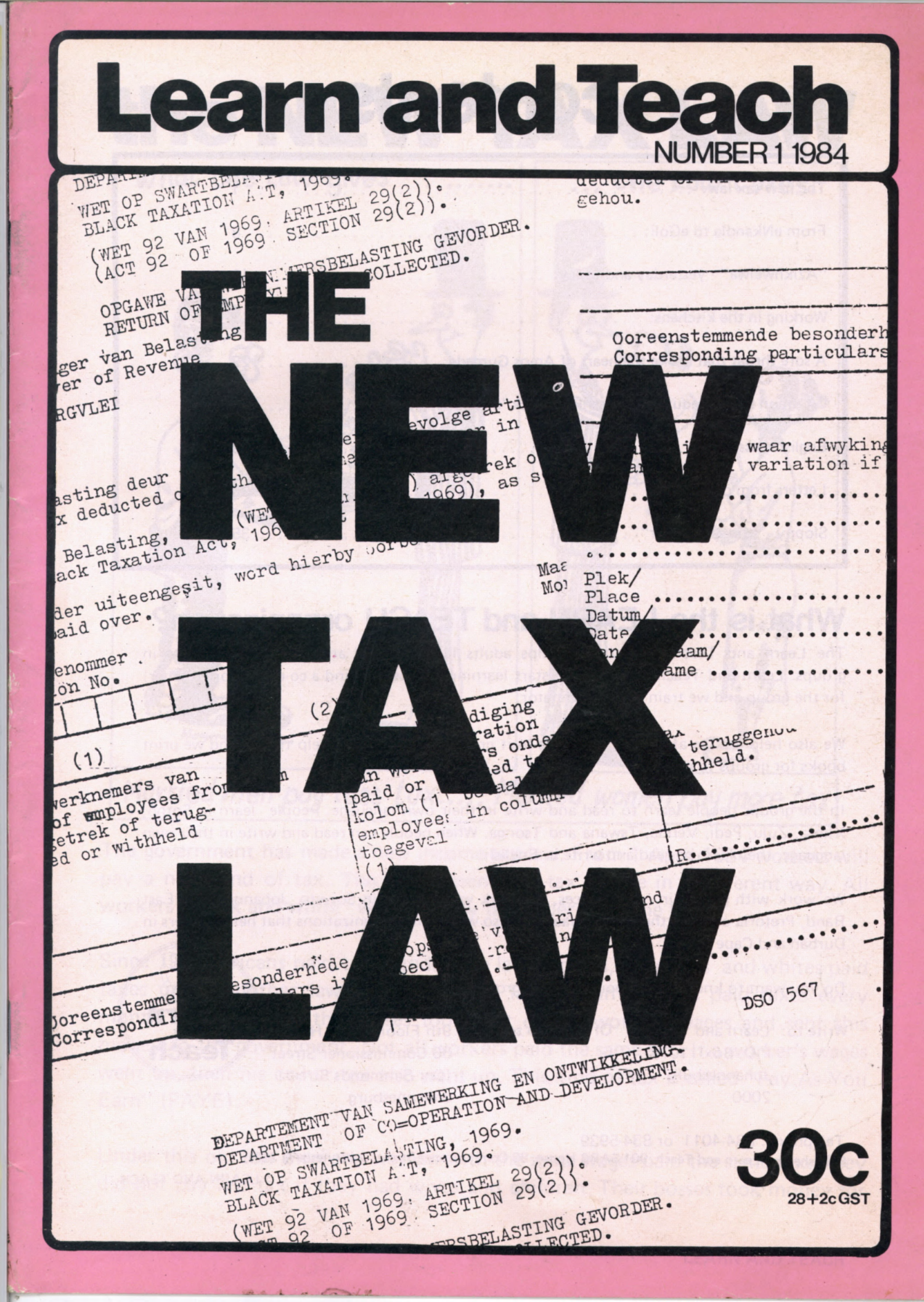
Learn and Teach
NUMBER 1 1984

THE NEW TAX LAW



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What is the LEARN and TEACH organization?

The Learn and Teach organization helps adults learn to read and write. People learn in groups. Learn and Teach helps people start learning groups. We find a co-ordinator (teacher) for the group and we train the co-ordinator.

We also help groups after they start. We visit groups very often to help them. And we print books for groups to read.

In the groups people learn to read and write in their own language. People learn in Sotho, Xhosa, Zulu, Pedi, Venda, Tswana and Tsonga. When people can read and write in their own language, they learn to read and write in English.

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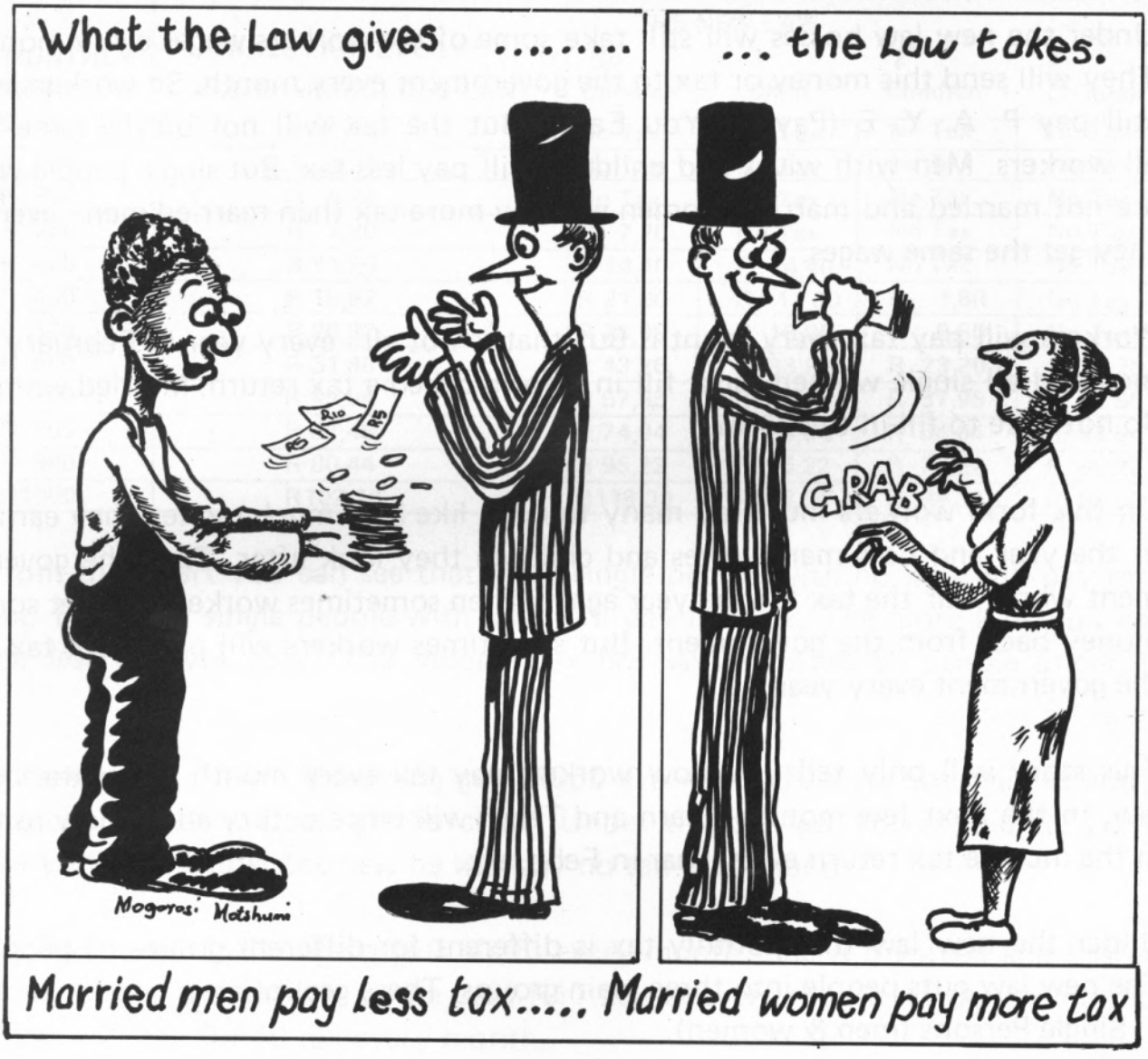
the NEW TAX LAW



The government has made a new income tax law. From 1 April 1984 workers will pay a new kind of tax. The government will tax people in a different way. All workers - black and white - will now pay tax under the same law.

Since 1970 africans paid taxes under one law. Indians, coloureds and whites paid taxes under another law. Under the old law african workers paid taxes every month. Every month the bosses took part of the workers wages and sent this money to the government. Not all workers paid the same tax. If a worker's wages went up, then his or her tax also went up. This kind of tax is called "Pay As You Earn" (PAYE).

Under this old law men and women with the same wages paid the same tax. They did not pay less tax if they had wives and children. Their bosses took money for

tax every month and that was all. They never heard anything more from the government about their tax.

Under the new law bosses will still take some of the workers wages every month. They will send this money or tax to the government every month. So workers will still pay P. A. Y. E (Pay As You Earn). But the tax will not be the same for all workers. Men with wives and children will pay less tax. But single people who are not married and married women will pay more tax than married men - even if they get the same wages.

Workers will pay tax every month. But that is not all - every year in February all men and all single women must fill in a form called a tax return. Married women do not have to fill in this form.

On this form workers must say many things - like how much money they earned in the year and how many wives and children they look after. Then the government works our the tax for the year again. Then sometimes workers will get some money back from the government. But sometimes workers will pay more tax to the government every year.

This story will only tell you how workers pay tax every month under the new law. In the next few months Learn and Teach will write a story about how to fill in the income tax return every year in February.

Under the new law the monthly tax is different for different groups of people. The new law puts people into three main groups. These groups are:
1. Single Persons (men & women).
2. Married Men
3. Married women.

Look at the charts below in the story. They will show how much tax each group must pay under the new law. The charts also show how much each group paid under the old law.

1. SINGLE PERSONS.

The new law says "Single Persons" are men and women who are not married. "Single Persons" are also men and women who are divorced

MONTHLY WAGES	TAXES PAID EVERY MONTH UNDER OLD LAW	TAXES PAID EVERY MONTH UNDER THE NEW LAW			
		No Children	1 Child	2 Children	3 Children
R 200	R 0,74	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 250	R 1,94	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 300	R 4,34	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 350	R 7.20	R 7,20	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 400	R 11,20	R 14,40	R 4,40	No Tax	No Tax
R 450	R 15,62	R 21,60	R 11,60	R 1,60	No Tax
R 500	R 20,82	R 28,80	R 18,80	R 8,80	No Tax
R 600	R 31,88	R 43,20	R 33,20	R 23,20	R 13,20
R 700	R 45,04	R 57,95	R 47,95	R 37,95	R 27,95
R 800	R 61,48	R 74,94	R 64,94	R 54,94	R 44,94
R 900	R 80,44	R 95,22	R 85,22	R 75,22	R 65,22
R1000	R102,16	R118,30	R108,30	R 98,30	R 88,30

From this chart you can see that most single people with no kids will pay more tax. But most single people with kids will pay less tax. The more kids you have the less tax you pay. The income tax law says kids are all people under 18.

For example: Thami Monareng gets R350 every month. He is not married and he has two children. Look at the chart. Under the old law Thami paid R7.20 tax every month. Under the new he will pay no tax each month.

For example. Lydia Masia gets R400 every month. She is divorced and has one child. Under the old law Lydia paid R11.20 tax every month. Under the new law Lydia will pay R4.40 tax every month.

For example: Themba Mazibuko gets R500 every month. He is not married and he has no children. Under the old law Themba paid R20.82 each month. Under the new law he will pay R28.80 each month.

If you have more than three kids check with your boss how much you must pay.

2MARRIED PERSONS.

"Married Persons" is a strange name for a lot of different people. Under the new law married persons are:

A man who is married by custom or by law. (BUT NOT WOMEN WHO ARE MARRIED)

Widowers (A man whose wife has died) and widows (a woman whose husband has died)

A man or woman who is not married but who looks after kids mostly from their own wages.

MONTHLY WAGES	TAXES PAID EVERY MONTH UNDER OLD LAW	TAXES PAID EVERY MONTH UNDER THE NEW LAW				
		No Children	1 Child	2 Children	3 Children	4 Children
R 200	R 0,74	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 250	R 1,94	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 300	R 4,34	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 350	R 7,20	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 400	R 11,20	R 3,92	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 450	R 15,62	R 9,92	R 1,58	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 500	R 20,82	R 15,92	R 7,58	No Tax	No Tax	No Tax
R 600	R 31,88	R 27,92	R 19,58	R 11,25	R 2,92	No Tax
R 700	R 45,04	R 40,04	R 31,71	R 23,38	R 15,04	R 6,71
R 800	R 61,48	R 54,03	R 45,70	R 37,37	R 29,03	R 20,70
R 900	R 80,44	R 70,77	R 62,43	R 54,10	R 45,77	R 37,43
R 1 000	R102,16	R 89,83	R 81,50	R 73,17	R 64,83	R 56,50

From this chart you can see that most "married persons" will pay less tax.

If you have more than four children you will pay even less tax. Check how much this tax is with your boss.

For example: Susan Mthethwa gets R300 every month. Her husband is dead and she has three children. Under the old law she paid R4.34 tax each month. Under the new law she will pay no tax each month.

For example. Mandla Ndlovu gets R700 every month. He is married and has four children. Under the old law, Mandla paid R45.04 tax every month. Under the new law Mandla will pay R6.71 tax each month.

If a man has more than one wife then he can claim for children of all his wives.

3. MARRIED WOMEN

The law says married women are women who are married by custom or by law. But married women are not called "married persons" under the new tax law.

So married women cannot pay less tax because they look after children.

MONTHLY WAGES	TAXES PAID EVERY MONTH UNDER THE OLD LAW	TAXES PAID EVERY MONTH UNDER THE NEW LAW
R 200	R 0,74	R 6,42
R 250	R 1,94	R 11,42
R 300	R 4,34	R 16,42
R 350	R 7,20	R 22,83
R 400	R 11,20	R 32,83
R 450	R 15,62	R 42,83
R 500	R 20,82	R 52,83
R 600	R 31,88	R 72,83
R 700	R 45,04	R 92,83
R 800	R 61,48	R112,83
R 900	R 80,44	R132,83
R 1000	R102,16	R152,83

From this chart you can see that married women will pay much more tax under the new law. They won't pay less tax because they look after children.

For example: Maria Mofokeng gets R250 every month. She is married with three children. Under the old law she paid R1.94 tax each month. Under the new law Maria will pay R11.42 tax each month.

BUT REMEMBER SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT. MARRIED WOMEN DO NOT PAY TAX AS "MARRIED PERSONS". BUT IF A WOMAN'S HUSBAND GETS VERY LITTLE MONEY OR IF A WOMAN'S HUSBAND HAS NO JOB, THEN THE WOMAN CAN ASK TO PAY TAX AS A "MARRIED PERSON". THEN SHE WILL PAY LESS TAX. WOMEN MUST TELL THEIR BOSSES ABOUT THIS. THEY MUST ASK THE BOSS TO WRITE TO THE TAX MAN AND ASK HIM TO TAX THE WOMAN AS A 'MARRIED PERSON."

For example. Teboho Nkosi gets R300 a month. She is married with three children. Her husband has no job. Under the old law Teboho paid R4. 34 tax every month. Under the new law she must pay R16.42 tax each month. Under the new law Teboho is not called a "married person". But she can ask to pay tax as a "married person" - because her husband has no job. She must ask her boss to do that for her. Then she will pay no tax.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

The new tax law is very difficult. So workers must talk to their bosses if they do not understand the law.

Many married women can ask to pay tax as "married persons". Then they will pay less tax.

All workers must tell their bosses if they are married and how many children they have. They must write this information on a form The form is called an IRP 2. This is important because men with more children pay less tax. Bosses must take off the correct tax for each worker.

Every year in February all "married persons" and "single persons" must fill in an income tax return and send this to the government. (MANY WORKERS WILL PAY MORE TAX IF THEY DON'T FILL IN THE INCOME TAX RETURN.)

Workers who get less than R8 000 do not have to fill in an income tax return every year. (R8 000 per year is R154 per week or R3.34 per hour). But if workers think they paid too much tax every month, then they must fill in the return.

Learn and Teach will write about how to fill in the income tax return soon. We will explain how some workers can get money back every year.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD

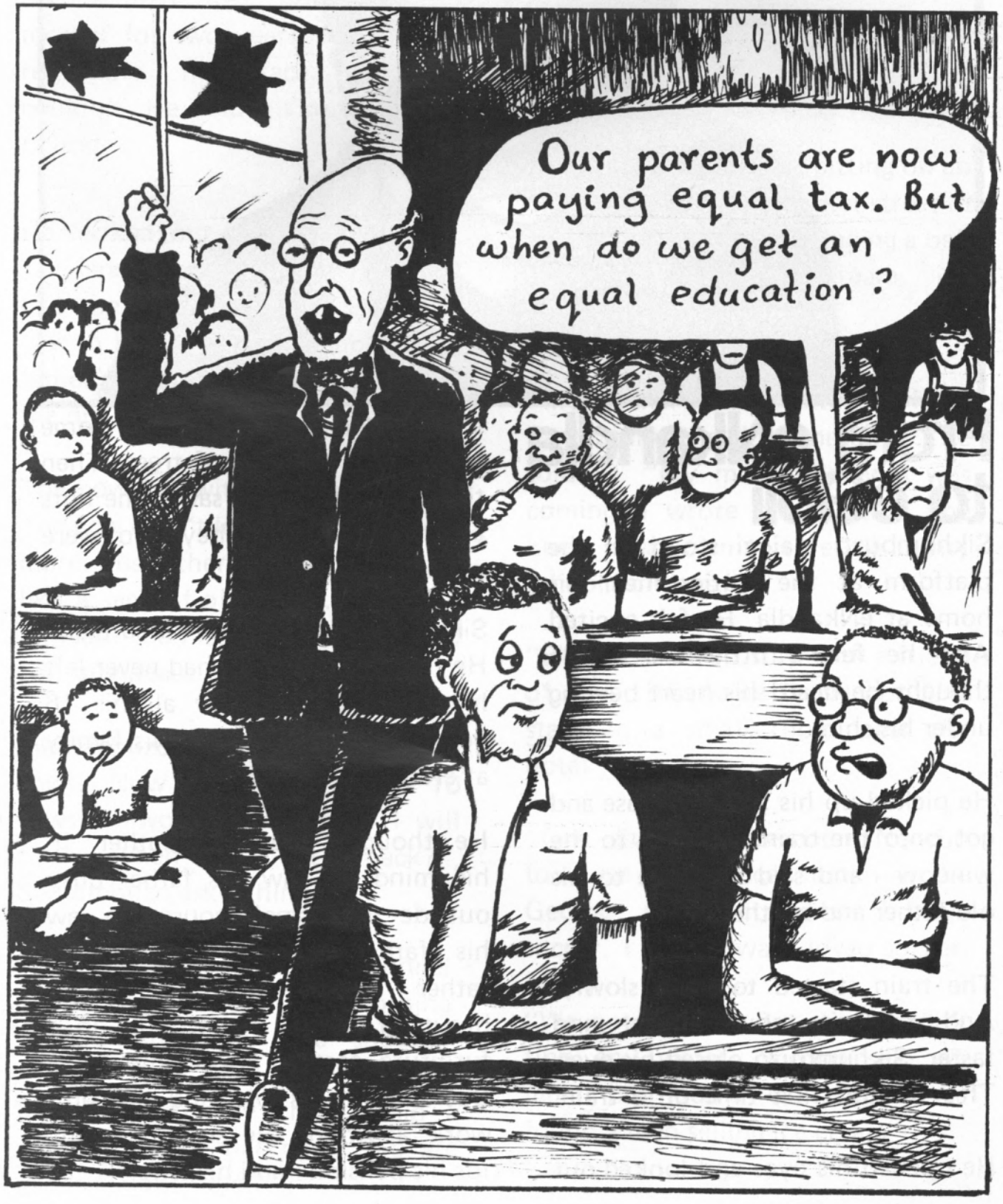
The new tax law is a very difficult law. Some things in it are good for workers. But some things in it are bad.

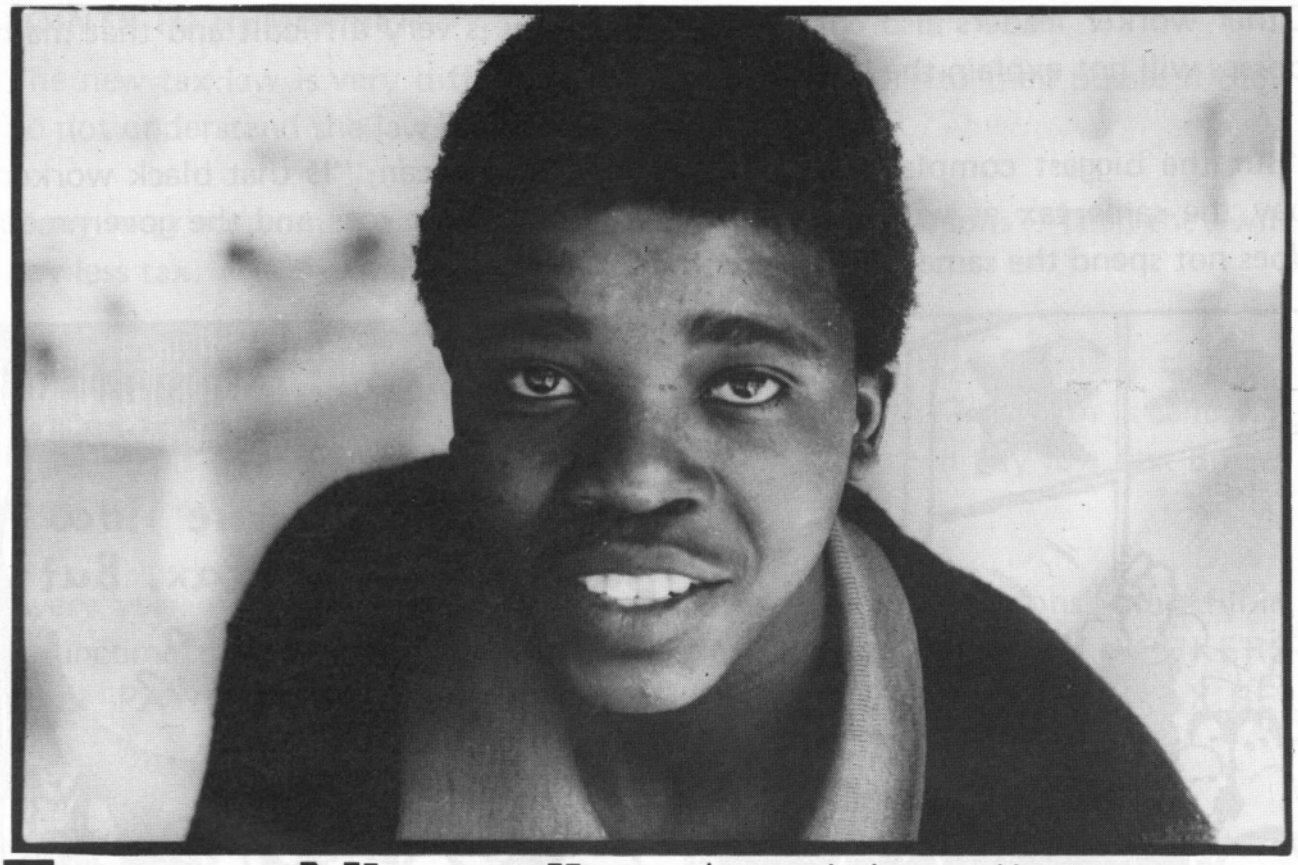
Sheena Duncan of the Black Sash says, "The new law is a strange thing. Many men will pay less tax than before. But many thousands of married women will pay much more tax. Only men pay less tax because of children. But women also look after their kids. Men of all races must remember this. They must remember the women are paying most of the tax for the family."

Many trade unions and worker leaders are worried about the new law. One worker leader says, "The new tax law might be a good thing. But the government did not talk to workers before they made the new law. So workers will not trust the law. Black workers will also pay the same tax as white workers. So now bosses must do the same - they must pay equal wages for equal work."

Other worker leaders also complain that the law is very difficult and that many bosses will not explain the law to workers.

"But the biggest complaint of all," says Sheena Duncan, "Is that black workers pay the same tax as whites. Yet they don't have the vote and the government does not spend the same on blacks as it does on whites."





From eNkandla to eGoli

Sikhumbuzo Majozi stood on the platform at the station near his home at eNkandla. He felt excited. And he felt a little scared. He thought he heard his heart beating under his shirt.

He picked up his small suitcase and got onto the train. He went to the window - and said goodbye to his old father and brothers.

The train started to move slowly. And then it moved faster and faster. Sikhumbuzo closed his eyes. This was his first time on a train.

He opened his eyes and looked out the window. He saw some mountains and lots of trees. Then they were gone. He saw some huts and cattle. Then they too were gone.

Sikhumbuzo held on to his suitcase. He held it tightly. He had never left his home before. For all his 16 years, he has lived with his family at eNkandla in Natal.

He thought about his father. In his mind he saw his father busy outside their small house. He saw his father making a chair. His father knows how to make beautiful things. He worked in a furniture factory for many years. But now he is old and he can't work anymore. He sits and waits for his pension - and his wife.

Sikhumbuzo's mother works in eGoli - the city of gold. She is a cleaner in a hotel. Every month she sends money to her husband and six children.

Sikhumbuzo had not seen his mother for two years. He tried to remember her face. But he couldn't. He held his suitcase even tighter.

He looked out the window again. The land was dry and cracked - just like the fields at home. He felt a tear in his eye. He remembered his father's best cow lying dead near the dry river bed.

The cow lay with its mouth open. The cow didn't look like a cow anymore. His father's best cow looked like a sack of old bones. And even in death the flies didn't give the old cow any peace.

Sikhumbuzo's family once had 25 cows. Now they have only 10 cows. "I wonder how many I will find when I get back?", Sikhumbuzo asked himself.

The train went through a tunnel. Sikhumbuzo could see nothing. "Where are we?," he shouted.

"Don't worry my child," said a voice from the darkness. "we are in the Majuba hole."

Sikhumbuzo said a little prayer. And then the train came out the tunnel - and it was light again. Sikhumbuzo shook his head and smiled. "God is great," he whispered. He held onto his little suitcase all the way to eGoli.

2

We found Sikhumbuzo sitting on an old rusty bicycle in Market street in Johannesburg. He was ringing a bell and shouting, "Ice cream, ice cream . . . . . "

"My mother came to fetch me from Park Station in Johannesburg," he told us. "My mother knew I was coming. I wrote her a letter. She knew I was coming to eGoli in my school holidays."

"She took me to stay with a friend of hers. His name is Ngcobo. He stays in a small room near the hotel.

"One Sunday afternoon Ngcobo took me to a soccer match at the George Goch stadium. I love soccer. I have always loved soccer.

"We got thirsty. But we couldn't find any water. Ngcobo said we must buy some ice cream. We found a man selling ice cream.

"The man who sold ice cream was very friendly. He spoke to us. He told us about his job. He said his boss needs more people to sell ice cream.

"Ngcobo took me to the ice cream factory in Doornfontein. The white man in the factory gave me a bicycle and a bell. And so I started to sell ice creams.

"I did not know the streets of Johannesburg. But I made friends with another ice cream man. He showed me around the streets. Now I know my way.

"I work seven days a week. I want to make lots of money. I want to pay for my school fees and books. I must also buy my grey and white school uniform.

"I make most of my money on Sundays. On Sundays I go to George Goch stadium. The men from the hostels bring their girlfriends to the soccer. And they buy their girlfriends lots of ice cream. Last Sunday a man bought his girlfriend four ice creams.

"I have seen many strange things in eGoli. People don't walk properly. They walk like they have a pain in their hips. And women wear trousers like men. They also smoke cigarettes. I don't think I will take a wife from this place.

"I once saw a man put his hand in another man's pocket and steal his money. One day I saw two men fighting. They were fighting over a can of beer. I will never live my whole life in eGoli. This is a very different place.

"And the police - they arrested me early one morning. They wanted to see my pass. They took me in a van to the police station in Hillbrow. I found many other people there.

"I was very scared. I don't like to say this but I was crying. I thought

I was going to die. But when I showed them my school pass they let me go.

"And yesterday three white men jumped out of a lorry. They grabbed me by my shirt collar. I was too scared to say anything. They spoke to me in a funny language.

"They put my bicycle on the truck. And they took me also. Then they changed their minds. They let me go - but they took my bicycle.

"I quickly ran to the factory in Doornfontein. I told my boss what happened. He phoned somebody. They brought the bicycle back - but many ice creams were missing.

"But there is one nice thing about eGoli. Back home we have no water. If there is some water, the water is muddy. Here in Johannesburg, there is plenty, fresh water.

"I'm going back home at the end of January. I must go back to school. I want to be a doctor one day. I have much work to do. Ice creams, ice creams . . . . . !"●

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

Thank you for buying the magazine. We hope you enjoy it.

As you know the price of the magazine has gone up to 30 cents. We are sorry about this but what can we do? We lost a lot of money last year.

If you want the magazine in the post, you will also pay more. The old price was R2.50 for 10 magazines. The new price is R4.00 for 8 magazines. We will only print 8 magazines this year. But we hope the magazine will be bigger and better.

People from Namibia, Swaziland, Lesotho, Botswana, Zimbabwe and Mozambique must please send R5.00.

We also ask a favour from people with money - if you can afford it, please send us R12 to get the magazine in the post. We ask this favour from people in South Africa and from other countries.

We hope you understand our problems. We are not a business and we do not make any profit. We thank you for buying the magazine in the past - and we hope you will buy the magazine in the future.

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AZIKHWELWA!

The Alexandra bus boycott in 1957.

Yesterday and Today

The word "boycott" is very old. The word began in a country called Ireland over 100 years ago.

A man called Captain Charles Boycott worked for a rich land-owner called Lord Erne. Many people lived on the Lord's land. Captain Boycott collected rent from these people for Lord Erne. He was a cruel man and the people hated him.

One year the rain did not come. The people's crops did not grow. They were very poor. So they asked Captain Boycott to make the rents lower. Captain Boycott said, "No! Pay the rent or leave"

The people were angry. But they did not want to fight. So they decided to stop talking to Captain Boycott. They stopped working in his fields. They made life hard for Captain Boycott and his family.

After a few weeks Captain Boycott left Ireland. He took his family and went to live in England. The people won their struggle without fighting.

After this people used the word "boycott". Today we use the word "boycott" when people fight against something in a peaceful

Police stopping vehicles in 1957 - just like today.

way. People boycott when they decide not to buy things from a company. Or when they decide not to go to a place they don't like. They hope that the boycott will make the company or a person change. Boycott is a peaceful way to make things change.

Most people don't know how the word "boycott" began. But many people know what a boycott is. In South Africa people have used boycotts for a long time. And some of the biggest boycotts were against high bus fares.

The most famous boycott in our history happened in Alexandra township. In 1957 Putco put up the bus fare from Alexandra to town by one penny. They said people must pay five pennies for the ride.

The people of Alexandra stood together and said, "Azikhwelwa - we will not ride until the bus fare goes down."

The boycott started on 7 January 1957. For three months 15 thousand people walked or cycled to work and back. Alexandra township is nine miles from town.

Some people walked 15 hundred miles altogether in the boycott. The boycott was hard but in the end the people won. The bus fares went down to four pennies.

Learn and Teach spoke to an old

man from Alexandra. He has lived in Alexandra for more than 30 years. In 1957 he boycotted the Putco buses. And today he is boycotting the buses again. He told us about the boycotts of yesterday and today.

"I remember the bus boycott in 1957 well. I was a young man then. The boycott started because Putco said bus fares were going up by one penny.

"Our leaders called a big meeting at number 2 Square. At the meeting people decided to boycott the buses. But the leaders didn't need to call a meeting.

"The people were so angry. They spoke about the buses at work and at shebeens. They spoke about the boycott at home, at weddings and at funerals. The people were organizing themselves. They were very strong.

"I can laugh about it now. We were fighting for one penny. But one penny a day was four shillings a month. People were very poor and a shilling was a lot of money then.

"The people were not only angry about the extra one penny. They also complained that the buses were dirty and overcrowded. They said the drivers were rude and that the bus stops had no shelter from the rain.

"We walked because of these things. People walked together in groups. We sang songs of freedom and shouted "Azikhwelwa" with our fists in the air. The peoples spirit was high.

"Many men bought bicycles and rode to work. Some men gave their wives and girlfriends a lift on their bicycles. The women wore dresses - so they sat sideways on the back of the bicycle.

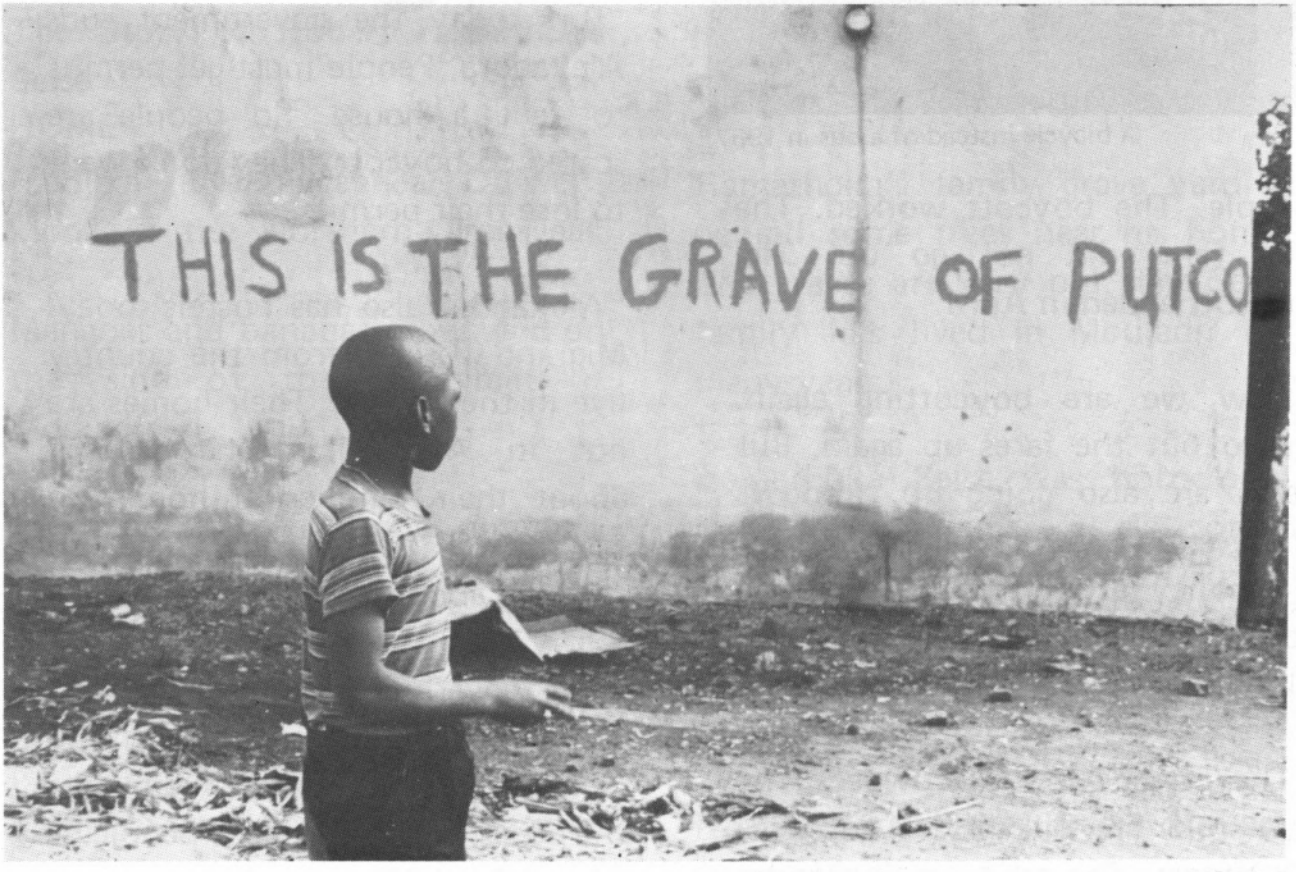
"Some people were lucky. They did not walk. Rich people went to work in taxis. Some white people came in cars and gave people lifts. A few people even went to work by horse cart.

"I walked to work for the whole time. I got up at 5 o'clock in the morning. I left home at half past five. I walked to work in Eloff Street. After work I walked home again. I got home at 8 o'clock. At first I was tired. But soon I got stronger. I did not get tired from walking.

"The police were angry with the people from Alexandra. They stopped cars. They checked for passes. Sometimes they gave the driver a ticket for small things. The newspapers even said the police were letting down the tyres of bicycles.

"But these things did not stop the

1984



1957

A bicycle instead of a bus in 1957.

people. The boycott worked. The bus fares did not go up. The boycott ended in April.

"Now we are boycotting again. Putco put the fares up again. But rents are also going up. Food is more expensive. People spent a lot of money at Christmas. And now schools are opening. We cannot pay all these things.

"The buses are still crowded. The bus stops are still dirty. They have no toilets. The roads in Alexandra don't have tar and people are choked by the dust from the buses. They have choked on the dust for years. The drivers are still rude and they drive badly. Even a short ride can make you feel sick. Last year two children were run down by a bus and killed.

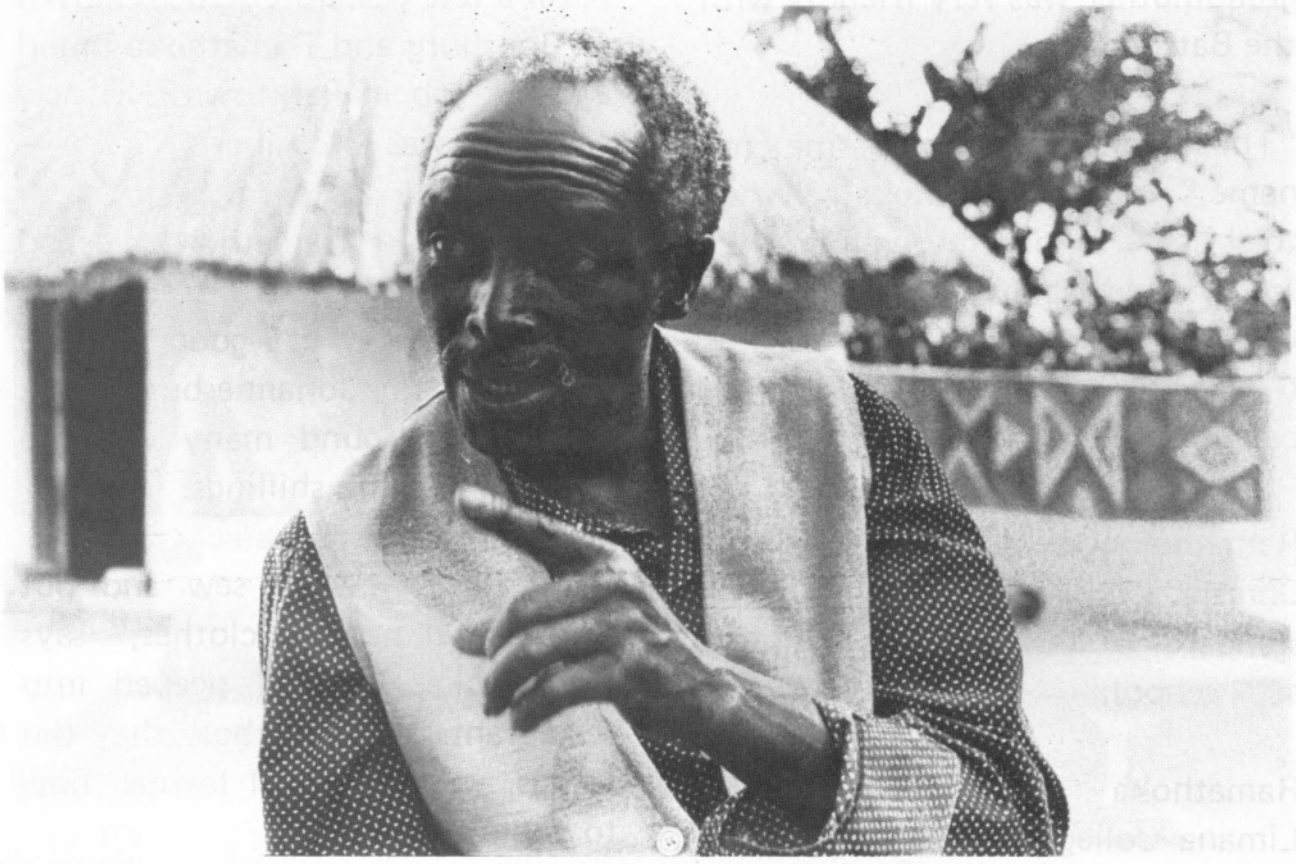
"We are boycotting for all these things to be changed. We hope to win again - like in 1957.

"But this time the boycott is weaker than before. Before the people of Alexandra were more united. Alexandra was like home then. People owned property in Alexandra and the municipality did not run the township.

"But today the government runs Alexandra. People must get permits to rent a house. So people are scared to boycott. They don't want to lose their permits.

"Alexandra also has hostels today. Migrant workers from the country live in the hostels. Their homes are not in Alexandra. They worry about their families at home. So the hostel people don't feel so strongly about the boycott.

"The government has divided us. This makes our struggle more difficult. But we will still boycott the buses. We hope all the people of Alexandra will join us. We must win again."●



Working in the kitchens

The Story of Robert Ramathoka Seise

HOME

Modjadji is a place near Duiwelskloof in the Northern Transvaal.

Mangoes and bananas grow wild on the side of the mountain at Modjadji.

In Modjadji the fruit does not grow behind high brick walls. The fruit grows in the open air. The fruit belongs to everybody.

Near the top of the mountain at Modjadji you can see five small huts. The huts are made out of brown clay and dry grass. These huts are the home of Mr Robert Ramathoka Seise.

Ramathoka's family grave yard is behind some trees near his home. The graves are very old. The Seise family has lived in Modjadji for many years.

Ramathoka Seise was born near these graves. His parents did not go to school. So he does not know the year of his birth. But he thinks he was born at the time of the first big world war.

Ramathoka's father was a Mopedi from Modjadji and his mother came from Venda. Ramathoka's

grandmother was very friendly with the Batsonga.

"Those Shangaans gave me my name," says Ramathoka. "When they came to visit my granny, they found a new baby. The new baby was me. And they said, 'This is the friend of Bathonga. We will call him Ramatonga!."

Ramathoka went to a Lutheran Church school near Modjadji until standard 6. "I was very brilliant at school," says Ramathoka.

Ramathoka wanted to go to Limana College in Louis Trichardt. But the family did not have enough money.

So in 1936 Ramathoka started his first job. He worked in the bar of the Duiwelskloof hotel. They paid him 20 shillings a month.

THE CITY

Ramathoka wasn't happy at the hotel. He wanted more money. So he went to town to find work. He arrived in Johannesburg on 1st January 1939. He soon found a job in the house of Mr Wilfred Attlee. "He was the brother of the Prime Minister of England," says Ramathoka. "That's where I learnt my English."

After a few years the Attlees moved to Boksburg and Ramathoka found another job in Parktown. His new employer was Mrs Alberts.

For five years Ramathoka cleaned her house and did her cooking. Wages weren't so good in the kitchens of Johannesburg. But Ramathoka found many ways to make some extra shillings.

"I learned how to sew and put patches on peoples clothes," says Ramathoka. "And I peeped into restaurants and saw how they did things. In that way I learned how to cook fancy food."

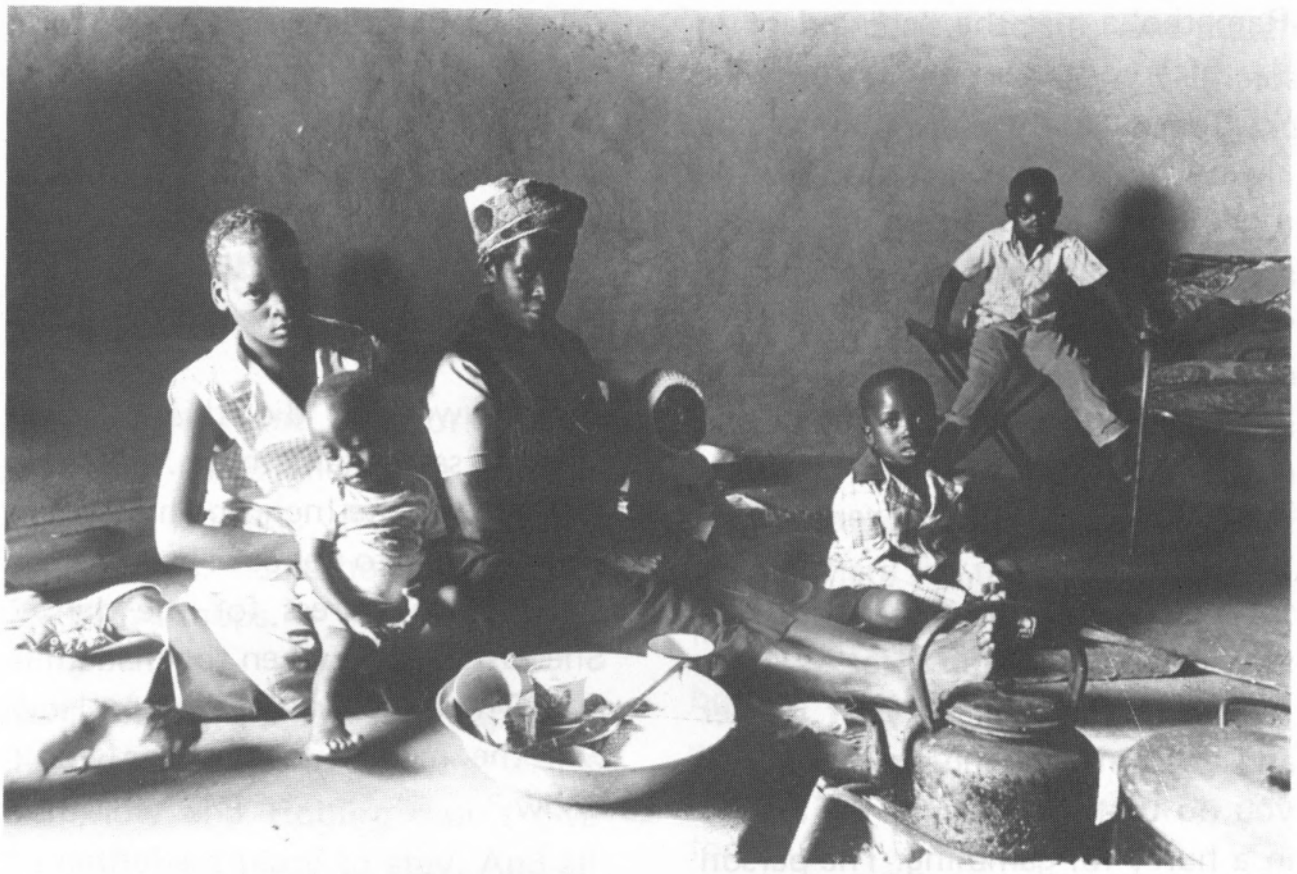
Ramathoka also made ear-rings from buttons and sold them for half a crown each. At school Ramathoka was brilliant but in the city he was becoming wise.

In 1949 Mrs Alberts left town. Ramathoka went home to Modjadji for a short while. When he came back to Johannesburg he saw an advertisement in the newspaper. The advert said 'Manservant Wanted'.

Ramathoka got the job with a wealthy family called the Benjamins.

ISHOBOLO

The Benjamins lived in a big house



Ramathoka's family at Modjadji.

in Melrose North. They had four small children and five servants.

Mrs Benjamin gave the workers many tasks. She also complained a lot. So the workers called her ishobolo.

But the house had big gardens with plenty of water. The Benjamins kept horses too. "Life was marvellous," says Ramathoka. "I cooked morogo, pumpkin leaves, everything. I was growing tomatoes in the rose garden because there was so much manure there.

"One day the madam found them. She was cross and said, 'what's all these tomatoes doing growing in the roses?! And she pulled them up. Ah well!'

"I didn't worry too much about things like that, " says Ramathoka. "Other people who worked for ishobolo - they know its only for today. Tomorrow she won't shobola. So nobody worried."

THE CHINAMAN

At the Benjamins Ramathoka got even wiser about the ways of the city. He found new ways to make an extra few shillings. Ramathoka found out about fah fee - the gambling game of the poor people. He became a fah - fee runner. The domestic workers came from all over to bet with Ramathoka.

Ramathoka met the "chinaman" in the afternoon and in the evening. When somebody won, Ramathoka always got a small share of the money - a fah fee runner always gets a small share. Ramathoka couldn't lose.

So Ramathoka had two jobs - one in the yard and one in the street. These jobs kept him very busy.

"It makes you work harder when you do the fah fee," says Ramathoka. "Because your master and your madam must not see that you do that job. So you are always in a hurry for gambling. The person who plays fah fee works really hard. The people who do the running - they are very fast."

DANCING IN THE MADAM'S DRESS

Ramathoka was very busy but he found time to do even more work. When the ironing woman left her job, Ramathoka told Mr Benjamin he wanted her job. He said he would do the ironing at night. Mr Benjamin agreed - and Ramathoka got more money.

Ramathoka learned how to iron very well. And that's not all he learned - he found out that another worker, Shabalala, was wearing Mr Benjamin's shirts.

"Letty, Shabalala's wife also worked there," says Ramathoka. "When she didn't wash Shabalala's shirt, she took the master's shirt. She gave it to Shabalala to wear when he's off. Letty didn't steal the shirts - she just borrowed them."

"Many workers did this kind of thing," says Ramathoka. "It was the same at the Inchcape hall where people went to dance. They borrow the madam's dress for the dance. She just takes it when the madam is out. Then she brings it back. How will the madam know? She won't know."

LONELINESS AND SKOKIAAN

Ramathoka was a busy man. But he was also a lonely man. So like so many domestic workers he forgot his loneliness by talking to his friends with a jug of beer in his hands.

"I never wanted to go to the bottle store," says Ramathoka. "It tastes better to drink in the night with other people.

"That's why they buy skokiaan in the shebeen. They don't mind spending money. We like all the talking and joking and fighting. That's how life goes. We get more money tomorrow. Why worry?"

In 1963 Mr Benjamin became ill and died. Ramathoka's busy life at the Benjamins came to an end. He now needed a new job.

A KITCHEN BOY IN A MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE

Ramathoka went to work for a very rich man. His name was Mr Norman Roburg. Roburg owned many shops. Ramathoka worked in one of his shops.

Ramathoka was not very happy in the rich man's shop. The wages were low and Roburg didn't give Ramathoka a place to stay. And all the hostels were full. For the first time Ramathoka had no place to grow tomatoes and morogo.

Ramathoka began to think of the mountain at Modjadji - where the mangoes and bananas grow wild.

In 1982 he decided to stop work. Roburg didn't give him a pension. "When I left they just said 'goodbye', says Ramathoka with a bitter laugh.

Ramathoka didn't complain. He just went home to his wife and kids at Modjadji. Now Ramathoka spends his time growing beans and tomatoes in his own garden.

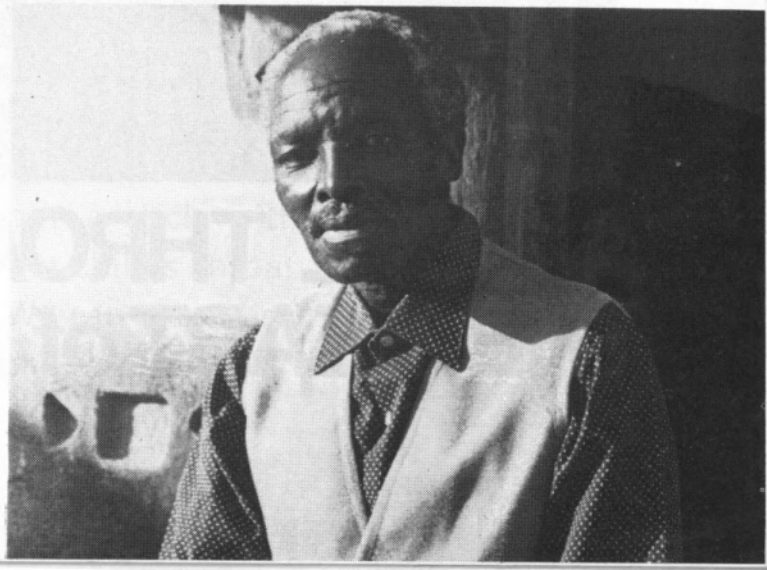
But life is still hard. Ramathoka must build new houses and thatch the roofs. He must plough the fields and build fences to keep the monkeys out of his garden.

Sometimes he hunts for wild pigs who live in the mountains near Modjadji. "It's not easy to trap the pigs," he says. "The pigs sleep in the day. When you build a trap the pigs dream about it. Then they know where the trap is."

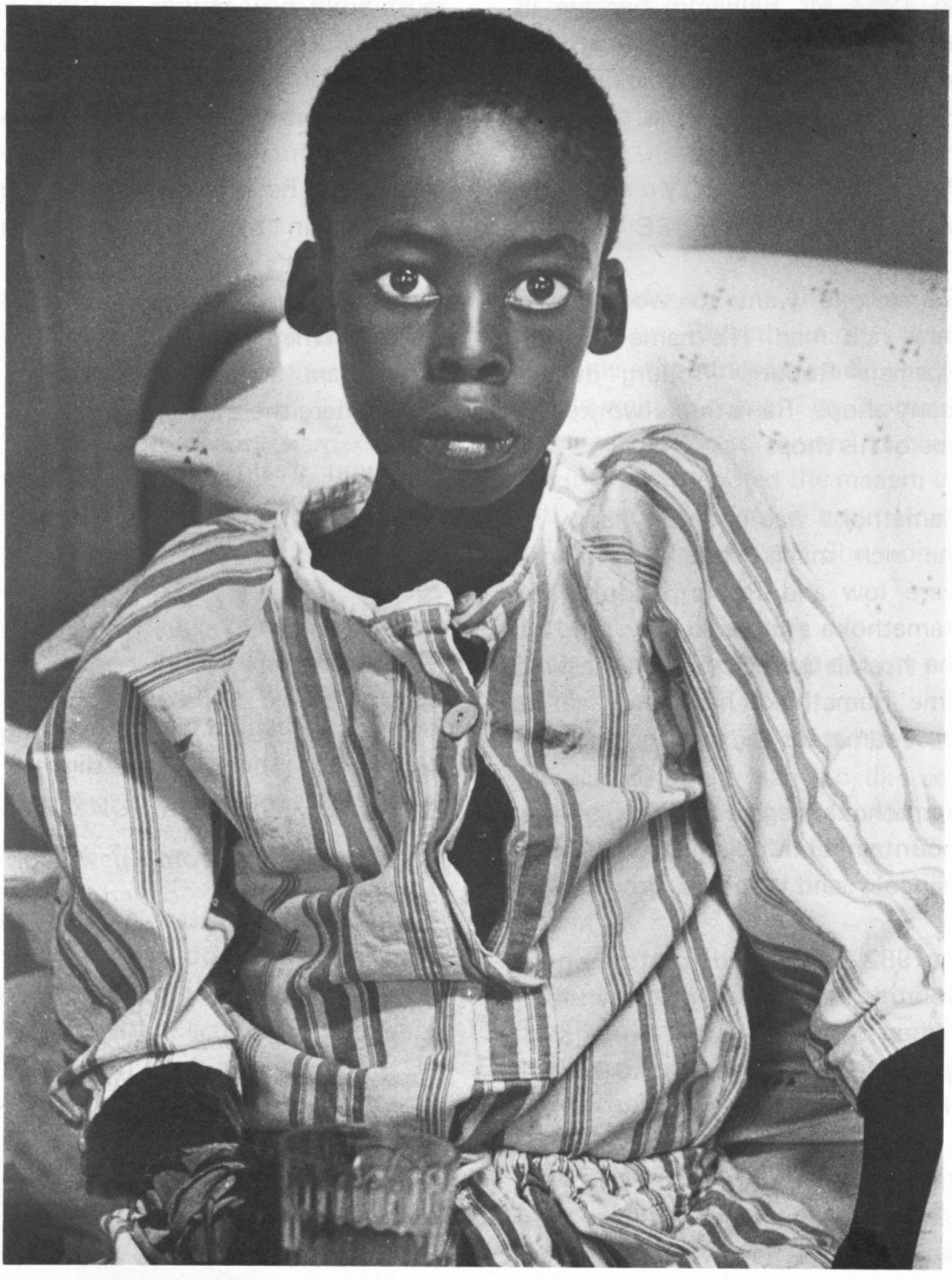
"So you really work hard at home," says Ramathoka. "You got no boy. You have to do the job yourself. You have to work to get food."

But at least in Modjadji the fruit doesn't hide behind high walls. And there's no ishobolo to dig up Ramathoka's tomatoes.

(This story comes from a new book about the lives of domestic workers. The book is from Ravan Press and is called "e-Kichini". A woman called Sue Gordon wrote the book. The book will be in the shops at the end of the year. Watch out for it!) ●



(We did not use the real names of Ramathoka's employers.)



A SORE THROAT THAT BROKE THE HEART of AMOS GUMEDE

Little Amos Gumede loved soccer. He loved soccer more than anything else.

When he came home from school, he only stayed for a couple of minutes. Then he left in a big hurry - and then you could find him kicking some ball with his friends in the dusty streets of Orlando East.

He always came home after dark. At supper he spoke of only one thing: soccer, soccer and soccer. And when he went to bed, he took no chances - he always took his ball with him.

He slept peacefully and happily. He always had the same wonderful dream. He dreamed about Amos Gumede, the great football star.

One day when he was just nine years old, Amos got a sore throat. He also had a fever. His parents didn't worry too much. Their other children got sore throats sometimes. But they always got better after a few days. Nothing to worry about!

After a few days, Amos did feel better. He was soon back with his friends - playing the game he loved.

But three weeks later, Amos was sick again. The fever was back. And now his knees and elbows were sore. Amos was very sick. But nobody knew.

After a few weeks, Amos was better again. He carried on playing soccer. He soon played in the first team for his school. People came from everywhere to watch the new, young soccer star.

Then two years later, Amos got sick again. He couldn't chase the ball quickly anymore. He slept badly and he always felt tired. And once again he was hot with a fever.

Now his parents began to worry. They took him to the hospital. Two days later, Amos was having a big operation - a heart operation. The doctors were fighting to save his life.

His parents waited outside and prayed. And then a nurse came out to talk to them. "We are doing our best," she said. "Your son is very sick. He has rheumatic heart disease."

"This disease starts with a sore throat. A sore throat is always the first warning. We can always tell when a sore throat is dangerous. We give the child a simple test. The test is called a "throat swab". We put a stick with cottonwool into the child's throat. It is not painful. We can then see if there is a chance the child will get rheumatic fever.

"If we see the child may get rheumatic fever, we can easily help. We give the child pills for 10 days - four times a day. Or we can give the child an injection. The child will then get better.

"If the child does not get the pills or injection, the child may get rheumatic fever after a few weeks. The child will have a sore throat and a fever again. And the child may get sore, swollen joints maybe sore wrists and fingers, maybe sore knees and elbows.

"A child with rheumatic fever must see a doctor straight away. Otherwise the child's heart may get badly damaged. A child with rheumatic fever must take pills for five years. Or we can give the child an injection once a month.

"If the child does not get medicine, the rheumatic fever often comes back - and damages the heart. When rheumatic fever damages the heart, we say the child has rheumatic heart disease. The child will then need an operation - just like Amos.

"Your son is very sick, " the nurse quietly told Mr and Mrs Gumede. "He will need to take pills for the rest of his life. He will never be healthy like other children. I'm sorry to say this - but he may even die when he is still young."

Mr Gumede looked at his wife. She was crying. He put his arm around her. "Why did this happen?" he asked the nurse in a quiet voice.

"Rheumatic fever is a big killer of black children in our country," the nurse answered. "Children get this disease because so many of us live so close together. Children catch this disease easily from each other."

"We can only fight this disease in one way - we must fight for more houses. Together we must fight for a better and healthy life."

Then the nurse was gone. Mrs Gumede took her husband's hand. They sat quietly together. They did not talk. But they both were thinking the same thing. "If only we took Amos to the hospital when he had a sore throat. The doctors could so easily have saved him. If only ....."

Now Amos Gumede plays soccer no more. His heart is badly damaged. He still goes out after school everyday. But now he can only watch his friends. And he still takes his old ball to bed every night. He still has the same old wonderful dreams - but for Amos Gumede, the dreams will always just be dreams. Nothing more!

NEXT TIME YOUR CHILD HAS A SORE THROAT, TAKE HIM FOR A THROAT SWAB. ●

'THE UNION with a MOUTH'

The strike at Pick 'n Pay

Last year a worker from Pick 'n Pay joined a union called CCAWUSA - the union of all shop workers.

Every weekend he went to the union office in Johannesburg. He met hundreds of workers from big shops like the O.K. Bazaars, the C.N.A. and Edgars.

He saw how the workers from these shops came together at meetings. He heard them talk about their problems at work. And he saw how they decided to fight. Fight against these problems - together.

At the union office he heard the songs of the workers' struggle - and he saw that the spirit of the other workers was high.

The Pick 'n Pay worker was a member of the union together with hundreds of his fellow workers. But he didn't feel so good. He felt very alone. He never saw many of his friends from Pick 'n Pay at the meetings.

He was worried. Many Pick 'n Pay workers belonged to the union. They paid their membership fees every month. But very few came to the union office to meet, talk and sing. Pick 'n Pay workers were not strong members of the union.

Pick 'n Pay workers talking about their strike at the CCAWUSA office.

So he wrote a letter to a newspaper. He complained about his fellow Pick 'n Pay workers. In the letter he asked why Pick 'n Pay workers did not unite to fight their problems together like the workers from other shops in Johannesburg.

In January the other workers from Pick 'n Pay gave him their answer. But they didn't answer in a letter to the paper. They answered with action. Over 2 000 workers from seven Pick 'n Pay shops went on strike.

The workers wanted a 20% wage increase. But the bosses only wanted to give 10%. So the workers did not pack the shelves and sit at the cash tills. They said they would not work until they got more money.

After ten days the workers went back to work. They didn't get their 20% increase. They only got 10% more wages. But the workers and their union won other things. The Pick 'n Pay bosses said they will give the workers another 10% increase in April. And they said they will talk to the workers and their union in future.

Now Pick 'n Pay workers can walk tall. They showed they were strong and proud - like all the other members of CCAWUSA. The worker who wrote the letter does not feel alone anymore.

Learn and Teach spoke to some Pick 'n Pay shopstewards (worker leaders) about the strike. This is what they told us:

Learn and Teach. Why did the workers decide to strike?

Shopsteward. Well last year we didn't get much of a wage increase. The Pick 'n Pay bosses showed us a film. The big boss Raymond Ackerman spoke on the film. He said they will give us a 20% increase in 1984. But in January we heard we were only getting 10%. So we decided to stop work until we got 20%.

Learn and Teach. How did the strike spread to so many Pick 'n Pay branches?

Shopsteward: We started the strike here in Bedfordview. The newspapers wrote about the strike. Other workers read about the strike. The next day workers from other branches were out. They all demanded the 20% increase. We did not need to plan the united action.

Learn and Teach: Why were the workers so angry about the small wage increase?

Shopsteward. We felt bad in our hearts. They tell us Pick 'n Pay hasn't got money for more wages. But then they opened many new branches. They are even opening a branch in Australia. Then they give money to sportsmen like Gerrie Coetzee. How can they give away money like that when they don't pay us more? We felt Pick 'n Pay has got enough money to give us a 20% increase.

Learn and Teach: Do you think the workers won or lost in the strike?

Shopsteward. Well, we never got the 20% increase. And the strike divided some of the workers. The workers who went on strike are very angry with the workers who did not go on strike. This will make the workers' unity weak. But we can fight this problem. I'm sure the other workers are already thinking differently. The strike showed the other workers how the union helped us. The strike showed the bosses that our union is powerful.

The bosses show us respect. They don't insult us. And they can't fire us easily. CCAWUSA is a union with a mouth. We feel safe.

●

Letter puzzle

Look at the pictures and fill in the right words.

Look for the words here.

room, house, clean, cook, garden, ten, two buckets, flowers, bell, drink, cigarette, tea, dog,

Dear Thabo,

I am in eGoli. I have a job. I live in a small _____

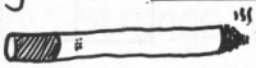
at the back of a big _____.

I _____ the house. I _____ the food.

I work in the _____ As you know, at home _____(10) people live in ___(2) rooms. Here ____(2) people live in ___(10) rooms.

Yesterday my boss told me to water the garden. I found a little dam in the garden. I was taking _____ and pouring water on the _____ The boss went mad. "It's a swimming pool." He shouted. "This is for swimming in."

When they want me to do something, they ring a _____

He says. "Bring me a ____". She says 'I need a ____.  I say 'Yes Master, Yes Madam."
He says "I need to go to the toilet." I say "I hope you can get there by yourself."
The other day some people came to visit. I made ____ .
The woman said "Pour some tea in a saucer for the ____ . So the madams and the dog had a nice tea.
Sometimes I think I will go mad working for these people.
One nice thing has happened. They want me to learn to drive.
Oh well, wishing you well for the New Year.
Much love,
Tandi.

Can you make a sentence?

to to me They drive learn want

_____

house back of a big the room at small live in a I

_____

Dear Readers

When you write to us, please make sure you give us your name and address.

Fill in the right word

1. One word for underground workers : .....
2. A person who cannot see is: .....
3. The money people pay to governments: .....
4. The part of a plant under the ground: .....
5. One word for seperate development: .....
6. A war between the people of one country:
7. A person who cannot hear is: .....
8. The organization fighting South Africa in Namibia: .....
9. People who fly aeroplanes are called. .....
10. A township famous for bus boycotts: ....
11. The biggest bird in South Africa: .....
12. The flash of light before thunder: .....
13. People with no hair on their heads: .....
14. Another word for a homeland: .....

Here are the answers

1. Miners 2. Blind 3. Tax 4. Root 5. Apartheid 6. Civil War 7. Deaf

8. SWAPO 9. Pilots 10. Alexandra 11. Ostrich 12. Lightning 13. Bald 14. Bantustan

Look for the SPELLING MISTAKES

Read the story. Look for 10 spelling mistakes. Then write the story out with the right spelling.

I have sien many strange things in eGoli. Peeple don't walk properly. They walk like they have a pain in their hips. And wemen wear trousers like men. They also smake cigarettes. I don't think I will take a wife from this plice.

"I once saw a man put his hend in another man's pocket and steel his money. On day I saw two men fieting. They were fighting over a can of beer. I will niver live live my whole life in eGoli. This is a very different place."

Write the story

LOOK FOR THE 10 WORDS HERE.

seen, People, women, smoke, place,
hand, steal, One, fighting, never,

Look at this picture

This picture was taken at Glenmore resettlement camp. The house fell down in a storm. Look at the picture. Try to answer the questions.

1) How many people can you see in the picture?

2) Do you think these houses keep the rain and wind out?

3) What are the houses made of?

4) What do you think of these houses?

5) Do you know the names of other resettlement camps?

Letters from our Readers

Dear Learn and Teach
I am a young reader of the magazine. I really enjoy it. I read the story about skin lightening creams and how the creams damaged the skin of Elizabeth Mohoane. This story made me ask myself a question: why do people want to change the colour of their skin?

Timothy Ndzimandze
SWAZILAND

I'm glad you enjoy the magazine Timothy. I'm afraid I can't answer you. I don't know why people want to change the colour of their skin. What do other people think? ?? -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
When you ask me about music, I say Rastafarians are the kings. When you ask me about magazines, I say "Learn and Teach" is great. I'm happy Learn and Teach has no horrible advertisements. I feel bad when I see a naked somebody in a magazine. I believe that any girl is a flower of the nation. Happy new year to you all.

Nomhlayifani Sompali
CAPE

We are glad you like the magazine, Nomhlayifani. We agree with you - naked women's bodies don't belong in magazines. Happy new year to you too -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
This is the first time I'm writing to you. I need some help. I'm trying to learn English by myself. But it is very difficult. I want to learn to read, talk and write English. Please tell me how I can do this?

J. H. Haikela
WALVIS BAY

It must be very hard to learn English on your own. There is an organization that can help you in Windhoek. It is called C.E.L.P. Write to: Mr Madawa Nouiseb; The Director C.E.L.P.; 8 Mont Blanc Street, P.O. Box 41, Windhoek, 9000. Good luck and please write again. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
Please can you help me. I have some problems I worked as a security guard. My boss took money off our pay for U.I.F. and for the pension fund. But he did not write how much he took off on our pay envelopes.

At Christmas time we got a bonus. The boss did not write the bonus on our pay envelopes.

On weekends and public holidays we worked overtime. But the boss did not pay us overtime.

I asked him why he didn't pay us overtime. He didn't listen to me, he just fired me. Now I have no job. What are my rights?

Worried
SOWETO

Thanks for you letter. We are sorry to hear about your problem. I think your boss has broken the law - when a boss takes money off your wages, he must write it down on your pay packet. And when you work overtime, you must get overtime pay. But the law says a boss does not have to give you a Christimas Bonus - so he did not break the law there. Try find a lawyer to help you. Or go to the Black Sash in Port Elizabeth. Maybe they can find a lawyer to help you. The address is. Russell Count Mansions, 76 Russell Road, Port Elizabeth. They are only open on Thursdays and Saturday mornings from 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock. Good Luck. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
I have a problem. My younger brother is stubborn, stupid and lazy. I don't know why. Please help me with this problem.

P. S.
SEBOKENG

I am sorry to hear about your problem. Older people often don't understand younger people - this is part of growing up. Try to think of all the nice things about your brother. Show him you care about him and try to be his friend. Good luck! -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
I am working in a mine. I work shifts and I am suffering very much. Can you please tell me where to find the National Union of Mineworkers. I want to join now because everyday people lose their jobs without reason.

Goodman F.
RANDFONTEIN

Thanks for writing. The address of the union is: Lekton House, 5th Floor, 5 Wanderers Street, Johannesburg, Tel: (011) 294561. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
I really enjoy reading the magazine. The magazine has really improved my English. I only found out about the magazine a few months ago. I want to buy the magazine every time. Will you please print my letter in the next magazine?

Emily Nkabinde
DELMAS

Dear Learn and Teach
I go to night school where I read the Learn and Teach magazine. I really like the magazine. I want to thank you for telling workers about the dangers of asbestos. I also like Sloppy very much. May you go very far with the magazine?

Tebogo Magabane
SHILUVANE

Dear Learn and Teach
I read Learn and Teach every month. And I see you help people with problems. We are very poor at home. I want to go to boarding school but my parents do not have the money.

J.T. Maloka
RESIDENSIA

I am very sorry to hear about your problem at home. Maybe you can try to get a bursary. Write to the Education Information Centre (EIC). They can send you a list of all the bursaries. The address is. EIC, 6th Floor Dunwell House, 35 Jorissen Street, Braamfontein. Tel: (011) 39 2476. We hope you sort out your problems. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
I am one of your magazine readers. The magazine has helped me a lot. I have learned more about life on earth today. You write only the truth in your book. There's no one who doesn't like the magazine.

Paulos Shabangu
HAZYVIEW

Thanks for your great letter Paulos. We are pleased you know a great magazine when you see one. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
At first I didn't care about the Learn and Teach magazine. Now I am proud of it because my English is very much better. I wish you good luck.

Lilly Sedibe
KAGISO

Thanks for your letter Lilly. We hope your English gets better and better. Good Luck. -editor

Dear Learn and Teach
I am a learner at a night school at the Martindale Catholic Church in Johannesburg. Most of the learners are domestic workers.

The school closes for a month in December because many domestic workers go home for Christmas. Before the school closes every year, we have a Christmas party. But this year our Christmas party was very different.

The party started off very nicely. Each learner gave R3 and so we had plenty to eat and drink. Somebody brought a tape recorder with music - and so we also danced.

Then somebody ran in and shouted, "Come quickly, there's trouble outside." So we ran outside and saw two white people fighting a black man. One learner, whose name I won't say, started crying. The man was her boyfriend.
Some people
Some people stopped the fight. And we spoke to all the men. The two white men said they were policemen from the Newlands police station. They found the man standing outside the church. They wanted to see the man's pass. They said the man was cheeky - and that he started to fight.

The black man said he was just standing outside the church. He was waiting for his girlfriend. He said he did not know the men were policemen. They didn't have uniforms - and they didn't show him their police cards.

Then somebody asked the policemen for their cards. And the man was right - the policemen did not have their cards. Then one policeman said he will go and fetch it. The other policeman who stayed behind was not very nice. He insulted us and I think he was quite drunk.

Anyway, the party ended there and then. We all left with heavy hearts. Some people don't seem to care - even at Christimas time.

A learner
TRIOMF

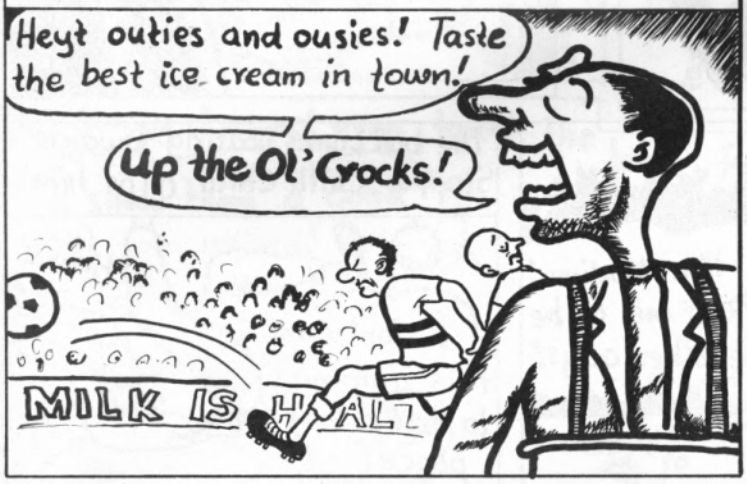
WRITE TO US AT
LEARN and TEACH
P.O. BOX 11074
JOHANNESBURG 2000

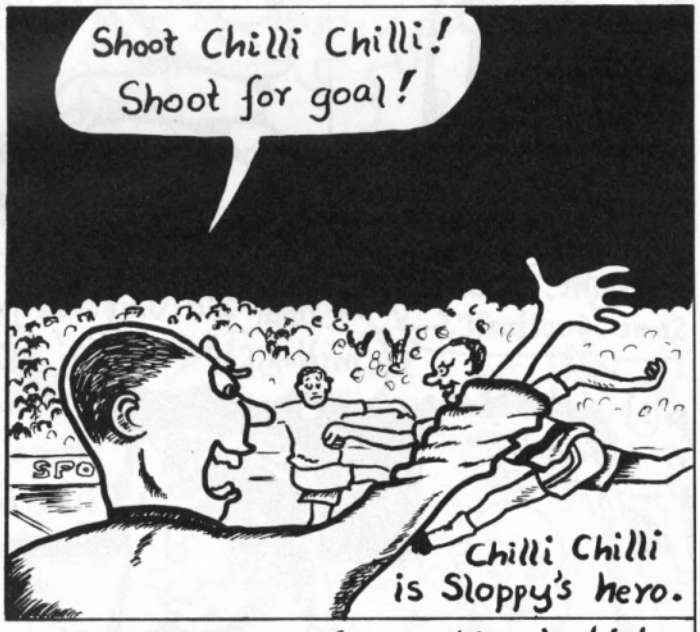
SLOPPY

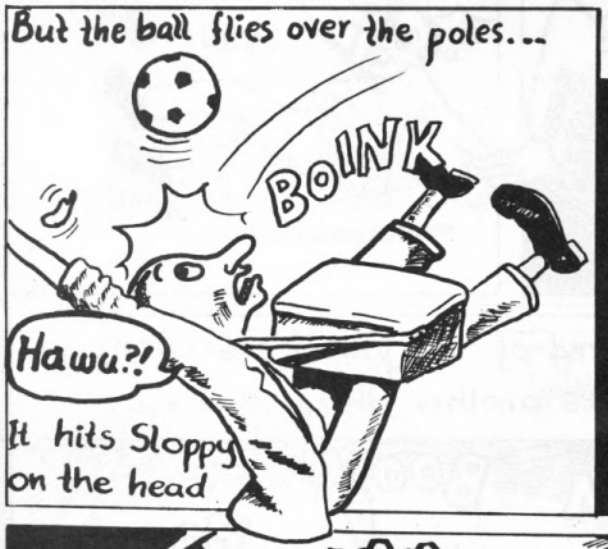
THE "SOCCER STAR"

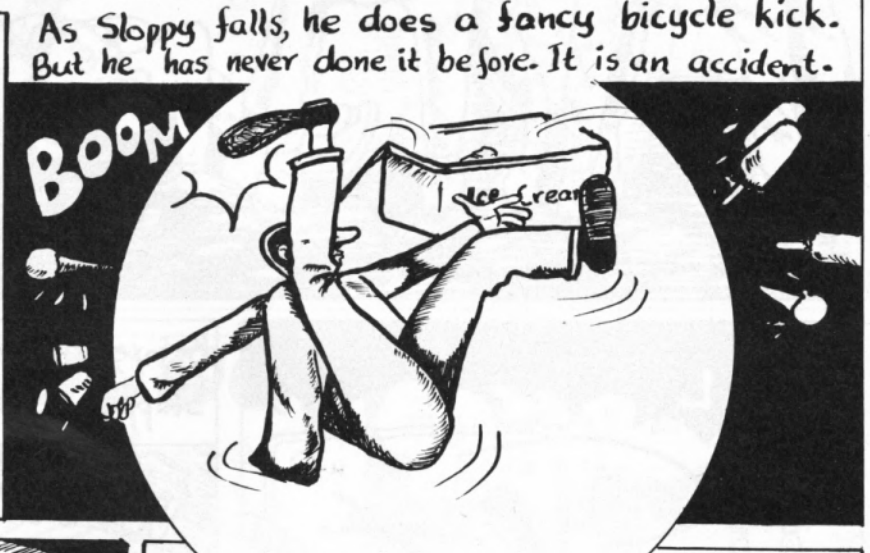
©Mogorosi Motshumi/84

Sloppy has a new part-time job. He is selling ice cream at a football stadium. There is a big match.

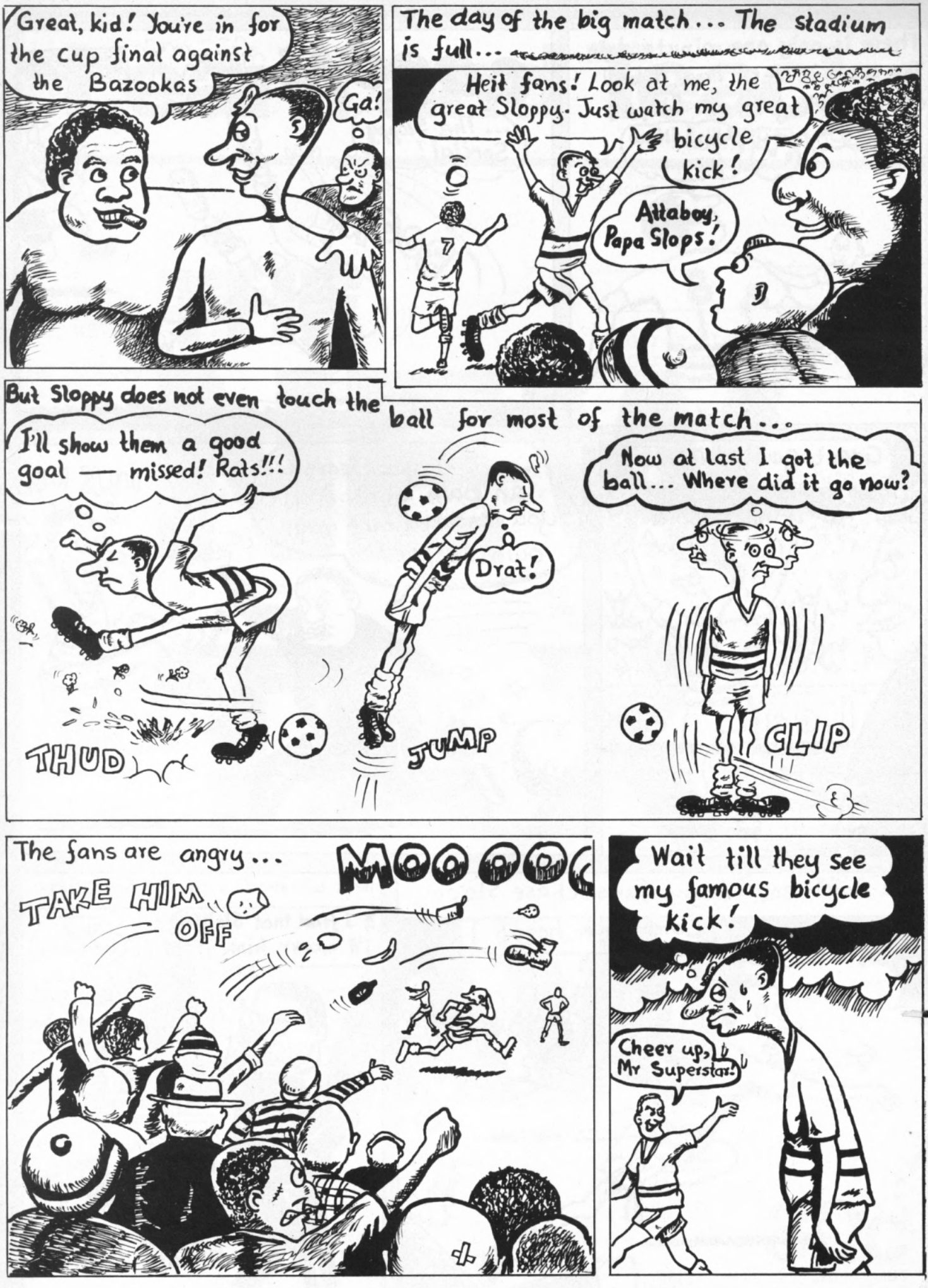


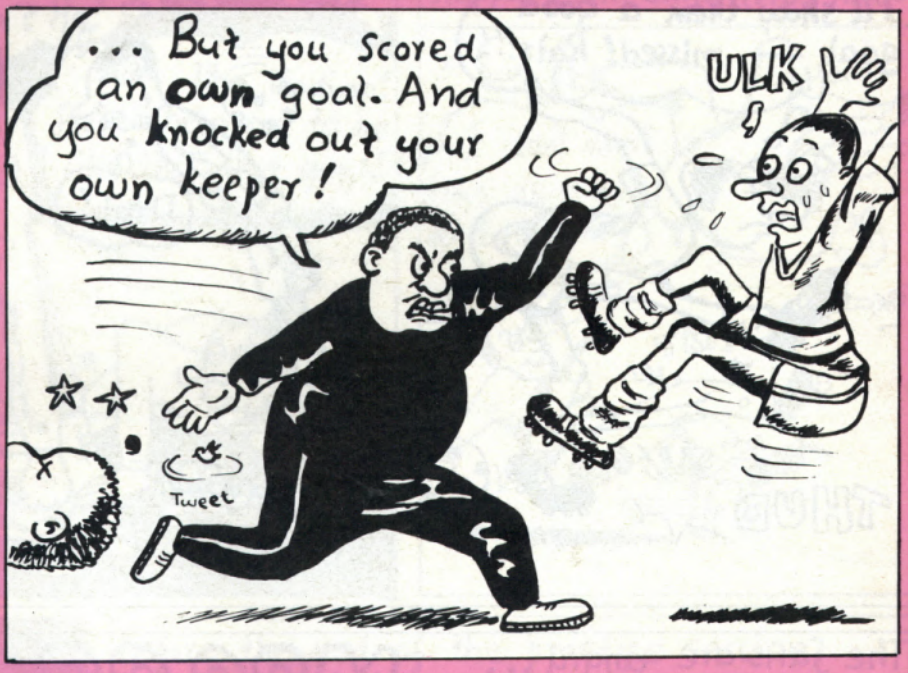


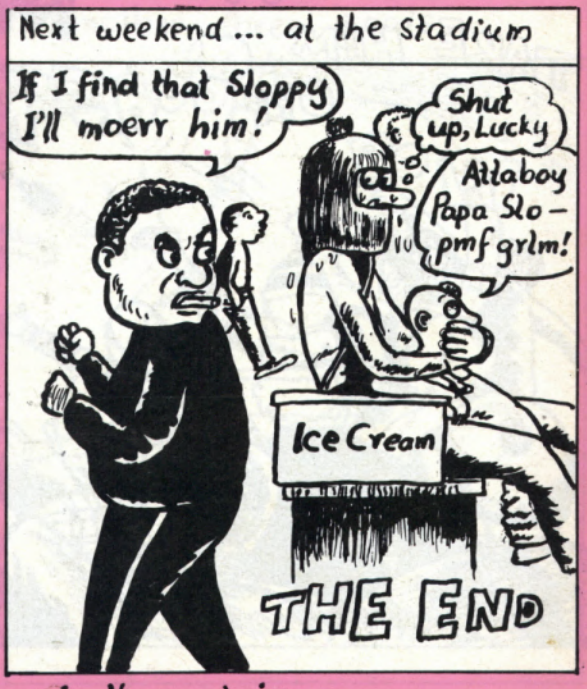




Hey! That means I'll be playing alongside Chilli Chilli!
Lizzie, Lucky, Dumpy! I'm a soccer star!
MAKE WAYYY
Ice Cream
At the training session...
FASTER FASTER
Whew! I'm tired!
All right! Let's try some football!
What did they see in this clown? Ha!
Awu the Modimo! Please help me to be like the other guys!
The ball comes floating towards Sloppy. Chilli Chilli trips him.
Hawu!
I don't want this dummy to take my place!
TRIP
GOAL
WHUP
That's the way to do it, kid!
Darn it!
Before the end of the practice session, Sloppy scores another three goals...
WHAM
BOOM
POW


Great, kid! You're in for the cup final against the Bazookas
Ga!
The day of the big match... The stadium is full...
Heit fans! Look at me, the great Sloppy. Just watch my great bicycle kick!
Attaboy, Papa Slops!
But Sloppy does not even touch the ball for most of the match...
I'll show them a good goal — missed! Rats!!!
THUD
Drat!
JUMP
Now at last I got the ball... Where did it go now?
CLIP
The fans are angry...
MOOOOO
TAKE HIM OFF
Wait till they see my famous bicycle kick!
Cheer up, Mr Superstar!





More fun with Sloppy in the next issue.