

LAST EPISODE OF THAMI AND NOMHLE!
pages 22 + 23

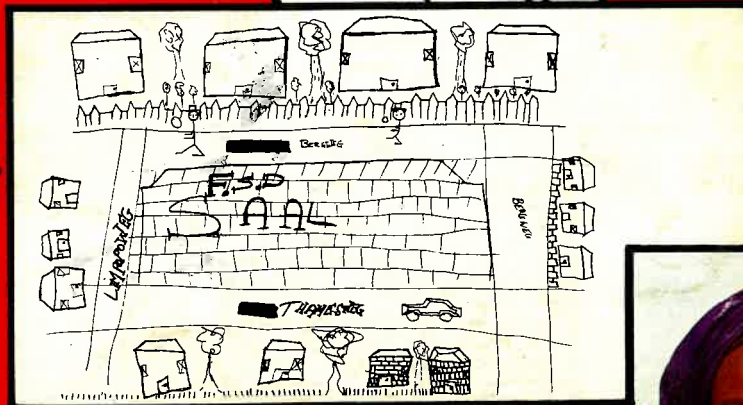


NERVES!
page 4



THIS WAS DRAWN BY R. PETERSON FOR "GANGS"
page 6

JACOBUS AMOS DREW THIS FOR "MAPS"
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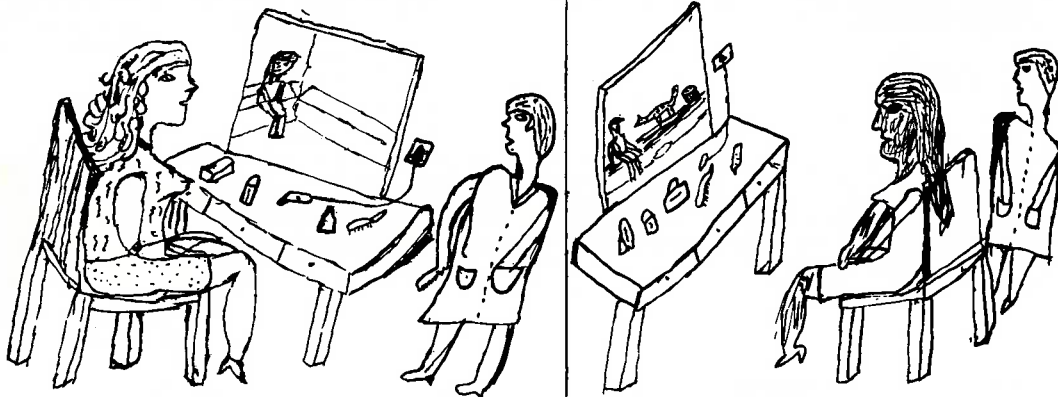


READ ABOUT THE IMAZIGHEN
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Street Beat

THE GRACEFUL GIRAFFE CANNOT BECOME A MONKEY



(The words in italic writing are explained underneath)

By Neil Smart from Mannenberg in the Cape.

Lawino's husband, Ocol, has taken a second wife. This second wife dresses in the modern style, and tries to make her hair straight, as if she were white:

But what is more, the second wife sometimes wears a wig to hide her hair:

When the beautiful one
With whom I share my husband
Returns from cooking her hair
She *resembles*
A chicken
That has fallen into a pond;
Her hair looks
Like the *python's discarded* skin.
They cook their hair
With hot iron
And pull it hard
So that it may grow long (. . .)
They fry their hair
In boiling oil
As if it were locusts,
And the hair sizzles
It cries aloud in sharp pain
As it is pulled and stretched.
And the *vigorous* and healthy hair
Curly, springy and thick
That *glistens* in the sunshine
Is left *listless* and dead
Like the elephant grass
Scorched brown by the fierce
February sun.
It lies lifeless
Like the sad and dying banana leaves
On a hot and windless afternoon.

Sometimes she wears
The hair of some dead woman
Of some white woman
Who died long ago
And she goes with it
To the dance!
What witchcraft!

Lawino thinks that different people have different kinds of hair; her hair is black and springy, the Indians' hair is black and looks like the tail of the horse, and the white woman's hair is soft and brownish like the hair of a brown monkey. She also thinks that all people should be proud of their own hair:

I am proud of the hair
With which I was born
And as no white woman
Wishes to do her hair
Like mine,
Because she is proud
Of the hair with which she was born,
I have no wish
To look like a white woman.
No leopard
Would change into a hyena,
And the crested crane
Would hate to be changed
Into the bold-headed,
Dung-eating vulture,
The long-necked and graceful giraffe
Cannot become a monkey.

resembles — looks like
python — dangerous snake
discarded — thrown off

vigorous — strong
glistens — shines

listless — with no energy
scorched — burnt

So Lawino thinks people look funny when they try to change their natural looks. Do you agree? She also thinks that people should be proud of their own hair. But people we know do try and change the way they look. Are they ashamed of their hair? Are they being snobbish, or is there some other reason?

Is it worth the time and money, just to have your hair straightened or curled?

Another question: If it is so important for women to look like they are *not*, then why don't men also try and change their hair, too? Maybe men and women should all wear their hair short, so that it won't seem important to any group. What do you think? **Write in to STREETBEAT, P.O. Box 39, Claremont, Cape, 7735, and give us your opinion.**

A group of four girls from a school in Cape Town got together to discuss a problem. They put questions to each other to try and solve the problem. Here are the questions and the answers they came up with.

Problem: Girls mocked and laughed at each other's appearance and physical disabilities.

Who?: [Who were the girls laughing at?] Three friends of the group — X was laughed at for wearing shabby clothes during week-ends. Another friend, Y, was mocked for being physically disabled; Z, because she was too fat.

Why?: [What made these girls the way they were?] X's parents are very poor; they can't afford to buy her the latest clothes in fashion. Y had a car accident while she was young, and since then she has limped. It was difficult to find out why she limped so the question was dropped there.

Effect: X, Y, Z, had a miserable life at school. They were rejected by other students. They did not enjoy school like other kids. Most of the time they were sad and alone. They were very shy to speak in the classroom because they were laughed at by other students. X wanted to leave school and go to work so that she could have beautiful clothes and be loved by other kids.

Where else does this happen?: In the townships with boys: boys like to laugh at young girls' appearances, and physical disabilities. At work: employers want an elegant beautiful lady with a charming personality, who is not too fat or short or physically disabled.

What makes people treat women like that?: We looked through different magazines that people like reading: Fair Lady, See, Scope, Pace, Drum, Bona, Keur, and we found that they all say the same things about women. They say that: *Women who are successful have a nice smell — they use certain kinds of perfume and they must use certain kinds of soap to make their skin smooth and pretty and attractive to men. *Women with hair on legs and face are not attractive. *Healthy women stay slim and attractive, and use slimming devices. *Women are never invited out until they start using certain shampoos, face creams and so on. Nothing is said about disabled women — generally only perfect women are talked about. A "perfect woman" is pretty, sexy, tall, blonde, with straight hair, with long nails, make-up and expensive clothes.

Where else do we get these ideas about women?: In bioscope, T.V., the radio, novels and school textbooks that emphasize the physical appearance of women.

Who makes these ideas?: The people who make cosmetics, who manufacture clothes, furniture, food and medicine.

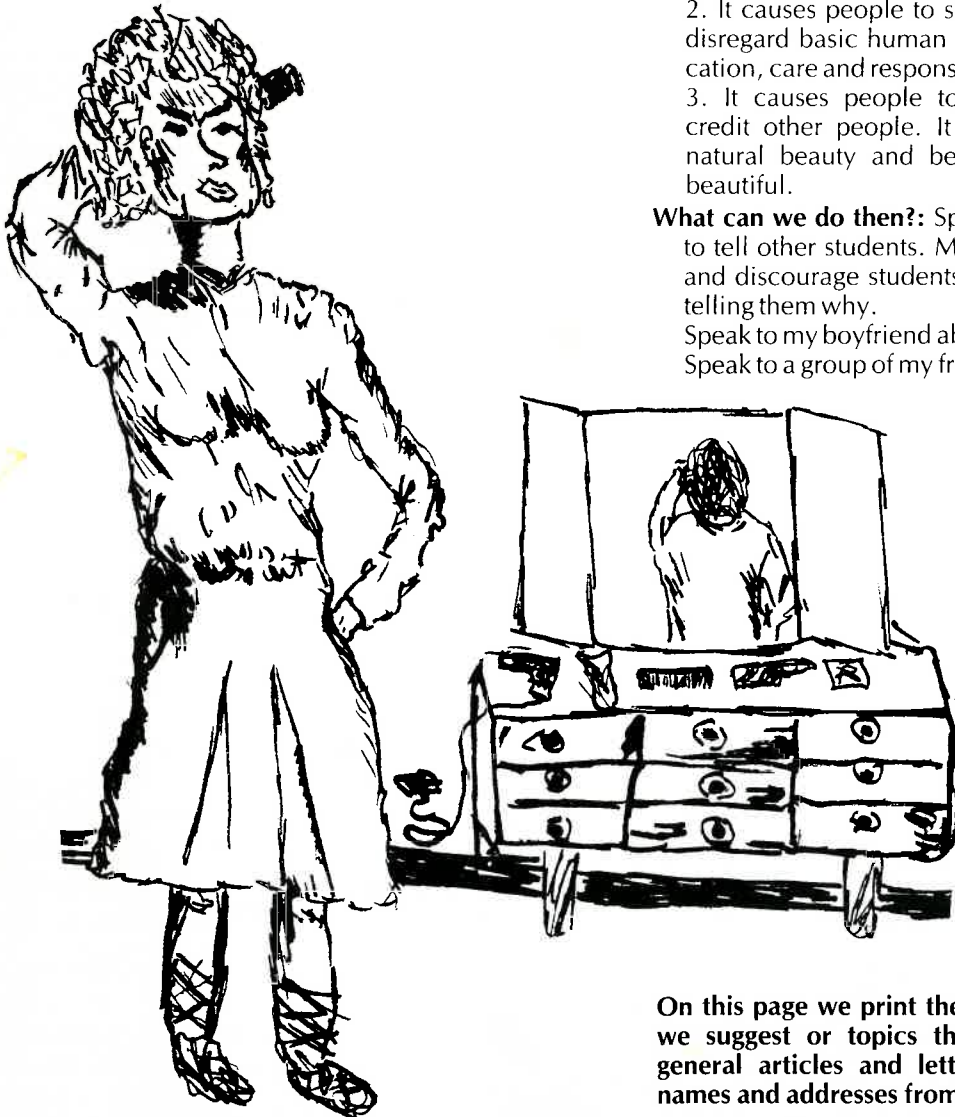
What effect does this have on people and society?:

1. People compete against each other to look fashionable. We judge other people by the standards set by the fashion designers. It makes people enemies as they undermine other people, thinking they are better.
2. It causes people to spend money unnecessarily, and disregard basic human necessities like good food, education, care and responsibility for one another.
3. It causes people to discriminate against and discredit other people. It makes us depreciate women's natural beauty and believe in artificial means to be beautiful.

What can we do then?: Speak to our classteacher about it to tell other students. Make other students aware of this and discourage students from laughing at other girls by telling them why.

Speak to my boyfriend about this.

Speak to a group of my friends about this.



By Cedric Engelbrecht, from Mannenberg in the Cape.

On this page we print the views of our readers on topics we suggest or topics that you choose. We also print general articles and letters from Upbeat readers, and names and addresses from people who want penfriends.

YOU and



Joe puts his hand onto a hot stove. Then begins the whole chain of happenings that stops him from being badly burnt.



Nerves in the skin of his hand feel the heat and pain and send desperate messages all along the nerve network to his brain.

your Body:



Joe's brain immediately sends orders all over his body. It sends messages to nerves and muscles in his hand, his arm, his legs, his voice-box, and to many other places.



They all obey the messages and Joe's whole body responds to the urgency of getting him away from the stove.

This has all happened very, very quickly, of course. Joe snatched his hand away almost as soon as it touched the stove. But in that time tens of thousands of messages have raced all over his body, none of which he knows about. It is this wonderful network of message senders and carriers – our nerves – that keeps us alive. Without them we would not respond to signals of pain and we would soon be badly injured in some way.

This is only one example of how our nerve network works, controlled and directed by the brain. Our brains are active 24 hours a day, making sure that we breathe, that our blood circulates, that we digest our food, that diseases in our bodies are fought. Even while we sleep, our brains continue to function fully, seeing to thousands of details.

Your brain is the headquarters of your whole body. From the moment that you are born to the moment that you die, your brain controls every step you take, every thought you think, every feeling you feel and every single thing that you do. The brain, of course, could not do all these things alone. It needs the nerves to carry out messages to all parts of the body, and in fact there is so much work to be done that we have two nerve networks.

The one carries out actions that we choose to do, like reading, running and so on. This network is

called the **Voluntary** or Central Nervous System. The other network deals with the hundreds of things our bodies do that we know nothing about and that just go on whether we are awake or asleep - even when we're unconscious. These activities are controlled by the **Involuntary** or Autonomic Nervous System.

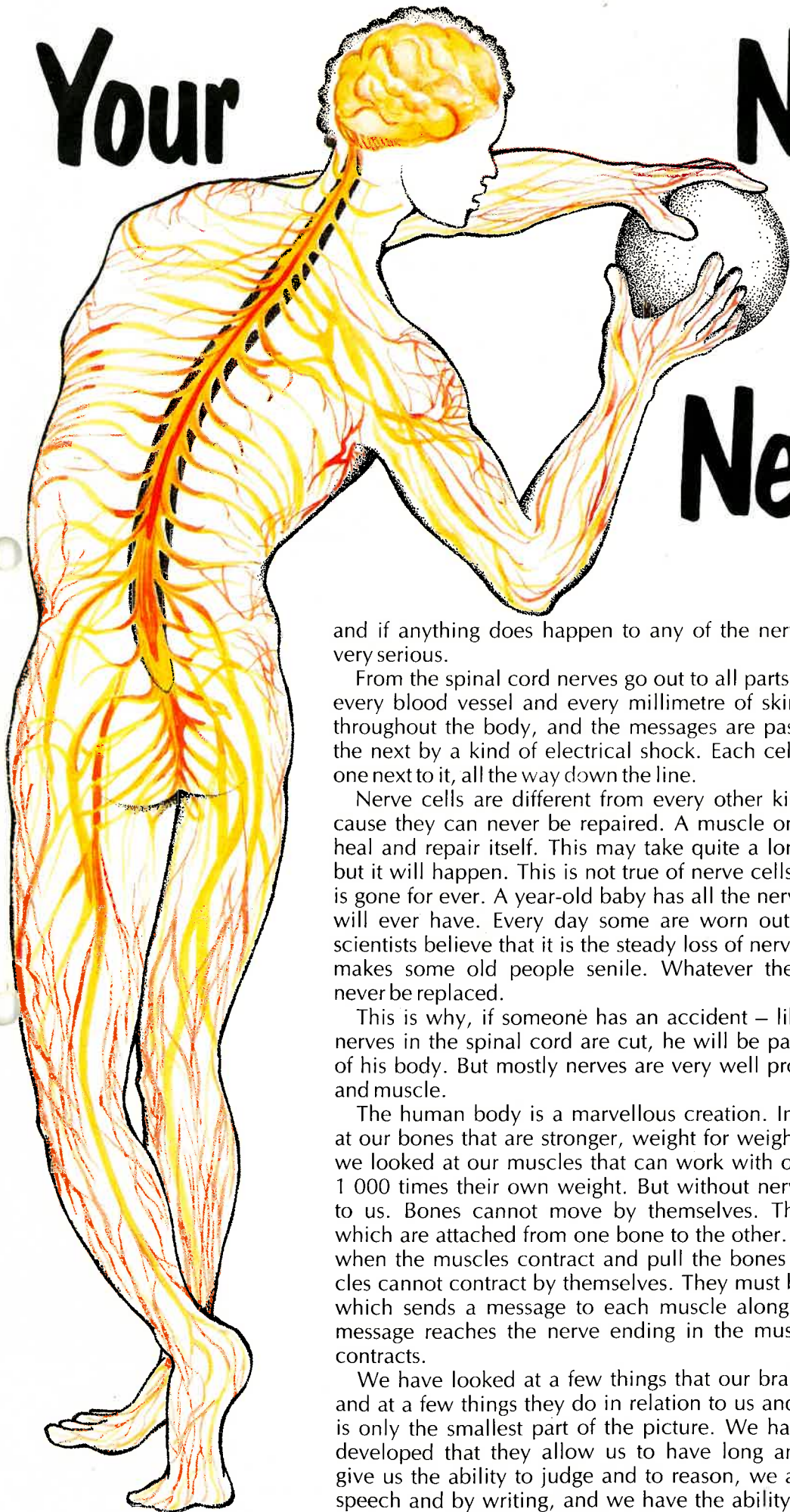
We have looked at some of the activities that our brains and nerve networks are concerned with day and night. But there are so many other types of activities that we take for granted and that are governed by them. For example, a mother sleeps deeply while traffic roars past her house and the neighbours play their radio very loudly, but she wakes at the first tiny cry from her baby. A man struggles for days to solve a problem and then the answer comes to him when he is busy with something completely different.

Because the brain is such a vital organ, it is housed in the hardest of bone casings – the skull. It floats in fluid (cerebro-spinal fluid) which protects it from knocking against the skull. Even when you turn cartwheels or fling yourself upside-down, your brain continues to function normally.

As you can see from the illustration, the spinal column runs from the base of the brain down the back. The spinal column (or cord) is a thick band of nerves containing the networks that go to the rest of the body. It is protected by the hard bones of the spine,

Your

Nerve



Network

and if anything does happen to any of the nerves in the spinal cord, it is very serious.

From the spinal cord nerves go out to all parts of the body – right down to every blood vessel and every millimetre of skin. Nerve cells run in fibres throughout the body, and the messages are passed from one nerve cell to the next by a kind of electrical shock. Each cell passes the message to the one next to it, all the way down the line.

Nerve cells are different from every other kind of cell in the body, because they can never be repaired. A muscle or bone that is damaged will heal and repair itself. This may take quite a long time if it is a bad injury, but it will happen. This is not true of nerve cells – once one is destroyed, it is gone for ever. A year-old baby has all the nerve cells in her body that she will ever have. Every day some are worn out just by using them. Some scientists believe that it is the steady loss of nerve cells over many years that makes some old people senile. Whatever the reason, a nerve cell can never be replaced.

This is why, if someone has an accident – like a car accident – and the nerves in the spinal cord are cut, he will be paralysed for life in some part of his body. But mostly nerves are very well protected from injury by bone and muscle.

The human body is a marvellous creation. In Upbeat issue 1 we looked at our bones that are stronger, weight for weight, than steel, and in Issue 2 we looked at our muscles that can work with our bones to lift things up to 1 000 times their own weight. But without nerves, these would be useless to us. Bones cannot move by themselves. They are moved by muscles which are attached from one bone to the other. Movement only takes place when the muscles contract and pull the bones up. In the same way, muscles cannot contract by themselves. They must be told to do so by the brain which sends a message to each muscle along the nerve fibre. When the message reaches the nerve ending in the muscle, the muscle obeys and contracts.

We have looked at a few things that our brains do just to keep us alive, and at a few things they do in relation to us and the outside world. But this is only the smallest part of the picture. We have brains that are so highly developed that they allow us to have long and detailed memories, they give us the ability to judge and to reason, we are able to communicate by speech and by writing, and we have the ability to feel subtle emotions like love, joy, wonder and compassion.

MEMBER of a GANG

Woodie looked around the circle. "I want in," he blurted. "You can trust me."

"You know we always travel together, but now we gonna make it official," Sonny said. "We gonna have a gang. Gonna call us the Scorpions. Gonna get us whatever we want. Whatever we need – maybe even jackets with 'Scorpion' written on the back. Ain't no-one gonna boss us around. No one gonna muscle in on our beat. We gonna be the toughest gang round these parts." Sonny's words came out like bullets.

"Gonna get those Tops and show 'em who's boss," Jess sneered.

Yeah, the Tops were a rough bunch and they knew the score, Woodie thought. But the idea of being part of Leroy's gang was worth anything. Everyone knew that Leroy and his friends were big shots. They had pride. No-one pushed them around, like they did the unconnected kids. Everyone got out of their way. To be in with them was really in. No-one was going to stop him, not even his folks with their 'keep away from gangs'. He had pride too, and for a change he was gonna be somebody. He wanted to be a Scorpion more than anything. If he were 'in', he'd be all set. (. . .)

"You guys wanna let him in?" Leroy directed his question at the boys. Sonny's head bobbed immediately. Jess spat on the steps, then nodded. Taylor shrugged. "Give him a try," he agreed.

Woodie felt like shouting but only allowed himself half a smile. (. . .)

"Hear now," Leroy whispered. "Tomorrow we meet, catch the uptown bus, and hit Jakes' Bargain Store for a big take."

Sonny whistled softly, and Jess jingled coins in his pocket. Woodie's hands suddenly felt clammy.

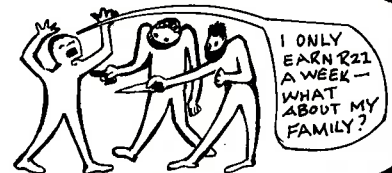
"When you get inside, scatter. Woodie'll go ask Jake for something and keep him busy. Rest of us lift what we can and leave. Jakes' is dark. Should be a cinch. Meet in front of the A and P two blocks up like you ain't done nothing," Leroy advised knowingly. (. . .)

"What time we meet?" Woodie ran his hands down his trouser leg.

"At ten thirty," Leroy said matter-of-factly.

Tomorrow was Monday. At ten-thirty Woodie knew that he should be in school. The strangest feeling crawled up his spine. Woodie didn't know whether he was excited or just plain scared.

Do you want to know what happens to Woodie and Leroy's gang? Read the rest of the story in **MEMBER OF THE GANG** by Barbara Rinkoff. You should be able to find it in the children's section of your nearest library.



Woodie in the story lives in America. This is very far from us here in South Africa, but there are many gangs in this country, too. Maybe some UPBEAT readers belong to a gang. Do you think most people join gangs for the same reasons as Woodie?

Woodie feels that he will become a big shot if he joins the gang. People will stop pushing him around, and he will have something to be proud of. He also seems to want to be part of a gang so that he can BELONG somewhere; the gang will get itself a name, maybe even special jackets. In fact, gangs, or groups of gangs, sometimes make up their own language. When they speak like this, they show that they are different from what Woodie calls the 'unconnected' ones. Do you know any words from gangtalk?

It seems that the people who join gangs that roam around the streets and do violent things are mostly from poor communities. The reason for this is quite complicated. It does seem that young people from poorer and working-class communities find it more difficult to feel that they belong somewhere. This is especially true in the big unfriendly cities, where people don't care enough for each other. Most people are too busy trying to survive, or to get more luxuries for themselves.

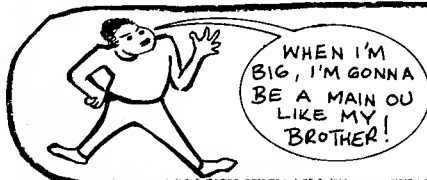
Where do the problems come from, in the communities where there are so many gangs? Firstly, many young

people find it harder to prove themselves: education is made more difficult to get or do well at, jobs are harder to find. This makes joining a gang look like a good idea: all you have to do is something violent, and you're accepted by a group of people.

Secondly, families are forced to move into new areas, new schools. They then live with people they don't know, there is no unity amongst the people. So some young people look for unity in gangs, but they don't care about the unity of the people around them.

Then there is the problem of parents working all day, with nowhere to leave their children. If parents work all day, they are often too tired to show the children kindness when they come home. So the young people roam around the streets and get bored. At least being part of a gang is something to do. Sometimes, especially if you're on the streets, it is dangerous NOT to be a member of a gang. You can get hurt, or pushed around by one of the gangs. So you join one for protection.

Another reason that people in poor communities join gangs is because of what they see on the movies and in comics. The movies show that with violence comes power and money. People try to live like the 'heroes' they see on the screen, as if this will bring them the things that are missing in their lives.



Do you think people in gangs find happiness this way? And do you think that this is worth the unhappiness they cause to others? Write to **STREETBEAT** at P.O. Box 39, Claremont and tell us what **you** think about gangs, and if you think something should be done about them.

Labyrinth

a story by Ahmed Essop, adapted by Upbeat

The words in italic writing are explained at the end of the article.

SAY GOOD-BYE to papa", Gool said to his three-year-old daughter. She laughed as he tickled her. "Where you going, papa?" "To see friends, Nazli."

He tickled her again and she laughed again as his wife came up to him. He handed her the child. He kissed them both and then went out of the house at the rear. He climbed into his sports car standing in the drive-way, a red Farina Spider, and drove to the street edge. His wife and child were waving at him from the door and he waved back. He looked along both sides of the street, turned left and stormed away.

He drove to High Road. A game of billiards was going on. "Any news?" he asked Faizel, who was chalking his cue. "None." And Faizel continued playing.

There was a time, Gool remembered, when everyone there would have greeted him eagerly. Now the mood was irritable and all he could hear was the clicking of the billiard balls. Gool went over to Hamid, touched him on the shoulder and took him aside. "Everything quiet?" "Everything quiet." "Keep the guns loaded." "They won't come in here." "No, but keep the guns loaded."

When the billiards game was over Gool was offered a stick. He said no. He sat down at a table and poured

some liquor into a glass. As he sat drinking he thought about how strange the others were towards him. He failed to face a challenge from a new gang, and now his gang was falling apart. "They are deserting me", he said bitterly to himself as he saw them gathered around the billiard-table, concentrating on the game. His pain was that of a leader who finds himself rejected. Their rejection was not conscious, but rather an *instinctive* movement away from him as he could no longer lead them and offer them security.

Trouble had started when a new gang, The Spears, visited the different gambling clubs "protected" by Gool and offered better "protection". A few scared ones among the club-owners had accepted the new rulers; the brave ones who dared to fight back found themselves beaten up and their money taken.

The action of The Spears was bad news for Gool. He had ruled over others for so long that his power looked like it would last forever. A few people, in earlier years, who had tried to fight him had been silenced without much trouble. But the arrival of The Spears brought him face to face with an organized enemy. Yet it was not so much the actual challenge itself that shook him but the

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AFRICA...

People of the desert — THE IMAZIGHEN

In the last issue of UPBEAT we met some Tuareg nomads at Ein Salah. We wondered who they are, and how they live.

FOR MANY YEARS, the Tuareg were the most powerful group of nomads in this part of the Sahara Desert, which wasn't always called Algeria. In fact, the Tuareg call themselves a different name: the *Imazighen*. This name means "the free or independent". The name "Tuareg" was given to them by the Arabs and means "pushed out by God". From now on we will call them the "Imazighen".

The Imazighen were very important people in the desert, and lots of people served under them: one group might take messages from one Imazighen group to another. The Inadan, whom we met in UPBEAT No. 1, used to live with the Imazighen caravans. They made all the jewellery, pots and pans and saddle-bags that the Imazighen needed. They even did their hair for the Imazighen.

How did these proud people make their living in the desert? The Imazighen spent much of their time raiding other groups, stealing their slaves and cattle. Then the desert overlords would go along the Saharan Trade Routes, to the centres where they'd sell all the slaves and other goods. The nomads would go to the same market areas each year, swopping what they had for things they'd need. This is called "bartering" — buying and selling without money.

We have been talking about the slaves of the Imazighen, the Inadan who served under them. This must seem very strange to people who didn't know that some groups of people in Africa also had servants and used slaves. They did, and its no use pretending that they didn't. When we get onto the slavery question, which will be when we reach the west coast, we can look at the different ways that slaves were treated in North Africa, and over the seas. In the meantime, see what you can find out about the different kinds of slavery in the libraries and from teachers. Then you can have some ideas of your own on the subject, before we touch upon it in the magazine.

But now the Imazighen have almost completely stopped raiding and trading. When the French colonists came to Algeria in 1890, they took away much of the Imazighens' power. To do this, they helped another group, called the Chaamba, beat the Imazighen at a battle in Tamanrasset in 1902. Also, big business in the big towns of Algeria has made this kind of trading unnecessary. Now trucks take the goods to the towns, and they are sold for **money**.

DEFEAT

The wealthy and powerful Imazighen soon faced another problem: the drought of 1968-1972 sent many people off to the towns, to look for food, water and money there. This means that they must now live in one place all the time, and send their children to the government's schools. The government of Algeria, like many of



the North African countries, wants the nomads to settle down in the towns. They think that this way they can have better control over these wandering people. So ends a way of life for many nomads.

But there are still some Imazighen people who live as nomads, wandering from water-spot to water-spot, taking their goats and camels along with them. At each spot they settle for a while and set up their tents — these are made

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Although the Imazighen are Muslims, you can see that they dress differently from Muslims: the men wear veils and the women don't. This is because the men do much more travelling than the women, and they need the veils to protect their faces from the terrible desert wind. The young children have the sides of their heads shaved, probably to keep them cooler and free from lice. The leather purses around their necks have a few words from the Koran sewn in. This is for good luck.

ALGERIA



Algeria's Fight for Independence

A long and bloody war

Here Muslim workers are building an electric fence for the French. Called the Morice Line, it ran between Algeria and Tunisia. If fighters wanted to escape into Tunisia, they would get an electric shock from the fence.



Many African countries got their independence from the European countries peacefully, but the Algerians fought against French soldiers from 1954 till 1962. It was seven years of war fought in the towns and in the mountains, a war of destruction, fear and hatred. The French were determined not to let go of a country not their own, and the Algerians fought back fiercely. Both sides fought violently, so how could the war not end with a great loss of lives and property?

Most of the fighting was done in the Northern cities of Algiers and Oran, where many people lived and died: many times the French stormed into the Muslim sections of the cities and killed hundreds of people. The fighters for the independence of Algeria, the F.L.N., killed many people, too. One of the leaders of the F.L.N. was a man called Yacef. He himself was responsible for many deaths. He arranged for a few women to carry bombs into big crowds in the French sections of the city because women looked less suspicious than men.

Once he got someone to place a bomb under a dance floor. When the bomb went off in the middle of the dance, there were arms and legs everywhere. It was such a terrible sight that even Yacef decided that from now on he would place bombs where they would only destroy buildings, not people. The French police tried to catch Yacef many times, and eventually they did, when an informer told on him. Believe it or not, he was sentenced to death three times, but he was later freed by the French President, Charles de Gaulle.

By the end of the war there had been so much fighting that Algiers had slowed down completely; schools were either closed or destroyed, and there were 30 to 40 killings a day. Much death was also caused by the fear and mistrust of the fighters. The French made it look like many of the F.L.N. were informers. One F.L.N. leader was called 'Amirouche the Terrible', because he killed 3 000 of his men and women fighters whom he said were informers.

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Streetfighting in Algiers. You can see how different this French part of Algiers is from the Casbah.

Labyrinth continued

from page 7



fact that it was possible. Brave in a fight, he returned threat with threat, fist with fist, and bullet with bullet. But in his mind, he could not accept the idea that a group of men were getting together on purpose to break his rule. And he couldn't accept what the challenge meant to him; The Spears showed up on the gangland scene at a time when, having got all the money he needed, he felt secured for life. At this late and comfortable hour of his life, he didn't feel like acting against The Spears. Yet, while they were around he could not look the world in the face and be proud.

Eventually he had decided to have it out with his rivals as he could no longer bear looking stupid. He made what looked like a peace offer. He sent a message: if they would come to High Road, he would be prepared to make an arrangement with them. The Spears, feeling flattered at Gool's giving in, accepted the offer and four men turned up to meet him. The meeting soon became a battle of angry words, fighting — and bullets. Gool had planned to kill one or two of them on his own premises (later he would say it was to defend himself). But the trick did not work. The Spears got away with injuries.

Gool had acted unwisely in making his peace offer, for it showed his fears as well as his slyness. His action and its effects were disastrous for him. They snapped the bond that tied him to his gang. Had he been as brave as in his early days and thrown himself into the battle boldly, his men would have followed him and died gladly. Akbar entered. Gool called him over. "Brandy?" Akbar sat down on a chair, but refused a drink. "Have you heard anything?" "I haven't heard."

Gool knew that the big showdown would come. After the failure of his peace offer, The Spears had gone away, but would soon show themselves. Akbar had spoken to friends all over the suburb, even posted spies. On the information he got, he would keep the enemy away. "Shall we go to the Avalon this evening?" "Fine". "Let's go for the tickets now." "Going to the Avalon", Akbar said loudly to the billiard players. Faizel joined them.

Gool drove his car to the Avalon Cinema. He parked his car near the cinema and Akbar went to get the tickets. Gool kept his car engine idling. Akbar came back. "The cashier says he wants money." "Ask that fat pig since when do we pay." Akbar went back.

Since The Spears had come on the scene, Gool's position in society had dropped from the top. He sensed this

from the attitude of people, in the way they spoke to him. They didn't speak to him with the same respect. But he had not come across the rudeness shown by the cinema cashier before. Was the cashier going over to the other side? He realized that some people were secretly hoping that he couldn't beat his rivals, and others were waiting anxiously for the final showdown.

Suddenly a black Chrysler appeared beside Gool's car and guns sticking out of the windows began shooting bullets. Gool drove away at high speed, dashed past a red traffic light, rounded several corners daringly, going over the pavements with screaming tyres, passed a stop street without slowing down, and steered his car towards the Main Reef Road. He put his foot on the accelerator and looked into the mirror to see the car that was chasing him. He shouted to his friend on the back seat: "Faizel! Faizel!" Faizel just lay there, then groaned. Gool shouted again as he pressed the accelerator, just missing someone crossing the road. The Spears overtook a few cars by hooting fiercely and they were now behind him, hooting. "Bastards! Bastards!" Gool cried as his car engine thundered. There was a string of parked cars ahead of him. A red light! He turned his car to the left and sped along the gravel side road. The Chrysler still followed him. "Swines! Swines!" he shouted, amazed at how determined they were. The light turned green as he reached it and he swerved in front of a car to get on the tar. He must get off the Main Reef Road and head towards the mine dumps, the golden mounds of sterile sand that lay on his left. Among the web of roads of Crown Mines he would be able to shake off his pursuers.

He turned off the Main Reef Road. They were still following him closely. Then he saw the faces of his pursuers in the mirror; determined, grim, threatening. He turned to the right and sped down a slope, going round a sand hill. His car flashed along a curve in the road, then he was over a bridge and among an avenue of trees. The road turned left, then left again. The hooter of the car behind went on and on. "Swines! Swines!" The sound bashed against his burning brain. A gang of helmeted miners looked at him with amazed faces. He was in a labyrinth of angles, loops, curves, alive with terrible hooting, screaming, thundering. A sooty monster of a car came up close and passed with its hooter shrieking, and its engine gnashing. Faizel made a last effort to sit up in the blood-stained seat at the back, put his hand on Gool's shoulder and slipped down with a cry. The touch and the death cry made Gool feel uneasy. He turned his car into a sand road — the road seemed to rush towards him then suddenly disappear. The red Spider slid into a cloud of dust, slithered and slewed, with its engine roaring. Suddenly it rolled over a few times and went down a slope, scattering sprays of yellow dust into the air, and, coming to rest at the foot of a cypress tree, exploded into a hell-like fire.

Acknowledgment — This story was adapted by UPBEAT from Ahmed Essop's THE HADJI, published by Ravan Press, Johannesburg. UPBEAT is grateful to Ravan Press for permission to adapt and use this story.

accelerator — what the driver presses to make the car go faster
sterile — where nothing grows. This is sand that was dug out of the earth where gold was being mined
pursuers — people who chase you
labyrinth — network. All the roads lead into other roads, but Gool can't get away
instinctive — unthinking

Africa . . . Algeria

continued
from
page 9

Ben Bella became the first president of independent Algeria.



Thousands of Arabs were forced by the French into resettlement camps — these were terrible places, often without work for the Arabs, and not enough food. The French did this, because the F.L.N. fighters in the country used to get food and medicine from the people in the villages.

Now the fighters had to hide their food, medicine and weapons in the caves of the Atlas mountains. In winter these mountains are covered with snow and frost — so without enough food or clothes the fighters were often cold and hungry. They also had to whisper much of the time, in case the French were nearby.

But there wasn't just destruction during the war: the fighters did manage to organize small hospitals with medicines deep in the countryside, and they started schools for the young. The war also changed the way women behaved. Before the war they stayed at home all day and let their fathers and husbands go out to work. Now many Algerian women joined the F.L.N. army and wore men's clothes in the bush. This made them feel that they were just as capable as men, and that they didn't want to remain stuck at home all day. [See Mark Hofmeister's article on Women in Islam.]

But after the war the men in the government forgot their promises to the women. It was still difficult for women to get jobs, and they were not expected to go to bioscope or to restaurants at night, as the men did.

In July 1962, Algeria became independent, but the Algerians could not just pick up the pieces and begin again where they left off. Were they to begin from before the French came altogether, or before the war began? Since 1962 things have obviously changed in Algeria, but very slowly. Ahmed ben Bella became the first president and was president till 1965. He was arrested by Houar Boumedienne, who took over the government. Boumedienne was a very strict leader, but he thought that this was necessary in poor and war-torn Algeria. He once said: "You cannot feed the people with fine speeches. What they need is bread, shoes and schools."

What do you think of his attitude? What do you think people of a poor country need most?



This is the Casbah, the Muslim section of Algiers, where much of the city fighting took place.

SHAKSHUKA:

A Recipe from North Africa

—by Fraji Gueta

What you need:

- 1 kilo tomatoes
- 1 kilo potatoes
- 1 big green pepper
- 5 cloves garlic
- 6 eggs
- 1 chilli

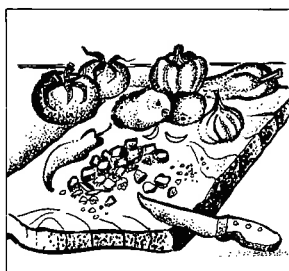
salt and paprika — as much as you like

This should be just right for 6 people. You could always add more potato and use tomato paste instead of real tomatoes, if the recipe looks too expensive.

How to make it:

Cut into small squares the tomatoes; the potatoes; the green pepper; the garlic; and the chilli.

Put the tomatoes, green pepper, garlic and chilli in a pot with hot oil or margarine. Fry them until they are almost done.



Now add the potato, salt and paprika.

When the potato is also almost done, add about 2 cups of water.

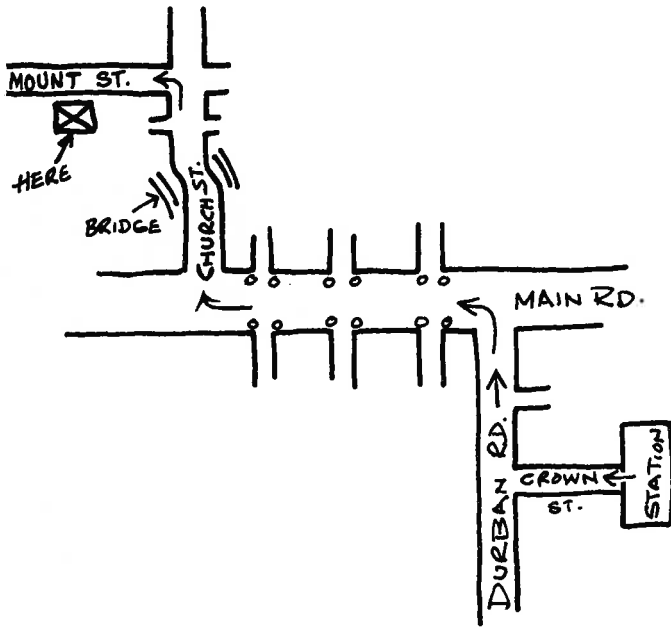


When the potatoes are cooked, break 6 eggs over the food. Break each egg one next to the other. The 6 eggs will cook in the water. They will make a layer on top of the cooked vegetables.



In North Africa people eat Shakshuka in soup bowls with bread and butter.

YOU HAVE a new Saturday morning job in another part of town, a part that you don't know very well. There are two ways that you can learn how to get there. The first way is that someone from work can tell you how to get there. He will tell you like this: You get off the train at the station. Walk along Crown Street until you reach Durban Road. Turn right. Walk to Main Road and turn left. After three robots you turn right into Church Street. You go over a bridge and you turn into the second road on the left, called Mount Street. Just after that is the building, on the left side of the road. The second way is to use a map, that would look like this:



WHY WE

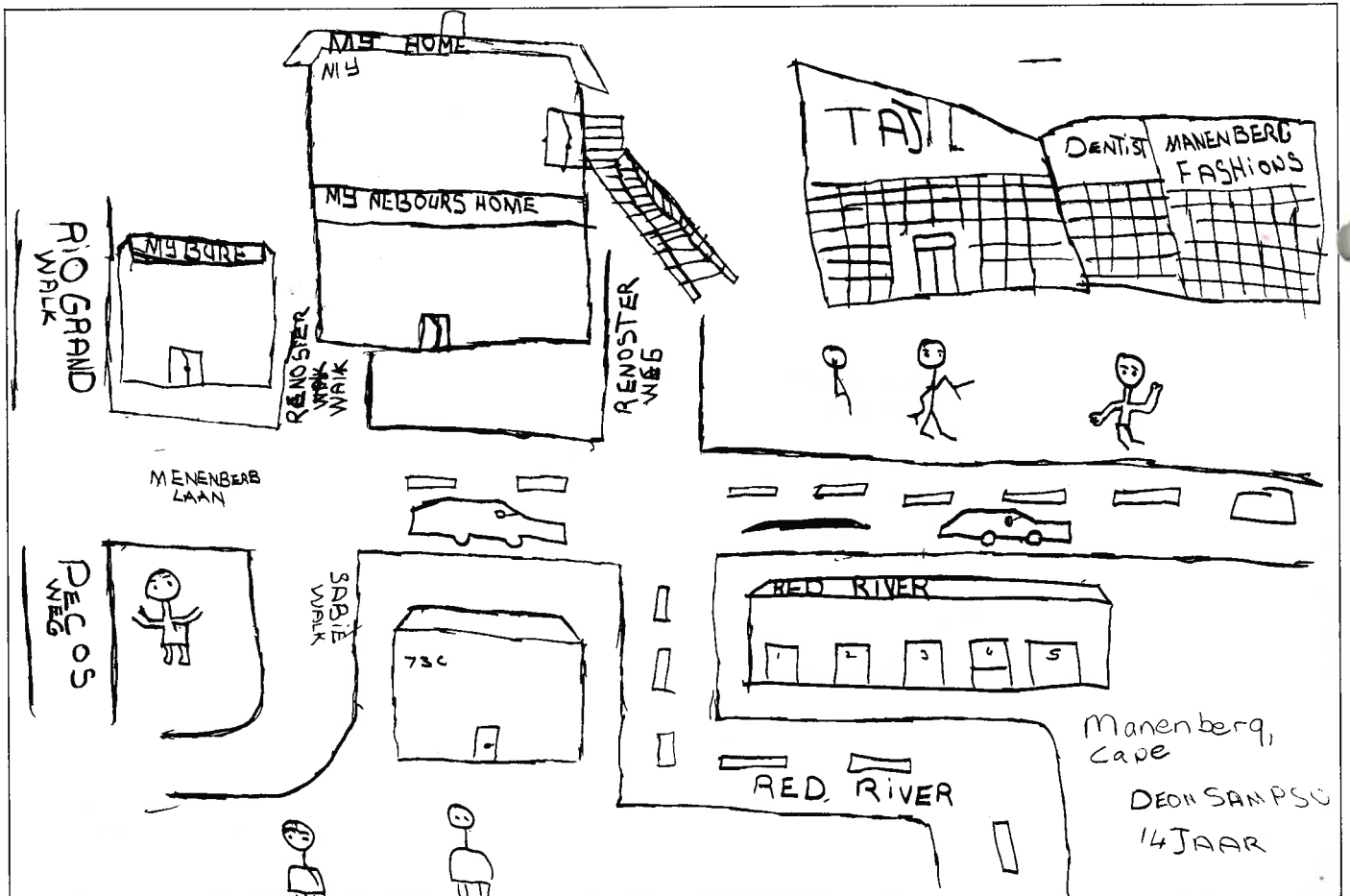
Which way would you use to get to work? Either way would be alright because you are not going such a long way. But if you wanted to go from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth or from Johannesburg to Bloemfontein, then you would need a map. It is too difficult and long for someone to tell you how to get there. You would need a road map with many more details than this little one which tells you how to get to a building a few streets away from the station.

* FOR YOU TO DO *

Try making a map yourself. Start with where you live, your house or flat, and draw it. Then you will need to draw in the streets around it, as well as the other houses or flats nearby. If the streets are straight, draw them in with straight lines. If the streets curve, then you must draw them that way. Write in the names of the streets. You can put into your map anything that you specially want to show. You can draw in shops, buildings, trees, anything that you think is important in the area where you live. Just be careful not to make your map too messy, with too many things in it, because then it won't be easy to read.

In the next issue of UPBEAT we will look at some other things about maps and you will learn how to put even more information into a map.

Picture of Mannenberg, Cape



USE MAPS

One of the main reasons why we use maps is to show us how to get from one place to another. But there are other types of maps as well. The maps that we use in the Africa series show us:

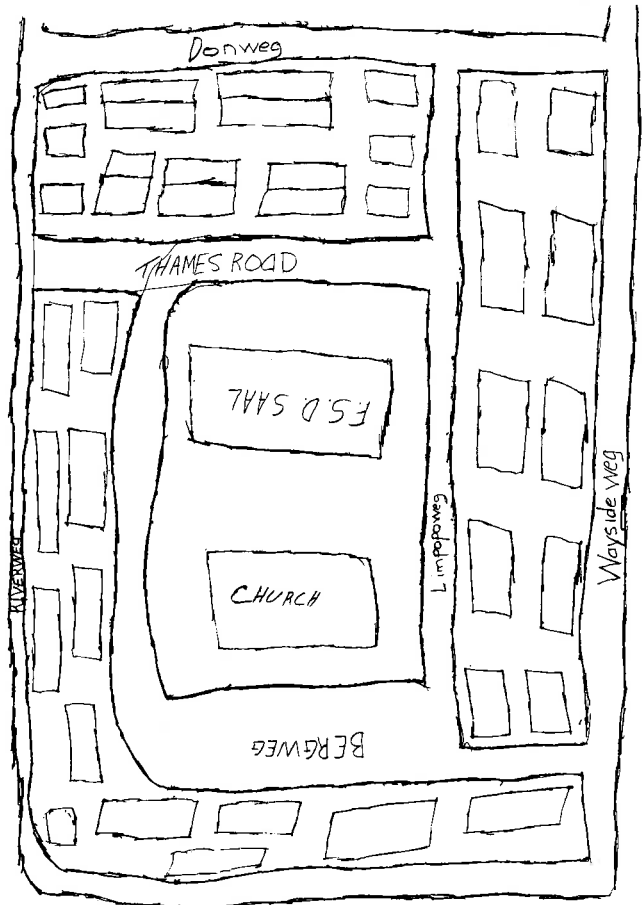
- * Where places are **in relation to each other**. If we are looking at Egypt, we want a map to show us where Egypt is and what countries are next to it.
- * The sizes of countries — South Africa seems to be a big country, but a map of Africa will show us that Algeria is much bigger.
- * The different types of things that we could find in a country — the rivers and lakes, the big cities, the roads and railways.

By looking at a map, you can see where places are **in relation to** each other. A photo can show us a poor part and a wealthy part of town, but a map can show us where they are in relation to each other. We can see from the map whether the people from the poor part and the wealthy part live near each other and know about each other. You can even show, on a map, things like how far people have to travel from the poor part to work in the wealthy part, or in the city. You could put arrows going from one area to another. **There are two other main kinds of maps**, each of which shows us different kinds of things:

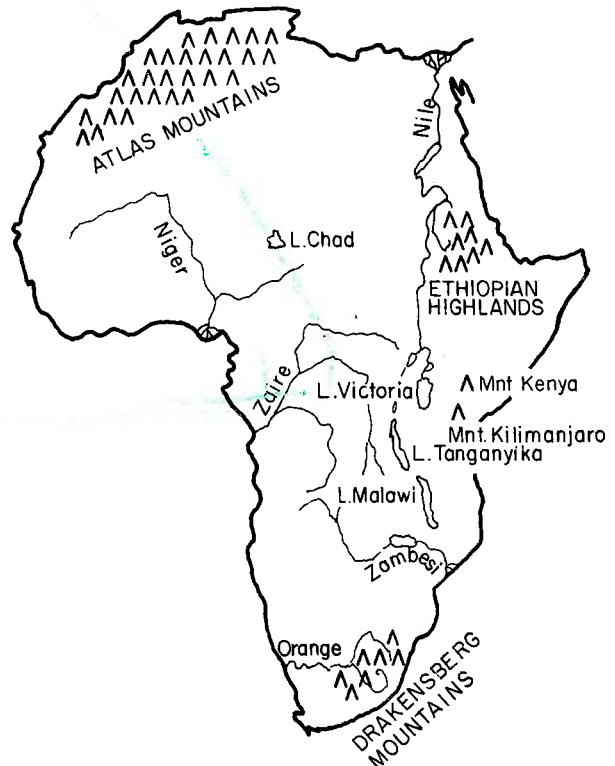


Political maps show us how the land is divided into countries, with borders. They often have black dots to show where the main cities are in each country. Borders are often only things on a map. When you are in a country you can't see the border like you can see the line on a map. Countries are different from each other because often the people speak different languages, they have different governments and laws, they may even have different kinds of food or dress or transport.

PICTURE OF BISHOP LAVIS, CAPE, drawn by Jonathan



This map shows us where things are in relation to each other in Riverton, Bishop Lavis



Physical maps show us what the land is actually like that people live on. Some physical maps show us the mountains, rivers, lakes and types of countryside (for example, desert) that you find in a country. Other physical maps show us how much rain falls there or what kinds of crops the people grow.

WOMEN in ISLAM

by Mark Hofmeister
from Kensington.



Muslim women working in a government workshop

In Islamic countries women are restricted by the obligations their religion has placed upon them. In Islam, the best woman is the one who obeys her husband. Women's main role is keeping the house. She is expected to give her attention to the problems of the house, and not to worry about any other problems. A woman may express her views and make suggestions on all matters. The best way she can keep things going between herself and her husband, is to recognize her husband as the person responsible for the running of affairs. She must obey him even if she doesn't agree with what he thinks, so long as he doesn't break the Islamic rules.

In the Middle Eastern countries, women are fairly restricted by Islam. The lady's clothes, for example, must not attract men. She is allowed to wear whatever she pleases in the presence of her husband, relatives and other women. Once other men are present she is expected to cover most of her body. This is because she must conceal her figure in public. This is different to most Western countries where women prefer to dress according to fashion and in fact they do reveal most parts of their bodies.

Traditionally, it was the responsibility of the parents to choose a husband for their daughter. This means that the girl had to be satisfied with the man whom her parents thought was suitable for her. Nowadays you still find par-

In the **Africa** series so far, we've been visiting North African countries where Islam is the main religion. Here is an article by a young student about the place of women in Islam, and how some of the women are changing in the modern times. He is speaking mostly about women in the Middle East, but similar things go for women in North Africa.

If you don't agree with what Mark has said, or if you have anything to add, write to **Upbeat, P.O. Box 39, Claremont, Cape, 7735**. For example, if you are a Muslim girl, you may disagree with Mark's idea of Islamic obligations, or you may want to tell us how the obligations affect your life.

ents having the most say in choosing the husband. Educated girls in Islamic countries are now having a greater say in choosing partners best suited for them. This is better for the parents, because when parents choose partners for their children it might lead to an early divorce, or even change the bride's attitude towards her parents at a later stage.

Over the years women's wants and desires have changed a lot due to economic conditions. At present especially, women are faced with many challenges from society. Some women in Islamic countries of today are pursuing studies and using their talent. When they are more educated, they can help society more than those who traditionally took charge of housekeeping. Before, they mainly wanted to lead a peaceful and religious life. Nowadays, they want to be successful and to be recognized by others in society. Different avenues have been opened to women, so that they have great difficulty in sticking to Islamic obligations. We have, for example, the problems of women in Iran: with the successful deposition of the Shah, certain customs were put back into force. Women in factories protested against having to wear traditional clothes because they were restrictive and even dangerous when they were working at the machines.

Towards the end of the 20th century religions have become much less important than ever before. Middle Eastern countries are industrialising. Yet in some Islamic countries we have seen a resurgence of religion. As with Iran, we can see that the restrictions imposed on women by Islam will at some point come into conflict with modern society.

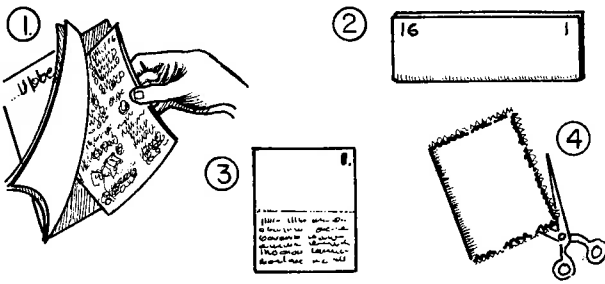


MINI-MAGAZINE!

To find out how a magazine is printed, folded and put together, you will have to fold this mini magazine yourself.

1. Pull the centre pages out of the magazine. (Big pages 15, 16, 17 and 18)
2. Fold the pages together, so that small pages 16 and 1 are facing you, small pages 3 and 9 are at the back.
3. Fold in half, so that small page 1 is facing you, small page 16 is at the back.
4. Cut the three outside edges and staple, glue or sew the pages on the left. We have left space for you to write the title on page 1.

— This is just how a paper folding machine folds a big sheet of Upbeat into 16 pages, once it has been printed.



Along this line is the second fold.

Fold first on this line.

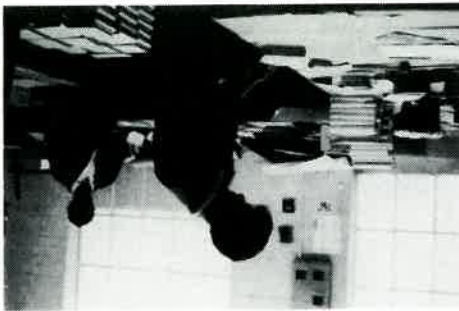
THERE ARE MANY different kinds of printing, and these were all invented at different times. We are going to look at three stages in the invention of printing:

Movable type (from the late 1400's)

Linotype (towards 1900)

Offset lithography (from 1950 onwards)

All three kinds of printing are still used today, although the last is the quickest and gives the neatest effect. This is what Upbeat uses. The machinery for offset lithography is very expensive, so many small printers may use the other two kinds.



Dick: To see young apprentices after four or five years become masters of the trade.

Upbeat: What do you enjoy most about your work? what to do, and I train the apprentices.

Dick: I must keep the bindery going, see that people do the work right, that the work goes out. I show people

Upbeat: What do you do here now? what am I doing?

charge of the bindery — at about thirty. This is still what I am. learn about the different kinds of paper (the names, the weights and the sizes). In my third year I learnt about finishing off books, fixing up old books and making them look more attractive. The whole craftsmanship of types of machinery — I took to this like a house on fire, because of my practical side. As a result, I had to take charge of my practical side. As a result, I had to take charge of the bindery — at about thirty. This is still what I am.

Dick: Most of the time I was trying to know what every-thing is about, like folding sheets. For instance, what is an "8 page" or a "32 page". (Upbeat is printed on two 16 pages, then folded three times each.) You learn about glues, then you start learning how a book is put together. It is quite interesting, because not all books are put together in the same way, some have

Upbeat: What did you learn about during your apprenticeship?

Dick: I started in print at twenty-five. Before that I was a teacher, but it didn't suit my taste. I couldn't wear a tie. I am a more practical man and I knew this. Then I worked around as a labourer, trying to find something that suited my taste — till I got to print. I started off as a labourer in the engineering section. Then I came into the bindery and started an apprenticeship all over again.

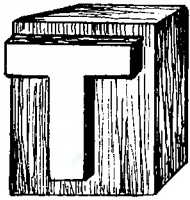
Upbeat: How old were you when you started work as a binder?

Upbeat: We first spoke to Dick: —

An Interview with two people from the BINDERY of a large printing company. This is where the books and magazines are folded, sewn or stapled at the sides and trimmed at the edges, once they have been printed. Most of this work is done by people operating special machines. There is one small room where work is done by hand; this is where the special books are made and covered. UPBEAT interviewed **Dick Mesane**, foreman of the bindery, and **Rodney Mitchell** who is an apprentice binder.



Before printing was invented, people wrote books on paper in places like Egypt, China and Europe. Few people knew how to write, and books were very expensive. Only kings and other very rich people owned them. The Chinese, Japanese and Koreans were the first to use printing, from about 700. They used big blocks and moveable type. With printing, a worker could make 2 000 pages in a full day's work! In Europe things started moving around 1460.



Movable Type:

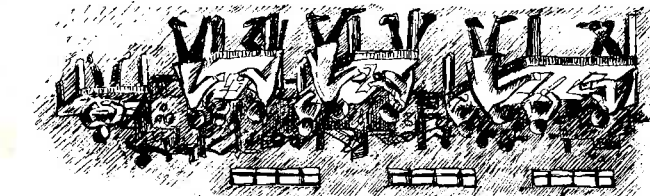
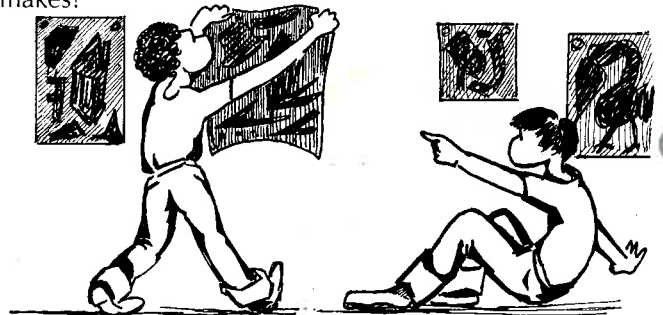
This was made from blocks of wood or metal, and the letter was cut out of the block.

This is still used today, for special hand-printed papers.

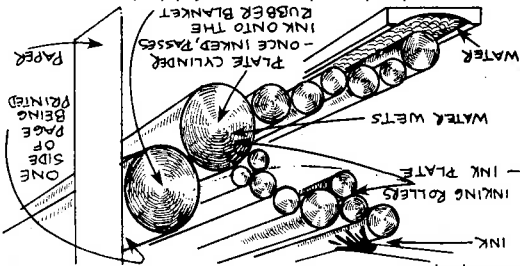
It is important to practise on a scrap of material first so that you can learn how much paint to put onto your potato and on to your shirt or dress.

When you are printing, work on a firm surface so that you can press the potato hard onto the material. Dab the potato into the paint and then push it against the material. Do this in all the places where you want your pattern to be. Wait for the paint to dry completely before you take out the cardboard. Then iron on the wrong side of your T-shirt or dress. This will set the paint hard and fast.

If you don't have any clothes that need brightening up, you can make a wall poster for your bedroom or kitchen. You go about it in the same way as for printing on a T-shirt or dress. But instead of using fabric paint, you should use ink or powder paint mixed with water. Use as many colours as you like. Print on a large square piece of firm paper or cardboard. Wait for it to dry, and hang it up neatly and squarely on the wall. See what a difference it makes!



Folding: Here the big sheets get folded 3 times, to get 16 pages. Two lots of 16 pages are put together, cut on three sides and joined in the centre - just as you have done, to make this mini-magazine. The magazines are folded in the bindery.



The main thing, here, is that the chemicals take over the job that the sticking-out letters used to do with lino type or movable type. Big sheets of paper pass through a rotary cylinder. The paper is wrapped around the rubber cylinder and the print comes off onto the paper, the right way round. There are two cylinders on the machine. One prints the one side of the paper, the other does the other side of the paper.



ago. Next we spoke to Rodney Mitchell, who became an apprentice in the bindery just after he matriculated one year ago.

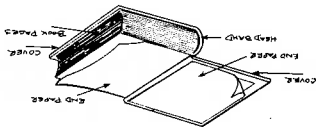
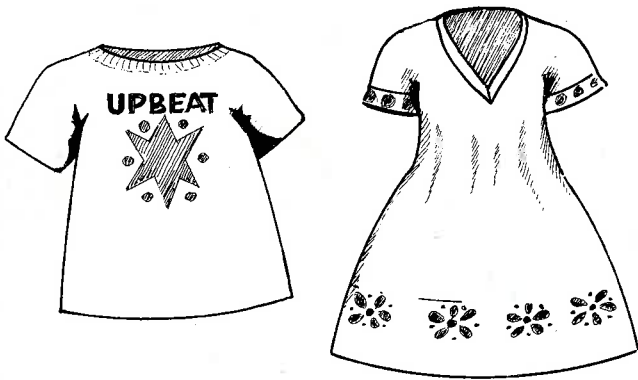
Upbeat: Are there any work tremendously? Dick: It makes no difference whether I give or take a command. I enjoy my work tremendously.

Upbeat: How do you feel about ordering other people around? Dick: Girls don't usually become apprentices. It has just been this way over the years. Also, it's quite strenuous. One or two ladies are journeymen, but they are more in leatherwork. These days binding has gone away from handwork to machinery - so you need to be strong to move the machines around and operate them. It's not really discrimination.

- 5. Slide a folded newspaper or a piece of cardboard into the T-shirt to keep the paint off the back of it.



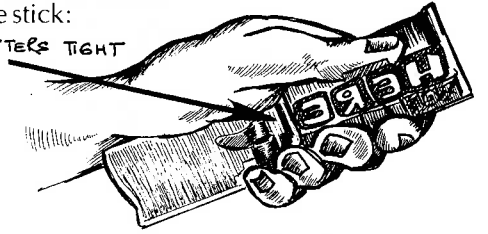
- 6. Plan exactly where you want your pattern to be on the dress or shirt, and how you want to form it.



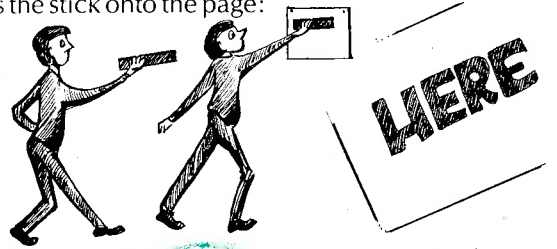
Upbeat: What made you come here?
Rodney: I was looking for work. Somebody got me a job here. I began as a labourer on the folding machine. Then I got my apprenticeship.
Upbeat: Do you enjoy it?
Rodney: I'm enjoying it very much. It's good to work with these people here. I actually prefer working on the machinery to the bookwork, though. I have made friends with young people in the bindery. The work is interesting, because you work with your hands.
Upbeat: What is the pay like? Is it enough?
Rodney: R55 a week. It's fantastic!
Upbeat: What are the hours like?
Rodney: From 8 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. I get half an hour for lunch, ten minutes for tea.
Upbeat: What do you do here? At the moment?
Rodney: I do bookbinding, because magazines go on the machines. When the book comes from sewing, I glue on the back of the book, and hammer it. I make the edges round, then I put it on the backing machine to get the back curved. I put on "headbands", then a triple lining. I put on the cardboard sides, leather corners, then leather backs. Then I put leather on the sides and clean the glue off the endpaper. I glue the covers on the inside, then put on labels. When I've finished, I send it inside to be checked.

With movable type, the **compositor** puts all the letters that are needed for a line into a composing stick. This keeps the blocks tightly together. There must be a stick with letters for every line of the page. The letters are back to front, on the stick:

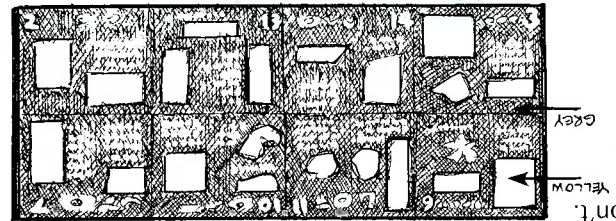
KEEPS LETTERS TIGHT



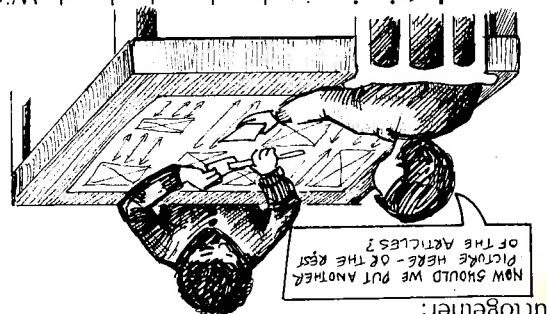
The printer then brushes the letterblocks with ink, and places the stick onto the page:



The ink only touches the page where the letters stick out of the block. With this method of printing, thousands of pages could be printed in a day. With time, more and more books could be printed. Knowledge could be spread more quickly, and to more places. It took a very long time before printing reached the masses in some parts of the world. Even now not everybody in the world can read.

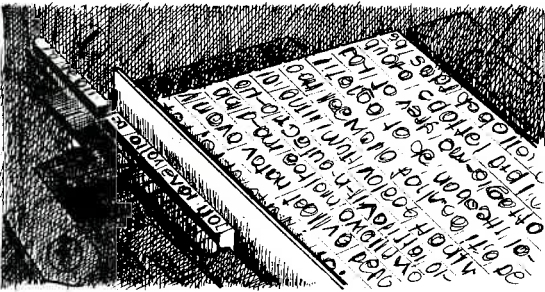


Make up and stripping is also done by hand. With Upbeat, the print and pictures are very carefully stuck down on paper. Then 8 pages are photographed together. The film is developed, then it is placed over a metal sheet that is specially treated. A purple light goes on above the film; where it shines through the film, the plate goes grey. Where there is print on the film, the sheet stays yellow. The yellow parts of the sheet accept ink - the grey parts won't.

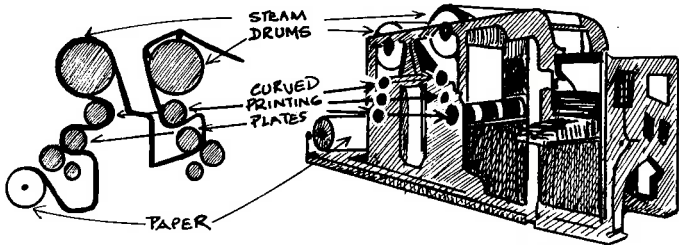


Upbeat there is no real layout artist. We all work on the layout together:

A few hundred years later ways were being discovered to make the printing blocks in machines. One of these machines is the Linotype. Somebody sits at a typewriter and types out the words. Out of the other end of the machines, come long metal strips with whole lines of letters sticking out. This is the work the compositor would have done by hand.



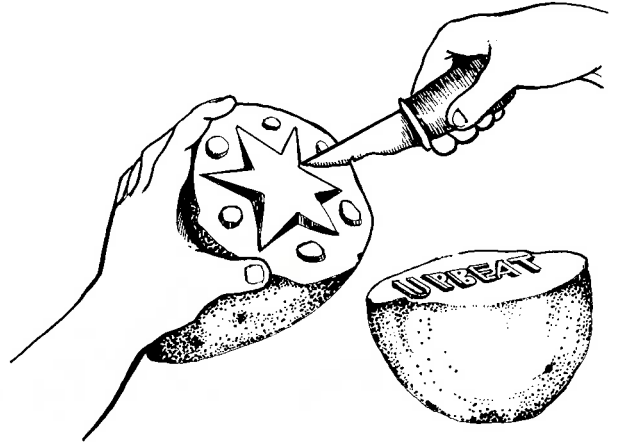
The printing itself is now also done by big machines. Here is a web-fed rotary machine. The paper gets printed on both sides at once. It passes two curved printing plates, that have inked raised letters on them.



As things go faster, people want them to go even faster. Here the typesetting can be done by computers! This is much quicker, and fewer people are needed for the job. When The Times of England wanted to bring in computers to do their typesetting, the staff began to strike. They said it was not fair, because many of them would lose their jobs. The paper was closed down for a long time because of this. Offset-litho has become very popular, because it works better for pictures, it can be used on cheaper paper and the printing plates last longer. The problem is that the machines are so expensive that only very big companies can buy one. To make these big machines worthwhile, they must be used day and night. This means some people have to work night shift – to obey the machine.

Offset Litho:

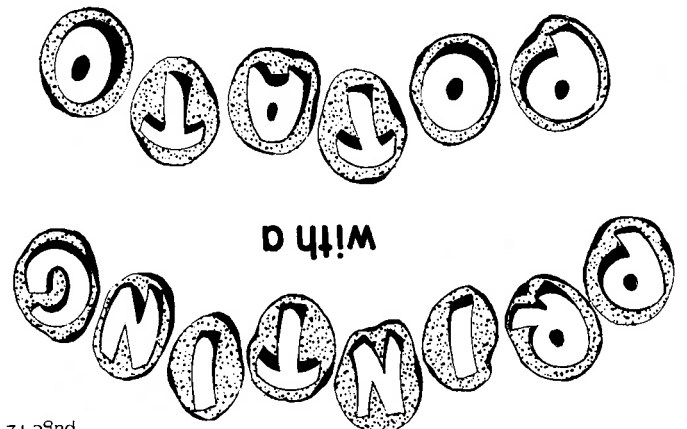
1. Wash and dry your T-shirt or dress.
2. Get the place where you are going to work ready. The floor is probably the best place. Spread plenty of newspaper around so that you won't dirty anything.
3. Slice the potato in half and cut your design into the cut part of the potato. You can cut a different pattern on each half if you want two patterns. Cut deep into the potato so that your pattern stands out boldly.



4. Squeeze out a bit of fabric paint onto a large plate. Do not squeeze out the whole tube at once, only small amounts at a time. Add a few drops of turpentine to thin the paint, and mix them together with a small stick.

- What you will need:**
- * A design for a pattern
 - * A potato
 - * A small sharp knife
 - * A bit of turpentine (this you can get at any hardware shop)
 - * Fabric paint. You can buy this at any handicraft or art shop for about 60c a tube. A tube goes a long way, so maybe you could share it with a friend. There are 30 different colours to choose from. Be sure that the colour that you choose will show up brightly on your T-shirt or dress.
 - * Newspaper

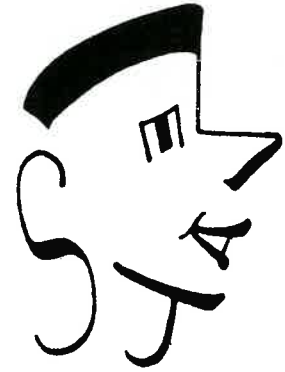
HERE'S AN IDEA for brightening up that favourite old T-shirt or dress that has become faded and dull.



PUZZLE PAGE



How many animals can you find in this drawing?



What name can you make out of this face?

THE ANSWERS ARE ON PAGE 24

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ:

- Which two singers who have left South Africa, gave concerts in Lesotho and Swaziland in December 1980?
- Why are no foods we eat blue?
- Where were the last Olympic Games held?
- Who is the person who headed the Pebco trade union in Port Elizabeth last year, before he was detained and banned, then left the country?
- Who is the Prime Minister of Zimbabwe?
- In which three sports do the winners pass the finishing line backwards?
- Which is the longest river in Africa?
- Which soccer player has scored the most goals in the world?
- Which animal carries its baby around in a pocket in its stomach for 6 months?
- How many languages that South Africans speak, besides English, do you know of?

MATHEMAGICA:

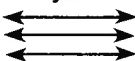
In this grid there are 9 empty squares. Try to fit the numbers 1 to 9 in these squares so that each column will add up to 25, vertically, horizontally and diagonally.

5	5	5	5	5
5				5
5				5
5				5
5	5	5	5	5

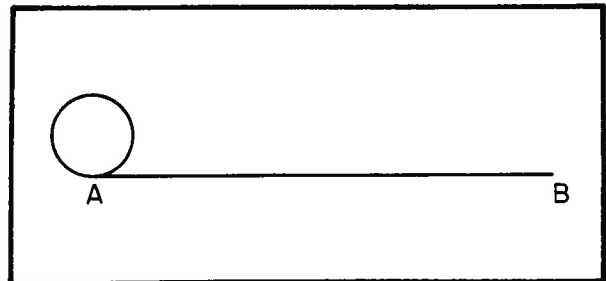
vertically:



horizontally:



diagonally:



How many times does the wheel turn to get to B?

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INTERVIEW:

— NEWSPAPER SELLERS FROM CAPE TOWN



Raymond comes from Manenberg, on the Cape Flats. He is fifteen and was in Std. 3. He left school because of the boycotts. He now sells papers in Mill Street, Cape Town. Work begins at 12 o'clock and finishes at 8 o'clock. When work is over, the driver takes him home again. Raymond eats his lunch while he is selling papers, because if he takes off time, he sells fewer papers. Raymond is lucky — he has never been knocked over, and no-one has ever stolen his money. He says he is not scared of running across the road in the traffic.

Upbeat: What made you decide to sell papers?

Raymond: Just so. My friends that sell papers asked me if I want to do it.

Upbeat: How much money do you make a day?

Raymond: Three rand — the sellers get 1½ cents for each paper they sell. Most sellers sell 200 in a day. They take all the money to their boss, and he gives them their "commission", usually R3. If they lose some of the money, they must pay it in out of their own money.

Upbeat: What do you do with the money you earn?

Raymond: I give R7 to my mother every week. I save R2 with the driver. I will use the money for clothes. The rest I spend on sweets and chips.

Upbeat: Do you think you get paid enough?

Raymond: No.

Upbeat: How much do you think you should get?

Raymond: R8.

Upbeat: What do you do on the weekends?

Raymond: Bioscope and Church.

Upbeat: How far do you want to go at school?

Raymond: Standard six.

Upbeat: What do you want to do afterwards? Sell papers?

Raymond: No! Some other kind of work.

The next stop is the centre of Cape Town, at **Mervin's** corner in Burg Street. It is raining, and Mervin is sitting on his pile of papers. He is wearing a jacket, shorts and no

shoes. The people who came past to buy papers seem to know Mervin: "Argus, ou pallie," one asks. Mervin's story is similar to Raymond's. He is also from the Cape Flats, from Macassar. He is 13 and also left school during the boycotts.

Upbeat: What made you decide to work?

Melvin: I work for my mother. I made up my mind: Sy kry swaar. My father is lame, so he earns very little. He was going to the shop one day to buy food and was knocked over by a car.

Frikkie comes to the corner. Every day he first delivers papers, then sits on a corner and sells. Although he is 14, he is very small and thin. He has been selling newspapers since he was 12. He doesn't say very much, though.

Upbeat: Why are you so small?

Melvin: He eats very little. He is sickly, he suffered from his heart when he was younger.

Upbeat: Where do you live?

Frikkie: I sleep on the pavement. There by that café.

Upbeat: How many of you sleep there?

Frikkie: Ten or twelve.

Melvin: Frikkie used to stay in Bonnytown.

Upbeat: Do you prefer living in the street?

Frikkie: Yes.

Melvin: I ask him why he doesn't go back to his father, because his father will give him everything he wants. But he says his father gets drunk and hits him. His mother does sleep-in work somewhere. Five of his brothers and sisters stay with her.

Frikkie's one brother, about ten, also sells papers and sleeps near the café. Sometimes a woman gives them fruit. If Frikkie gets food, he keeps some for his brother.

Both Melvin and Frikkie said they were hungry. What did they spend their money on? Melvin gives most of his to his mother, but Frikkie and his friends go to bioscope every night.



RAYMOND MELVIN CHRIS FRIKKIE ALEC EUCLID

Melvin also slept on the pavement with the others, twice. Why?

Melvin: Because I went to bioscope with them.

Upbeat: Why only twice?

Melvin: Because it is too cold in the street.

Melvin and Frikkie both say they are scared of the traffic, but **Chris**, who has just arrived, says he isn't scared. Chris works on a corner one block away. He is eleven, but he looks six, because he is so small. Although it is a cold day, he is wearing shorts and a T-shirt. He is shivering, his nose is running. Chris ran away from his mother when he was seven, and he has been sleeping on the street and selling papers ever since.

Upbeat: Why did you leave home?

Chris: My pa beat us. My mother left him. She said to me, "Let's see how well you can do on your own, now."

Upbeat: When last did you see her?

Chris shrugs his shoulders.

Upbeat: Have you ever been robbed?

Chris: On Friday they took R2 from me.

Upbeat: Who?

Chris: A big boy.

Sea Point, the Adelphi Centre. **Alec** and **Euclid** both come from Hanover Park. Alec is thirteen, and has been selling papers since the boycotts. He plans to go back to school next year. He points to Euclid, who is nine, and says that Euclid is the "ou mannetjie" around here.

Upbeat: How long have you been working around here?

Euclid: About two years.

Upbeat: Why? Weren't your parents upset?

Euclid: I somma decided. My mother said I musn't. I didn't like school.

Upbeat: Do you ever want to go back to school?

Euclid: When the boss kicks me out, I'll go back to school.



Upbeat: How do you like working in Sea Point?

Euclid: It's not nice. Too much goes on here.

Upbeat: What do you mean?

Euclid: The cars. I got knocked over once. I broke five ribs. The driver did stop, but my father took me to hospital.

Upbeat: Are you scared of the traffic?

Alec and Euclid: Yes!

Upbeat: What is it like here on a Friday night?

Alec: All I see is police picking up drunk people.

Euclid: There is fighting. Killing with guns and knives.

Upbeat: What do you think of these people that fight in the street? Are you scared of them?

Euclid: No. I feel sorry for them. They hurt themselves.

Upbeat: Have you ever been robbed?

Euclid: Twice. Two rand. I paid the money in to the driver from my own money.

A woman walks past and buys a paper from Euclid. She tells Alec that she is buying from Euclid, rather, because, "Shame, he's so small".

Upbeat: Do more people buy from you than from Alec because you are so small?

Euclid: Yes.

But by the time Alec had finished selling his pile of afternoon papers, Euclid still had two left. Alec thought this was very funny, but Euclid didn't. They were waiting for piles of the "Late Final" to arrive.

* * *

AND NOW some questions for UPBEAT readers:

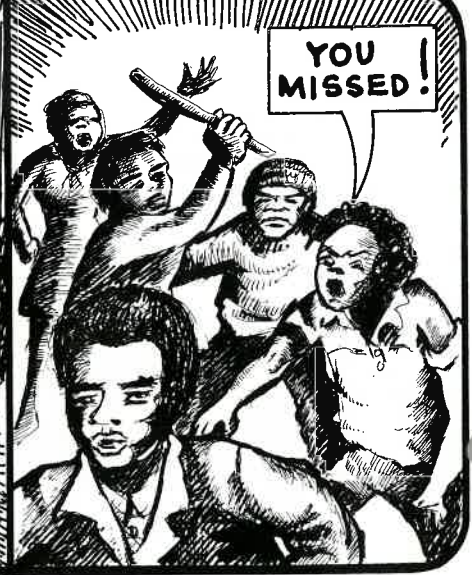
- * Should such young people, some of them your age, be allowed to work? Or should they be forced to go to school? If they go to school, what happens if there isn't enough money at home?
- * Should people be allowed to sell papers on street corners and in the street? It is illegal for drivers to call sellers into the street, but they still do it.
- * Do these sellers get enough money for their work?

Thami and Nomhle

THE GANG ARRIVE AT THE HOSPITAL TO GET NTHATO — 'NTHATO MUST BE PUNISHED FOR TAKING NOMHLE AWAY' SAYS THAMI. ... NOW READ ON



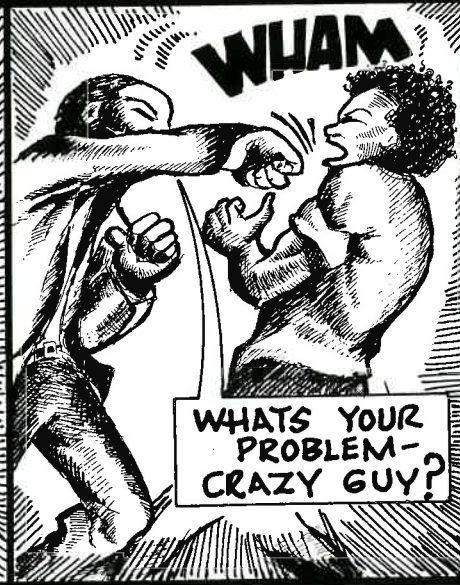
THERE HE IS - GET HIM!



YOU MISSED!

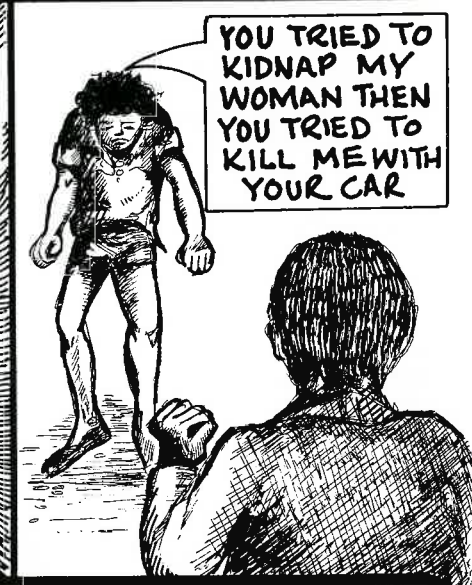


NOW IT'S MY TURN!



WHAM

WHATS YOUR PROBLEM - CRAZY GUY?



YOU TRIED TO KIDNAP MY WOMAN THEN YOU TRIED TO KILL ME WITH YOUR CAR



YOU'RE MAD, THAMI!



YA, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO PAY, RICH MR. NTHATO!

NTHATO! THAMI!



WHATS GOING ON HERE?

ASK THIS IDIOT, BUT BE CAREFUL HE THINKS HE'S KING KONG

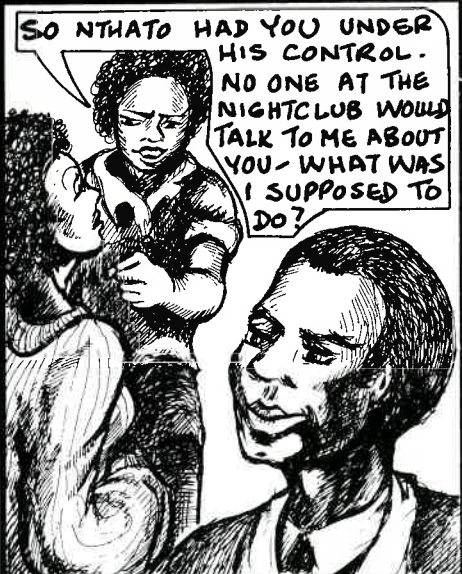


YOU'RE CRAZY THAMI! WHAT WERE YOU DOING TO POOR NTHATO?



POOR NTHATO? - THAT SCUM! LOOK HERE NOMHLE - LAST NIGHT YOUR FATHER CAME LOOKING FOR YOU - HE WAS VERY WORRIED.

BEFORE I GOT A CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING, NTHATO'S CAR NEARLY KILLED ME - BUT KNOCKED YOU OUT INSTEAD. - AT NTHATOS' HOUSE I FOUND A NOTE. IT SAYS NTHATO WILL GIVE YOU MONEY AND YOU MUST WORK FOR HIM!



SO NTHATO HAD YOU UNDER HIS CONTROL. NO ONE AT THE NIGHTCLUB WOULD TALK TO ME ABOUT YOU - WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

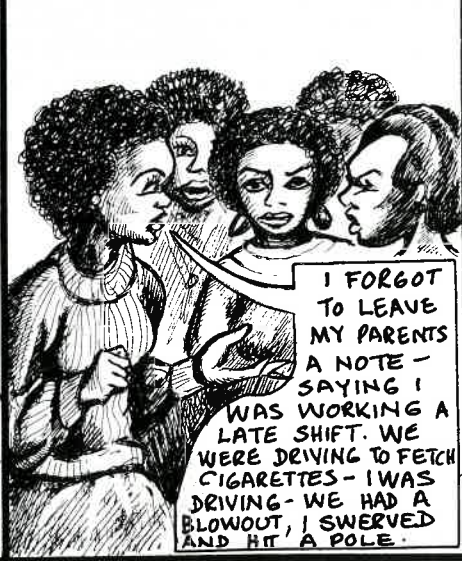


LOOK HERE HERO, WHY DIDNT YOU ASK ME AT THE HOSPITAL? THEN I COULD HAVE EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.



SO WHAT WAS THE STORY? WE WERE SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU.

NTHATOS' LENDING ME MONEY TO STUDY, HE SAYS I CAN PAY IT OFF BY WORKING AT HIS CLUB AS A WAITRESS!



I FORGOT TO LEAVE MY PARENTS A NOTE - SAYING I WAS WORKING A LATE SHIFT. WE WERE DRIVING TO FETCH CIGARETTES - I WAS DRIVING - WE HAD A BLOWOUT, I SWERVED AND HIT A POLE.



YOU SHOULD FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING BEFORE YOU RUSH INTO ACTION.

STICK TO BOCCER THAMI!

THE END

Penfriends*Penfriends*Penfriends*Penfriends

Zimbabwe

Christina Mzweba is fifteen, and she stays at a boarding school in Zimbabwe. You can write to her at: Nagle House Girls' High School, Private Bag 3804, Marandellas, Zimbabwe. Christina enjoys: netball, volleyball, tennis, reading, swimming and sharing jokes.

Transvaal

Iris Motihako is twelve. You can write to her at P.O. Box 93, Dobsonville, Transvaal. Iris likes sport, especially netball. She says she wants to be a professional tennis player one day.

Cape

Leon Siselin: Address: 9 Wembley Way, Matroosfontein 7460, Cape. Leon is 14 years old, in Std. 5. He writes: Ek hou van swem en gewig optel. Ek hou baie van comics.

Write in to us with your name, age, address and something about yourselves, to UPBEAT PENFRIENDS, P.O. Box 39, Claremont 7735, C.P.

My name is **Norman Pretorius**. Address: 42 Galway Court, Hanover Park, C.P. My date of birth is the 10th March, 1964. I have pitch black hair with dark brown eyes. I am a Seventh Day Adventist and therefore attend church on Saturdays. I belong to the M.U. Club and the Pathfinder's club. My father is a laboratory assistant. My hobbies are swimming, dancing and listening to pop music. I would like to write to a girl from 14 - 16. I would like to write to someone especially interested in politics and nature.

120 Concert Boulevard
Retreat 7945
24th March, 1981.

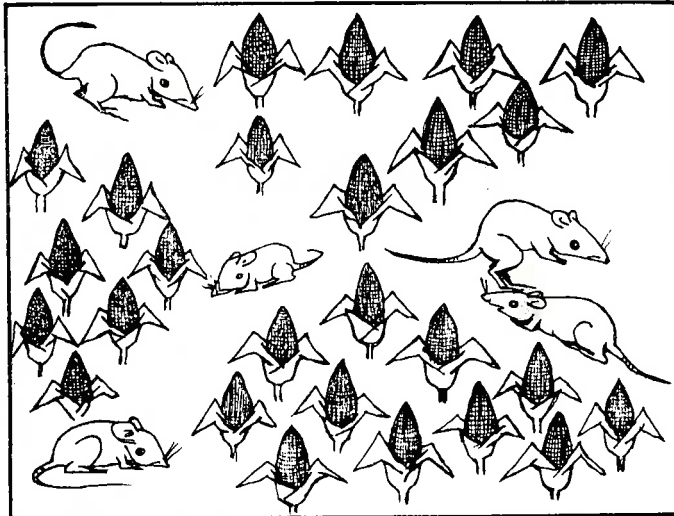
Dear Reader,

I am interested in a penfriend. I am a girl. My name is **Lorraine MacDonald**.

My age is thirteen and I am in Std. 5 at Sullivan Primary School in Retreat. I am interested in a girl or boy my age. I do ballet as a hobby and like Pop Music and dancing. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your friend,
Lorraine.

PUZZLE



Keep out the rats! Separate the rats from the mealies by drawing three straight lines.

LETTER FROM A READER

Die Redakteur
"UPBEAT"
Claremont

Geagte Redakteur,

Hiermee verneem ek na die min Afrikaanse artikels in "UPBEAT". Ek voel dat baie mense Afrikaans sowel as Engels praat. Daar was eenmaal 'n Duitser by ons skool en hy het Afrikaans gepraat en geskrywe. Ek dink die Engelse uitgawe is 'n voordeel vir ander en 'n nadeel vir ons. Die boek is bedoel vir almal en dit moet vir almal 'n voordeel wees. Ek dink die helfte van die boek moet in Engels skryf en die ander helfte in Afrikaans.

Die uwe,
A. GOUWS
(Ek is van Bishop Lavis)

What do YOU think?

Quiz:

1. Hugh Masekela and Miriam Makeba
2. Blue things contain the chemical 'copper sulphate', which is poisonous.
3. Moscow
4. Thozamile Botha
5. Robert Mugabe
6. Tug of war, backstroke and rowing
7. The River Nile
8. Pelé
9. The Kangaroo
10. Afrikaans, Xhosa, Southern Sotho, Northern Sotho, Swazi, Tswana, Venda, Tsonga, Zulu, Urdu, Gujarati, Tamil and others.

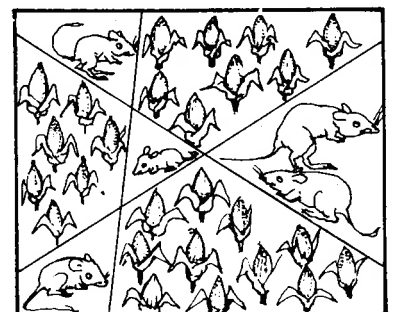
The animals in the drawing: fox, rabbit, squirrel, rat, skunk, tortoise, owl, hedgehog, chameleon, lizard.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

The wheel takes two turns to get to B. If you don't believe this, take a 5c piece and see how far it goes, just doing one turn. You can use the 'c' on it as your marker.

The name is James

Keep out the rats!



Mathemagica:

5	5	5	5	5
5	4	3	8	5
5	9	5	1	5
5	2	7	6	5
5	5	5	5	5

OXIDATION

When *oxygen* in the air joins up with the chemicals of something like a tin can, paper or an apple, we call this *oxidation*. When this happens a chemical change is taking place; the bonds that hold the chemicals together break up and gases are given off back to the air. Let us look at three different types of oxidation:

BURNING

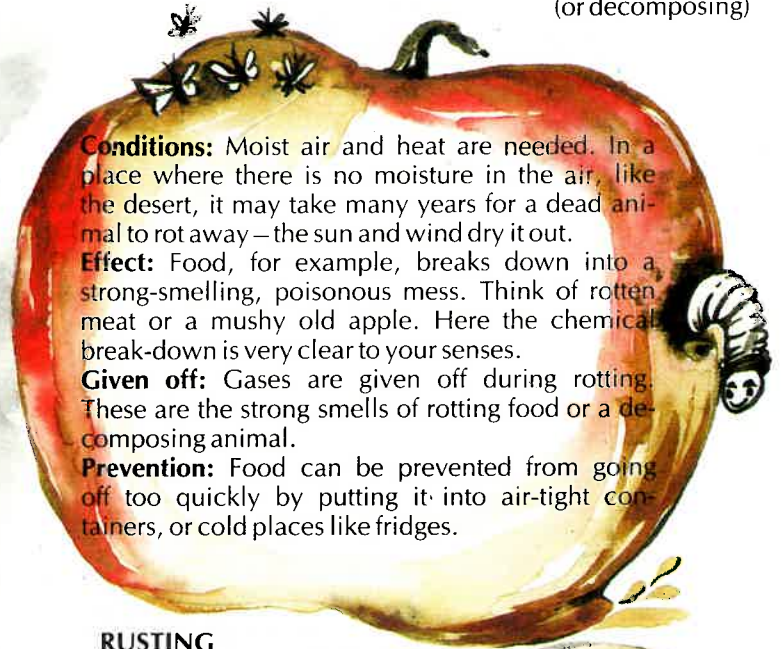
Conditions: Dry air and heat is needed for burning.

Effects: Whatever is burning (wood, paper or coal) joins up with oxygen. It breaks up, leaving ash behind. Some things burn very quickly, as in an explosion or with very light paper. Others burn very slowly, like smouldering coals or tightly packed papers.

Given off: Depending on what is burning, different amounts of heat and light are given off. Different gases are also given off. Sometimes these gases can be very poisonous, and people can be poisoned before the flames burn them. This is why, if there's a fire in the house, especially a coal fire, windows or a door must be left open to let the poisons out. Sometimes you can even see the gases that are given off. This is the smoke. This happens if the fuel isn't dry enough, or if there is too much fuel on the fire. Combustion or burning can be very useful to us – it gives us heat to warm ourselves, cook our food and melt metal for tools. It gives us light to read and work by. But it can also be very harmful to us. In the Children and Health article, you can read more about the dangers of fires. It is up to us all to see that fires are useful and not harmful to us.



ROTTING (or decomposing)



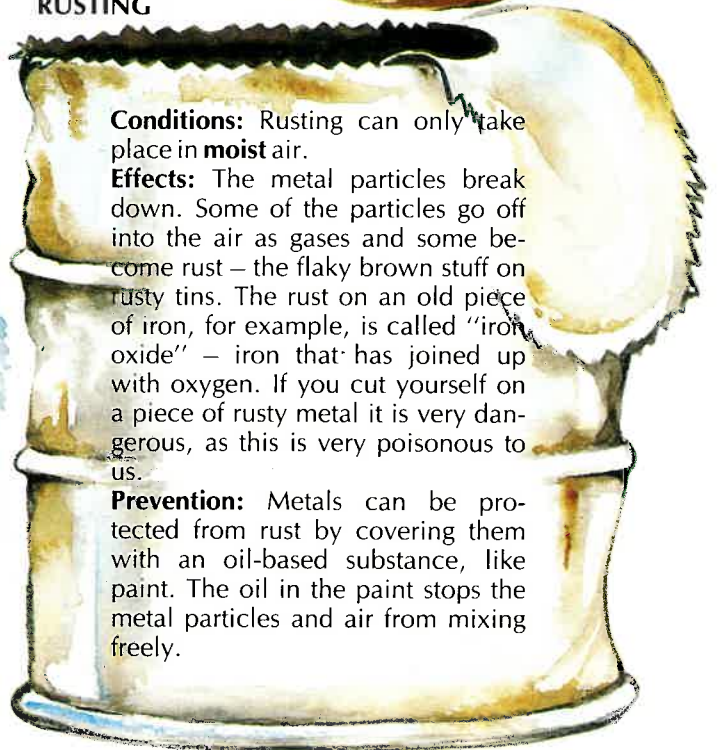
Conditions: Moist air and heat are needed. In a place where there is no moisture in the air, like the desert, it may take many years for a dead animal to rot away – the sun and wind dry it out.

Effect: Food, for example, breaks down into a strong-smelling, poisonous mess. Think of rotten meat or a mushy old apple. Here the chemical break-down is very clear to your senses.

Given off: Gases are given off during rotting. These are the strong smells of rotting food or a decomposing animal.

Prevention: Food can be prevented from going off too quickly by putting it into air-tight containers, or cold places like fridges.

RUSTING



Conditions: Rusting can only take place in **moist** air.

Effects: The metal particles break down. Some of the particles go off into the air as gases and some become rust – the flaky brown stuff on rusty tins. The rust on an old piece of iron, for example, is called "iron oxide" – iron that has joined up with oxygen. If you cut yourself on a piece of rusty metal it is very dangerous, as this is very poisonous to us.

Prevention: Metals can be protected from rust by covering them with an oil-based substance, like paint. The oil in the paint stops the metal particles and air from mixing freely.

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 the copies from next month to December, it will cost you R1,40.

You must send us R2,00 or R1,40, 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 R1,40 for them.

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

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

We will then send you your copies of UPBEAT.

668615 Markus Solomon.

PELÉ

The words in italic writing are explained at the end of the article.

WHEN THE BAND strikes up the first chords of the Brazilian national anthem, all of us are living in a dream, but none more so than me . . . I know this is no time to be distracted. Instead I try to concentrate on how I will play; but the thought keeps *intruding*: how is it possible that you are here, in the Brazilian team, in Sweden, about to play for your country in the Jules Rimet matches? It has to be a dream . . ."

This is Pelé at 17, playing his first game in the World Cup soccer finals. Who is this boy? How did he get to the World Cup? And how does he feel about soccer, the game that made him famous?

Edson Arantes de Nascimento (Pelé's real name) lived in a small town in Brazil called Baurú. The family was very poor, because the father was a *professional* soccer player for a small team and they didn't pay him enough money. Pelé was the kind of boy who was busy playing soccer when he was supposed to be at school or looking after his younger brother. Although he is not sure what 'Pelé' means, he says people started calling him this because he was always playing soccer in the street with his friends. Pelé was lucky because his father was also a soccer player — one of the best, Pelé thought. His father taught Pelé a lot about soccer, and told him not to smoke or drink, because football players need to keep very fit and cigarettes and drink are unhealthy.

Pelé says that the people from his country are all crazy about soccer. "Brazilians learn to kick as soon as they stand up; walking comes later." He started his first soccer club, called "The Shoeless Ones", at the age of ten years. They were very good, and when he was fourteen his team was asked to play for the junior Baurú Athletic Club team. Pelé says that the day he was asked to join was one of the most exciting days in his life. At this time Pelé was doing very badly at school. He had failed one year and was probably going to fail another year. He was too interested in playing soccer. He left school at about fourteen and went to work in a shoe factory. When he was much older, he decided that education **was** important, and he felt sorry that he left school so young. He went back to finish his schooling, even though he was married with a son. After this he went even further and he did a degree in physical education.

While he was working in a shoe factory, Pelé was already becoming famous as a soccer player in Baurú. His ex-coach came to Baurú to get Pelé to come and play for a club called "Santos" in a town of the same name. So at fifteen, Pelé left his family to go to Santos. He was very homesick at first — he tried to run away twice! He soon became more confident about his soccer. Two years later he played for Brazil at the World Cup in Sweden, 1958.

Walking onto the field in his first game, Pelé couldn't help thinking about how he must have looked to the audience, a "skinny black boy" of seventeen. Did they think he was a mascot, a friend of the coach, or was Brazil desperate for players? He was nervous at first, but he scored ten goals at the championships, which Brazil won.

Pelé went on to play in two more World Championships, and hundreds of other matches all round the world. He scored over 1 300 goals in his time, more

Sports and games



Pelé, when he was a young boy

This is not our life
Everything here is a game
A passing thing,
What matters is what I've done
And what I'll leave behind,
Let it be an example
For those that come. — Pelé

than any other soccer player so far. But Pelé got tired of the hard life of a soccer player, and gave up the game for a while. He later went to play for an American team, the New York Cosmos. This made all his fans in Brazil very angry: Why did Pelé desert his country, they wanted to know. But Pelé had his own reasons for this.

How does one explain why Pelé has become such a famous soccer player and why he has scored so many goals? There is no single answer for this, but there are some reasons that have definitely helped. Firstly, Pelé has loved soccer ever since he was a little boy. He has always been very fast, but more important, he is very clever. So he thinks about the way soccer should be played, and how he would like to play it. Also, he doesn't just play for himself, but for the whole team. This was never very difficult in Brazil, where the players are used to playing together. But once Pelé got to America, he discovered that the players there weren't used to playing together as a proper team. They each played in their own different styles. It was up to Pelé to make the players there play as a team. This isn't to say that Pelé doesn't have a style of his own, because he does have one. There are even some very special kicks of his that people like to remember.

In the 1958 World Cup Finals against Wales, Pelé scored an unusual goal. He had his back to the goal and

he kicked the ball with his right foot over his head. The ball then bounced off a Welshman, which is what Pelé expected it to do. Then Pelé turned around and kicked the ball with his left foot into the goal. In all of this, the ball didn't touch the ground.

This is just one of many famous Pelé movements. But Pelé also has his ideas about how soccer should be played. He says he likes a team that goes straight for the ball, rather than one that spends its time trying to defend its side.

Pelé also spent some time working for the rights of soccer players. In Brazil at the time, the soccer players worked very hard and the managers became rich. (Pelé became rich too, but most soccer players don't.) If a player was injured, that was the end of his soccerplaying. Pelé and his friends got the Brazilian Government to change this. They felt that the players should get money while they are sick, just as workers in most jobs do — or if they get hurt on the job. Pelé felt very bitter about players who'd be very popular one day, but be booed off the field the next. They would just have to find another job, even though they might not have done something really wrong. The public can judge so unfairly sometimes. Pelé also says that he cares so much for soccer, he doesn't want the game or its players to get a bad name. Because of this, he never says or does anything that will give people something to talk about.

intruding — coming into my mind
professional — play for a wage

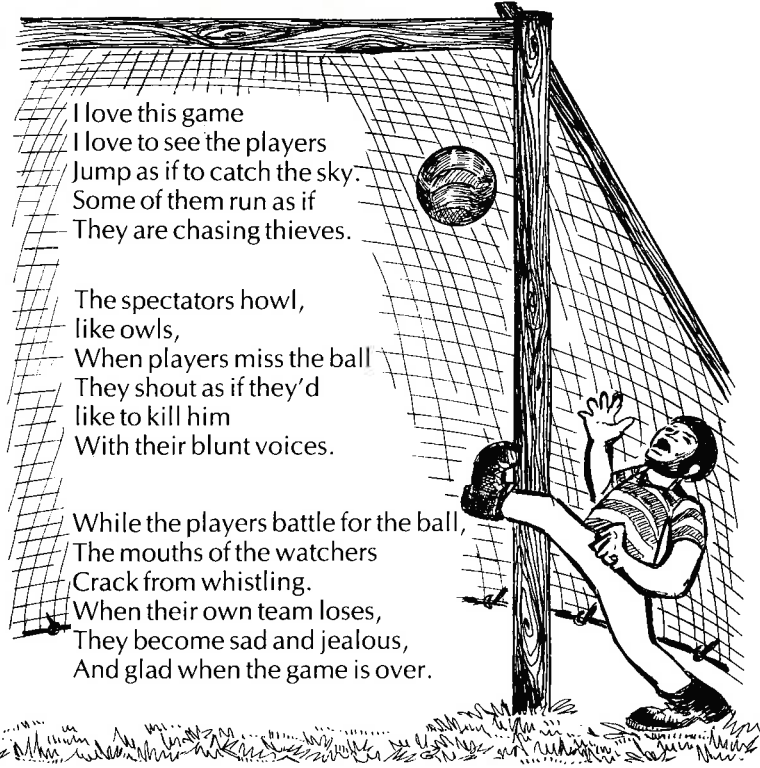
Soccer

By Pattmore Dotiro
 Highfield Secondary School, Salisbury, Zimbabwe

I love this game
 I love to see the players
 Jump as if to catch the sky.
 Some of them run as if
 They are chasing thieves.

The spectators howl,
 like owls,
 When players miss the ball
 They shout as if they'd
 like to kill him
 With their blunt voices.

While the players battle for the ball,
 The mouths of the watchers
 Crack from whistling.
 When their own team loses,
 They become sad and jealous,
 And glad when the game is over.

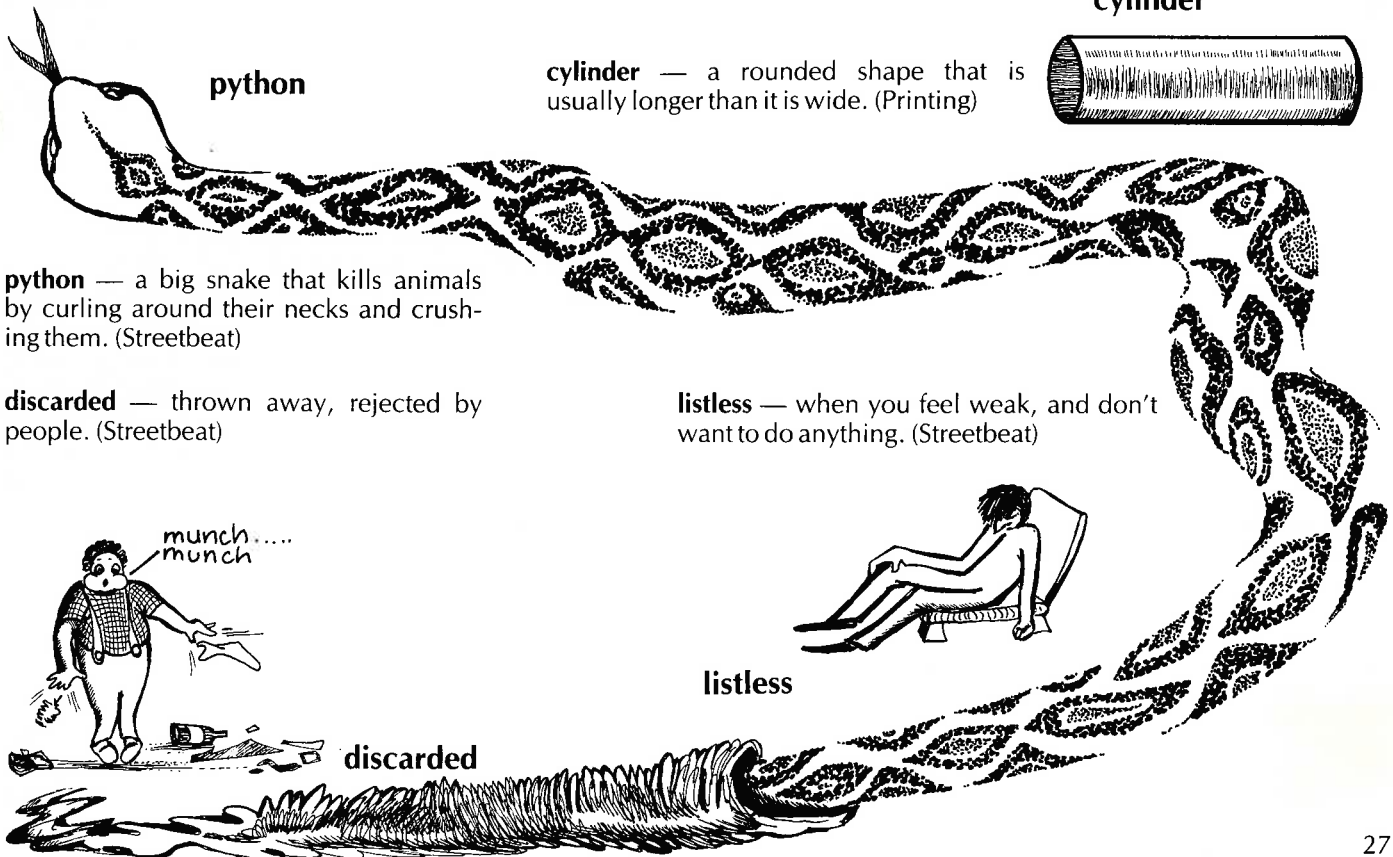


Willie Wordworm

YOUR DICTIONARY PAGE

Here are some words which come out of the articles in this issue of UPBEAT. In the brackets after the word you will find the name of the article where the word appears.

On the Willie Wordworm page you will always find words which are fun to learn and which you can use.



python

cylinder — a rounded shape that is usually longer than it is wide. (Printing)

cylinder

python — a big snake that kills animals by curling around their necks and crushing them. (Streetbeat)

discarded — thrown away, rejected by people. (Streetbeat)

listless — when you feel weak, and don't want to do anything. (Streetbeat)

listless

discarded

1979 was called "The year of the child" by the *United Nations*. In this year many projects were started to help children all over the world. People felt (1) that children also have "rights", although many people treat children badly and (2) that there are too many children all over the world who are not getting proper medical attention and who are not eating the right food. This is because their parents are too poor, or they are too far away from hospitals and clinics.

Even though hospitals and clinics are too far away to be able to get to quickly, there are many things that can be done at home to *improve* things. Children are often the only ones at home while their parents are out working, and so they can be a big help in learning how to stop accidents from happening and in learning how to take care of themselves, their friends and their younger brothers and sisters.

Let's look at the last point more closely. Although young people can't do everything to change the way the world does things,

- * Young people are the mothers and fathers of the next generation, so it is important that they learn how to look after themselves, as well as the people around them.
- * Young people should be able to give something to the community they come from, not just take from parents, teachers and others.
- * Young people are treated so much like "children", that they don't realize how useful they can be at home or even in the street. They do not always see that they should be *responsible* for people around them.

One of the areas where young people can play a big part is with accidents. They should see that accidents can happen at home and outside. But if accidents do happen, they should be able to help the person that is hurt, before that person can get to a clinic or hospital. They should also tell other people what they know about accidents so that these don't happen in the first place.



To teach younger children you can make posters about accidents and stick them up at school or at home. You can write stories for younger children, showing them how accidents happen. If you work in a group, you can act out plays that show why accidents happen.

CHILDREN & HEALTH

Part 1

The words in italic writing are explained at the end of the article.

Accidents that kill: In South Africa every year, between one and two thousand children are killed because of accidents. Most of these are motor accidents, drowning and fires.

Accidents that injure: So many thousands of children get hurt from accidents every year. One of the worst kind is burns.



The boy in the background was saved from this fire in which a few people died
(*The Argus*)

Fire and burns are such a big problem because of:

- * Carelessness. People leave things around for small children to knock over or play with.
- * Poverty. People use candles, paraffin and gas for light and heat. These can start fires much more quickly than electric lights and heaters.
- * Poverty. People live in overcrowded houses or shacks. There is no space to burn things like candles or heaters.

Some of the things that can start fires are:

- * Matches
- * Candles
- * Gas
- * Paraffin
- * Electric lights
- * Heaters
- * Stoves
- * Radios
- * Tapes
- * Batteries
- * Toys
- * Plastic
- * Paper
- * Cloth
- * Cotton
- * Synthetic materials
- * Synthetic materials but they are more

FIRES

There are three kinds of burns:

First degree burns: red, sore usually no blisters

Second degree burns: blistered, painful and watery

Third degree burns: white, brown or burnt-looking. These might not hurt straight away but they are the deepest and most serious burns.

If somebody's clothes catch on fire, tell him not to run. The best thing is for the person to roll on the ground, to put out the flames. Otherwise, wrap a blanket tightly round the person. This puts out the fire.

TO SEE THAT ACCIDENTS DON'T HAPPEN AT HOME, YOU CAN:

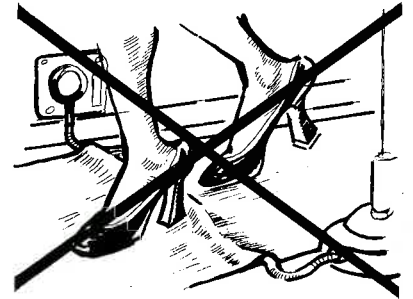


See that the fire, primus stove or paraffin heater is not near the only outside door



See that there are no matches around for younger children to play with
See that no one smokes in bed

See that there are no electric wires running under the carpets



See that children with loose-fitting clothes keep far away from heaters and fires.

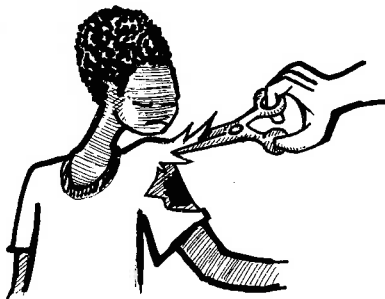
HOW TO TREAT BURNS:



Clean your hands well

Put the burn under a tap or cold water

If most of the body is burnt, don't use cold water. This will give the body a shock



Take off the clothes that are not stuck to the body
Don't break the blisters.



Cover the burn with a clean bandage or sheet

If the burn is serious, the child must go straight to hospital. But if the child has to wait more than four hours for some reason, this will help: mix 1 litre of water, with 1 teaspoon of salt and 1 teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda. Let the child drink a little of this at a time.

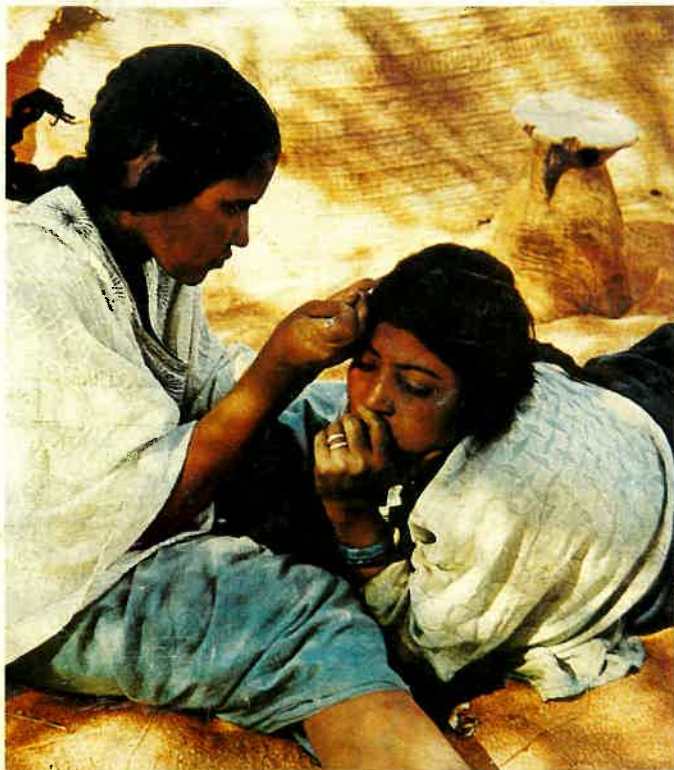
United Nations — an organisation that tries to get all the countries in the world to work together. Most countries belong to the United Nations

improve — to make better

responsible for — look after, take care of

Africa . . . Algeria

continued from page 8



Two desert girls in their tent.

of leather, and are open at the sides, to let cool air in. When the water has dried up or all the grass is eaten, they pack their few things and their tents onto the camels or donkeys, and go off to the next place. They carry water along with them in big leather bags made from goatskin, called "guerbas".

Some travellers spent a few weeks with a group of Imazighen people in their camp in the desert. They wrote a book about their travels. This was quite a while ago, when things weren't as bad for the Imazighen as they are now. They said that the people they stayed with like having visitors, and like to make them feel welcome. Whenever people come and visit, everyone sits around the fire and they drink tea. Most people drink black tea in the Sahara, because it is the best thing for thirst.

VISITORS TELL

At night after supper, the people in the camp sit around the fire, tell stories and sing in their own language, called Tamarshak. The Imazighen are Muslims, but they don't speak Arabic. Their language comes from a time before the Arabs conquered most of North Africa. They also have many spirits and laws from this earlier time. When they sit around the fire, it is often the women that make music, with drums. One night a woman stretched a piece of leather over an enamel bowl. She added a tight piece of string over this, and played over the string with a thin long piece of wood. Here she had a musical instrument!

Another time an old man told all the children to tell him a story — he said he would pick out the best one. This is the one he chose:

An Imazighen ceremony.

Jackal and Hyena: Jackal had been teasing Hyena too much. For revenge, Hyena hid in Jackal's hole when he was out, waiting to attack him. When Jackal returned he stopped one hundred metres from his hole and shouted, "Hole, how are you?" After a moment's silence, he repeated, louder this time, "Hole, why don't you reply this evening?" Hyena thought that further silence would make Jackal suspicious, and so he made a noise. Warned by this Jackal ran away.

★ ★ ★ ★

According to the North African nomads, the evil spirits often live in the bodies of hyenas. This way they eat travellers or turn them into animals.

The people at the camp had interesting ideas about the two travellers who came to stay for a while. In one conversation they were telling the travellers that people from Europe, America and Russia are "Kel Ehendesset" — those that make and use machines. But the marabout ("medicine man") said that God's messengers, the "Angeloussen", go inside the machines and make them work. He said that these Angeloussen are tiny, and many of them can be carried to earth in one raindrop. He said that it's these messengers from God that make everything work on earth. You can see why this marabout thinks raindrops are so important — there is so little rain, people know how much difference it makes to their lives. It gives them something to drink and wash in, it makes the grass grow that their animals eat. The other Imazighen who were listening to this conversation weren't sure if they agreed with the medicine man or not.

Another thing the travellers noticed was the different way that Imazighen behaved when someone died. Life is so difficult in the desert, that if a group must move on and someone is very old or very sick, they are left behind to die. One woman did die in a nearby camp, but the others couldn't show too much sadness — they had to pay attention to the important job of keeping alive in the desert.

