



● UPBEAT GOES TO BOSMONT ● SHORT STORY

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THE FIRST WOMEN'S DAY



Representatives of the women who marched on Pretoria presenting a petition to the office of the Prime Minister

Every year on August 9, South African women get together. It is National Women's Day.

The first National Women's Day was on August 9, 1955. On this day 20,000 women gathered to protest against the pass laws. They came from all over the country — from Bethlehem and Bloemfontein, Port Elizabeth and Paarl, from Durban, Cape Town and Johannesburg. They were women of all racial groups.

These women were protesting against the new pass laws which said that women had to carry passes. They wanted to present protest petitions to the Prime Minister — Strydom. The petitions had been collected from thousands of women who did not want to carry passes.

The night before the women gathered in houses and halls in Pretoria townships. Many brought their babies. They had all left the housework to the men.

On the morning of the 9th all the women met at the Union Buildings in Pretoria. They were so many, it took 2½ hours for them to file through the gardens into the Union Building amphitheatre. Then they sang 'Strydom, uthinta abafazi, uthint imbokodo! (Strydom you've tampered with the women, you've knocked against a rock.)

Leaders were chosen to present the petitions to Strydom. They went inside the Union Building, but the Prime Minister wouldn't see them. They left the petitions in his office.

The leaders reported to the mass of women waiting outside. At once they rose to their feet and gave the 'Africa' salute. The women stood in silence for 30 minutes. All you could hear was the crying of babies.

Then they sang 'Nkosi sikelel'i Afrika' and 'Morena Boloka.' Slowly the women left the gardens.

WOMEN AGAINST PASSES

The idea to fight against passes was not a new one. In 1913 the government tried to make Free State women carry passes — but they refused.

It did not fit the government's scheme of things to have black women in the towns. Men should come to work as migrants — women should stay in the homelands with their families.

But, by the 1950's many families had moved to the towns. They were starving in the homelands. The townships were growing. The government saw that they could control this with the pass laws. In the early 50's they said that women, for the first time, should have to carry passes.

Immediately women began to protest. All over the country groups of women marched through the streets, they marched to the local Native Administration Offices. They said 'Even if the passes are printed in real gold, we do not want them.'

Women had seen what the pass laws had done to their men. They did not want the same thing to happen to them.

In their petition to Strydom on that first women's day they said

- Homes will be broken up when women are arrested under the pass laws.
- Children will be left uncared for, mothers will be torn from their babies if they can't produce a pass.
- Women will be humiliated and degraded by policemen searching for passes.
- Women will lose their right to move freely from one place to another.



The women were prepared to sleep on cold concrete.

The anti-pass campaign did not stop passes for women. But it did make women aware of the new law and how it would affect them.

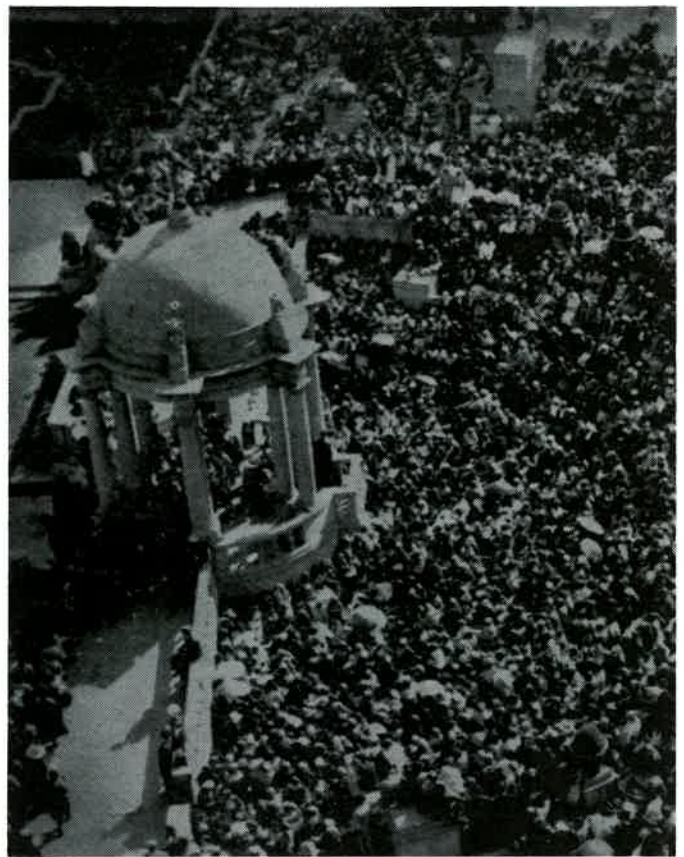
The campaign also gave women an idea of their strength as women. Many husbands were shocked into a new respect for their women.

FIFTY YEARS LATER

Today black women still have to carry passes. But there are many other things that women have to fight against.

AT HOME

Women work twice as hard as men. They do the housework and cooking and they go out to work for money.



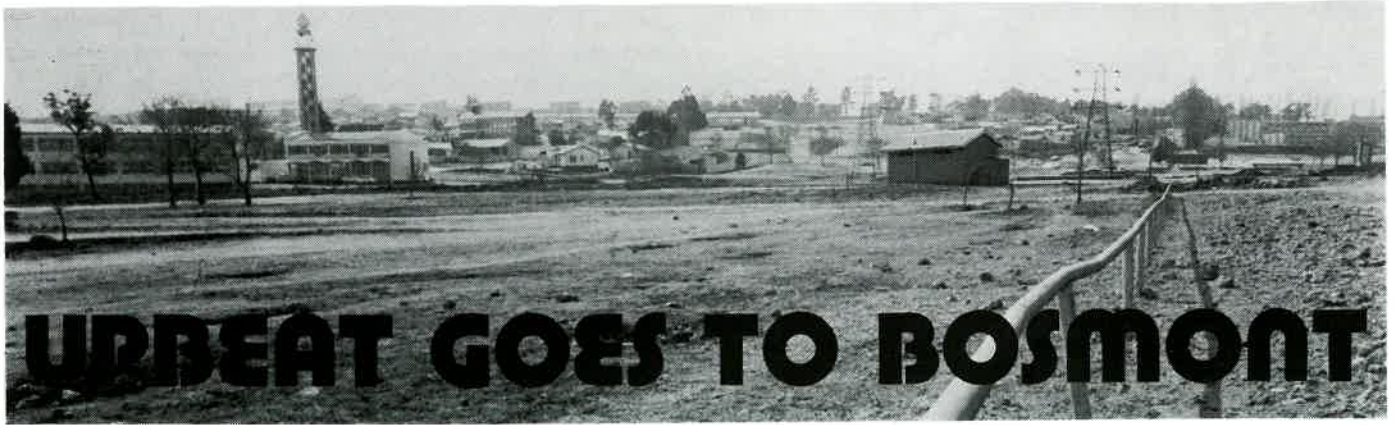
20,000 women in the amphitheatre of the Union Buildings.

AT WORK

- It is hard for women to get jobs in the towns.
- Jobs that are available are usually badly paid. Most black women work in clothing and textile factories, or as domestic servants.
- Proper maternity benefits are not given. Some factories even force women to have contraception so that they won't have babies.

Women face other problems in this society. What do you think about them? How can women fight their problems?

We'd like to hear your opinion. Write to 'Streetbeat'.



Bosmont is one of the black western townships of Johannesburg. As black townships go in South Africa, Bosmont is posh. Most people own their houses and there are not many people without jobs. To people who do not live there Bosmont is known as 'Snob-town'.

This month UPBEAT visited some young people in Bosmont and talked to them about what they think and feel about their township.

Vanessa Davids (15) is in Standard 7 and attends a private school. UPBEAT asked her if she thought Bosmont to be a 'Snob-town'.

'In many ways we are priveleged in Bosmont. Most of our parents can afford to give us what other young people's parents can't. Because of this people here have become selfish. They ignore the

needs of those around them.

'When you mention Bosmont to somebody they immediately think of the competition between people here. People compare their clothes, their furniture, their cars and even their religion.

Vanessa also thinks being in a private school has its own problems. 'Many people have rejected me and feel that I am now a snob. My parents put me into this school when the boycotts started. But I think we all regret it now because the community as a whole is now standing together for a better education for everybody.'

A young people's organisation has been formed in Bosmont. The group is concerned with improving recreational, cultural and sporting facilities in the area.



Cheryl, a friend and Hendrietta in front of the Chris Jan Botha High School in Bosmont.

UPBEAT spoke to two members of this group, Cheryl Winnar and Herdrietta Diedericks. Herdrietta is in Standard 9 at Chris Jan Botha High School - a local school. She is assistant head-girl at her school and a member of the SRC.

Herdrietta feels that the people of Bosmont need to work more together as a community. 'One feels that the people of Bosmont need to work. One of the problems in Bosmont has been that people did not see the need to stand together and work together on issues which relate to our education, our houses, our whole lives. But during the boycotts this changed. We became a united community. During this time the competition among residents was almost gone.

Cheryl, 17, is also a pupil at CJB. She spends most of her time with children. She can often be found on the tennis court coaching little ones. 'One of the things I love most, is teaching my Sunday School class. Many kids are taught that they are better than other people. But I teach them to love all those around them, and in doing so love God. Here in South Africa, we are supposed to be happy with

second best. But if we know what we as human beings should have, we should work for it ourselves. But we need to respect one another first.'

UPBEAT also spoke to two brothers, Quintin and Julian Thinnies. Quintin has just left school and Julian is in Std 8. Both brothers are artists. 'I work as a draughtsman,' Quintin said. 'Someday I am going to be an architect. I express myself through my sketches and wood carvings. Bob Marley has put into words what I believe. He said,

'I wish you could see like a bird up in a tree, that the prisoners must be free.

'Unless you use your time properly and try to discover what your talents are, you are a prisoner. As Black people we do not have enough facilities to develop our talents. But there is no reason why we should not work for what we need.'

Julian and Quintin spend a lot of time playing soccer for the Aston Villa football club. Julian who is 16, believes that each person has a special talent. 'We were lucky that our parents guided us into art from an early age. They were very strict as to how we spend our time.'



Above: Quintin Thinnies on his way to a football match.

Left: Paintings on the walls of Quintons bedroom. Quinton also painted the picture of Bob Marley which is on the cover of this issue of Upbeat.

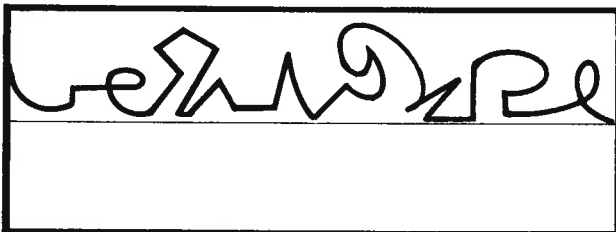
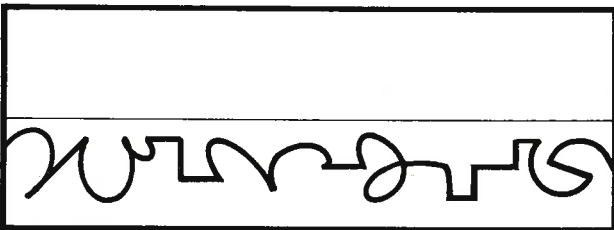
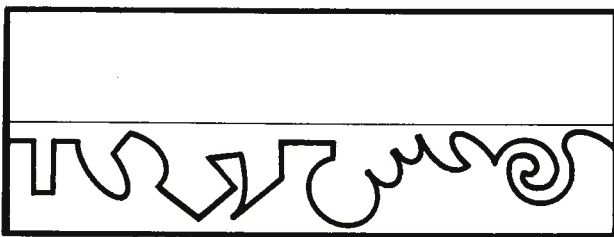
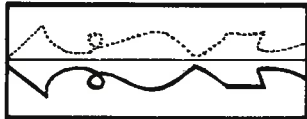
**Every month UPBEAT visits a community in the black townships. If you would like UPBEAT to visit your township then write to us at this address:
UPBEAT, Box 11350, Johannesburg, 2000**

PUZZLE PAGE

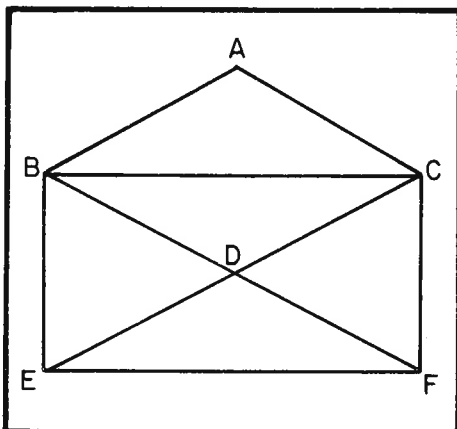


MIRROR PATTERNS

Try and copy these patterns as though you are looking into a mirror. You must draw them on the other side of the line. Here is an example of what you must do:



CAN YOU DRAW this figure without lifting up your pencil and without going over the same line twice?



WHICH OF THESE WORDS IS OUT OF PLACE?

- (1) chair, tree, table, cupboard
- (2) spoon, fork, cup, knife
- (3) mouse, onion, carrot, cabbage
- (4) cow, hawk, horse, dog, cat
- (5) Durban, Transvaal, Umtata, Port Elizabeth



PUT THESE INTO ORDER — beginning with full and ending with empty:

1/3, full, 1/8, 1/2, 2/5, empty, 3/4, 1/4.

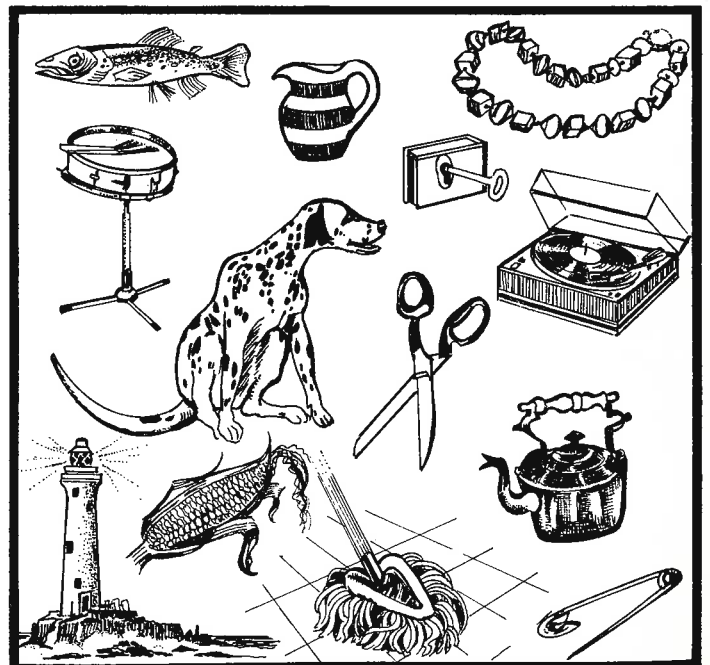


**THE ANSWERS
ARE ON PAGE 19**



SEE HOW OBSERVANT YOU ARE!

Look at this collection of objects for about 20 seconds. Then cover up the picture and see how many of them you can remember.

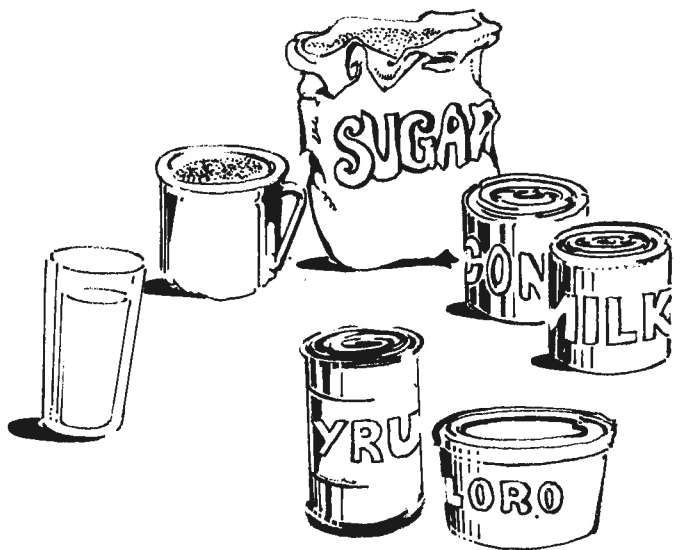


Do it Yourself

MAKING FUDGE

WHAT YOU WILL NEED

2 tins condensed milk
1 small tin syrup
1 cup sugar
1 large cup water
250 gr margarine
Time and Patience.



HOW TO DO IT

Put the sugar and water in a thick-bottomed pot and stir. Add the syrup and the margarine. Melt slowly on the stove, stir well. When the sugar has dissolved add the condensed milk. Stir all the time. Let the mixture boil slowly — don't stop stirring. While the fudge is cooking get someone to grease some flat baking trays.

Test the fudge to see if it is ready.

Pour a drop into a cup of cold water. If it sets in a hard ball it is cooked.

Take the pot off the stove and beat the fudge with a spoon. (If it doesn't stick to the sides of the pot then it is not ready. Put it back on the stove.)

Pour the fudge into the pans. As it starts to get hard cut it into squares. But leave it in the pan until it is cold.

WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

Eat it of course! But if you want to make some money you could put it into small bags and sell it.

This recipe cost about R2 to make, and you can get about 20 bags from it. So if you sell each bag for 20c you will make R2,00 profit.

Cake sales and fetes are good ways of raising money. Maybe you have a sick friend who needs expensive medicine — or a brother on strike. You could organise your friends to make fudge, cakes and sweets and sell them to the people in your street.



AFRICA...

WE LEAVE CAIRO now and travel southwards past the hotels and factories of modern Cairo, the mud-brick houses and mosques of Old Cairo and on towards Giza. As we travel down the Nile we can see the thin green strip on either side of the river where the crops are planted and all life lives, and the dry desert for thousands of kilometres beyond. In the distance we already see some strange buildings that look like enormous triangles. As we get nearer, we see that these triangles are built of huge blocks of stone, each stone about as high as a table. What are these buildings? Why are they this shape? How did people build them? When were they built? Everyone who sees these buildings, called the pyramids, asks the same questions and some of them can be answered.



Egyptians have lived along the banks of the Nile for a very long time. By the time that we get to 3 000 B.C.E. they were organized into quite a big kingdom which was ruled by kings called Pharaohs. Ancient Egyptians thought that the Pharaoh was both a god and a king in one, and this made him very powerful. A Pharaoh had many slaves working for him and he was very wealthy as Egypt was a rich country. Egyptians were very concerned with life after death, especially for the Pharaohs, so they thought it was important to build really grand places to house the Pharaoh's bodies when they die. This is what the pyramids are — huge burial chambers. Inside a pyramid would be several halls, and when a Pharaoh was buried, his treasures and furniture and clothes and even food were buried with him to keep him comfortable in his after-life.

The largest pyramid of them all was built at Giza for a pharaoh called Cheops. No one really knows exactly how it was built. Just walking up it is difficult because the stone blocks which you use as steps are so large. The Ancient Egyptians had no modern machinery, such as you see being used to build big buildings in modern cities.



EGYPT

PART 2



Ordinary people like ourselves somehow managed to carry up these huge blocks of stone from the river and then put them in place on top of each other in a perfect triangular shape with not a stone out of place. It is no wonder that the Ancient Greeks called the Pyramid of Cheops one of the Seven Wonders of the World!

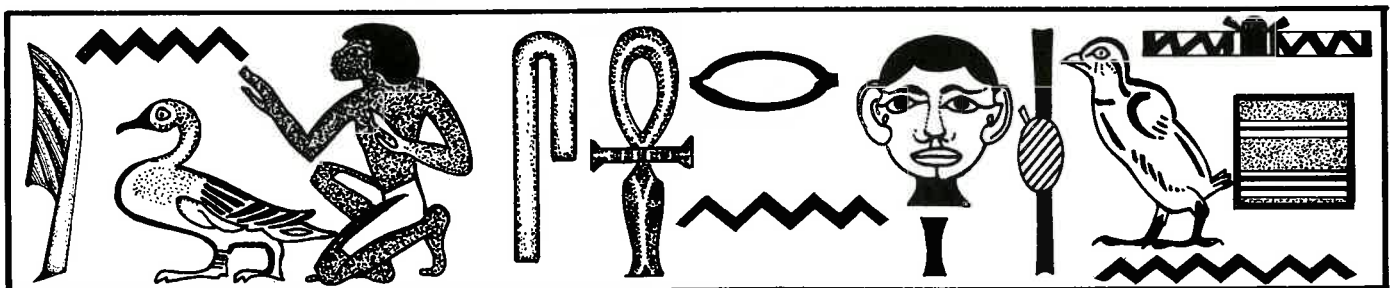
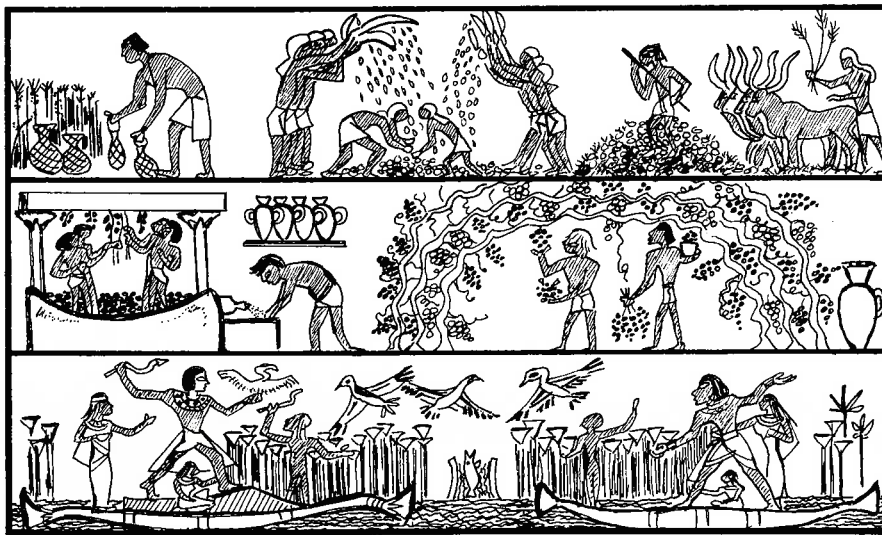
The stone for the Pyramids would have been cut somewhere in the desert and brought to Giza in boats along the river, and really the River Nile is the reason why the Egyptians became so rich and clever and well-organised. Every year the river would flow over its banks and cover them with wet, rich soil. When the river went back to its normal size, the farmers would plant their corn and other crops in this **fertile** soil. They grew so much food that they never went hungry and they could store what was left over for the bad years when the river didn't flood so well. So they didn't have to worry about food, and that gave them time to think about other things. They did not have to worry much about enemies either, because on each side of the Nile stretched the dry, unfriendly desert which was very difficult to cross.

One of the things they thought about was how to know exactly when the river was going to overflow its banks, and they divided the time between one flood and the next

into 365 days — this is one year as we know it today. They also worked out how high the river rose each year, and how to divide the fields after the flood had gone down. From this developed the science of arithmetic and geometry which helped them to build the pyramids just exactly right. They found a way to get water into their fields and keep it there for a while, by building walls of stone across the river, making the water flow away from the river and onto their fields where they held it in by building mud walls around the fields. Farmers all over the world have to work out ways to 'irrigate' their fields when there isn't enough rain. This method is called 'basin irrigation' and some Egyptians still use it.

The early Egyptians also knew a lot about medicines, how to operate on people and how to set broken bones. But perhaps most important and interesting to us is the fact that they invented a way of writing. This writing looks very strange to us — it is more like a lot of little signs and pictures. It is carved into the stone of all the temples and buildings and tombs, and it was also written down on a sort of paper that the Egyptians made called **papyrus**, out of a reed that grew in the river. Modern people who study ancient history were longing to be able to read this writing which the Greeks called **hieroglyphics**, but they could

continued on page 17

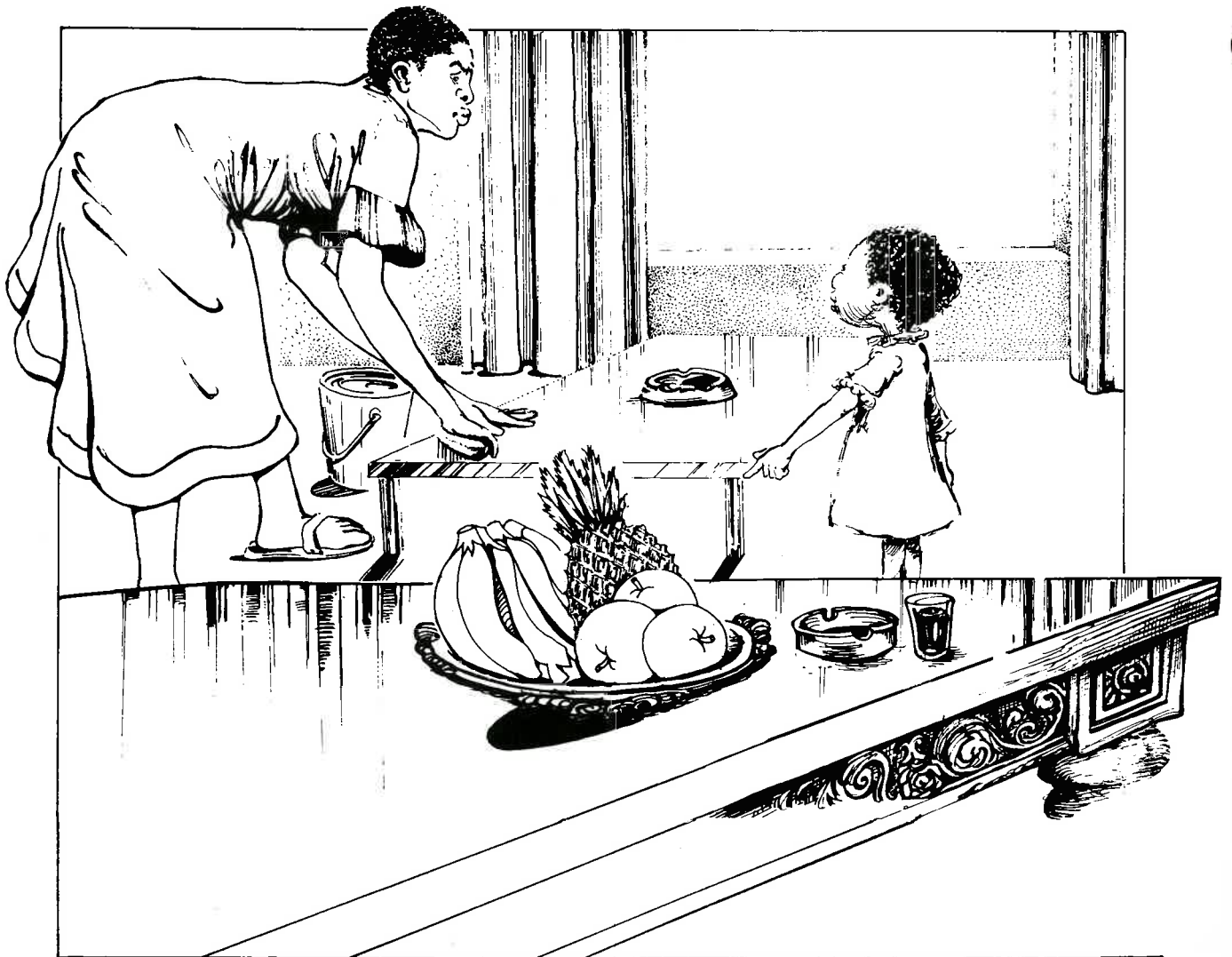


These hieroglyphics are pictures that are used for words. So the leaf and the water together read 'it is'. The mouth and the water stand for 'my name'. All these hieroglyphics make up one sentence. The sentence reads 'It is my son who causes my name to live upon this stela'. A stela is a stone tablet.

NANIWE'S JOURNEY

a short story

by Chris van Wyk



My name is Naniwe Rekgethile. Last Saturday there was no one to look after me. My father had to go to hospital; he cut his finger on a sharp machine at work. And my big sister, Thandi, went to fetch my granny in Ga-Rankuwa. So I had to go with my mother to work.

My friend Thabo came to play with me early that morning. I told him I was going on the train to Parktown. He said I was lying. He said there wasn't a place called Parktown. But I asked

my mother in his presence. And she told me again that there was. Thabo thinks he knows everything just because he is in grade one and I will only be going to school next year. And also because he knows all the football teams in Soweto. Thabo says when he grows up he's going to be a football player and play overseas. I don't know if that's possible. My mother says overseas is very very far.

I asked my mother if Parktown was overseas. She said it

was'nt. I wished it was. Then I will have been overseas before Thabo. But that didn't matter. At least I know that I will have gone further away from home than him if I go to Parktown.

I brushed my shoes with spit and polish until they shone nicely. Thabo laughed at me. He said I looked like a tsotsi when I spat on my shoes. Sometimes I don't like Thabo to come to our house. I washed myself with soap and a smooth stone. Then I put on my new dress that my mother had bought me last year. My mother always used to say I must look after my dress. Now I was glad I had listened to her. My mother also plaited my hair very nicely. I looked in the mirror. I was very pretty. Thabo says he'll marry me when he comes back from overseas. I was glad when I saw how pretty I looked. I wanted to show the people in Parktown how pretty I was.

When we were ready to go Thabo went home. We locked the door and gave the key to Thabo's mother to keep for us. She told me I looked nice. I told her I was going to my mother's work. She said I should have a pleasant time.

My mother and I went to the station. My mother bought me a nice peach from an old woman.

The train journey wasn't very long. I liked it very much. I asked my mother many questions. She answered them all. My mother is very clever. I ate my peach on the train. Then I sucked the pip. It was very nice. There were many people on the train. I sang a song as I looked out of the window at all the things we passed.

When we got off the train my mother took my hand. We had to squeeze through a lot of people. I was glad for my mother's hand. Otherwise I would have got lost. I heard many ugly words on the station. Thabo also uses those words. I only use them when I am angry.

The station was as big as the whole world. There were many nice things there. All the big people didn't think the things were nice. They all walked past the big pictures and ships and things.

When we walked further I saw strange things. I saw a big building with a hundred windows. I also saw white people with long hair.

My mother said they were called whites. My mother said she worked for white people.

We then went on a bus that had upstairs. We sat on top at the back. There were many white people on the bus. It was funny to ride on a bus without a driver in front.

When we got off the bus we walked past many big houses with trees and flowers growing in their yards. Each house was different from the others. They were far from the street. The street was also nice.

It was nice to know where my mother worked. I began to play a game. I tried to guess which house it would be. The one with the big flowers hanging over the fence? No. The one which had small pink and white flowers growing among rocks?

No. There where the old man was smoking a pipe? No. Where the big white wall was? Yes.

We went in by the back door. A white woman came to greet my mother. My mother greeted her too. My mother called her 'madam'. The woman looked at me while she asked my mother a question. My mother nodded and said 'Naniwe'. The woman smiled at me. But she didn't pat my head like my aunty always does. Then she went away without looking at my dress. My mother went into a small room. Then she put on an old dress and started to work. She knew where everything she needed was kept.

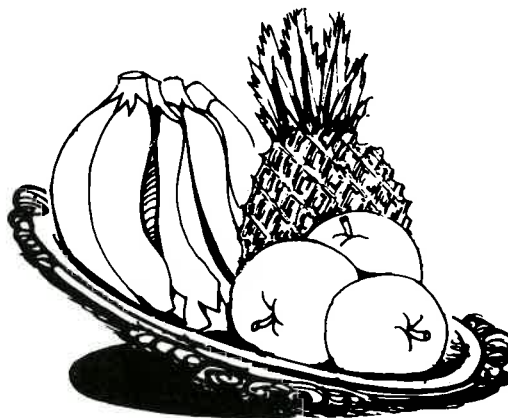
I had nothing to do. So I walked through the house to look at things.

I found a girl sitting on a bed. She was reading a book with words and pictures in it. She said 'hullo' to me. I also said 'hullo'. She was a nice girl. Her hair was the colour of the mine dumps. And her eyes were the colour of wet grass.

I looked into another room. I saw two boys making a small aeroplane. They were too busy to see me. My shoes didn't make a noise because the floor was soft. I went into another room. There was no one about. But there was a dish full of bananas and apples and a big pineapple. It made the room smell very nice. Spit came into my mouth. I wondered why that girl and those boys weren't eating that lovely fruit.

I asked my mother to give me a banana, an apple and a piece of pineapple. She was angry. She told me to sit in the yard and behave myself.

In the yard I saw two birds in a cage. They were yellow and green like that small girl's hair and eyes. They made a lot of noise. They wanted to fly away. I wondered if white people liked bananas and apples and pineapples.



My mother's madam spoke nicely to my mother. But I don't know why she called my mother Jane.

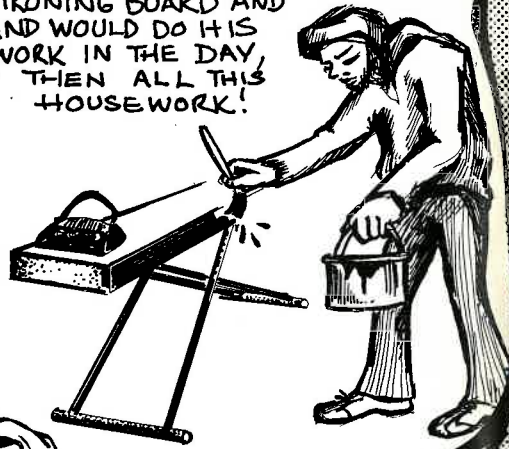
After a long time we went home. I went to play with Thabo. But we fought because he had my wire car. I didn't want to tell him about Parktown. I scratched his cheek. Blood came out of his cheek. My mother beat me with her shoe. I cried and cried. My mother said I deserved a hiding for fighting over something that did not belong to me.

1st ST.
BEAT STR.

HURRY, AND FINISH PAINTING ME! — I'VE LOTS TO TELL...



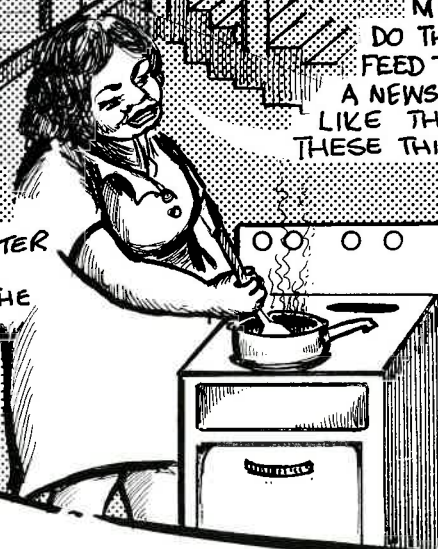
QUICK — PAINT ME AN IRONING BOARD AND SHIRTS. I WISH MY HUSBAND WOULD DO HIS OWN WORK — I ALSO WORK IN THE DAY, — THEN ALL THIS HOUSEWORK!



WHERE'S MY FOOD? I'M HUNGRY. I HAD THE FOREMAN SHOUTING AT ME ALL DAY



I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER START COOKING, I'LL HAVE TO LET THE CHILDREN FINISH THE STORY FOR THEMSELVES.



HEY! PETER, JO AND MIRIAM — ONE OF YOU MUST DO THE IRONING, ONE MUST FEED THE DOG. (I SOUND LIKE A NEWSPAPER SELLER, SHOUTING LIKE THIS. WHY CAN'T THEY DO THESE THINGS WITHOUT ME NAGGING?)

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE THE HOUSE IN A MESS? THEY'LL LEARN SOON ENOUGH. EVEN ARCHIE MIGHT LIFT A FINGER!



I THINK IT WAS THE WRONG DECISION. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUNISHED.



EVERYBODY GOT OVEREXCITED. THEY STARTED SHOUTING AND BANGING ON THE TABLES. SELINA, WHO WAS THE JUDGE, BANGED THE DOOR THREE TIMES BEFORE EVERYONE KEPT QUIET

THEN WE TOOK A VOTE ON IT. SOME PEOPLE CHEATED AND VOTED TWICE. BUT IN ANY CASE, THE DECISION WAS MADE BY US.

DAVID MUST PAY BACK THE MONEY IN TWO WEEKS. WE WORKED OUT A WHOLE PROGRAMME FOR HIM — RATHER THAN PUNISH HIM STRAIGHT. HEY! LOLAS SITTING WITH US TODAY!

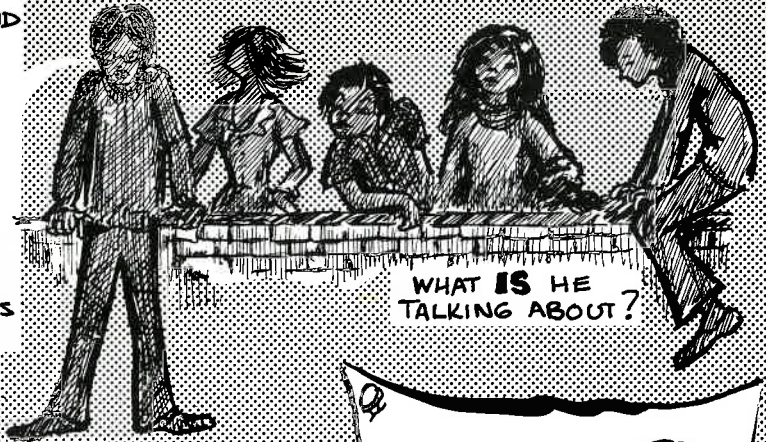


YEAH! YOU NEVER AGREE WITH ANYTHING ANYONE SAYS... IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO RAIN, TOO.

SO, WHATS THIS PROGRAMME ALL ABOUT?



IT'S TO HELP DAVID UNDERSTAND HIS POSITION IN SOCIETY - HIS POSITION AS A VICTIM OF THE MEDIA, - SOCIALIZATION AND THE SYSTEM. IT'S TO BUILD UP HIS IDENTITY AS A SOCIAL BEING WITH RESPONSIBILITIES TO OTHERS.



WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?

I'VE BEEN CHOSEN TO SPEAK TO DAVID - FIND OUT WHY HE TOOK THE MONEY, WHAT HIS PROBLEMS ARE AND SO ON.



... AND WE'RE GOING TO ORGANIZE THINGS LIKE DEBATES AND DISCUSSION GROUPS AT SCHOOL. WE MUST DISCUSS WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WAY WE TREAT EACH OTHER, AND WHY?



BUT THATS NOT GOOD ENOUGH - JUST TO CRITICIZE, SURELY WE MUST DECIDE HOW WE SHOULD BEHAVE AND TRY TO CARRY IT OUT!



YES! PLEASE LEAVE ONE MEETING TO DISCUSS THE TREATMENT OF MOTHERS!!



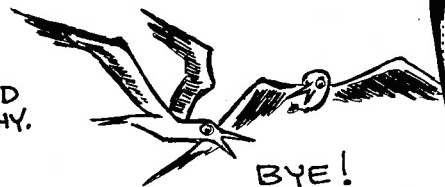
AND WORKERS



AND DOGS? ...MAYBE?



WE'RE NOT ALTOGETHER SURE IF OUR DECISION ABOUT DAVID WAS RIGHT. SO WE'VE ASKED MA IF WE CAN USE THIS SPACE TO ASK YOU WHAT YOU THINK. PLEASE WRITE INTO UPBEAT, P.O. BOX 11350 JOHANNESBURG 2000.. AND TELL US WHAT YOU THINK SHOULD HAVE BEEN DONE, AND WHY.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT? CAN I COME OVER?



OH, I DON'T KNOW...



WHY DON'T YOU COME AND VISIT US? WE LIKE YOUR COMPANY MUCH MORE THAN SHE DOES



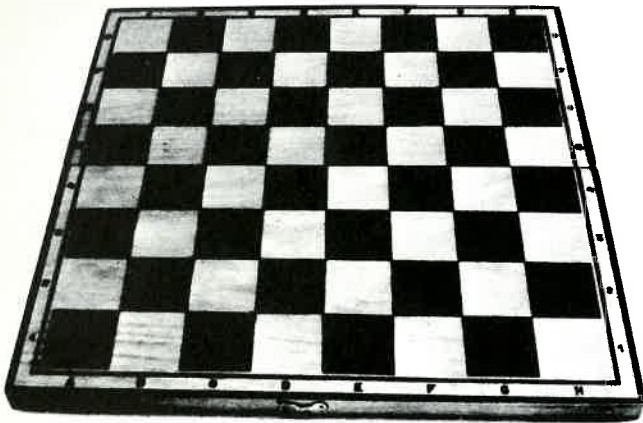
YOU MUST BE STUPID TO ASK SUCH A QUESTION, PIETER!



HOW TO PLAY

Chess is a very old game — nobody knows exactly how old. It was probably first played in India and then spread through Asia and Europe. Today it is a popular activity all over the world. There are clearly defined rules which have to be followed at all times.

To play chess you need a chess board:

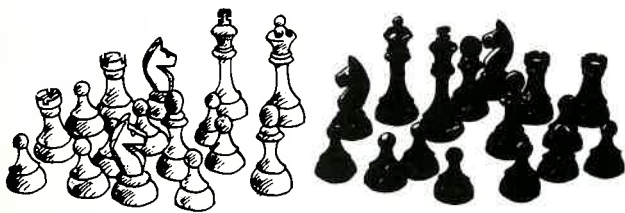


There are sixty four squares on a chessboard. Thirty two squares are white and thirty two are black.

Before you start to play, make sure that the board is the right way round. Always make sure that you have a white square in the right-hand corner of the board.

The next item you need is a set of chess pieces. There are 32 pieces in a set.

A set is made up of two teams — a team of 16 white pieces and a team of 16 black pieces.



THE PIECES AND THEIR NAMES.



THE ROOK



THE BISHOP



THE KING

chess



THE QUEEN



THE KNIGHT

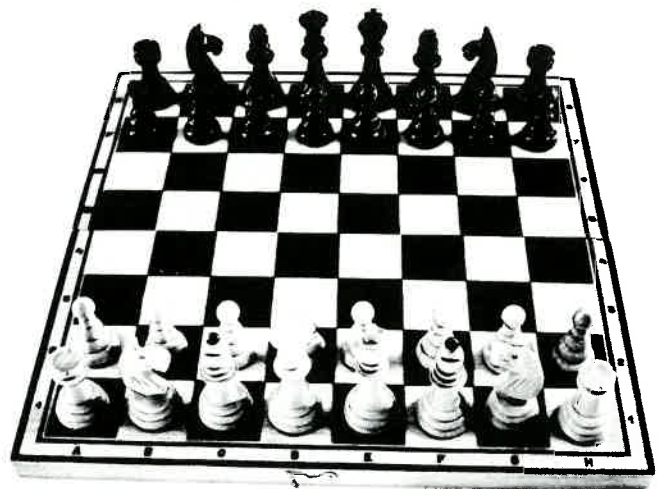


THE PAWN

Each team has the following pieces:

- 1 King
- 1 Queen
- 2 Knights
- 2 Bishops
- 2 Rooks
- 8 Pawns

Now let us see the board:

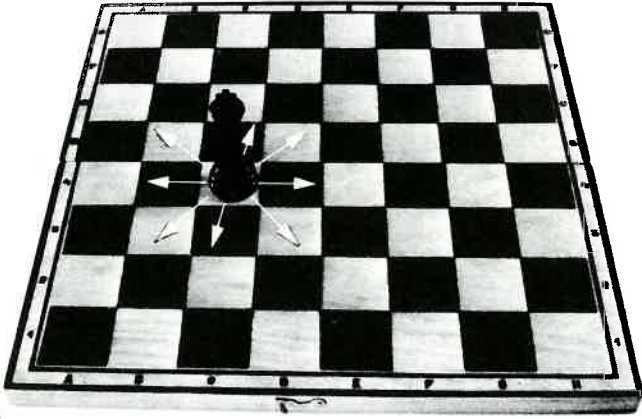


The queen is always placed on a square of her own colour — a black Queen on a black square, a white Queen on a white square. The Rooks are placed at the four corners.

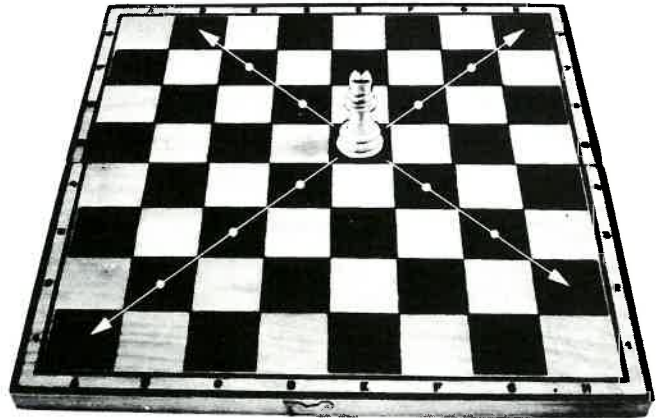
THE PIECES AND THE MOVES

The king moves in any direction he wants to, but only one square at each turn.

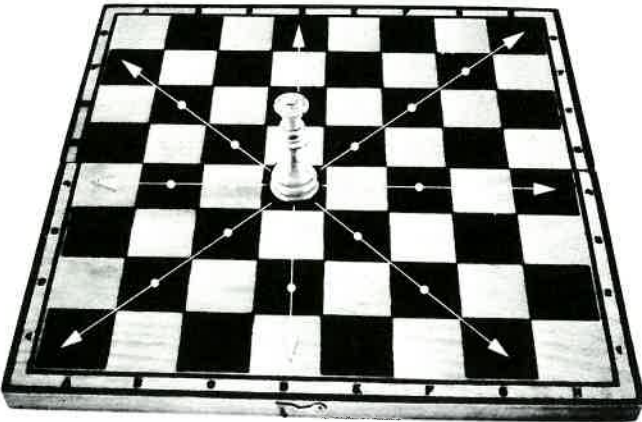
This is how it looks on a chessboard.



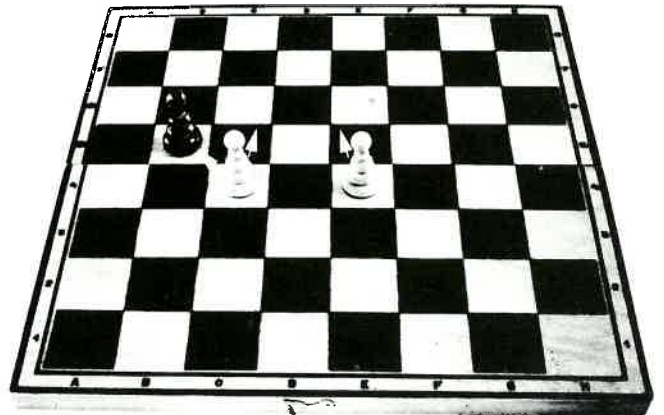
The bishop moves on squares of the same colour. He always moves diagonally.



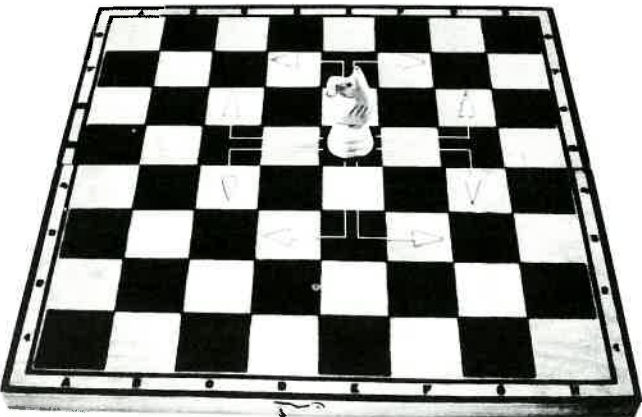
The queen can move in any direction on the board, covering any number of squares.



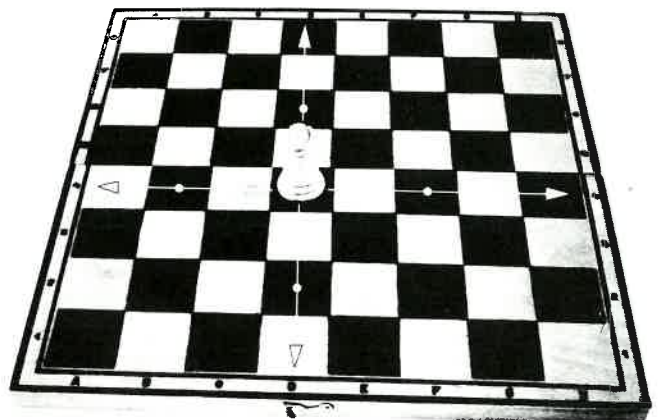
The pawn always moves forwards. He moves straight ahead. The pawn moves one or two squares straight ahead on the first move. After the first move the pawn can only move one square at a time, straight ahead.



The knight looks like a horse. It also moves like a horse. The knight leaps 3 squares straight ahead and one square to the side.



The Rook always moves in a straight line — forwards, backwards, sideways.



BOOK REVIEW

ROLL OF THUNDER, HEAR MY CRY

A novel by Mildred D. Taylor

The title of this book is from a song that was sung by black Americans

Roll of thunder
hear my cry
Over the water
bye and bye
Old man coming
down the line
whip in hand to
beat me down
But I'm not
going to let him
Turn me around.

It is a song that tells of the spirit of black Americans. Just as this song shows us this strong spirit of not accepting oppression, this novel tells us of the life and struggles of a black American family, living in the south of the United States of America.

The story takes place in the 1930's. It was a time of great pain and suffering for black Americans living in the United States. Blacks were treated as second class citizens, oppressed and excluded because of the colour of their skin!

The story is told by Cassie a young black American girl. Through her eyes we see how racialism worked in the United States. While Cassie, her brothers and friends had to walk to school, the white children went to school in a bus. Their school text books were ones that had been thrown out by the white schools.

Racialism also brought with it violence. There was the 'whiteman's justice', when black people were beaten up by gangs of whites. Cassie describes the fear and horror of this violence:

'I hugged him, then instantly let him go. "Was that you all the time? Look what you gone and done". I fussed, thinking of the mess I was in with mud all over me.

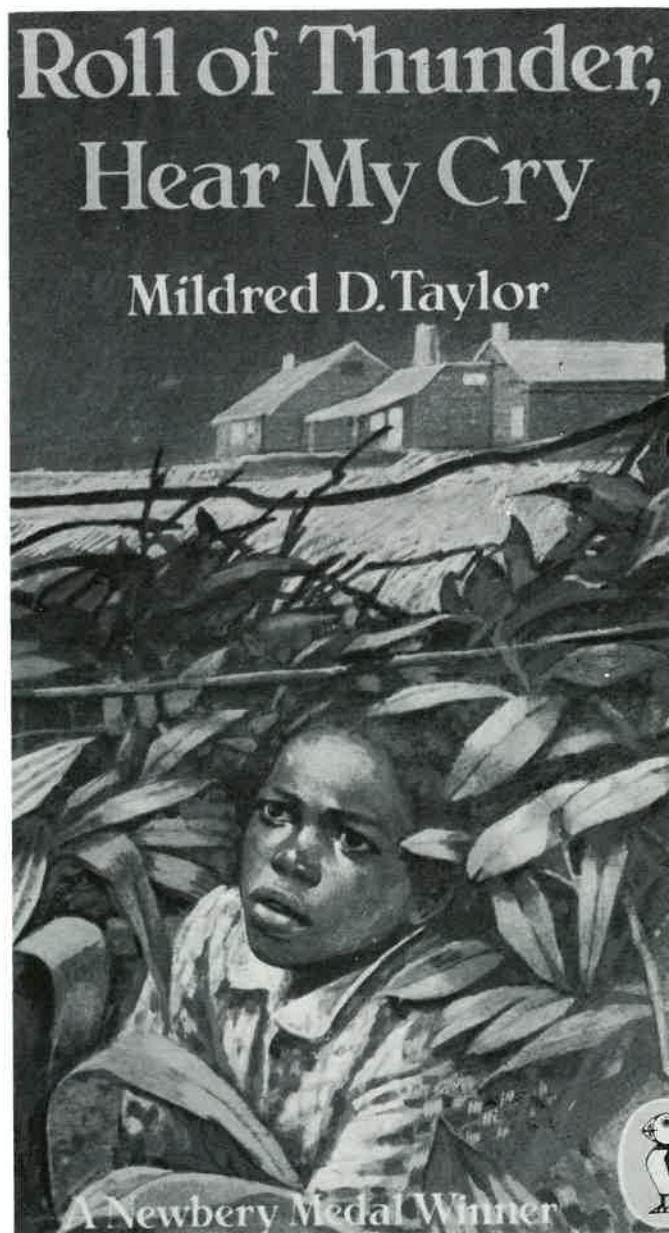
'Jason whined again and I got up.

'I started to climb back up onto the porch but froze as a caravan of headlights appeared suddenly in the east, coming fast along the rain-soaked road like cat eyes in the night. Jason whined loudly, growing skittish as the light approached, and when they slowed and braked before the house he slunk beneath the porch. I wanted to follow, but I couldn't. My legs would not move.

'The lead car swung into the muddy driveway and a shadowy figure outlined by the headlights of the car behind him stepped out. The man walked slowly up the drive.

'I stopped breathing.

'The driver of the next car got out, waiting. The first man stopped and stared at the house for several long moments as if uncertain whether it was the correct destination. Then he shook his head, and without a word returned to his car. With a wave of his hand he sent the other driver back inside, and in less than a minute the lead car had backed into the road, its headlights facing the other cars. Each of the cars used the driveway to turn around. Then the caravan sped away as swiftly as it had come, its seven pairs of rear lights glowing like distant



red embers until they were swallowed from view by the Granger forest.

'Jason began barking now that the danger had passed, but he did not come out. As I reached for the porch to steady myself, there was a sense of quiet movement in the darkness. The moon slid from its dark covers, cloaking the earth in a shadowy white light, and I could see Mr Morrison clearly, moving silently, like a jungle cat, from the side of the house to the road, a shotgun in his hand. Feeling sick, I crawled onto the porch and crept trembling toward the door.'

Although life is surrounded by such fear and violence, Cassie learnt something important. She learnt that to stand for freedom and dignity is important in one's life. Even if it's difficult and brings with it pain and suffering. This book is published by Penguin Books and should be available in the CNA.

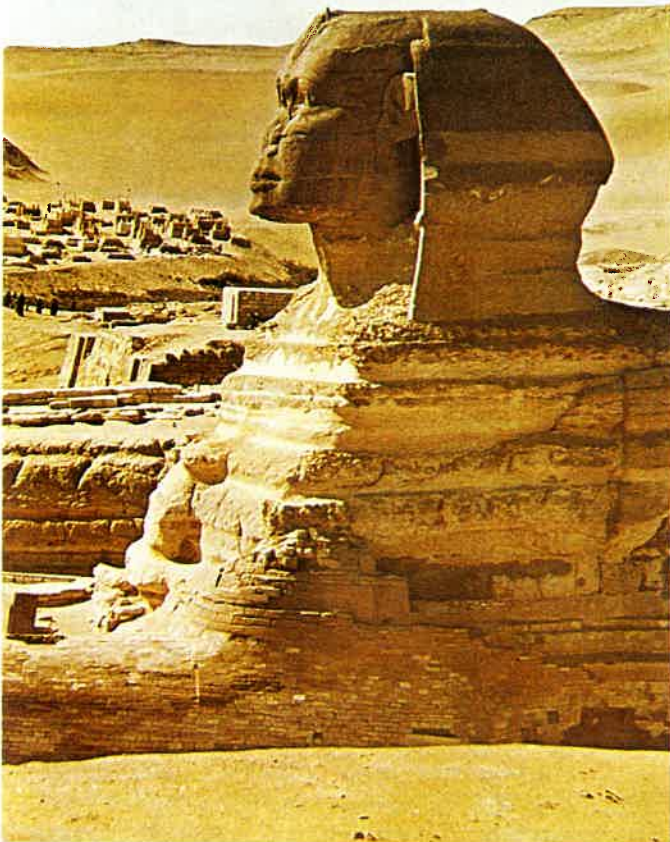
EGYPT

continued
from page 9

not understand it. And then one day about two hundred years ago, a French soldier digging a ditch in the desert where a war was being fought, came across a flat black stone covered in writing. There were three different kinds of writing on it and two of them were writings that were understood — Greek and Coptic. It was a notice in three languages (like a notice in Xhosa, Sesotho and English) and as they knew two of them, they could work out what the hieroglyphics stood for. It wasn't easy, in fact it took 23 years to work it out; but in the end the Rosetta Stone, as it is called, gave us the secret of reading the ancient Egyptian writing. Now scholars can work out most of the messages and stories on the old buildings and papyrus scrolls (rolls of paper) and it has helped us to know a great deal more about how the ancient Egyptians lived and what they thought.

SPHINX

The Egyptians didn't only build pyramids. There is another sight at Giza that will make us hold our breath: a big statue carved out of rock of a half-woman, half-lion, called a Sphinx. One really wonders now how the people who carved this lion-woman climbed so high to finish it. Maybe they built sand-hills up the sides as they got nearer the top? We will never really know. The ancient Greeks were so interested in this great Sphinx that they made a riddle about it and put the riddle into a play. In the play, there was hunger and starvation and the Sphinx would end this if someone could answer the riddle.



As we sail on up the Nile we pass many other massive old buildings. These are the remains of temples which the Pharaohs built for themselves and their gods. Because the desert air is so dry, these ancient buildings have not been worn away by rain and although parts of them have fallen down, they are still very much like they used to be. We can even see some of the colour left in decorations which were painted 3 000 years ago! We pass the villages of Luxor and Karnak, each with a vast temple joined to each other, in ancient times, by two lines of sphinxes making an avenue — we can still see quite a number of them today.

TUTANKHAMEN



The mummies were buried in gold cases like this.

As time went on, the Pharaohs stopped building pyramids to be buried in. As we sail on to Thebes and the Valley of Kings we reach a place where Pharaohs were buried under the ground. Here we climb off our boat and follow our guide across the hot sand to a small opening in the ground. As we climb down into it we welcome the cool dark air. Down the steps we go, amazed by all the hieroglyphics we can see on the walls, as fresh and colourful as on the days they were painted over 3 000 years ago. At last we reach a small room at the bottom and we are now standing in the entrance to a very famous tomb where a young prince called Tutankhamen was buried over 3 000 years ago. When this tomb was discovered by an Englishman, Howard Carter, in 1922, it was tremendously exciting because everything in it was more or less as it was when Tutankhamen was buried. Fabulous jewellery and statues and furniture covered in gold as well as many ordinary household things were found in the tomb. But most exciting of all was the last room that Howard Carter came to, the actual burial chamber. In it was a huge gold box, like a small room. When he opened it there was another box inside it, and then another and then another, each one very beautiful. When he had opened the fourth shrine, as these boxes are called, he found a huge marble coffin, and inside it another coffin with a pure gold copy of Tutankhamen's figure lying on it

continued on page 24

A LESSON for MANKIND

This is a story from ancient Egypt. Ra was the Sun-God, the first and most important of the gods of the ancient Egyptians.

BEFORE THE LAND of Egypt rose out of the waters at the beginning of the world, Ra came into being. He was all-powerful, and the secret of his power lay in his name, which was hidden from all the world. Having this power, all that he had to do was to name a thing and then it came into being. When he named Shu, the wind blew. The rain fell when he named Tefnut, the spitter. Then he spoke the name of Geb, and the earth rose above the waters of the sea. Nut was the goddess of the sky, and Hapi was the river Nile flowing through Egypt.

Then Ra named all the things on the earth and they grew at his words. Last of all he spoke the words for 'Man' and 'Woman' and soon there were people living throughout the land of Egypt. After this, Ra himself took on the shape of a man and became the first Pharaoh of Egypt. For thousands of years he ruled over the land and there was peace and plenty. Every year the Nile rose and flooded the fields, leaving rich mud for the crops as spring turned into summer. There was no year when the Nile did not rise high enough or when it flooded too much. It was the golden age of the world.

At last, however, even Ra grew old, for he had made himself into a man, and no man can live forever. And when he was old he could no longer rule over his people properly. Nor could he fight Apophis, the Dragon of Evil, who had grown out of the evil mists in the darkness of the night. Soon the evil of Apophis entered the souls of the people of Egypt. Many of them went against Ra, and did evil things.

Ra saw all these things and the plans that the evil men were making against him. So he called all the gods together in secret and he spoke to them: "All you gods whom I have called into being, look on mankind, whom

also I made. They are plotting against me. Tell me, shall I kill them all with a burning glance of my eye?"

Nun, the spirit of the water, answered him: "Ra, greater than all, if you send forth a burning glance of your eye to destroy mankind, it will turn all of the land of Egypt into a desert. Therefore make a power which will get rid of them only. Destroy the evil, but do not harm the good."

Then answered Ra: "I will not send forth the burning glance of my eye. Instead I will send Sekhmet against mankind!" As Ra spoke the name, Sekhmet leapt into being, in the shape of a huge lioness, a creature of enormous size. Away she sped into Egypt where she killed and ate people until the Nile ran red with blood, and the earth beside it became a great red marsh.

Before long the most wicked people had been destroyed by Sekhmet, and the rest prayed to Ra for mercy. Ra wanted to spare them. He had no wish to destroy all of mankind, and leave himself the ruler of a desolate earth with no human beings to serve him.

But, having tasted blood, Sekhmet could not be stopped. Day by day she hunted, killing all whom she saw. Night by night she hid in the rocks at the edge of the desert, waiting for the sun to rise so that she could hunt again. Ra saw this and said: "Sekhmet can only be stopped by a trick. But I will give her much greater power over mankind so that she doesn't feel that her power has been taken away from her."

Then Ra called all the messengers to him one night, and said to them: "Run like a shadow — swiftly and silently — to the island of Elephantinē in the Nile. Bring me the red mud that is only found there, and bring it quickly." Away the messengers sped and returned to Ra with loads of the

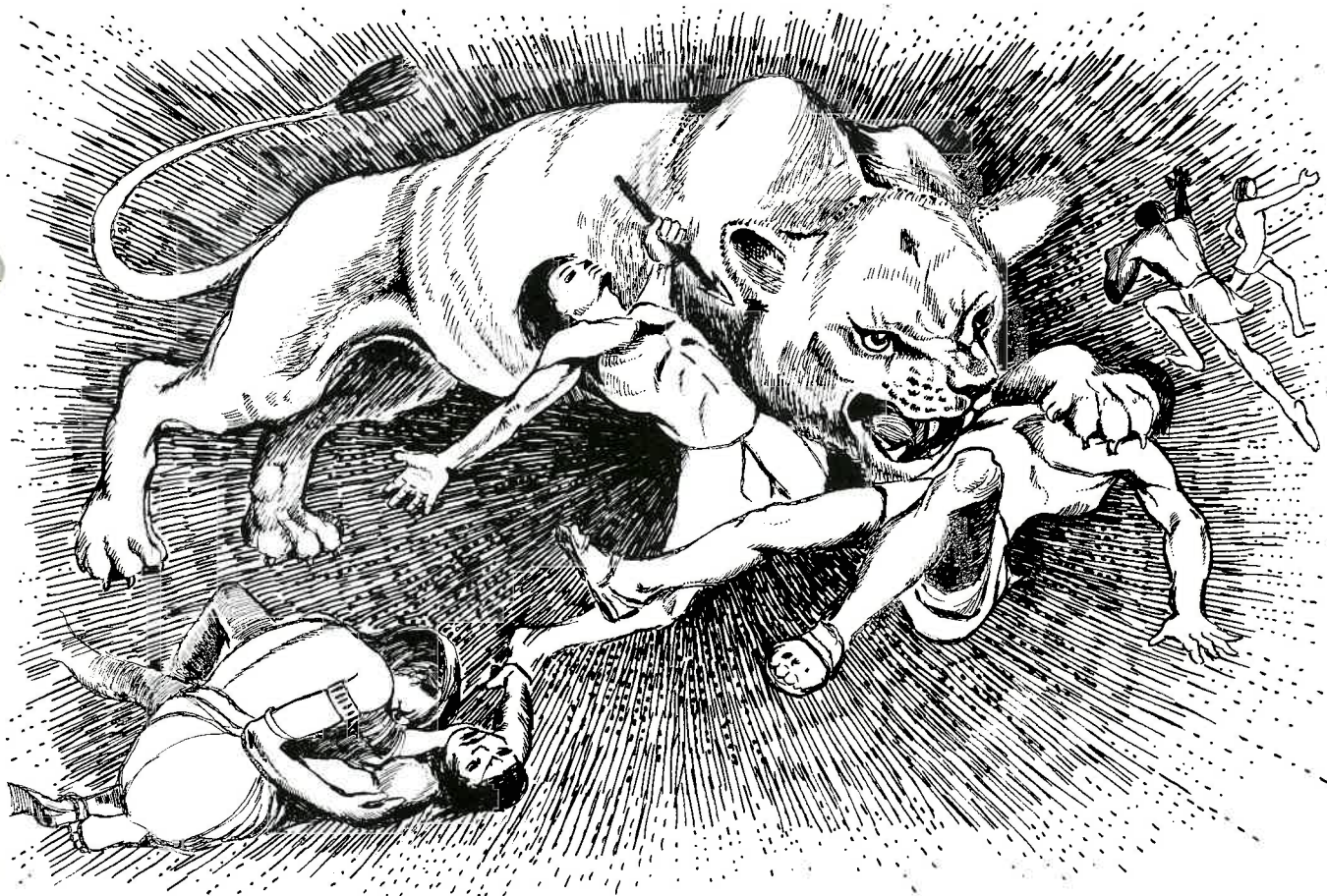
red mud. Then Ra ordered all the priestesses to crush barley and make beer. They made several thousand jars of it and then mixed it with the red mud of Elephantinê. It shone in the moonlight, dark and red like blood.

"Now," said Ra, "carry this up the river to protect mankind. Carry it to where Sekhmet will appear when the sun rises. Pour it over the earth as a trap for her." Daylight came, and Sekhmet came into the sunlight from her cave in the rocks. She looked around for people to eat. She saw no living thing. But in the place where she had killed many men on the day before, she saw that the fields were covered with what seemed to be blood. It was lying in a deep pool everywhere.

Sekhmet saw this and laughed. Thinking that it was the

blood that she had shed before, she stooped and drank greedily. Again and again she drank, until the beer rose to her brain. She couldn't hunt or kill or even think. As the day ended, she came slowly home to Ra, who was waiting for her. When the sun sank down she hadn't killed a single person that day.

"You come in peace, sweet one," said Ra. "Peace be with you, and a new name. You will not be Sekhmet the Slayer anymore, but Hathor the Lady of Love. But your power over mankind will be greater than ever before. The passion of love will be stronger than the passion of hate. Furthermore, all people shall know love, and all will be your slaves." So mankind was saved by Ra, and was given both a new pleasure and a new pain.



* * *

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Dotted Lines — They are both the same length.

The figure can be drawn in different ways. One way would be E-F-B-C-A-B-E-C-F. Another way would be E-B-D-C-B-A-C-F-D-E-F. Could you find another way?

Order — full, 3/4, 1/2, 2/5, 1/3, 1/4, 1/8, empty.

Words

- (1) tree — the others are pieces of furniture
- (2) cup — the others are bits of cutlery
- (3) mouse — the others are vegetables
- (4) hawk — the others are animals
- (5) Transvaal, which is a province. The others are towns.

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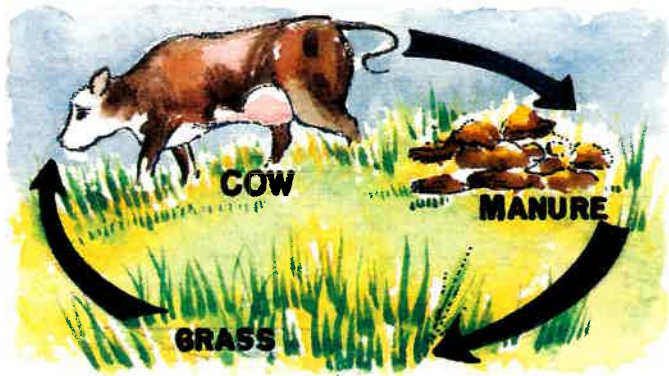
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ECOLOGY

ALL LIFE DEPENDS on other life to survive, except for most of the plant kingdom. Most plants make their own food, out of sunlight and water and nutrients in the soil, and they don't need anything else to supply their food. Everything else depends, directly or indirectly, on the plant kingdom for food.

This is quite easy to see when we look at animals, birds or insects that eat only plants. A cow, for example, eats grass and small plants growing in the grass. This gives it all the nourishment that it needs. Its body digests the grass and plants and gets rid of what it can't use. This goes back to feeding the grass as manure. This is a simple food chain, which looks like this:



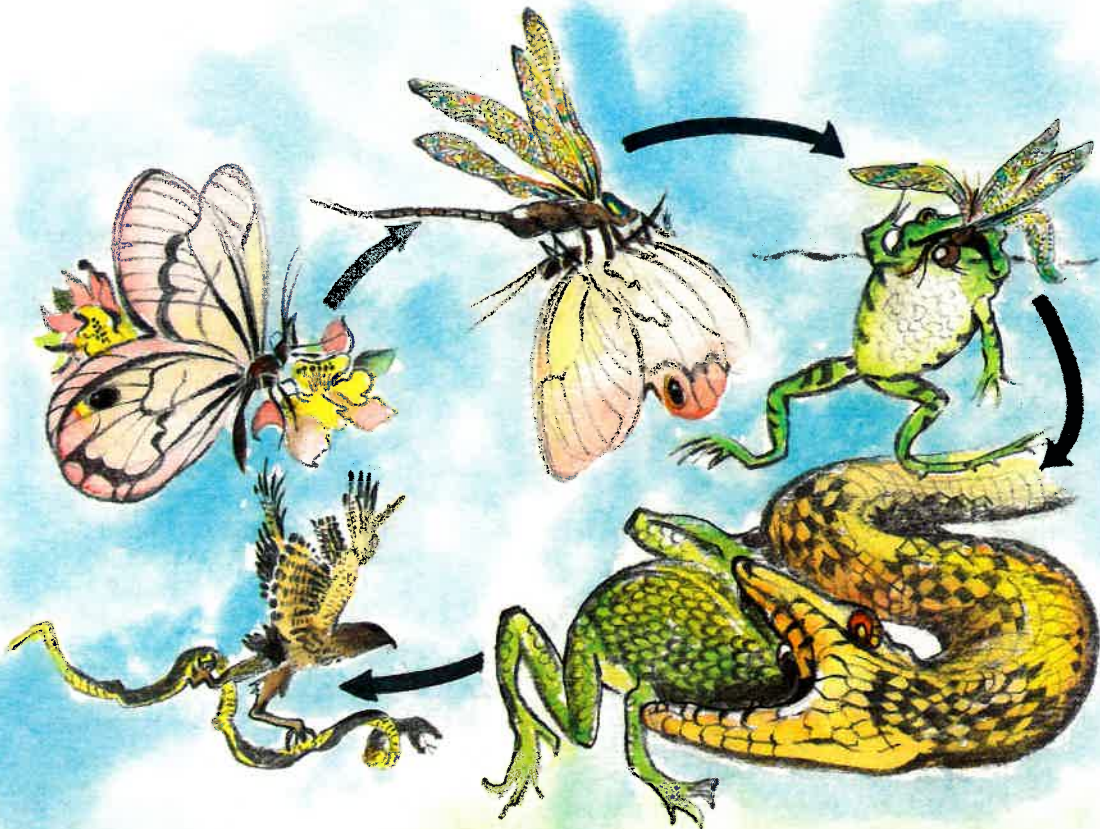
Both the cow and the grass give and take from each other. Most food chains are not as simple as this, because

not all creatures are able to get their nourishment from plants. For example, there are ticks and fleas living on the cow which depend completely for their existence on that animal. They need to eat, but they cannot eat grass — blood is what they must live on. Without the cow to suck blood from, they would die. They are creatures that depend indirectly on the plants, because without plants their source of food — the cow — could not survive. Fleas and ticks are not the only creatures to depend on the cow. Although we can't see them, there are many thousands of very tiny little organisms living in and on it, which owe their lives to it. We ourselves eat beef from cows, drink milk and eat all sorts of things made from milk, like cheese, maas, yoghurt and so on.

The beginning of the chain is the flower. (The beginning of any chain will always be a plant.) The butterfly alights onto the flower to eat, and a dragonfly catches and eats it. A frog then eats the dragonfly, and the frog in turn is eaten by a snake. Finally the snake is caught up and eaten by a hawk. Here the chain ends.

The plant — the flower — is called the **producer**. It is the only thing in the food chain that can **produce** its own

Here is a fairly typical food chain:



Food Chains

food. Animals, insects, birds and reptiles that eat only plants — the butterfly in this food chain — are called **primary consumers**. They are the first (primary) things to eat (consume) in the food chain. Everything else lives on other things — the dragonfly, frog, snake and hawk in this food chain — and is called a **secondary consumer**. A person who is a vegetarian and eats only vegetables and fruits is a primary consumer. A person who eats meat or fish is a secondary consumer.

The next stage of the food chain is the **decomposer**. Decomposers are fungi, yeasts, bacteria that come into the food chain when something dies or rots. At this stage the thing is broken down into smaller and smaller parts until it can be used by other things. The decomposers are the little organisms that do this. Decomposers are completely necessary. Without them the earth would be piled up high with dead bodies, and there would be no goodness being given back into the earth. Soon the earth would be barren and it would not be able to nourish the plants growing in it.

* * *

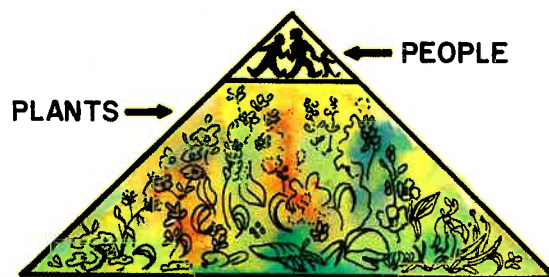
Now in some ways the idea of a food chain is a bit misleading. For one thing, it is not often that a chain is as neat as the one above is. Usually there is much more interlinking, and the chains end up becoming quite tangled. This is because most creatures eat many different types of food. The hawk in our food chain, for example, may have eaten a mouse earlier and a small bird the day before. Each time it will become involved in another food chain which will have different elements.

The other way that the idea of a food chain is misleading is in the energy used up along it. For example the butterfly flits around all day sipping nectar from flowers. It has to eat all day to get the energy it needs to keep it going. The hawk only needs to eat once or twice a day because the food that it eats is much more concentrated than the food that the butterfly eats. As we go along the chain, a lot of energy is lost. This ends up looking like a pyramid:

So there is a lot of life supporting the hawk at the top of the pyramid. The hawk depends on everything below him in the pyramid, and in a certain way we can say that he eats everything in it. If the hawk only ate snakes, he would have to eat 10 pounds of snakes for every pound of his own weight to keep alive and healthy. Each snake

would have to eat 10 pounds of frogs for every pound of its own weight, and each frog would have to eat 10 pounds of dragonflies for every pound of its own weight. So you could say that for every 10 pounds of snakes that the hawk eats, he also eats 100 pounds of frogs and 1 000 pounds of dragonflies. In the lower parts of the pyramid a lot of food is eaten and a lot of energy is lost. Higher up, less food is eaten, but it is more concentrated.

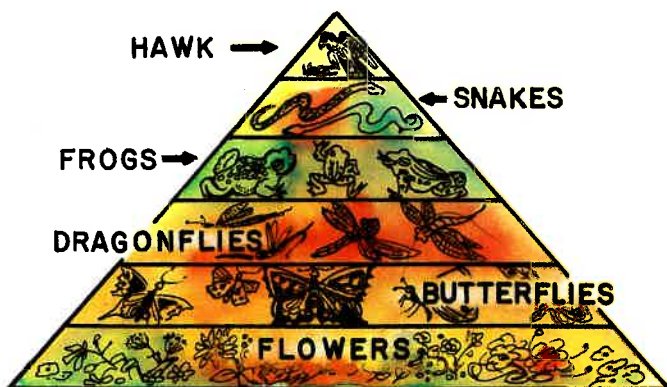
Looking at a food pyramid, we might be tempted to say that it would be much more economical to eat only plants. Then we would cut out all the stages in the middle, and the food pyramid we would be at the top of would look like this:



To some extent it would be more economical, but there would be many disadvantages. For a start we would have to eat very many plants to get the energy and nourishment that we can get from a piece of fish or meat. Some things that we need are quite difficult to get from plants. From an ecology point of view the more food chains that there are, the greater the variety that we find in nature. And this means that, apart from a far greater richness, if any one thing is in short supply another can be used in its place for food.

Now maybe it is clear that everything in nature is necessary, even things that we can't find uses for or that we think are bad. We have in the past not been very sensitive to the whole inter-relationship of life. We have looked at nature in terms of our own greed and in terms of what we find useful and attractive. We have looked at things in nature as being 'good' or 'bad', without realising that everything is, in a true sense, 'good' and necessary.

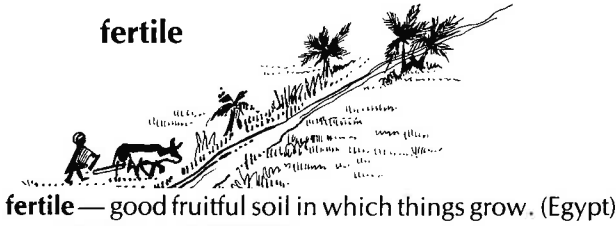
So, because of this, very many kinds of animals, birds and insects have been destroyed, and with them very many food chains have been broken, with disastrous results. Farmers, for example, cultivate very large areas for their crops. In doing this they destroy the natural nesting places of birds and animals. They also shoot or poison birds and animals that they feel are harmful to their farms. But often the birds would have helped to keep down the insects that eat the crops. Without them, the farmer has to use poisons to kill the insects, and these insecticides affect everything else in the environment. They are also passed on higher up the pyramid until they reach us. An insect eats a poisonous insecticide. It is then eaten by a bird, which is eaten by a person, and so the poison is passed on. So finally the poisons that we are spreading in the environment are coming back to us.



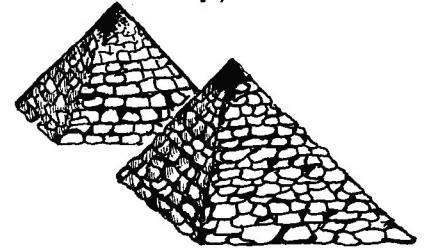
Willie Wordworm YOUR DICTIONARY PAGE

On the Willie Wordworm page you will always find words which are fun to learn and which you can use. Here are some words which come out of the articles in this issue of UPBEAT. In the brackets after the word you will find the name of the article where the word appears.

fertile



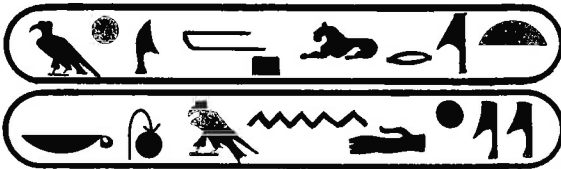
pyramids



irrigation

irrigation — a system of getting water out of a river or dam and channelling it onto fields and crops. (Egypt)

hieroglyphics



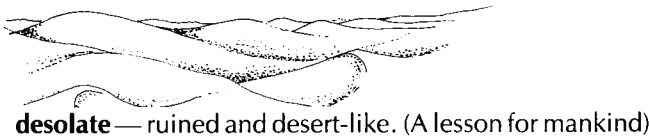
decompose

decompose — when something breaks down into smaller parts, after death and during rotting. (Ecology)

variety



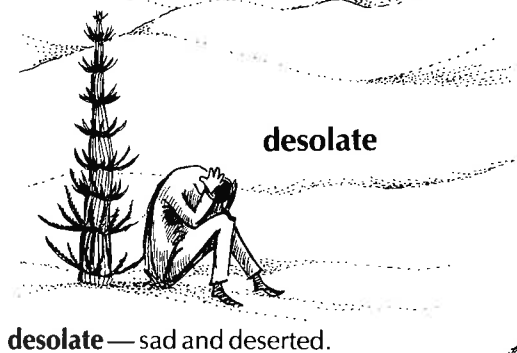
desolate



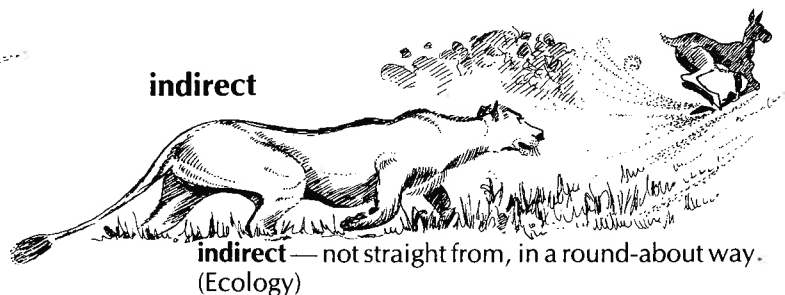
direct



desolate



indirect



PENFRIENDS

I am a twelve-year-old boy. I live in Rockville, Soweto. My hobbies are listening to pop music, reading and playing indoor games like monopoly. I also play soccer. I would like to hear from other boys of my age in South Africa and other African countries.

My name is **Brenden Mbatha** and I live at: 1883 Sibeko Street
P O Moroka 1860
JOHANNESBURG.

Charmaine Ramparsad of P.O. Box 122, Lenasia, Johannesburg 1820, is 16 and loves learning about other people and places. She has brown eyes and black hair and her hobbies are reading, dancing and writing letters. She wants penfriends between the ages of 13 and 17, preferably outside the Transvaal.

Sandra Karelse (16) lives at 26 Stirling Court, Concert Boulevard, Retreat 7945. Her hobbies are reading, cooking, disco, listening to pop music, and outdoor life. Sandra (or Sandy) goes to Crestway Senior Secondary School and would like to write to boys or girls aged 16 to 18 from Durban and Johannesburg. She will try to answer any letters in Afrikaans if anyone writes to her in Afrikaans.

My name is **Tumi Mahlo**. I am a 12-year-old girl and in Standard 7. I live in Rockville, Soweto. My hobbies are baking, watching TV and playing basketball. I would like to hear from other girls my age in South Africa and other countries in Africa.

My address is: 1897 Rockville
P O Moroka 1860
JOHANNESBURG.

Lester Müller of "By the Dee", Retreat Road, Retreat 7945 is 14 years old and would like to write to a girl of his own age, especially one who lives upcountry. Lester is a member of a youth organisation and his hobbies are soccer, dancing, volleyball and coin collecting.

Kenneth Botha (13) lives at 76 First Avenue, Lotus River, 7800, and would like to write to a boy, especially someone from Durban. His hobbies are stamp-collecting, athletics, swimming and making paper models.

14 Fifteenth Avenue
Elsies River, 7460.

Dear Reader

I am interested in a penfriend. My name is Lesley-Ann Jephtha. My age is ten and I am in Standard 3 at St. John's Roman Catholic Primary School in Maitland. I am interested in a boy or girl my age. My favourite sport is squash and I like netball, dancing and do modelling. Hoping to hear from you soon. You'll be welcome to be my penfriend because sometimes I am very lonely.

Yours faithfully,
Lesley-Ann Jephtha.

Erica Havinga (15) of 34 Strauss Avenue, Retreat 7945, would like to write to boys of 15 years or older. Her hobbies are swimming, reading, pop music, dancing, cooking and drama.

Gary le Roux: "Capricorn", 4th Ave., Grassy Park 7800, C.P. Gary is 12 years, and in Std. 5. His hobbies are tennis, stamp collecting, music and athletics and he would like to correspond with girls or boys.

I'm a fifteen-year-old boy from Rockville. My name is **Ntsi Mphike** and I'm in Form III. My hobbies are cycling, football and watching TV. I would like to correspond with boys of my age who are interested in cycling and football.

My address is: 1945 Rockville
P O Moroka
1860

My name is **Henrietta Makhele**. I am 13 and live in Mzimhlophe. I am interested in stamp collecting, listening to pop music and dancing. I would like to hear from girls of my own age who are interested in stamp collecting.

My address is: 9954B Mokale Street
Orlando West II
P O Phomolong.

Deborah Matthews, 14A Grindal Ave., Lavender Hill, Retreat 7945 C.P. Her age is 10 years and she is in Std. 2E at Square Hill Primary School. She is interested in a girl or boy of her age and her hobbies are netball, tennis and baking.

Thandiwe Vuma: Nagle House Girls' High School, Private Bag 3804, Marandellas, Zimbabwe is 14 years old and likes volleyball, swimming, netball, singing, dancing, going to church and Scripture Union.

Kerrinah Dirwai: 13 Shiri Street, Dombotombo Township, Marandellas, Zimbabwe is 15 years old and her hobbies are swimming, music, letter writing, stamp collecting.

I live in Orlando East, and my name is **Nellie Phatho**. I play chess, tennis and basketball. I would like to correspond with girls who are interested in playing chess, tennis and basketball.

My address is: 4407 Sarah Street
Orlando East
P O Orlando.

Rodney Chalice (15) comes from 16 Tobias Street, Gelvandale, Port Elizabeth 6016. Rodney's hobbies are swimming, tennis and reading, and he would like both boys and girls as penfriends.

EGYPT

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and even a small bunch of flowers that had been put there when he was buried. After that there were two more coffins inside each other. The last one was made of solid gold and inside it, wrapped up in a special way and preserved with oils and other liquids, was the body of Tutankhamen, looking quite a lot as he had when he died.



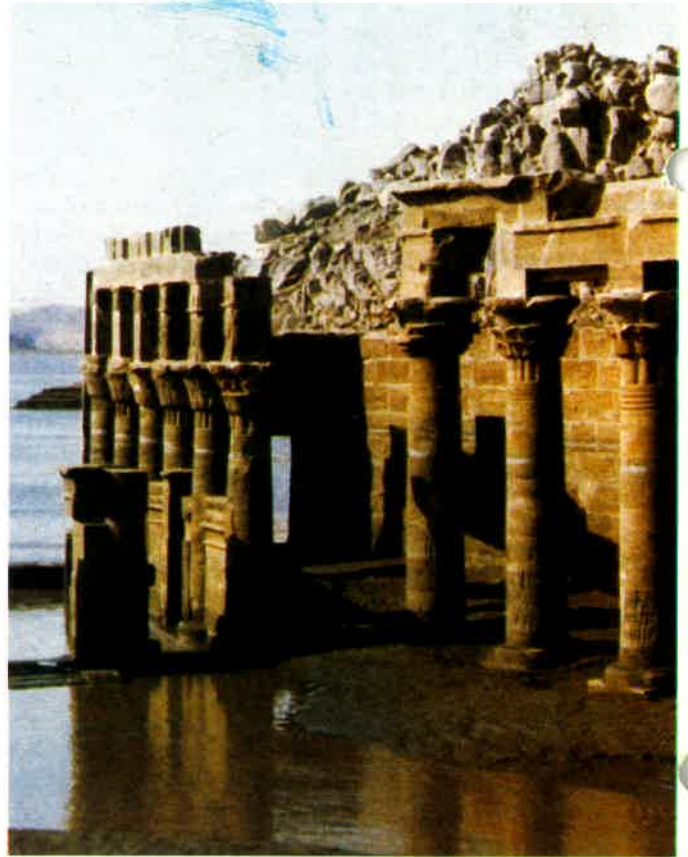
Very many treasures of gold and precious jewels were found in Tutankhamen's tomb. This is a small gold statue of Tutankhamen on a raft.

Tutankhamen's treasure is famous throughout the world and is kept in the museum in Cairo. In this museum there are also a lot of 'mummies', as these well-preserved bodies of ancient Egyptians are called. We must visit the museum when we get back to Cairo, but before we return we must finish the last part of our journey up the river, to



Tutankhamen's gold throne.

see the great dam at Aswan. It took thirteen years to build and was only finished in 1971. Egypt had to borrow a lot of money from other countries to build this dam, but it was worth it — now there is water going out to land further away from the Nile, and it is there all the year round, not just for a few months every year. The trouble is, though, that there is now less water going as far north as the Nile delta and people are afraid that the delta may dry up and that thousands of people may lose their farms there. 50 000 people had to be moved away from their land to make room for the water of the Aswan Dam and Lake Nasser next to it. Ancient giant statues and temples had to be moved, too. They were taken apart stone by stone and rebuilt nearby to look exactly the same again. Modern machinery was used to do this and once again we wonder how the ancient Egyptians made all these things without the help of machinery.



One of the temples affected by the building of the Aswan Dam.

It is important to remember that while the early Egyptians were building such wonderful temples and pyramids and statues and learning so many new things, people in Europe were still living in caves and hunting animals for food. This great civilization along the banks of the Nile in North Africa was the beginning of modern Western culture. It lasted thousands of years and although in the end it faded away and people from other countries took over Egypt and ruled its people, the ideas and discoveries were never forgotten.

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