of this Apartheid system. They have all the equipment and all the facilities. Why must you play with whites if you can't go into the same toilet when you play sports together? Why must you not drink a beer with them afterwards in a bar? They would rather throw you out because you are black. I know our sports would improve if we played with whites, but that can't happen because of the discrimination in this country.

Let's take the case of Errol Tobias. Last year the Springbok team toured South America and they just took him with to show that there is normal sport in South Africa. They told him that he has made history now, that he is the first black player to play for South Africa. But what about our grandfathers and great-grandfathers; haven't they already played for South Africa? This country wants to impress other countries and show that in South Africa there is mixed sport. But when Errol Tobias became a big name in white sport, he left his "coloured" club where he learnt his rugby.

I think that the Springbok tour of New Zealand should not take place, because politics and sports go together. It is impossible to play non-racial sport here. Many countries and South Africa are hit by the blacklist. These countries will not be able to play sports with South Africa. Other countries don't support the South African sport because of the discrimination here.

This ugly part of life in our country is sabotaging the aspirations of future generations.

S.A.C.O.S. by Chris Morrison, who works in a newspaper library

S.A.C.O.S. is a country-wide organization which is trying to promote non-racial sport in this country. The president of the South African Council on Sport (S.A.C.O.S.), Mr Hassan Howa, has finally quit leadership of the organiza-

tion. In his place is Mr Morgan Naidoo. His soft, trembling voice hides the position he has taken up since Mr Howa stepped down. I believe people should not be fooled by Mr Naidoo's manner, because he is even tougher than Mr Hassan Howa. Mr Morgan Naidoo's stand is, as he said, not anti-white, but anti-racist.

The first thing that Mr Naidoo should do, is send a copy of S.A.C.O.S. policy to each and every school for all junior sports people to understand. He should be one up on Mr Howa, who spoke about non-racial sport but never made anything clear to the junior sports people. An interesting thing happened in Bonteheuwel, in the Cape: the Metropolitan Football Union withdrew from the Western Province Football Board and nobody explained the whole matter to any of the junior players. Confusion was spread, because if scholars stay with the Metropolitan Football Union they won't be able to participate in any of the school sports. What now? Nobody has told them what it is all about. I hope somebody does something about the confusion. Maybe Mr Naidoo can and will be able to do something about the whole scene and make it clear to the sports people what it is that's expected of them.

Johnny Halberstadt. Photo courtesy of The Argus



SPORT IN S.A.

HOW POLITICS HAS AFFECTED SOME PLAYERS' CAREERS:

In July 1980 **Gerry Magobolo** of Guguletu was threatened with death for running with a mostly white club, the Celtic Harriers. His answer to this was: I don't want to mix politics with sport. I am a runner not a politician and because there are no colour bars among the athletes, I will run with whom I like. I run for a white club because their facilities are better and their training programmes are more intensive. My decision has nothing to do with politics.

In January 1981 Gerry was going to America on an athletics scholarship. Nearly 1 000 students came to his house and threatened to kill him and his family. They said he must not have anything to do with white education, but that he must identify with the school boycott. Gerry's answer in the newspaper was, "I'm not going. My life is more important than my education. I have seen both sides now and I must be with my people".

In the All-Africa running marathon in Durban in 1979, **Johnny Halberstadt** was jeered and even called "Kaffir-boetie". This was because he refused Springbok Colours. He said that Springbok colours were not given to black athletes who had run for the country in the past. He was "against sporting prejudice generally". He was also upset because a black athlete, Matthews Motshwarateu, couldn't get a passport in time to go to an American University.

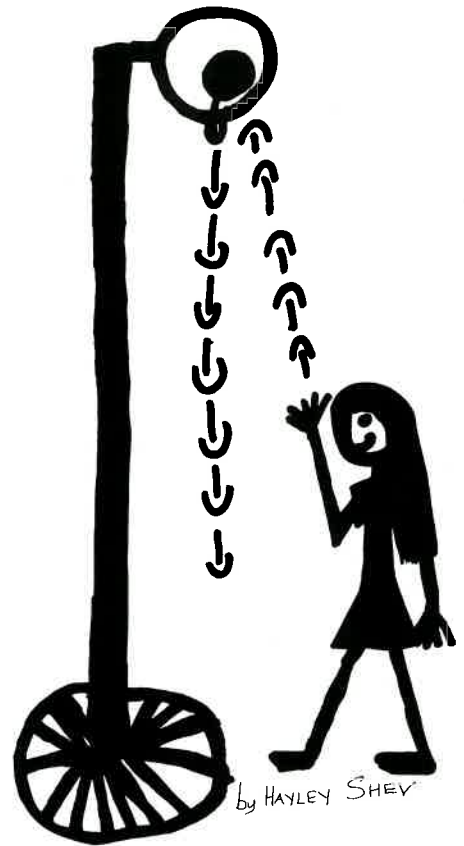
Miley Ajam of Port Elizabeth left "non-racial" sport to play soccer and hockey with white teams. In April 1981 he said he wanted to return to "non-racial" sport: "I want to play non-racial sport again. I know I'm a defector but I now believe it is impossible to play normal sport in an abnormal society. I played soccer and hockey in the normal leagues — but that does not mean that I returned home after matches loving the whites with whom I played! He didn't think that the "non-racial" teams would have him back again, and he was very depressed about it.

normal sport — where all the players have the same opportunities.

abnormal society — where people are not treated as equals. The argument here is that if people don't all have equal opportunities in society, how can they be equal in sport? And if they are not equal, then why play with whites? This would only allow South Africa to say to the rest of the world that there is equality in sport. The people under S.A.C.O.S. call their sport "non-racial" because they refuse to play sport with the people who make the "racial" laws of the country.

BLACK RUGBY IN THE EASTERN CAPE How sport can lead to politics

Rugby came to places like Port Elizabeth and Grahams-town in the 1880s. It became very popular, not only amongst the players, but amongst the rest of the community too. The black players of the Eastern Cape used to belong to the South African African Rugby Board. They were unhappy with this rugby board for many reasons: (1) The players were very poor, and they played under very poor conditions. Money was a big problem for the teams,



and they felt that the people who controlled the money their teams did have, were using it badly and keeping some of it for themselves. (2) The P.E. players were upset when the P.E. branch refused to call off a game that was supposed to take place at the same time as the funeral of one of their players. (3) Some of the players were unhappy about taking part in sport "multi-national" events, like the S.A. games in 1971 or the Lions tour of 1974.

10 teams left the African Rugby Board and formed a new union of their own, the Kwazakhele Rugby Union (KWARU). They had a hard time getting off the ground, because the African Rugby Board made it very difficult for them to play. They joined the "coloured" rugby union, South African Rugby Union, which was prepared to have the black teams. KWARU now had to organise funds and sports grounds on their own because they weren't allowed to use the big P.E. stadium, or even announce their games over Radio Bantu anymore. The Government sports bodies refused to accept "black" teams in a "coloured" union. Now the community came to help them raise funds and build a new stadium. KWARU and the Union that it belonged to, SARU, began to realize just how much the political system in this country affects their positions as sports players and sports unions. In fact, KWARU president wrote in the 2nd souvenir programme, "All we want is to share the triumphs of our country as a whole on the different sporting avenues at home as well as abroad. But this won't happen if we accept the government policy of being divided into different ethnic groups."

Many of the people who helped to raise funds for KWARU learnt so much about politics through sport, that they went so far as to become involved in political work in their own communities, and one or two were detained for this work over the last two years.

multinational — where "black", "white" and "coloured" teams compete, but they train separately and, of course, live in separate areas, so although they might play together, they are still not equal.

OIL — where it comes

THE TANKER These giant-sized ships take the oil from the country where it is drilled to the country where it is going to be refined. But these aren't the only two countries involved. Take the Afran Zodiac, a tanker that was carrying oil from Kuwait to Korea, in 1978. The ship was owned by Americans, but it was built in Japan and it was registered in Libya. It was insured by a company in Britain, and the people working on the ship were from Italy. There are many reasons why this kind of thing happens, but a lot has to do with money. For example, if a ship is registered in America, it must employ American workers and they must earn standard American wages, by law. If the ship isn't registered in America, it can use cheaper labour — like Italian workers.

One French tanker, Bellamya, is eleven storeys high and about a quarter of a mile long. And it isn't even one of the biggest! With all these massive pieces of metal floating through the sea, it is only natural that accidents should happen.



OIL SPILLS These accidents have had terrible effects on the sea. Thousands of birds killed. There have also been some serious accidents. There was a terrible shipwreck off the Natal Coast. In two days the oil and the beaches were thick with mud. This kind of water are needed for food. If they die, many people will go hungry.



THE DRILLING RIG Here is a drilling rig that works on land, although there are many oil rigs that drill for oil in the ground under the sea.

At the end of the pipe is the drill bit, with metal or even diamond "teeth". These teeth cut into the rock as the drill pipe goes round. Once the bit reaches the oil, the "crude" oil pours out of the hole. The same pressure of the heavy rocks and earth that made the oil, now forces the oil out of the hole into the air.



Then the oil is led off into pipes. These pipes go under the sea, under the ground or over the land, till they reach tankers. These are ships that will take the oil to other parts of the world, or to the refineries.

HOW DID THERE COME TO BE OIL UNDER THE GROUND?

Scientists aren't exactly sure how oil was formed, but they do know that it happened millions of years ago. They think that oil was formed from bits of plants and tiny sea animals that sank to the bottom of the sea, or to the bottom of lakes. They sank down into layers of soft rock, along with gas and water. With the movement of the earth's surface, many of these areas with rotting material became trapped by sections of hard rock. With time and the heaviness of the rock around it, the matter became what we call oil today. Many of these oily, spongy areas are now in the middle of big continents, not under the sea.

from, and what we do with it...



FIRE AT SEA One of the most serious sea accidents off the South African coast was in 1977. Two tankers, the Venpet and the Venoil, were sailing towards each other off the Cape Coast. The Venpet was empty, but the Venoil was full of oil from Iran. There was heavy fog and the one ship made a mistake in its steering. The two ships crashed and the Venpet burst into flames. The chief engineer of the ship, Ka Ming-Chen, was in the lift when it happened:

"It happened in seconds. I felt a slight bump. We were cruising at 14 knots. Then the fire started. It was like striking a match. The fire spread everywhere. It started in the fo'c'sle and there was another in the engine room. I ran on the deck.

"Everyone was in a panic. We were rushing around not knowing exactly what to do. You couldn't see. The smoke was so thick. In minutes the ship was thick with smoke.

"The deck grew hot under our feet. The men tried to rush up front away from the fire, which was carried by the wind. Fourteen men were trapped up front. They were cut off from the life-boat by the fire. Twenty-six men jumped into two life-boats and went away with the water burning around them."

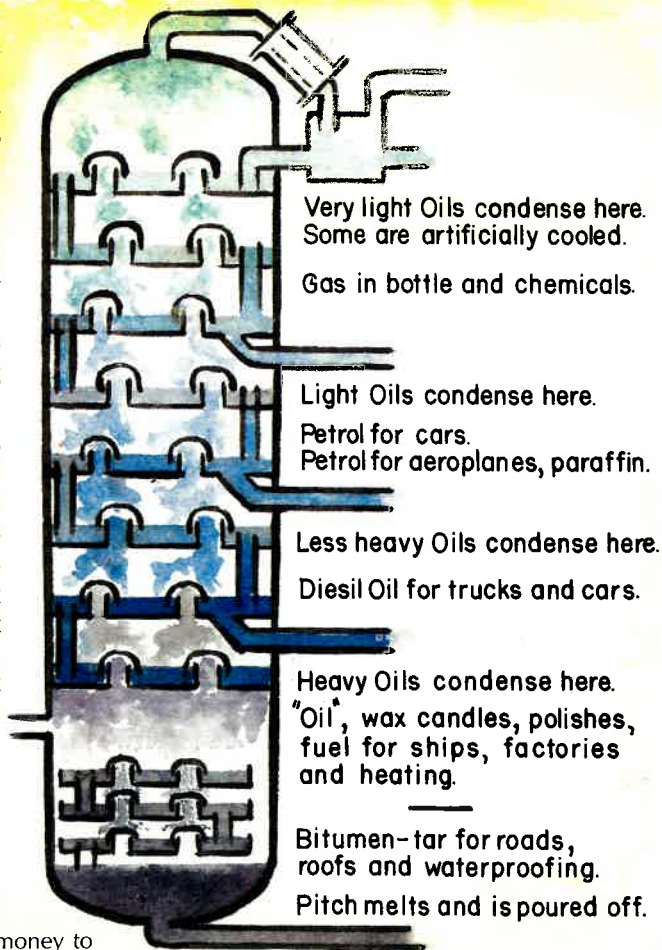
: fishing boats have been messed up, fish poisoned and
ills off the South African Coast. In 1979, two years ago,
millions of fish were killed in the thick mud formed by
water pollution is very serious. For one thing, fish in the



AT THE REFINERY Here the "crude oil" is separated by heating into the different kinds of oil that are used all over the world. After this, the different oils are treated with chemicals, till they are in the form to be used.

You can see from the chart how useful oil is, but the chart doesn't show how much damage oil does to the water and air: many factories use oil for energy and this gives off terrible fumes. Many cars on the road also give off evil-smelling gas. Together with coal, oil causes most of the air pollution. This is what we breathe in, in the big cities.

FRACTIONATING TOWER The place where the different oils are separated by heating is called the "fractionating tower". The crude oil is heated to 400°C by the heater. As it passes through the different heat levels, different kinds of oil are separated off. The heaviest oils become hard at 340°C, whilst the light oils are separated off at 260°C. If you want to know more about why the different oils become liquid or solid at different temperatures read the Starting Science article on "Condensation".



registered — put on the official list of that country.

insured — when you insure something you pay some money to an insurance company. Then, if anything happens to the thing that you have insured, the insurance company must pay you back enough money to replace it.

LEARNING WITHOUT WRITING

PART 4



In the Learning Without Writing series we've looked at three kinds of learning that is passed on through people's memories and mouths: proverbs, riddles and songs. Here we are going to look at which is better; reading and writing, or not reading and writing. Here are the thoughts of a few people on the subject, but you should decide for yourselves what you think.

Interview with Nombeko, who is fifty. She can't read and write, but wishes she could.

Upbeat: Are you the only one in the family who can't read?

Nombeko: That's right.

Upbeat: How come?

Nombeko: I was looking after my auntie on a farm in the Karoo, from eight upwards. All my brothers and sisters went to school. My mother and father, too.

Upbeat: When did you stop looking after her?

Nombeko: In 1943, I was thirteen. Ya, I was born on the 17th August, 1930.

Upbeat: Were you upset that you couldn't go to school?

Nombeko: Ya, I was really upset because I saw my little friends go to school and I cried. My aunty and her husband said "no".

Upbeat: Why?

Nombeko: Old-time people don't believe in school. They think if you go to school you waste time. When I came back to Queenstown, my mother sent me to night-school. I was scared of the location at night because it is too rough. There were a lot of soldiers coming around, they were fighting in the war. They were looking for girlfriends at night.

Upbeat: When did you come to Cape Town?

Nombeko: 1952.

Upbeat: Didn't you go to school then?

Nombeko: I was just coming to work. At that time there was no night-school here, or I didn't hear about it.

Upbeat: How do you find your way in new places?

Nombeko: I ask and people tell me. I know the names of the buses I use. In the beginning I asked which bus it is, but now I have learnt the names from seeing them every time.

Upbeat: What is difficult, when you can't read?

Nombeko: If you want to write a letter and you can't find someone to write it for you, then you feel sad. If I ask them to write a letter, they say they are lazy, "why didn't you go to school?" If I am cross, they laugh.

Upbeat: Does everyone know you can't read or write?

Nombeko: Only my family knows. They laugh. They make jokes if they want to tease me, but they still write the letters.

Upbeat: How do you find out about the news?

Nombeko: I heard the Pope was shot on the radio. Then I

saw his picture in the paper. I asked people and they told me it was him.

Upbeat: Do you have a better memory than people who can't read or write?

Nombeko: I think so. I always get scared in case I forget, because I can't read. So I always tell myself, "mustn't forget".

Upbeat: What kind of thing do you remember from long ago?

Nombeko: It was 1957, on a Thursday at the end of the month. It was the first time I tried to go on those moving stairs at the O.K. I didn't jump alright, I rolled all the way down. My stockings were so flattered. I've never been on it again. Or, in the war years; it was 3 o'clock, 1940. The sun went behind the moon and you had to look at it through coloured glass.

Upbeat: What was the date?

Nombeko: I can't remember things the way I used to be before. Before I could remember everything. Now you've got a whole page, isn't that enough?



It is difficult to learn to read and write when you are this age.

A LOOK AT WRITING

Interview with Nicholas. He is 44 and is learning to read and write English, Afrikaans and Xhosa. He stopped learning to read and write when he was 14, in Std. 2 in the Transkei.

Upbeat: Why did you start learning again?

Nicholas: I want to read and write English better.

Upbeat: What things can you read now that you couldn't read before?



How did people remember things from the past, in societies where all these things weren't written down? Most of the history was remembered with the help of songs and stories. These were taught to the young people of every generation by the older people, often around the fire at night. In some African societies there were special people who remembered the history and laws of the people. These people, called "griots" in some places, taught the songs and stories to the others. One griot, Djeli Mamoudou Kayouté, says that the griots only taught the people a little of their learning, but kept the rest of it a secret. Djeli Mamoudou Kayouté begins his story about a famous king of Mali with these words:

"Listen to my word, you who want to know; by my mouth you will learn the history of Mali."

And why should the people of Mali learn history? The griot has already thought of an answer:

"I teach the kings the history of those long dead, so that the lives of past kings might serve them as an example, for the world is old, but the future springs from the past."

The griot has got a lot to say about the whites who colonized Africa, and who brought reading and writing with them:

"Other people use writing to remind them of the past, but this invention has killed their memories. They do not feel the past anymore, because writing doesn't have the warmth of the human voice. The prophets do not write and their words have been all the clearer. What poor learning it is, that is stuck down in dumb books!"

Nicholas: I can read books and comics and English newspapers. I can also use the telephone book — it is much easier now. Now I can also use the dictionary. Before I didn't know how to look for words, with the alphabet.

Upbeat: Has reading helped you, when you go to town or a new place?

Nicholas: If there is writing on the walls, I can read it. I can see if a shop is a chemist or a clothes shop, or a sports shop. Before, I asked anyone I saw in the street. At Cape Town station I know how to look at the board and see what time the Langa train is leaving. I know which platform to go to. Before, I asked, "Which street is this?", "Which street is that?"

Upbeat: How else has reading and writing made a difference?

Nicholas: If I went to the bank, I asked a friend to do the writing. I could sign my name at the bottom of the paper, but now I do it better. I did write letters before, to my family. I could just write so they could see — I didn't know about commas and fullstops. Now I do it better.

Upbeat: How did you feel about asking other people all the time?

Nicholas: I was scared to ask all the time. If I asked someone who is wrong, they will do wrong: they might sign the papers wrong, or tell me the wrong way.

Upbeat: Do you feel better now that you can read and write?

Nicholas: For sure. I don't worry anybody now.



Winner of UPBEAT Learning Without Writing Competition:

In Issue No 1 of UPBEAT, we asked readers to write a story explaining a proverb. Here is the best one, written by Tirzah Menezes, of Retreat in the Cape. She has won a R20 voucher.

HE WHO WALKETH DOWN HEADED, COMES NOWHERE.

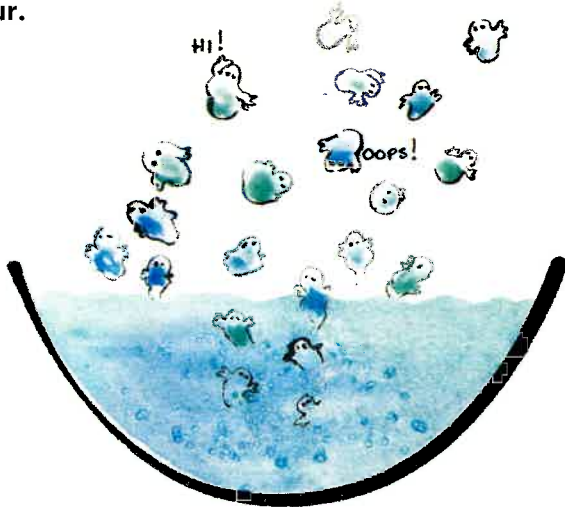
Story

Once there was a young, happy man. Everybody loved him because he was always kind, friendly and happy. He also was a hard-working man. One day, as he was walking from work, whistling as usual, he noticed something lying on the ground. He went nearer and saw that it was a fifty cents. He picked it up and went home. From that day, he has been walking with his head down expecting to find more money. He did not even greet his friends anymore. Years went by and he saw something lying on the ground. He ran to it and saw that it was a broken mirror. He picked it up and looked at himself. He saw that he was not young anymore. "Oh how stupid of me!" he said. "For all those years I have been walking downhead." Then he walked upstraight, looked at the blue sky and whistled. Then he said "He who walketh downheaded, comes nowhere."



Liquids Disappear...

If you leave water in a bowl for a few days, the water will slowly disappear. This is because the tiny building blocks that make up water, the water molecules, free themselves from the rest of the water bit by bit and float off into the air. We say that the water **evaporates**. The molecules don't all go off at once, because the air is too heavy. (This heaviness is usually called **air pressure**.) So the air only lets a little water escape at a time, to become a gas called **water vapour**.

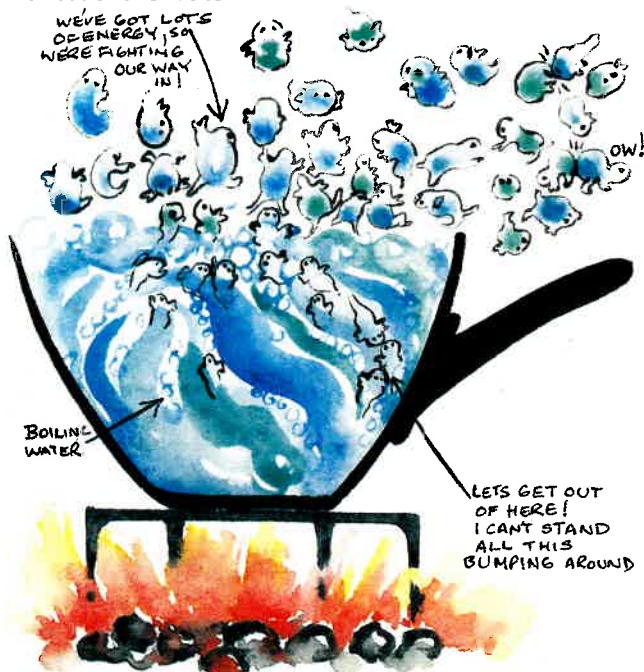


2) If a wind is blowing. This takes the escaping water molecules away quickly, and makes room for more to rise into the air.



There are three main conditions that make water evaporate fast:

1) If the water is hot. The heat gives the molecules more energy so that they can free themselves from the rest of the water.



3) Water also evaporates fast when the air-pressure is low (and it is not pressing down so hard onto the water). For example, water evaporates much faster in the Transvaal than at Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, or Durban. This is because there is less air pressure in the Transvaal. The water molecules need less heat energy to find their way into the air, because there is less of this pressure to fight against.

But this is not the end of the story. Think of fog, mist, dew, clouds, droplets of water on the outside of a cold coldrink bottle. Here the free-floating water-vapour in the air **condenses** back into water droplets, big or small.



... and Come Back

How does this change come about?

The molecules have been floating so freely because they have so much energy. When they meet up with cold air or cold glass, the water vapour loses heat energy and the molecules now stick more closely together.

This habit that water has, of evaporating and condensing, is not just something you learn about in science. It is at the basis of the weather system on earth.

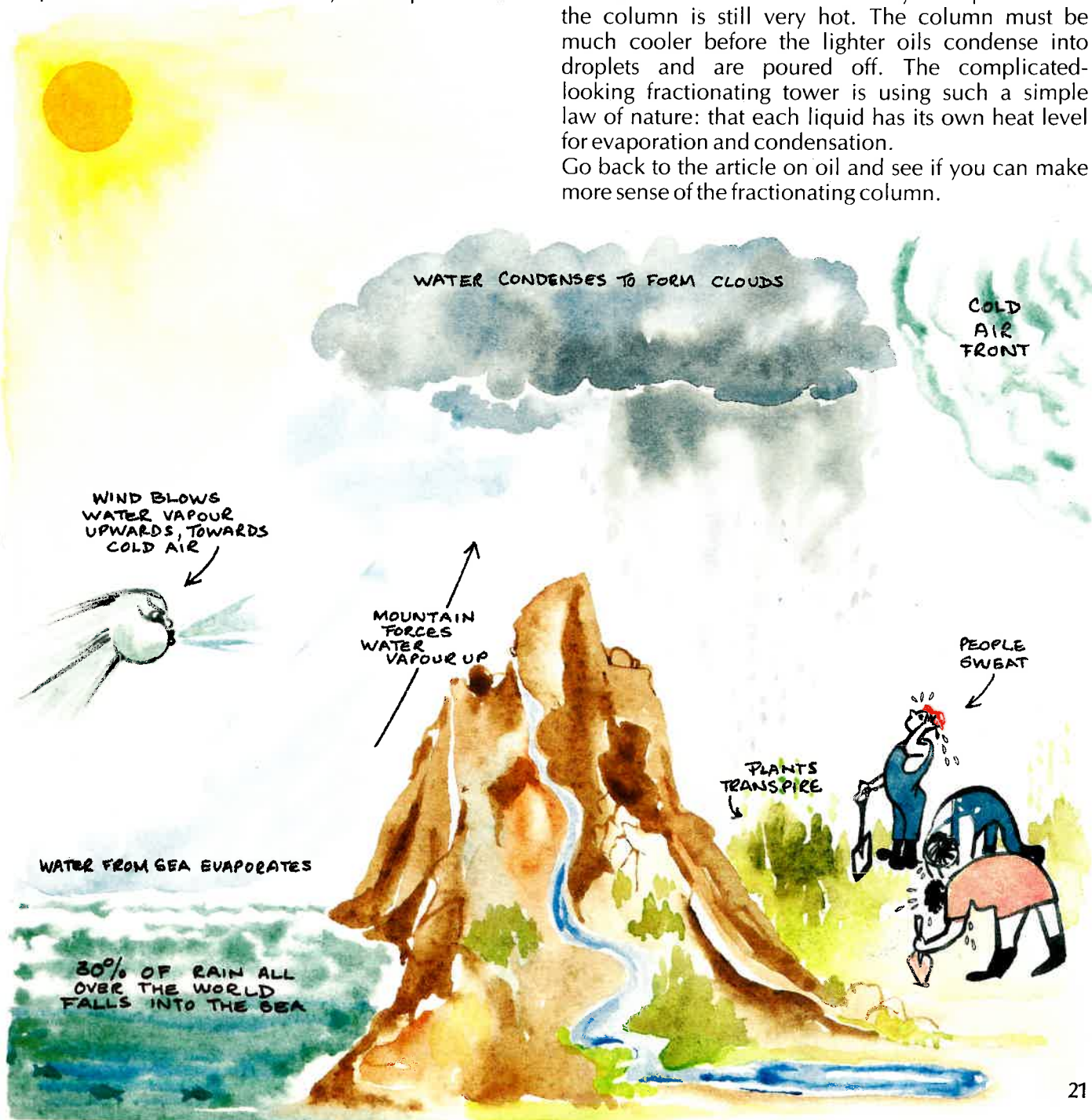
You can make water evaporate and condense like this, if for some reason your water is dirty and you want clean water: boil your water, so that lots of it escapes into the air. Take a cool, metal plate or lid

and hold it at a slant above the boiling water. The pure, clean water condenses on the lid and falls into the bowl. The dirt stays in the pot. Here the lid is doing the work that the cold air does in nature.

But water isn't the only thing to do this disappearing and reappearing act. All liquids can, although they evaporate and condense at different temperatures from each other.

In the article on oil in this issue, we saw that the different kinds of oil are separated from one another by heating. This is only possible because the heavier oils need lots more energy to remain gas than the lighter oils need. Because of this, the heavier oils cool off and can be drained away as liquids where the column is still very hot. The column must be much cooler before the lighter oils condense into droplets and are poured off. The complicated-looking fractionating tower is using such a simple law of nature: that each liquid has its own heat level for evaporation and condensation.

Go back to the article on oil and see if you can make more sense of the fractionating column.





Upbeat goes to

Bishop Lavis is a big township on the Cape Flats. Two things that people will often tell you about the area is that there is a high crime rate and no electricity. We spoke to some young people in a part of Bishop Lavis called "Riverton", sometimes known as the "Wild West". We spoke to two community workers in the area, Eric and Danny, as well as to Albert Gous, a fifteen-year old student from Riverton.

Sharon, Glennville, Phillip, Frank, Jennifer, Evelin and others:

After school there is sometimes netball and football. Some people go the nearest library, which is quite far away in Elsies Eiver. On the streets they play sport, rover, hokhuis, or spin the top. In summer, everyone is at the swimming pool. Sharon and Evelin go to ballet and music in the afternoons. On the weekend many go to Church or Sunday School. Sharon goes to the ice-skating rink. Hendrik Gous goes on the bus with his mother and sister to do the shopping in Elsies River.

The girls said they are afraid to play outside later in the evening. They are afraid of being raped. Most of the girls had read about rape in the newspapers. Cornelius said he saw a girl being raped after a dance by 5 or 6 gangsters. He didn't do anything, he said, because he was afraid. "They hurt a small boy who saw them doing it." Suggestions about what to do about the gangsters were: "nothing"; "they must be sent to a camp"; "they must be hung"; or "we must pray to God to ask that they go away".



Albert Gous, 15, has already written three plays. One of them called "Die Smous", has been used by the Drama Club. "The Drama Club was looking for plays and they said they mustn't come from books. I know I can write, so I did. It's about the hawkers, how they get people to buy their things, how they talk. I have heard these people speak. I just write it down. It is also about life in the township; things that go on that shouldn't go on, like drinking too much on Fridays, and fighting amongst the gangsters.

"When I leave school I want to be a teacher, because this is the time to help others. I can help them with schoolwork, give them drama lessons and do work with the gangs." We asked: "Why is schooling so important?" Albert replied: "It gives you a future, so you can look after your family well. For example, with labourers. They don't get enough money. They can't look after their fami-

lies and sometimes the children go hungry. In Bishop Lavis, families often break up like this. They can't pay the rent and are thrown out. The children go off. They get into trouble. About a third of Bishop Lavis is like this. As for other people that don't have good jobs and that can't think for themselves: when things go wrong they fight and so on."

We asked Albert whether Bishop Lavis was worse than other areas.

"Other places are beginning to be the same," he said. "There is crime everywhere, but in the white areas it is not nearly as bad. This is because people are better behaved because they have better education and they get better jobs than we do. They even start school younger than we do."



BISHOP LAVIS

Eric and **Danny** are community workers in Bishop Lavis. In the evenings they often walk the streets, trying to talk to the gang members. On Wednesday evenings they have a disco. Many gangsters come here and talk with members from other gangs.

Eric doesn't come from Bishop Lavis, but he's had plenty of time to see why things are the way they are here:

"This place is a breeding ground for gangs. There are no facilities for the young people, not even at home. This is because there is too little money coming from the Council to places like this. For example, there is one swimming pool for 40 000 people. Compare this to areas where there is almost one swimming pool in each home.



Danny does come from Bishop Lavis, and he takes the people from his community very seriously. He says he used to feel very frustrated when he spoke to the gang members:

"The problem is they expect you to get them what they ask for. One guy came up to me and said: 'You talk about changing. But do you know where I sleep? I sleep on the floor in a two-roomed house with 6 or 8 kids.' Another one said: 'I haven't had a job for three months'. You're supposed to be God, that's the problem."

Another problem in the Wednesday sessions is that people don't want democracy. Danny must make all the decisions. "This is what they are used to. We don't want that type of thing. We want to educate people to get them out of gangs. We want the gangs to get involved with the community, in the fight for things like electricity. At the moment, everyone is scared of them."

When we spoke to Danny a few months later, things had already started happening:

"When I go out on the street, there are still guys who say, 'Give me money' or 'Give me a place to stay'. But there has been a drop in crime, the gangsters have simmered down. The leader of one gang said we must continue with our work, because they are looking forward to it. They also said we must call meetings to discuss the township's problems. Now 60% of the gangsters are working. We got some of them to go to school, and some we got jobs."



And besides this, the houses are so small — one- or two-bedroomed houses and two houses share one toilet. Because the houses are so cramped, you find 6 or 8 kids standing on the street corners with absolutely nothing to do.

"Low wages also have a lot to do with this. Maybe in about a quarter of the houses in this area, families will have just a loaf of bread for supper. The gangs are most active where the people are poorest. In the parts of Bishop Lavis where people own their houses, like Sidneyvale, things aren't nearly so bad.

"There is also the problem with the way many young people see themselves. Many are ashamed of the colour of their skin, and things like their hair. This is the fault of our country, that people are ashamed of the way they look. I've heard so many gang members say: 'Ek is sleg'. We are scared of them, but we are prepared to speak to them. They respect us for this. We want them to change from destroying the community, to help build it up."



OIL COMPANIES & OIL COUNTRIES

OIL HAS BEEN used by people on earth for hundreds of years. However, we have been drilling it out of the ground on a grand scale only for the past 90 years or so.

In this article we won't be looking so much at how we use oil, but rather at *who controls* oil drilling and oil sales all over the world.

At the beginning of the 1900s many things were being invented or changed, so that they would need oil — ships started to run on oil, oil-guzzling cars and oil-based synthetic clothes and gums were being invented. So oil was needed everywhere. There was no oil in Britain at all, and there wasn't enough in America for the needs of Americans. At that point, the seven big oil companies, the "Seven Sisters", sprung up. They are Shell (Dutch and British), BP (British), Gulf, Texaco, Esso, Mobil and Socal (all American). These companies looked for oil in the area where there was lots of it — the Middle East. Here the oil companies got the rights to drill for oil. Sometimes a *corrupt* king would agree to let a company use the land and pay the king rent for it. This is all very well, but the money never got to the people of the country. The king became a little richer and the oil company made a giant-sized profit. Sometimes the country of the oil companies was owed money by the ruler of the oil country.

The oil companies certainly interfered in the affairs of the oil countries, to protect their own interests. They decided among themselves how much oil they would take out of a country, how much they would pay the oil countries for the oil and how much they would sell it for. The prices they paid for the oil in the Middle East were low, but they sold the oil back to the same countries once it was refined, at very high prices. Because the oil companies worked together so closely, the oil country wasn't free to decide whom to sell its oil to, and at what price.

Iran tried to break free of this. They threw the Shah of Iran out of power and *nationalized* Iran's oil fields in 1951. The seven big oil companies boycotted Iran's oil to try and force Iran to give the oilfields back to them.

When the Shah took over Iran again in 1953, the oil companies once again had control of Iran's oil fields. This continued until two years ago when, as you may remember, there was a revolution in Iran, and the Shah was kicked out by the Ayatollah Khomeini.

But things had begun to change: Libya and Algeria were the first countries to start nationalizing their oil fields. Then all the oil selling countries banded together and formed a cartel, very similar to the way that the "Seven Sisters" worked. Now the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) would decide together how much oil they would take out of the ground, what price they would sell it at, and to whom. In 1973 they raised the price of oil first from 3 dollars a barrel to 5 dollars a barrel, then later to 12 dollars a barrel. They also decided not to sell any oil to countries that were helping Israel in the Arab-Israeli war at that time.

The bigger profits for the oil countries had different effects all over the world. Countries like Algeria and Libya needed the money very badly and used much of it for the good of the people. Some of the middle Eastern countries did that too, and because most of these had small *populations*, the people became very rich, especially the Sheiks who began using this money to buy shops, banks and factories all over the world.

In countries like America or Britain, even South Africa, there was terrible panic — what will we do without cheap oil? But people slowly got used to the higher prices and life went on. The countries in the most trouble were the African countries, with no oil of their own, which weren't rich enough to swallow the new prices. Members of OPEC made big promises of aid to these countries, but the money was very slow in coming. The oil companies have now made deals with the oil countries. This suits them very well and they are all making lots of money.

Research Project. How many things do you use in a week that have something to do with oil? Remember all the things on page 16 that oil is used for. Then try and imagine how we would manage if there was suddenly no oil for sale at all.

Corrupt — rotten, immoral, takes bribes

nationalize — not owned by private people, taken over and controlled by the state

population — the number of people in a country



— Now you know a little about the history of the oil business.

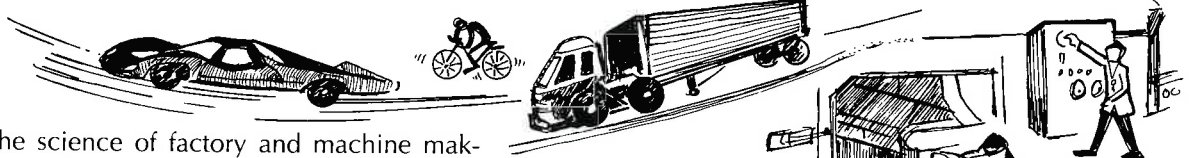
— Who do you think gets the most out of oil? The people who dig it out of the ground, the people who sell it or the people who use it?

King Faisal (in the centre) of Saudi Arabia talks to Henry Kissinger from America (on the left). They are talking about Saudi Arabia's oil supply to America

Willie Wordworm

YOUR DICTIONARY PAGE

On the Willie Wordworm page you will always find words which are fun to learn and which you can use. Here are some words which come out of the articles in this issue of UPBEAT.

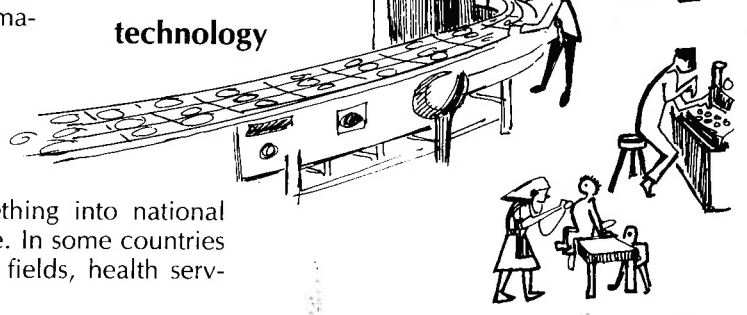


technology — the science of factory and machine making. We usually use the word to mean the factories, machines and transport of modern, wealthy cities.

technology

nationalize

nationalize — means to make something into national property, so that it belongs to the State. In some countries many things are nationalized — coal fields, health services, banks, oil fields, etc.



evaporate — when something evaporates, it turns from a liquid or a solid into a gas. Water evaporates into the air and it disappears.

evaporate



century

century — a period of 100 years, or a hundred runs scored by a batsman in cricket. The Christian Western calendar measures the years in centuries. The century that we live in, from 1900 to 1999 is called the 'twentieth century'.

I'M A CENTURY OLD!



autobiography

autobiography — the story of someone's life, written by that person herself or himself.



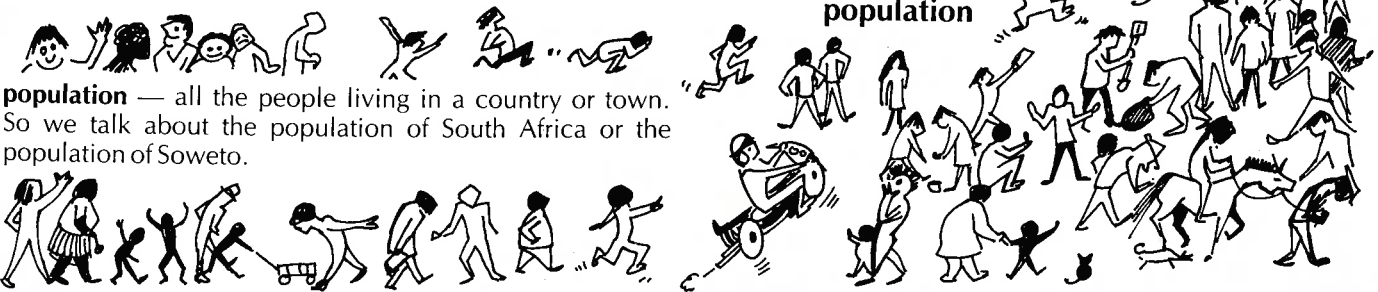
communicate

communicate — make yourself understood by someone. We can communicate in many ways — by talking, writing, using our hands, dancing, and in many other ways.



population

population — all the people living in a country or town. So we talk about the population of South Africa or the population of Soweto.



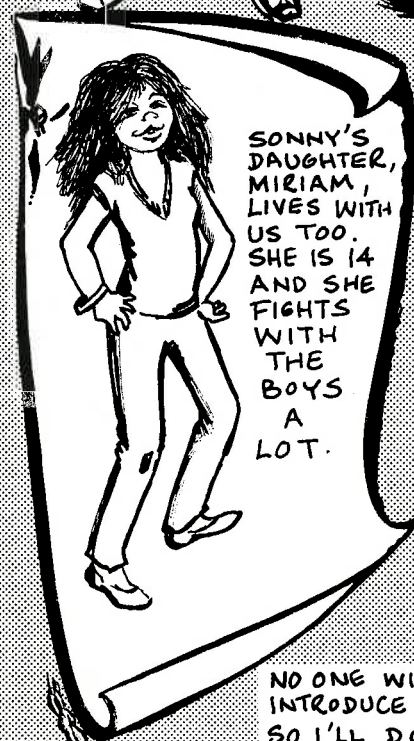


HI! I AM GOING TO DRAW THIS SET OF CARTOONS. BUT THE SPEECH AND PLOT MUST COME FROM MY COUSIN ELIZABETH



THESE ARE MY TWO SONS. PIETER IS 13, HEADSTRONG AND DIFFICULT. JO, 16, IS O.K.

THANKS SONNY. I'VE DECIDED TO WRITE IT ABOUT MY KIDS AND SOME OF THE OTHER PEOPLE IN THE STREET



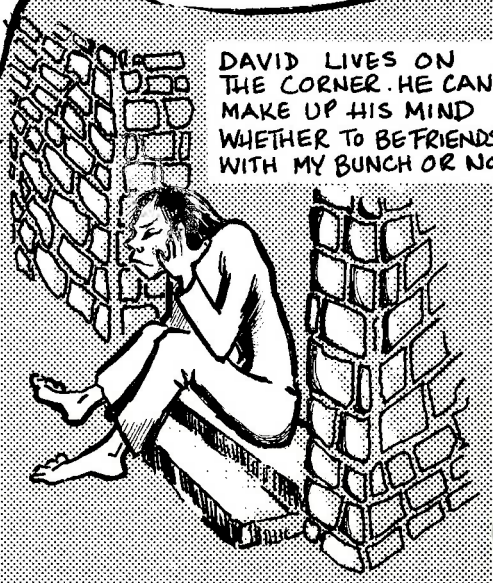
SONNY'S DAUGHTER, MIRIAM, LIVES WITH US TOO. SHE IS 14 AND SHE FIGHTS WITH THE BOYS A LOT.



GEE BUT SHE'S STROPPY.

I LIKE THAT TYPE - SHE THINKS FOR HERSELF

I'M NO-BODY'S SLAVE - CLEAN UP FOR YOURSELVES!

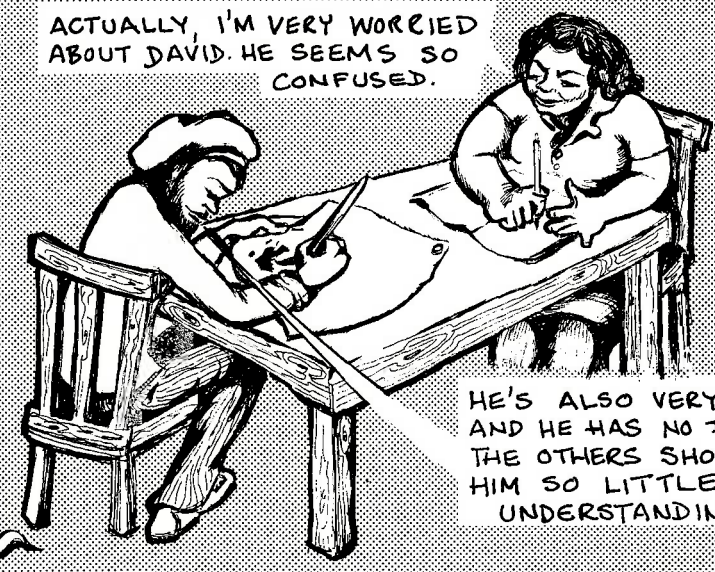
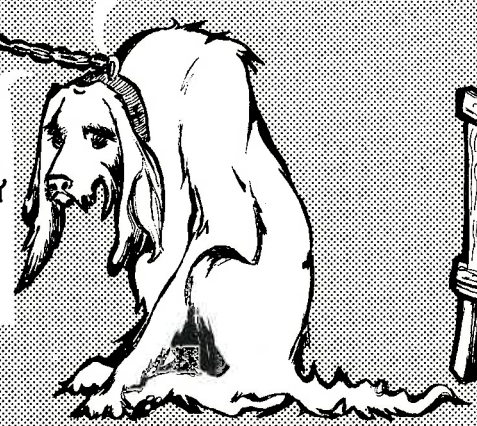


DAVID LIVES ON THE CORNER. HE CANT MAKE UP HIS MIND WHETHER TO BE FRIENDS WITH MY BUNCH OR NOT

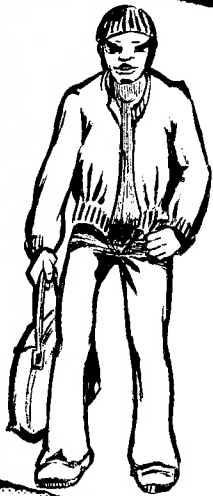
NO ONE WILL INTRODUCE ME, SO I'LL DO IT MYSELF....

ACTUALLY, I'M VERY WORRIED ABOUT DAVID. HE SEEMS SO CONFUSED.

... I'M BERTIE THE DOG. I'M LONELY AND I'M KEPT ON A CHAIN ALL DAY.



HE'S ALSO VERY UGLY AND HE HAS NO FRIENDS. THE OTHERS SHOW HIM SO LITTLE UNDERSTANDING.



MY HUSBAND ARCHIE WON'T BE IN THE CARTOON MUCH — HE HAS SO LITTLE TO DO WITH THE REST OF THE FAMILY.



LIZO AND LOLA LIVE ACROSS THE WAY. THEIR FAMILY IS QUITE WELL OFF, AND THE CHILDREN DON'T GIVE THEM ANY TROUBLE.

LIZO IS HEAD OF THE S.R.C.

HE IS VERY CLEVER AND THINKS A LOT ABOUT WHATS WRONG WITH THE THINGS ARE.



NONSENSE! HE THINKS HE IS MARVELLOUS —

NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND THE BIG WORDS HE USES HE IS ALWAYS LECTURING US — GET OFF THE FLOOR YOU LAZY SLUGS!

THE REAL REASON YOU DON'T LIKE HIM IS BECAUSE HE LIKES YOU!

I SUPPOSE HE'S O.K., BUT PLEASE DONT HAVE LOLA IN THE CARTOON....



... SHE IS ONLY INTERESTED IN MAKE-UP, CLOTHES, BOYFRIENDS AND HERSELF. SHE HAS GOT NO TIME FOR US LOT.

FINE BY ME!



NOW LET ME SEE WHAT I SHOULD MAKE THE CARTOON ABOUT.... SOME EXCITEMENT, SO PEOPLE CAN ENJOY IT.....

... SOME HUMOUR, SO WE CAN LAUGH AT OURSELVES



BUT IT IS ALSO AN EDUCATIONAL MAGAZINE. THERE MUST BE ISSUES IN IT THAT THE READERS CAN THINK ABOUT.

WHAT IS IT?

R40 WAS STOLEN FROM THE PRINCIPALS OFFICE — MONEY COLLECTED BY US FOR SPORTS DAY.

THANKS FOR HELPING SONNY. DO YOU THINK PIETER TOOK THE MONEY?

OF COURSE NOT

HI AUNTIE THERES BIG TROUBLE!



WHERE'S PIETER?



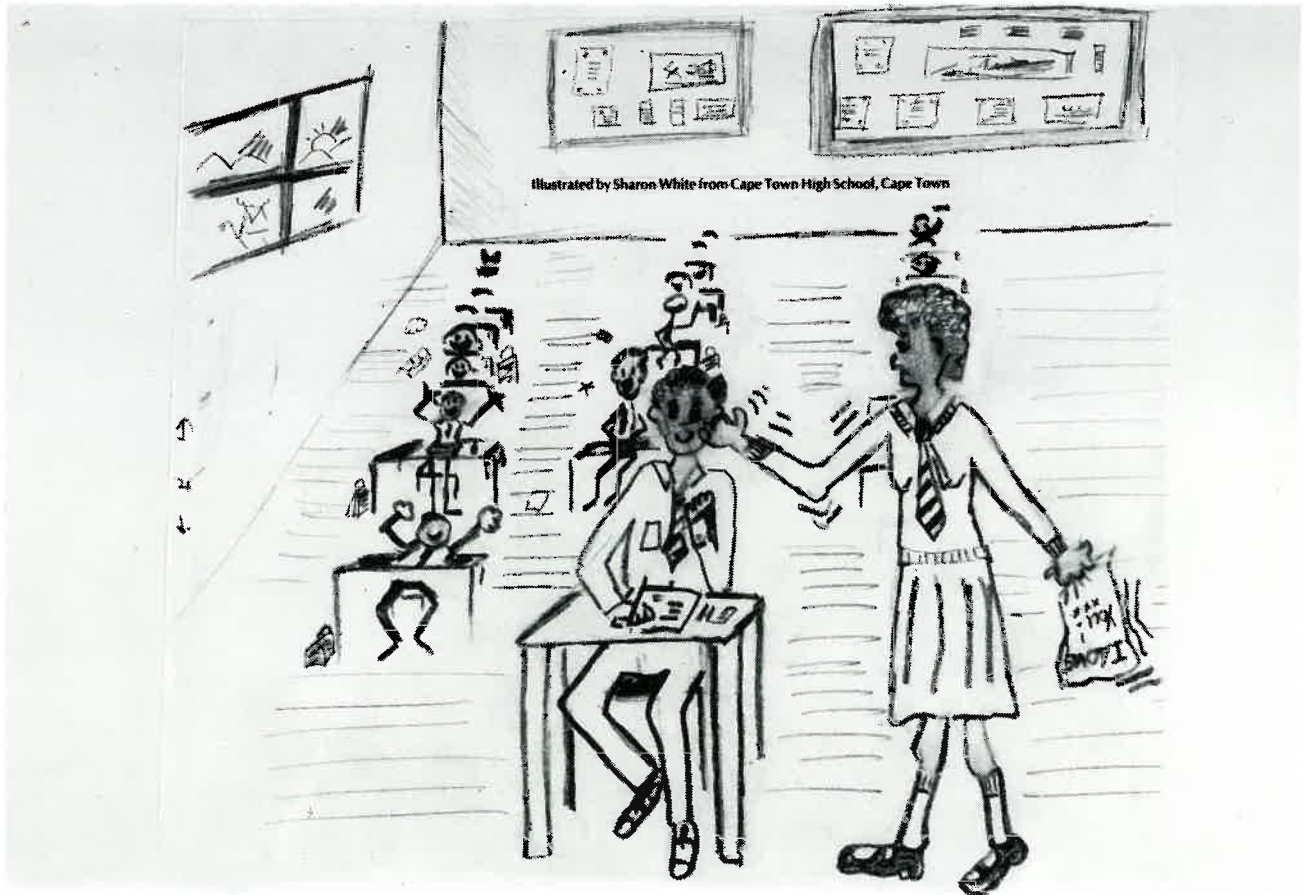
THAT'S IT! THE PRINCIPAL SAYS PIETER DID IT — BUT WE KNOW HE DIDNT! HE'S STILL AT SCHOOL — BEING QUESTIONED BY THE PRINCIPAL.



THEN WHO DID IT — AND WHY?

Autobiography

This month we look at three different kinds of relationships between a boy and a girl, and what they can mean. We look at a young man who falls for a girl and fights for her, at a young boy and girl who are very close and at a school-boy who fancies the most popular girl in the class. Some people would use the word "love" to describe the feelings, other people would use other words. How would you describe them? Perhaps you would like to write to UPBEAT Autobiographies, P.O. Box 39, Claremont 7735, C.P., and we will print your ideas.



In this passage, "love" spells jealousy and fighting, but also the promise of happiness:

At that hour of almost five o'clock, the leaves were rustling softly and the spreading shade was good, fresh like water from the clay jug. Seated on the smoke-blackened stones, Zeca Santos was waiting for Delfina, staring anxiously at the factory door. He had made a date with the girl — that day she was to ask if she could leave early and they would meet; Zeca wanted to pick up again the playful words of Saturday's party. Delfina had danced very well with him and later when the band burst out with the song of the kabula, no one else could catch them, the dance was almost theirs alone — everyone had stopped to watch them, so vain and pleased with themselves. From that sprang the fight with João Rosa: he was always chasing after the girl, watching her for himself, but that night, Zeca Santos, seeing the satisfaction in Delfina's eyes, would have fought everyone. He was the lucky one, not João Rosa because he wore glasses and the light outside was dim. He missed the punch at Zeca's face, and with no trouble at all Zeca caught hold of his arm and threw him into the dirt.

But even though Zeca had won that fight, the mulatto continued to call for Delfina at home in his little car and

often picked her up at work when it was dark. Zeca got furious when he thought about the silence and the ca-
hiding in the dark, and maybe that bastard daring to touch his girl's legs, even other things . . . that car was helping him.

Zeca made up his mind that day. Maybe it was the glasses of wine at lunch, maybe it was the promise of a job. The truth was that now he saw everything more confidently, light-heartedly almost. Even without his realizing it, the thought of having money to send his shoes to be mended and of maybe getting some new trousers got all mixed up with the image of Delfina, her smile and her talk, her light sweet leaning against him during the tangos, at the parties . . .

Zeca is jealous of João, because he wants Delfina for himself. He is especially jealous because João has money and a car, which makes it easier for him to take Delfina out. But does this give Zeca a right to insult him and call him a "mulatto"? (This means "coloured". Zeca is "black"). How can the feeling João and Zeca have for Delfina be a good thing, if it makes them fight and be angry with each other? (This passage is from Luanda: short stories of Angola by Jose Luandino Vieira.)

Girl \leftrightarrow Boy



In this passage Camara Laye talks about his friendship with the girl as if it makes them feel close to each other in a "deep" way. As you read the passage, see if you think that the kind of friendship that he talks about is at all possible. Have you ever felt this close to each other? Do you think that the young man just imagines that they are so close to each other?

What else did we talk about? About school, of course. We would tell each other about the latest gossip about our schools, maybe, too, we would talk about the past, perhaps I would talk about Kouroussa and about my holidays in Tindica. What else? I don't know, I really don't know. No doubt, we hid nothing from one another, except our friendship, except our hearts; our hearts were like the green islands that we used to watch shining in the mist above the sea. We could travel there in our thoughts, but we could not actually approach them. Our friendship was an inward thing, in the very depth of our being. It had to remain not spoken about; one word, a single word would perhaps have frightened it away; one word, too, could have changed it altogether. And we did not expect it to change: we liked it as it was. It might seem from this we were everything, and nothing, to one another: no-one had ever been closer to my heart than Marie, no one had ever lived within my heart like Marie. (From **The African Child** by Camara Laye).

Write to UPBEAT Autobiography, P.O. Box 39, Claremont 7735, C.P., and tell us what you think of these passages. Which do you like or not like, and why?

Acknowledgements: The first passage comes from **Luanda: short stories of Angola** by Jose Luandino Vieira; the second passage is from **The African Child** by Camara Laye and the third passage is from **Down Second Avenue** by Es'kia Mphahlele.

Meeting someone you fancy can be fun, or a slap in the face, as the young Es'kia soon found out. Is this passage more realistic in your experience?

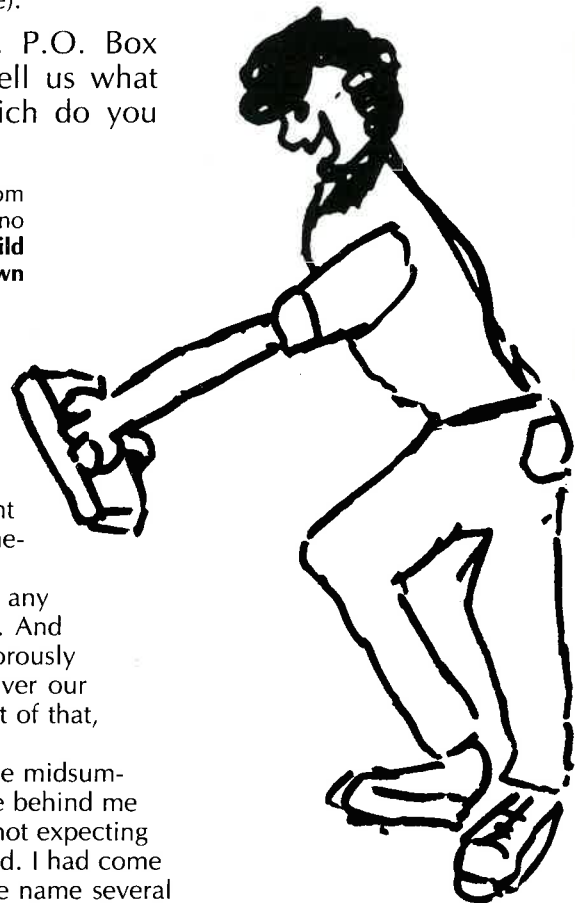
Rebona joined us in Std. 5 at school. We got to know her well, as she was not too shy to make new companions. In fact, everyone at school rather thought she had the unusual gift of drawing friends to herself without crawling on her belly to make them. Some of the girls in the class showed obvious jealousy. But Rebona gave out a silent challenge. Some bowed under her silent will and charm; others competed for her attentions and favour. It was immediately rumoured that she came from the Reef. It turned out later that she had.

Rebona had big dark eyes which looked as if they were going to jump out at any moment. I often imagined I could take them out and play marbles with them. And then her waist made me think of a wasp. Ma-Lebona often snorted, half-humorously and half-impatient: "God knows Hibila, the day she goes ving, ving, ving over our heads: beware! My blood tells me something!" Rebona did sting one day, but of that, later.

One afternoon we were all feeling drowsy and heavy in class because of the midsummer heat. I wrote a short note: I LOVE YOU: ES'KIA, which I gave to someone behind me to pass it over to Rebona two rows behind me. I waited drowsily for a reply, not expecting it, really. We were copying history notes from the blackboard, work that I hated. I had come to the name of Sekhukhuni. To take me away from my boredom I rewrote the name several times, so that it was finally almost a black patch on the white page of my exercise book. I was thinking, "Sekhukhuni, Sekhukhuni, if you hadn't fought back against the boers — you would do such a crazy thing, the boers are so painful —" when a biting clap caught me full behind the ear. I thought I heard my name called. The classmates, who saw it happen, laughed and giggled. When I looked back, Rebona was getting back to her seat. An angry hiss like a snake's came from her pouting lips when our eyes met.

"What's that at the back?" The teacher raised his head which had been bowing with the summer heat. His eyes looked like a sad dog's. Like a sad dog he slumped back to his earlier position. My eyes were wet from the pain. But I finished those miles and miles of notes with a new spurt of energy.

In a few weeks' time it had become a habit for me to carry Rebona's books for her when we went home. She told an interested and confused lad much about Johannesburg, which we commonly spoke of as "Ranteng" —the Rand. (From **Down Second Avenue** by Es'kia Mphahlele).



PUZZLE PAGE



What is a code?

— It is a way of saying something without using the letters of the alphabet. Usually, it is a secret way of writing. Sometimes people write in a code in a diary, so that no-one can read what they write. In war, spies may write back to their own governments in a code that they both know, but no-one else does. If the enemy gets hold of the message, they may try to “break” the code (work it out). There are different ways of making a code. Sometimes people use numbers for letters, or they may use funny pictures for letters.

Codes aren't always secret, though. For example, Morse Code is used by people who send messages with flashing lights or on the radio. If you are lost somewhere and an aeroplane is flying overhead, you can flash 3 short flashes, then 3 long flashes and then 3 short flashes again, with a torch. It means S.O.S. (Save Our Souls) and if someone on the plane knows Morse, you'll get help.

Here is a code made up by UPBEAT:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
⊙	≈	∪	∇	△	☆	🐟	→	÷	⊥	+	⊗	🍷	⊕	🐔	△	🐱	⋮
		S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	,	/	?	•				
		X	⊕	—	👤	□	☆	👁	🚗	↑	↓	*	•				

Here is a message in the code: See if you can *decode* it. (Turn it into a message you can understand.)

□△⊗⊗ ∇🐔⊕△👁🐔→👤△ ∇△∪🐔∇△∇ ⊕→△ 🍷△XX⊙🐱△.
 ∇÷∇ 👁🐔— ∇🐔 ÷⊕ 🐔⊕ 👁🐔—: 🐔□⊕*

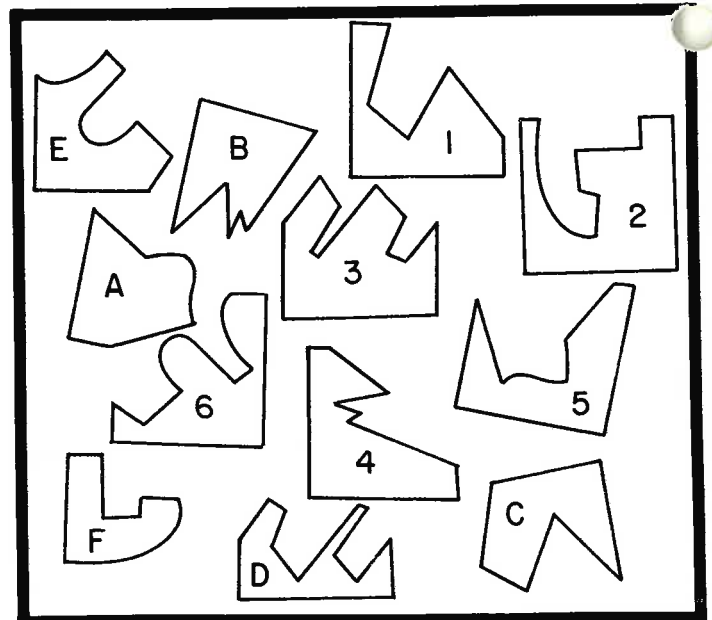
Here is a message written in a different, much simpler code. See if you can break the code on your own:

4 15 25 15 21 5 14 10 15 25 18 5 1 4 9 14 7 21 16 2 5 1 20?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 31

Match the side views with the top views.

1.			A
2.			B
3.			C
4.			D



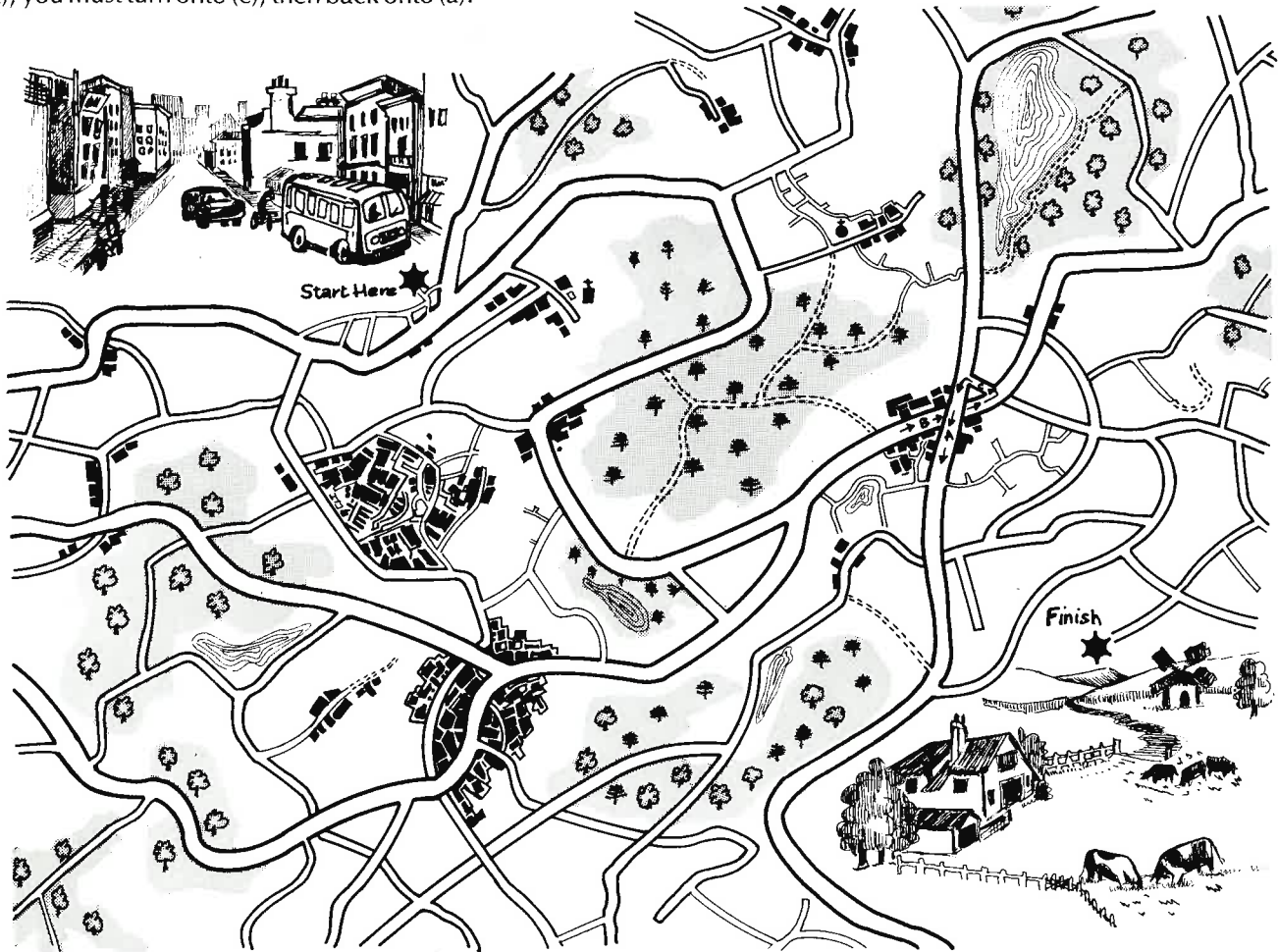
Match the Pieces: Each piece with a letter can fit together with one piece with a number inside. Find 6 pairs.

FIND YOUR WAY TO THE FARM. Get onto the highway that will take you in the right direction. Then find the way from the highway, on some of the smaller roads.

Note: If you are going along a stretch of road (b) that goes under another road (a) at a bridge, you can keep going on the road you were on. But you can't get straight from the road underneath (b) to the one above (a). To get from (b) to (a), you must turn onto (c), then back onto (a).

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

There are 24 triangles in the kite.

Front view and side view:
1 — c, 2 — a, 3 — d, 4 — b.

Filmstrip:
the pictures go in this order: 1, 2, 4, 3.

Three women: One woman is the mother of the other two women, who each have two children. This makes seven people.

Answers to Codes:

Message No. 1: Well done, you've decoded the message.

Did you do it on your own?

Message No. 2: Do you enjoy reading UPBEAT?

For this code, A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, E=5 . . . X=24, Y=25, Z=26.

Match the pieces: B-4, A-5, C-1, D-3, E-6, F-2.

Do you want to get UPBEAT every month at home?

Do you want to get UPBEAT every month? We can send it to you in your home. It will be coming out every month from March to December 1981. It costs 20c a month. So if you want to get all the copies for this year, it will cost you R2,00. If you only want to get it from next month to December, it will cost you R1,20.

You must send us R2,00 or R1,20, but don't send money in an envelope. That is not safe. You can go to a post office and get postal orders for R2,00 or R1,20 from them.

Then you need to send us: * Your name and address * Your postal order.

Send them to UPBEAT
P.O. BOX 11350
JOHANNESBURG
2000

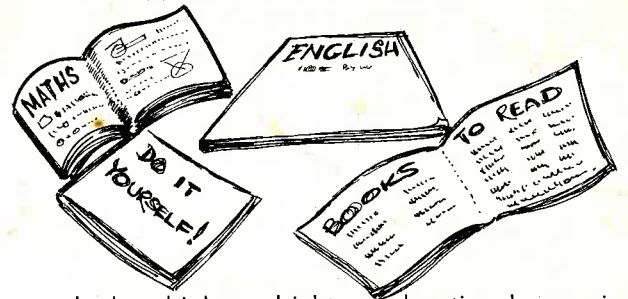
We will then send you your copy of UPBEAT every month.

Starting a magazine

So! We started a magazine called UPBEAT. Why did we do this and how did it happen?



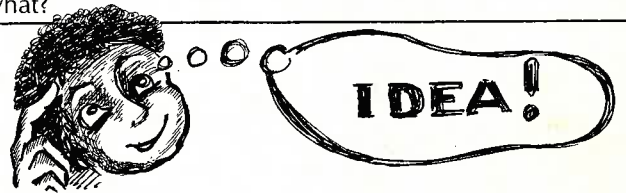
Well, we looked around and realised that there were hundreds of thousands of young people in this country with no educational magazine of their own. This is very wrong, and so is the fact that there is nowhere for young people to express their opinions. It was time to do something about it.



Then we had to think — alright an educational magazine — but what is that? Do we mean a magazine that has school subjects to help young people pass their exams? Or a magazine that has lists of good books to read? Or what?



So UPBEAT grew as we talked about the things that we felt should go into it, and as we talked to all sorts of people about this type of magazine.



Now we had an idea of what we wanted. But we had to make that idea a reality. So we thought we'd first make a trial magazine. But then we had to think of other things: what shape would it be — small, like a book or large, like a newspaper; what kind of paper would we use; would it have colour; how often would it come out? (this affects things like serial stories); how many pages would it have?

Having worked out all these things, we made a trial magazine and then we used it in different ways:



to tell people that UPBEAT was coming and ask them what they think of it

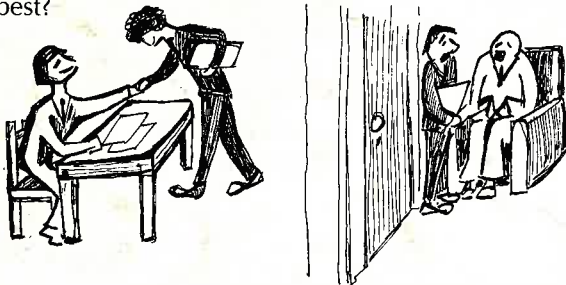


to find out how much it would cost to print UPBEAT every month

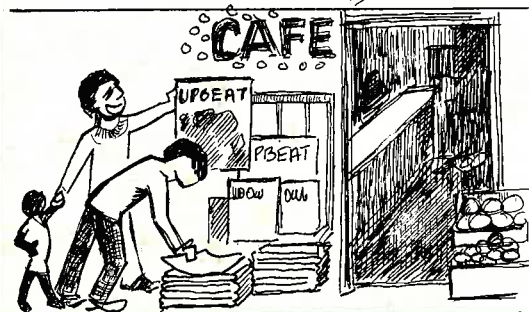


to see if people would give us money to produce it!

Now we had to find the right people to write for UPBEAT, to do the drawing and to edit the material. Who would be best?



Finally we were ready to begin, and we worked very hard getting all sorts of articles, stories, interviews and puzzles ready.



Finally UPBEAT No. 1 was ready — and you got it — maybe at school, maybe at your church, maybe in a shop.

But — that is actually only the beginning of the story! Because now starts the real business of UPBEAT — to find out what you think of it, what you read and don't read, and why; what you like and don't like. Then, when we know those things, it helps us to plan the next issues and to make them what you really want.