The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1**: an online newspaper article called, ‘UN unveils plans to eliminate child labour by 2020’ by Randeep Ramesh
- **Source 2**: an article called, ‘Admit it. You love cheap clothes. And you don’t care about child slave labour’ by Gethin Chamberlain
- **Source 3**: ‘Two Wheels in the Dust’, an extract from a non-fiction book by Anne Mustoe.

Please open the insert fully to see all three sources
UN unveils plans to eliminate child labour by 2020

Randeep Ramesh, social affairs editor
The Guardian, Monday 29 October 2012

The United Nations is to announce ambitious plans to eliminate child labour by 2020.

Warning that “current trends are … of great concern” the UN says there will still be about 190 million child labourers in eight years’ time. Even worse is that in the poorest parts of the world, the numbers will rise: child labourers in sub-Saharan Africa will jump by around 15 million over the next decade, reaching 65 million by 2020.

A UN report – to be launched on Monday morning by the UN’s special envoy on education, the former Labour prime minister Gordon Brown – warns that unless the issue is tackled, the internationally agreed goal that all children should complete primary school by 2015 will not be achieved. Child labour, the UN says, “exacerbates the risk of being out of school. In India, non-attendance rates for child labourers are twice the level for children not involved in child labour.”

The research says the “sheer scale of child labour is not widely recognised”. About 60 million under-17-year-olds are involved in agriculture. Mining, it says, is a magnet for child labour, with children as young as six digging shafts and scuttling around mounds of rock with little more than a hammer and chisel. Around half of the workforce in Afghanistan’s brick kilns is aged under 14. In Ethiopia almost 60% of children work. Multinational companies also come under fire. The report points out that in China, underage labour, recruited by networks of agents from poor rural areas, has been found in factories supplying companies such as Apple, Samsung and Google.

The UN says that the first step would be to make education compulsory for all children, and perhaps go as far as paying families to send their children to school, an approach that has worked in Brazil.

Many children are forced to combine education and employment, and are consequently more likely to drop out, to complete fewer years in school and to achieve lower test scores. The UN warns that child labourers suffer a 17% achievement gap with non-working children in language and maths.

Despite a host of international treaties and domestic laws prohibiting child labour in poorer nations, authorities rarely have the will – or the money – to enforce them.

Gordon Brown told The Guardian that child labour was the “new slavery” for our age. “Efforts to combat child labour are failing in the face of inertia, indifference and an indefensible willingness on the part of too many governments, international agencies and aid donors to turn a blind eye,” he writes in the foreword to the report.
Admit it. You love cheap clothes. And you don’t care about child slave labour
by Gethin Chamberlain

Despite a series of revelations for The Observer about the brutal conditions in garment factories, companies, western consumers and India are still complicit in turning a blind eye.

Drive east out of Delhi for an hour or so into the industrial wasteland of Ghaziabad and take a stroll down some of the back lanes. You might want to watch your step, to avoid falling into the stinking open drains. Take a look through some of the doorways. See the children stitching the fine embroidery and beading? Now take a stroll through your favourite mall and have a look at the shelves. Recognise some of that handiwork? You should.

Suppliers now subcontract work out from the main factory, maybe more than once. The work is done out of sight, the pieces sent back to the main factory to be finished and labelled. And when the auditors come round the factory, they can say that there were no children and all was well. Because audits are part of the act. Often it is as simple as two sets of books, one for the brand, one for themselves. The brand’s books say everyone works eight hours a day with a lunch break. The real books show the profits from 16-hour days and no days off all month.

Need fire extinguishers to tick the safety box? Hire them in for the day. The lift is a death-trap? Stick a sign on it to say it is out of use and the inspector will pass it by. The dark arts thrive in the inspection business.

We, the consumers, let them do this because we want the shiny, pretty thing. And we grumble that times are tight, we can’t be expected to pay more and, anyway, those places are very cheap to live in.
In 1992 the writer, Anne Mustoe, cycled through India. Here she has reached Bombay.

**Two Wheels in the Dust**

The starving millions of India overwhelmed me as I cycled through the outskirts of Bombay. As India’s boom city, it draws the poor like a magnet from the countryside. Many of them end up sleeping on the streets in utter destitution, while others live in cardboard and sacking shacks on waste ground further out. The ones who succeed in scratching a living move into shantytowns. There, they settle among the rubbish tips, by some fetid black stream, and build their hovels of mud or packing cases, roofed with corrugated iron. Until I cycled through them, I would never have believed that people could survive in such abject conditions. On the waste ground, they were filthy and bedraggled, starvelings without hope. But when I got to the shantytowns, I noticed a difference in the air. By some miracle of ingenuity, families emerged from their hovels looking neat and clean. There was faltering electricity and even a few television aerials. These people were on their way up in the world. As I approached the city from Thane, I passed through every gradation of poverty. People stared at me, but nowhere did I meet with hostility. I was not a voyeur. I was a cyclist. And I didn’t take photographs.

To keep your sanity in India, you have to switch off from the poverty and squalor, because there’s nothing you can do about it. Until the Indians control their population growth, and until their amazingly wealthy minority takes more responsibility for the welfare of the majority, they will never be able to raise their standard of living. The population has more than doubled since Independence and the infrastructure left by the British is crumbling under the weight of numbers. Government schemes for education and welfare drown in the sea of children. Although they educate more of them each year, the proportion of illiterates grows. Meanwhile, corruption in many states syphons off what little money is available.

So not through callousness, but as a kind of self-protection, I averted my eyes from the beggars and street-dwellers when I went for a stroll along Strand Road to Apollo Bunder. The evening air was balmy and there was a sliver of new moon. Peanut-vendors, snake-charmers and performing monkeys clustered round the Gateway of India and along the harbour walls. India’s most famous hotel, the Taj Mahal, blazed with lights at one end of the promenade, while a dance at the Yacht Club lit up the other. Families were out enjoying the cool of the evening. Some were Indian, but they were almost outnumbered by the white-clad armies of Arabs, who flock to Bombay with their wives and children for business, liquor and shopping. It was all very cosmopolitan, even Mediterranean, and I felt really at home there. To complete my enjoyment, I went to Leopold’s, the tourist hang-out on Colaba Causeway, for a plate of fish and chips – a gastronomic delight after six weeks of curry!
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