

Learn and Teach

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FIRED



SASOL SENDS 6500
WORKERS HOME

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Cover Picture: Fired Sasol workers on the way home.
By Juda Ngwenya

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.

We work with groups in many places. We work with groups in Soweto, Johannesburg, East Rand, Pretoria and Northern Transvaal. We also work with organizations that help learners in Durban and Cape Town.

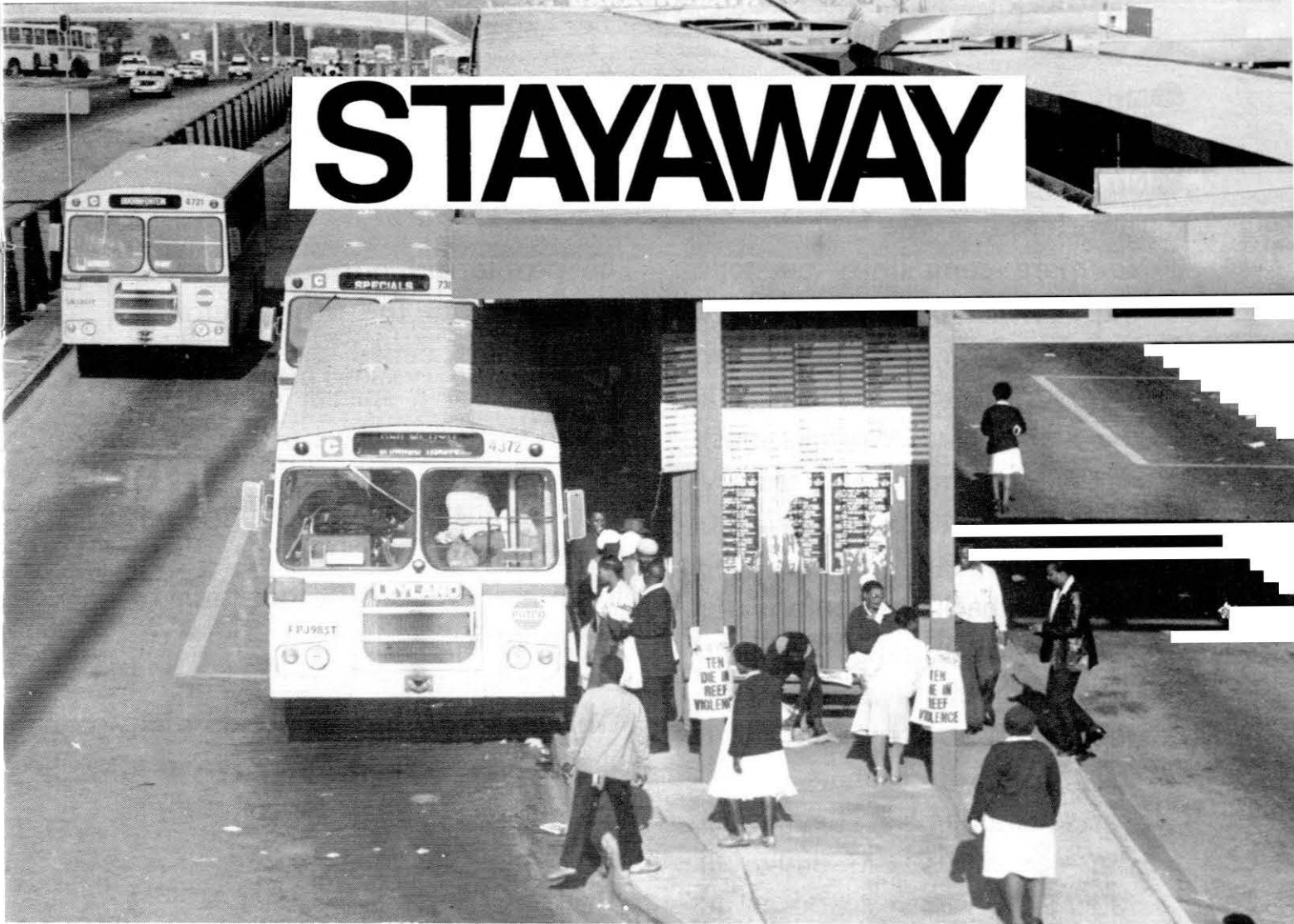
Do you want to know more about learning groups?

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STAYAWAY



THE MUSCLE OF UNITY

For two days in November, most factories and firms in the big cities of the Transvaal were empty and silent. The workers were showing their anger. And they were showing their muscle – the muscle of unity.

For the first time in many years, old arguments and fights were forgotten. All kinds of student organisations, community organisations and worker organisations came together. They came together to make the stayaway work.

The stayaway did work. On the East Rand, 80% of the workers stayed in the townships and in the compound. In the Vaal townships, 90% of the workers stayed at home. And few people from the West Rand and Pretoria went to work.

The people stayed away because they were unhappy about many things. They made a list of all their demands:

- No more rent increases in the townships.

- No more bus fare increases.
- No more tax and GST increases.
- No more police and army in the townships.
- No more community councils in the townships.
- Trade union leaders and other leaders must be freed from jail.
- The Simba Quix Workers must get their jobs back (This factory fired nearly 400 workers in September. The workers got their jobs back just before the stayaway began).
- The government must give students a better education. They must stop teachers beating students. They must stop age limits and allow all students to finish school. And

the government must allow students to choose their own SRC's.

The people did not rush into the stayaway. On the 28th October, the students called the stayaway. People chose a special committee to plan for the stayaway.

The committee decided to have the stayaway on the 5th and 6th November. Workers needed time to talk about it.

"Workers need time to decide such things," says a shopsteward from a big factory in Johannesburg. "People who don't work in factories must not tell workers



A station in Brakpan at seven in the morning — and no rush to work.

to stayaway. Workers must talk about things like stayaways. They must have meetings and decide for themselves.

The stayaway worked well because of another reason — hard work. People from many organisations handed out pamphlets on the trains, in the buses, in the streets and in peoples' houses. All day and all night the people worked to make the stayaway a success.

The stayaway was a big success — but the price was heavy. In the

townships, 25 people were killed — mostly in battles with police. Many leaders of the stayaway were arrested and are now sitting in jail.

And in Secunda, the bosses of the big Sasol factory fired 6500 workers — because they supported the stayaway.

Many people suffered because of the stayaway. But they showed the government their strength. Now they are waiting to see if the government will listen. ●



The stayaway worked — but the price was heavy.

THE DAY 6500 WORKERS LOST THEIR JOBS

"This is very sad. This is something bigger than Sasol," said Manene Yoliswa as he climbed into the bus that was taking him back to the Transkei. "Maybe this is the beginning of something, but I can't say what. There is no time for us to feel sorry or afraid. We must show Sasol that we are brave."





Fired Sasol workers on the bus home.

A BLACK CHRISTMAS

At about 12 o'clock on the morning of the 6th November, a trade union got a phone call. The phone call did not last very long. It does not take much to fire six and a half thousand workers. Just a phone call.

The six and a half thousand all worked at the huge Sasol petrol factory in Secunda. Most of these workers belonged to a trade union called the Chemical Workers' Industrial Union. They were fired because they joined the big worker stayaway in the Transvaal.

The next day, the police surrounded the hostels. The workers were told to pack their belongings into plastic bags — and to leave.

Outside the workers found the money vans. They were being paid off. And next to the money vans, the buses were waiting. The buses had signs on them — Qwaqwa, Bushbuckridge, KwaZulu and Transkei. In the words of the union, the workers "were bussed back to the human dumping grounds in the bantustans."

"This is very sad. This is something bigger than Sasol," said Manene Yoliswa as he climbed into the bus that was taking him back to the Transkei. "Maybe this is the beginning of something, but I can't say what. There is no time for us to feel sorry or afraid. We must show Sasol that we are brave."

And Mary—Jane Mahlangu got into

the bus that was taking her back to Vrede in the Orange Free State. She got into the bus with a heavy heart. She was the only breadwinner in the family. She knew that this Christmas will not be a happy one.

But Mary-Jane was not the only one. Most of the other workers are also the only breadwinners in their families. How many people will now go hungry? Thirty thousand? Forty thousand?

A man in a suit and a tie also said he felt sad. Mr Robin Hugo, one of the managers at Sasol, said: "We are greatly saddened by the hard-

ship caused to the workers because instigators forced workers to stay away from work."

But six and a half thousand workers tell another story. Nobody forced the workers to stay away from work. The workers in a trade union decide things for themselves. In fact, the trade union told their members that workers from government factories did not have to join the stayaway.

But the workers at Sasol wanted to stand together with all the other workers in the Transvaal. They too wanted to tell the world of the

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Sasol workers had little time to pack their bags.



anger of the workers in South Africa. Nobody forced the workers to do anything.

On the first day of the stayaway, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, helicopters flew over the hostels. The helicopters dropped thousands of pamphlets. The pamphlets told the workers to be back at work by 10 o'clock the next morning — or they would lose their jobs.

The workers leaders had an all night meeting. They decided to call a meeting of the workers early in the morning. The leaders wanted to tell the workers to think about going back to work.

They told the bosses about the meeting. The bosses agreed to let the workers have a meeting in the hostel grounds. They also agreed not to call the police or the army.

The meeting started at 6 o'clock that morning. But soon after, two "hippos" drove into the hostel's ground and straight into the workers' meeting. The workers got very angry. They decided to carry on with the stayaway.

2.

A few days later, the police arrested two of the workers' leaders, Chris Dlamini and Moses Mayekiso. Mr

Dlamini is the president of Fosatu. Many trade unions, like the Sasol workers' union, belong to Fosatu.

The workers from Sasol were now sitting in the bantustans without jobs. And some of their leaders were sitting in jail. At a meeting a few days later, the other leaders spoke for them.

The leaders said that this year it will be a black Christmas. "As a trade union movement, we feel we have nothing to celebrate," said Mr Jay Naidoo. He is the general secretary of the Sweet Food and Allied Workers Union.

He asked other trade unions and all other workers not to celebrate Christmas this year. Workers must please not buy presents or anything special this year — but only things they really need.

He said that Fosatu has already asked a big trade union organisation with members all over the world for help. They have also spoken to a trade union in Germany. They want workers in Germany to ask their government to speak to the South African Government.

He said that Fosatu may also ask people not to buy anything that is



The bosses agreed not to call the police. When the police came, the workers got angry.

made at Sasol. And Fosatu will also talk to other trade unions at the next big meeting in the middle of November. These are just some of the things that they will do. At Fosatu's next meeting, they will decide on other kinds of action.

At the same meeting, Mr Rod Crompton spoke. He is the general secretary of the Chemical Workers Industrial Union – the Sasol workers' union. He said that many people in the government have shares in Sasol. He said these people, who are high up in the government, decided to fire the Sasol workers.

He said that these powerful people, together with the police and the army, decided that the workers

must be punished. And they also used the stayaway for another reason. If they fired the workers, they would have no union in their factory. And that is something they wanted very much.

He said that most white people were very proud of Sasol. For them, Sasol was the hope for the future. But the workers at Sasol felt very differently about Sasol. To black workers, Sasol meant dangerous working conditions, hostels like prisons, and stories of men killed or disappearing in the night.

Mr Tshidiso Mothupi also spoke at the meeting. He worked at Sasol for four years. Now he is an organiser for the union. "Sasol is one of the

biggest factories in South Africa," he said. "But they pay very low wages. Many smaller factories pay much better."

He said that many workers get injured at Sasol — and many don't get compensation money. And when workers work for a long time, they don't get a long service bonus. They only get a watch.

He also agreed with the other leaders at the meeting. "The bosses saw that the union was getting stronger in the factory. They wanted to get rid of us," he said.

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After the meeting, Learn and Teach spoke to Tshidiso and another

organiser, Jacob Mabena. They told us how the union grew at Sasol.

They spoke of the very first meetings they had with small groups of workers last year. The workers met in hostel rooms and in private homes in the township — late at night.

Together the workers spoke about the best weapon they had — the weapon of unity. And slowly the workers built their union.

"Because Sasol is such a big factory, we worked slowly," says Jacob. "In a small factory the workers can sign an agreement with the bosses quickly. But a big factory is different.

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Bosses pay off the workers under the eyes of the police.



We wanted to win rights by making small agreements — one at a time. We wanted to make a big agreement only later. We didn't want to make mistakes at the beginning."

And so the union slowly won rights for the workers. At first the bosses agreed to let workers pay membership fees to their union by stop order. Then the bosses agreed to let the union talk to the workers in the hostels and the hall.

When the bus fares went up, the union spoke for the workers. The bosses agreed to pay for part of the bus fares. And when the workers said they didn't want to get their wages sent straight to their bank accounts, the union spoke again. The bosses agreed to pay workers in cash.

"Every time we won more rights

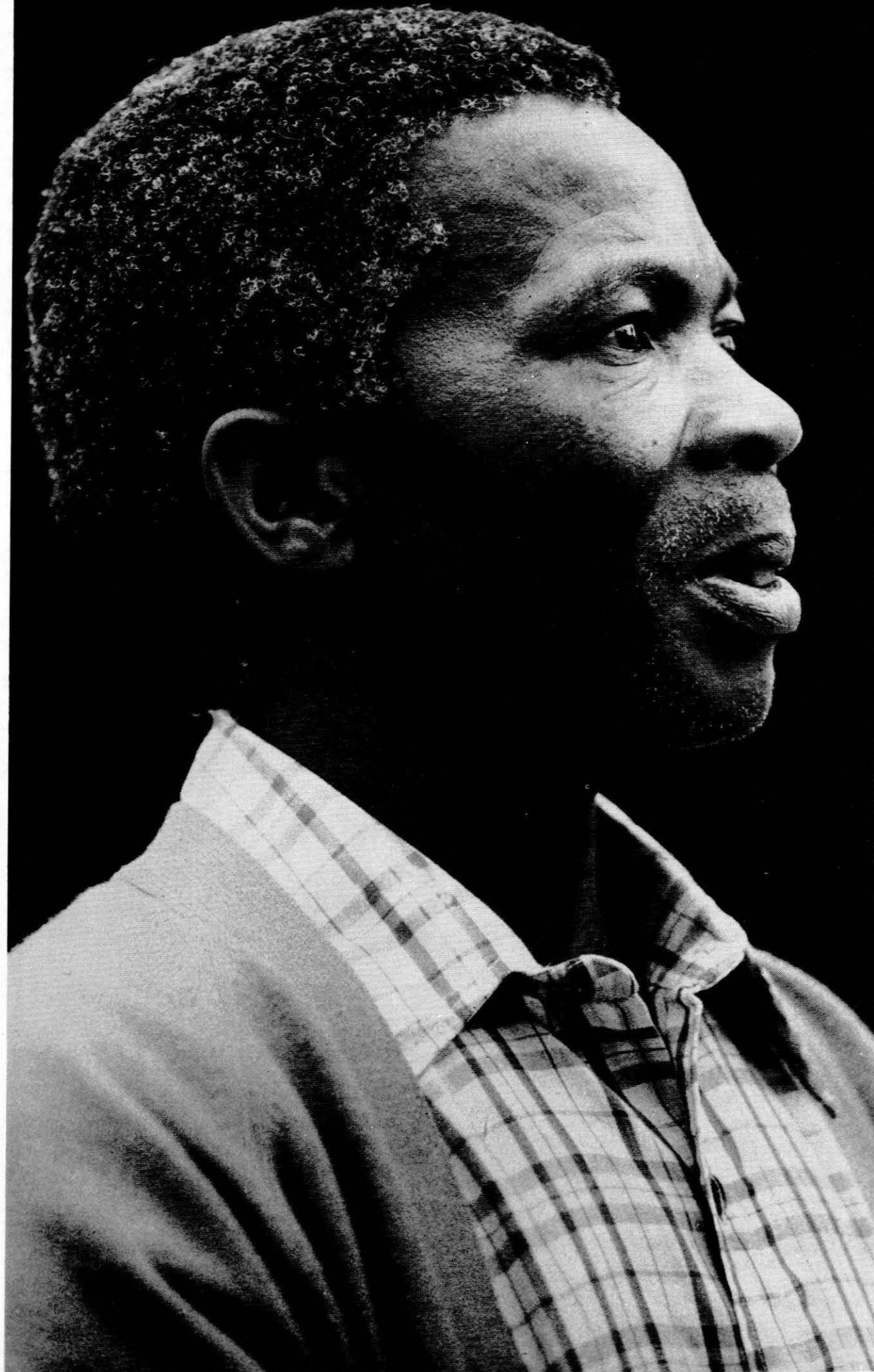
for the workers, we won more members," says Tshidiso. "The workers saw the need for unity. The union was growing stronger everyday. Just a few weeks ago, the workers elected shop stewards.

"And then the stayaway was called and the factory fired all the workers. The bosses were very hard on the workers. They think we want to destroy everything. But they are wrong — we only want to work towards understanding each other.

"Now the workers and their families will go hungry. And our union is much weaker. But that does not mean we are finished. We all know that in the struggle there are ups and downs. We will now work even harder. The struggle does not end here." ●

The workers "were bussed back to the human dumping grounds in the bantustans."





SHARING A BEER WITH A HOT POTATO

He sat there with a cigarette hanging from one of the gaps in his teeth. He had a glass in his hand and his little son on his knee. It was Kruger day – and Shumi Ntutu was at home.

We sat with him in his little tin shack in Orlando East. He shared his cigarettes and beer with us. And he shared the story of his life.

When he answered our questions he was polite and caring. "Have I answered your question okay, gents?" he asked again and again.

But after just a few minutes, we knew that Shumi was more than polite and caring. There is something very special about him.

Just look at his eyes – those young, dancing eyes. People with such eyes never grow old. In some ways, they never die.

"You know, a child's name is so important," he says. "My father named my first son. He called him Sibonda – this means "boss" in English. And do you know where he is now? He is sitting 12 years for murder. That is why I thought carefully before I named my little son. Lulamile means "Patience". A child will always live by his name."

Maybe Shumi is right. Little Lulamile sat patiently in his arms.

He only cried when anybody tried to take him away from his father. The little boy loves his father very much. And maybe he too wanted to hear the story of his father's life.

When his father looked sad, little Lulamile also looked sad. And when his father smiled and laughed, little Lulamile did the same. Both didn't care that they had no teeth. Lulamile is still waiting for his. And Shumi has lost most of his forever. "I'm sure it was the water on the Island," says Shumi. "Drink a glass of that water and your teeth fall out."

And Shumi had a good few glasses of water on the Island. He was there for 15 long years.

LOVE AND MUSIC

Shumi Ntutu was born in Prospect Township on the 27th March 1935. But Shumi and his family did not stay there for very long. The Ntutu family moved to Orlando. And Shumi has lived there ever since.

Shumi started school very late in life. "As you can see, I am not the tallest guy in the world," says Shumi. "Every time I went to school, they asked me to put my hand over my head - and to touch my ear on the other side. I only started school when I was 12 years old."

Shumi had a full life at school. First he learned how to fight. "As I have said, my father was not so good with names", says Shumi. "My full name is Given Shumi Ntutu. So every time we read the word 'give' or 'given' in class, the other kids turned around and laughed at me. And just think how many times you find these words on a page in a book. Well that's how many fights I had."

Then Shumi learned how to love. "I loved the girls a lot," says Shumi licking the beer from his lips. "But I must say that I was a bit shy of the girls from rich families. I came from a poor family and I didn't know what to say to those rich girls. They wore good clothes and brought nice food from home. And they always bought Popla Pop from the shops. We poor kids just ate the soup they gave us at school. We drank the soup from mugs we carried on our belts - just like the scouts do."

When Shumi wasn't chasing the girls, he played a bit of sport. He played volleyball, chess and drafts. "I liked the safer sports", says Shumi. "I did some boxing for a while but I soon got tired of being a punch bag. I even played some rugby. But that game taught me that I am a bit of a coward."

And when Shumi wasn't fighting for his name, or loving the girls, or hiding away from the rugby games, you found him at the piano. The young Shumi Ntutu loved music - even more than girls.

"When I was still at primary school, I joined the school choir," says Shumi. "We sang songs like 'Tom, Tom the piper's son, stole a pig and away he ran'. I still don't know why he stole that pig!"

"When I was a bit older, I went to live with my big brother Douglas. One day Douglas came home with a huge Berlin piano. It just squeezed through the door. It cost him 200 pounds and it took him many months to pay. But he didn't care. He and his friends loved to play boogie woogie music."

Shumi's brother didn't want Shumi to play the piano. "No dice," he would always say. "I want you to work hard at school."

But Shumi loved that Berlin piano much more than his school books. "I dodged school and played the piano when Douglas was at work," says Shumi. "When Douglas found out, he locked his piano. But that didn't stop me. I soon learned how to open the piano with a piece of wire."

One day, when Shumi was still in standard three, his teacher said: "The girls of today are the mothers of tomorrow." For the first time Shumi listened to his teacher. He got a girl pregnant. And his school days were suddenly over.

A TRUMPET AND A GUN

"I never saw my first child," says Shumi softly. "The girl's parents



Shumi, family and friends outside his shack in Orlando East.

quickly took her away to Bloemfontein and I never saw her again. I often think about her and the child.”

But back then, Shumi was young and he had a life ahead of him. It was the beginning of the 1950's and there was much happening. Jazz was in full swing. Thousands of people were joining the political struggle. And the townships were full of a new kind of men – the gangsters. Shumi tried it all.

He played the sax for the Cuban

Swingsters and Miriam Makeba. Later he played the trumpet for the Blue Serenades and the trombone for the Blue Flames. And when he wasn't too busy, he wrote songs for the late, great Spokes Mashiane.

When times were hard, he became a gangster. He wore a leather jacket and cowboy boots – just like his hero in the movies, Roy Rogers. He bought a gun and robbed fahfi runners and coal merchants. But, he will tell you, he never shot anybody. When he robbed somebody, he first fired the gun

into the ground and then into the air. That was always enough.

And believe it or not, he even got a job here and there. He will proudly tell you about his first job. It was at the OK Bazaars. He got two pounds a week to sweep the floors and to watch out for thieves. "I always turned my head when I saw people stealing," says Shumi. "I believed that if a person got a chance, they must take it. After all, I took every chance I got."

One day Shumi saw two white kids stealing some toys. Shumi turned his head — he let everyone take their chance, black or white. But because his head was turned, he didn't see that his boss was watching. Before Shumi could turn around, he was fired. The boss didn't believe in giving chances!

But it was politics that changed Shumi's life. Shumi joined the ANC early in the 50's — like thousands of people all over the country.

Shumi remembers the first time that politics touched his heart. "Two guys, Gideon Nxumalo and Stanley Nkosi, worked for SABC radio. Then one day, out of the blue, these guys gave this political speech over the radio. They spoke about the pass laws and the future of our children. Their speech touched where it hurts.

"Some guy called Makgene impimpi'd on Stanley and Gideon. Do you know the township saying:

"Jy't my Makgene! — (you have betrayed me.) Well, that's where it comes from."

In between all the action in the life of the young Shumi Ntutu, he met a woman who later became his wife — 10 years later. "I didn't want to push things," says Shumi.

Her name was Nomsa and he met her when he played at a concert at the DOCC hall. She sent a friend to tell Shumi she liked him. "She liked my music," says Shumi with a (naughty) twinkle in his eye.

And then times changed in sunny South Africa. Thousands of people were arrested. Sixty nine were shot dead in Sharpeville. And the ANC and PAC were banned. The swinging fifties were over.

A BOMB IN A BOX

Many young men began to leave the country. They left to fight for a better life.

"I remember my father coming to see me," says Shumi. "He asked me to keep some people for three or four days. I did not question my father. Then he said to me: 'You have a licence and you will be getting a car.' They gave me a Volkswagen and I began to drive people. At first I only drove part of the way. And after a while, I drove all the way.

"Then my luck ran out and they caught me — cowboy style. They



Shumi shares a beer with an old friend, Wilson "King Force" Silgee.

followed me around for a long time but they couldn't catch me. Then this guy asked me for a lift. He carried a small cardboard box. A present for a friend, he said. Before we got very far, we drove into a roadblock. They were waiting for me. And they really got me – with a bomb in a box."

On the 3rd March 1964, a judge sent Shumi Ntutu to jail for 15 years – for sabotage. Shumi remembers the tears of his wife. And he remembers the sadness of leaving his two children.

"I thought about my children growing up without a father," says Shumi quietly. "I knew they would grow up and know me only by name. But I never lost hope. I was still alive— and that's what mattered."

And so Shumi went to Robben Island for a full 15 years. They did not let him out even one minute early.

Like all the husbands and fathers on the Island, he worried about his family struggling back at home. And he too had a heavy heart when he spoke to his wife through a piece of glass – on the few times she came all the way to visit for just half an hour.

But for Shumi and the others, words are not good enough. Only they know the secret pain of the dark hours. Only they know of the love they have for each other. Only they know what there is to know.

Soon after Shumi got to the Island, he asked for his saxophone. He

waited and waited. It came 13 years after he got there. And when it came, he taught his friends how to play music. He still remembered how. That's one thing nobody can ever take away from him.

A HOT POTATO

When Shumi came home, the pain was not over. He buried his dear Nomsa two years later. And for three years he could not find a job.

"Nobody wanted to give me work," says Shumi. "When they found out where I came from they thought I was a hot potato."

After many closed doors, Shumi found a job. He is a storeman at Pick 'n Pay in Brixton, Johannesburg. "They gave me a job when nobody else would," says Shumi.

Now Shumi is married again. He married a young, pretty woman called Elizabeth. Lulamile is their first child together.

Shumi does not play music very much anymore. He keeps his old trumpet in a box underneath a pile of napkins. He plays with his old friends once in a while. But that is all. "I now want to feed and clothe my family," says Shumi. "I don't have much time for music."

It was now early evening and the sun was setting over the dusty streets of Orlando East. Little Lulamile was fast asleep in his

father's arms. "Have I answered all your questions okay?" he asked once again.

Yes you have, Shumi. Thank you very much. ●





DEATH IN THE AIR

The Olifants River flows gently through the green valleys of the Strydpoort mountains. Thousands of people live in villages on the river banks in this out-of-the-way part of the country.

In the evening a soft breeze often blows through the valleys. It brings a feeling of peace to the people of the villages. Not many parts of Lebowa are as beautiful as this.

Peace is a thing these people have always wanted. Their land, that some people call Sekhukhuneland, has seen too many wars — and too much death.

But death refuses to leave the valleys.

Today a deadly dust fills the air. This dust is in the drinking water, in the school playgrounds, all over the roads and in the bricks of people's houses. Even the breeze carries the dust of death.

Worst of all it is in the lungs of many people. Maybe even thousands of people. And it is slowly eating their lungs away.

Where does this dangerous dust come from? It comes from old asbestos mines. The story begins back in 1907.

DUST COMES TO THE VALLEYS

In that year a white shopkeeper

called Ward found brown asbestos on the banks of the Olifants River. He must have thanked the heavens that day. Asbestos is valuable stuff. It is used to make many things — like heaters, cement, ceilings, pipes and brakes for cars to name a few. Ward called the place Penge and began to mine the asbestos.

A few years later another white man arrived at the village of Mmafefe. He came by car — one of those old models that travelled slowly over the bumpy, dirt roads.

The man's name was Macleod. This was the first time many of the people saw a car. They gave the man beer and milk and allowed him

to look around. And in the mountains around Mmafefe, Macleod found another kind of asbestos — blue asbestos.

After this life — and death — changed for the people of the valleys. White men rushed into the mountains to mine asbestos and to get rich.

The white men employed men from the villages to dig into the sides of the mountains. They blew out the rock with dynamite. The men put the rock into big sacks. Then they carried the sacks down the mountain.

At the bottom of the mountains

Old asbestos dumps in Lebowa





Children in Lebowa filling bags with asbestos in 1929.

women and children broke the rock with hammers. They worked in a place called a mill. At the mill they sorted the asbestos from the rock. And then the white men took the valuable asbestos away in trucks.

These mills made clouds of asbestos dust. And they made heaps of asbestos waste – heaps that are still in the valleys today.

The asbestos dust filled the air. And it filled the lungs of the workers and the people in the villages. There, in the people's lungs it silently began to cause disease.

FIRMS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The mines got bigger and bigger. The 1940's and 1950's were very busy times for the mines in this area. Big overseas firms moved into the valleys. They too wanted to get rich from the asbestos in the mountains.

Firms like Cape Asbestos and Turner and Newall from England, United States Steel from America and Italiani Prodotti Minerali from Italy all made money from the mines. Some of them still own land in the Strydpoort mountains.

Many of these firms knew the dust caused killer diseases. But they didn't care much. They let the dust fill the air. And their heaps of asbestos waste got bigger.

The mines also sent asbestos to factories in America, England and Italy. And in these far away lands other workers also died from the deadly dust.

At the end of the 1950's most of the big firms closed down. They took their money. And they left behind hundreds of asbestos waste dumps.

They forgot about the men and women who dug their asbestos out of the mountains. They didn't even tell the people about the dangers of asbestos.

Now many people are already dead from the dust. And today in every village you can see sick old people. They walk around coughing and bent over with disease.

These people are just waiting to die. Doctors cannot save them.

But what about all the other people who live in this part of Lebowa? More than 200,000 people live in villages like Mahlatjani, Mmafefe, Praktiseer and Kromellemboog. Everyday young children play on the dumps in these villages.

And Lebowa is like all homelands. The government forces people to live there. In the 1960's and 1970's the government forced many people to move into the Strydpoort area. And they plan to move even more people into these valleys of death.

In 20 or 30 years time many of these people will be dead — just because of the air they breathe.

THREE DEADLY DISEASES:

The asbestos dust causes three deadly diseases:

ASBESTOSIS: Small pieces of asbestos get into the lungs. They cause small wounds and scars. Then the lungs stop working properly. People with asbestosis cannot breathe very easily. And most of them will die.

Children in Lebowa playing with asbestos waste in 1984.





The villages are full of old and sick miners.

LUNG CANCER. Pieces of asbestos can also make a big cancer lump grow in the lungs. This cancer slowly eats the lungs until the person dies..

MESOTHELIOMA. This is also a cancer. It gets into the thin skin around the lungs. This cancer slowly strangles the lung. And it also slowly kills a person.

All three diseases take a long time to grow in people. Sometimes they take 20, 30 or even 50 years to

grow. But in the end they always kill. And doctors can do nothing to stop the diseases.

A person must breathe lots of dust to get asbestosis. But only one small piece of asbestos can cause lung cancer or mesothelioma. These are the more painful and more deadly diseases.

Doctors say that every hour of every day until the year 2000 someone will die from asbestos. And many of these dead people will come from the valleys of the Strydpoort mountains.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD FIGHT FOR LIFE

All over the world workers who work with asbestos and people who live with asbestos are fighting for their lives.

In **America** more than 20,000 workers are suing a big asbestos firm called The Mansville Corporation. This firm got much of its asbestos from South Africa.

In a small island called **Puerto Rico** school teachers found out that the government was making cheap houses for workers out of asbestos cement. The school teachers knew the dangers of

asbestos. The teachers came together and fought against the new houses. After two years they won. The government broke down all the houses.

Trade unions all over the world fight for the rights of asbestos workers. They say firms must stop using asbestos. They say firms can use many things instead of asbestos. The workers are slowly winning the struggle. In some countries the government has banned all asbestos factories.

SOUTH AFRICA

Lebowa is not the only place with asbestos mines in southern Africa. Workers mine asbestos in the northern Cape, near Barberton in the eastern Transvaal, Swaziland, Zimbabwe and Mocambique. And hundreds of factories use asbestos to make goods like brakes, water pipes, heaters, sheets for roofs and pots.

So thousands of people must live with asbestos — in the factories, in the mines, in their houses and in the air. In South Africa these trade unions and organisations are fighting the dangers of asbestos.

TRADE UNIONS.

Three trade unions organise workers in asbestos mines. They

also help workers fight dangers to their health. They are:

National Union of Mineworkers (NUM)

P.O. Box 10928
Johannesburg
2000
Tel: (011) 29 – 4561

Black Allied Mining and Construction Workers Union (BAMCWU)

51 Commissioner Street
Johannesburg
2001
Tel: (011) 834 – 6681/2

South African Mine Workers Union (SAMWU)

Room 203
Chancellor House
25 Fox Street
Johannesburg
2001
Tel: (011) 838 – 2377

ADVICE CENTRES.

These organisations can give advice to trade unions and organisations about the health dangers of asbestos. But they cannot help people who don't belong to organisations.

Health Information Centre (HIC)

P.O. Box 16173
Doornfontein
2028
Tel: (011) 339 – 7411

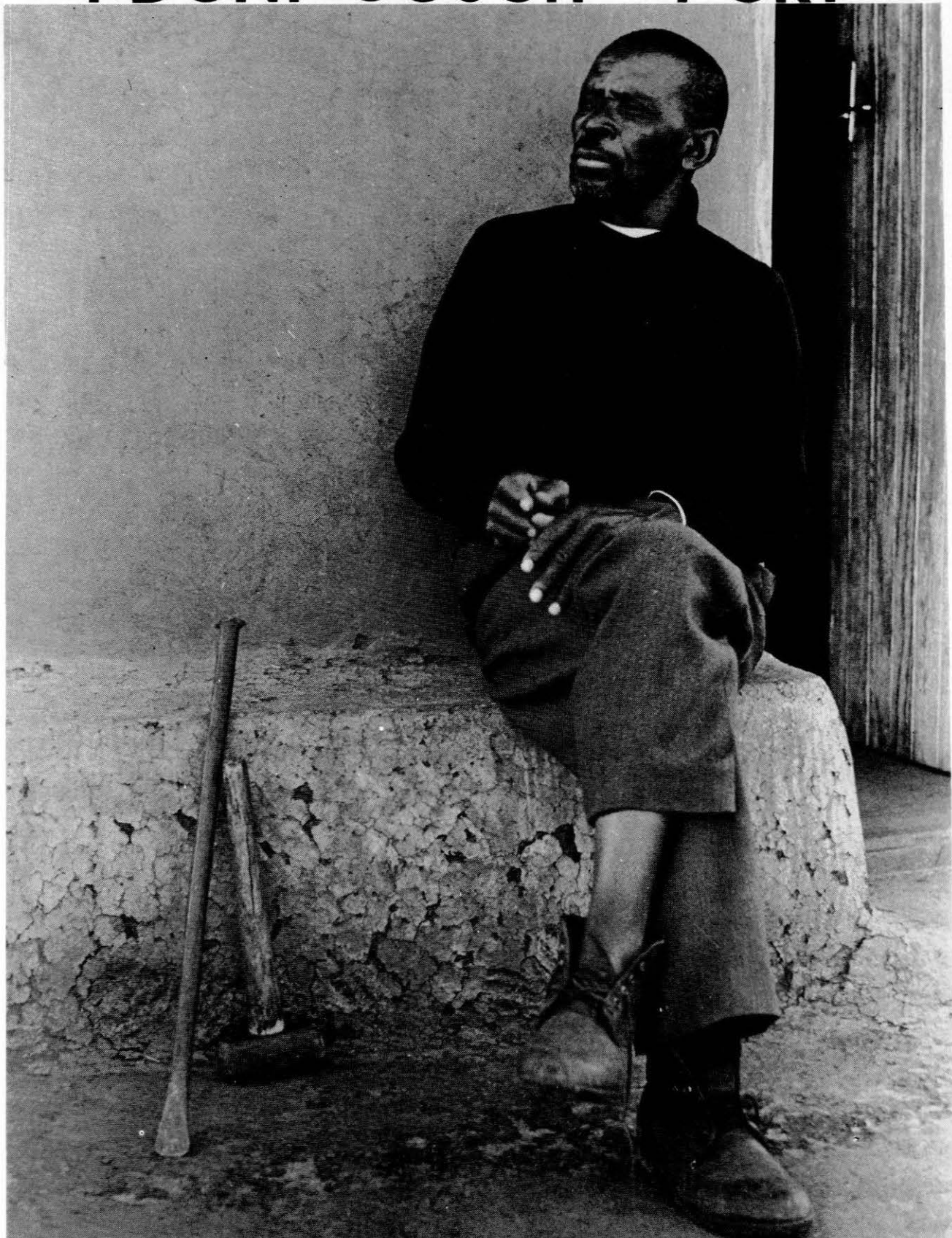
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“I DONT COUGH - I CRY”



Nkalegeng Kaizer Mamailana lives in the village of Mmafefe — beneath the old Darlton Asbestos mine.

He was a young man when he worked at the mine. But today he looks old and worn out.

"I cannot breathe and I cannot walk very far," he says with sadness in his eyes. "But I am lucky. Most of my old friends are dead. They worked in the asbestos mines for a long time. I also worked in the asbestos mine. But I was also in the gold mines for many years. Maybe that's why I'm not dead yet. If it wasn't for the asbestos mines, then my friends would still be alive."

Mr Maimalana told Learn and Teach about the lives of the men and women who worked in the old asbestos mines. These are his words.

A SPECIAL DAY

"My first job was in the gold mines of Johannesburg. I worked there for five years. Then I came home.

I was in love. Her name was Sekgopetjane Lesufi. She also came from Mmafeke village. Our wedding was a special day. The women brewed beer and cooked meat. An ox was slaughtered. All my neighbours came to the feast.

You know sometimes in those days men got married by letter. It was a custom. While a man was away at the mines, his parents found him a wife. They wrote him a letter saying: 'Come home. You have a wife.' I was lucky. I

chose my own wife.

CARS WITH WHEELS LIKE BICYCLES

At the time of my wedding white men came to our village. They came in old cars with thin wheels like a bicycle. And they wore shiny boots and helmets.

The white men were not the owners of the mines. The big firms often allowed smaller firms to mine on their land.

I wanted to stay with my new wife. So I took a job on one of these small mines. I was happy to get work near the village.

WORKING FOR "STOCK"

Everyday we climbed the mountain. We had to go up 500 feet before we began work. We dug tunnels into the mountain with picks and shovels.

We carried our food and tools with us. We also carried our own water. There was no water up there in the mountains.

Inside the tunnel we made holes in the rock. We used iron bars and a hammer. Only later did the white men bring machines called 'umadumelana' (an air drill).



White mine owners outside an asbestos mine in 1917.

Then the makgua put dynamite in the holes. The dynamite blew the rocks out of the mountain. We then filled big sacks with the rocks.

You know, those makgua robbed us. They didn't pay us wages. We just worked for 'stock'. This means they paid us for each bag of asbestos we filled. In 1959 they paid us 17 shillings a bag – and sometimes it took four days to fill one bag.

Sometimes we worked for a whole day making the holes for the dynamite. Then after the explosion we found no asbestos in the rock. But on other days we were lucky. We filled many bags in one day.

Some men took their wives into the mountains. The wives helped

them to fill the bags more quickly.

The money wasn't even enough to buy mealie meal. But I didn't take Sekgopetjane with me. She grew crops near the village to feed our family.

ROCKS ON OUR SHOULDERS

Sometimes I spent many days and nights in the mountains. We started work at four o'clock in the morning. We worked until after the sun went down.

We used donkeys to carry the bags down the mountain. But sometimes the donkeys slipped. Many fell down the mountain and died. Then we had to carry the bags of rock on our shoulders.



Children "cobbing" asbestos in 1917.

We carried the bags to the mill. Most of the women and children worked at the mill. They did 'cobbing'. This means they broke the asbestos off the rock – with big hammers. They also worked for 'stock'. But the mines paid them less than the men.

BROKEN BONES AND NO COMPENSATION.

Sometimes the makgua took our bags away. They said they were going to count the rocks. Then they were gone. Amen! We never saw them again. They robbed us. That's how I got this hammer and bar.

One white man stole my bags of rock. But he left his tools behind. So I kept them.

The mines were dangerous. Many men broke their bones up in the mountains. Some of them were even paralysed.

The mines paid no compensation in those days. And they didn't tell us about the diseases. Many men only found they had a disease from asbestos when they went to the gold mines. The gold mines always X-rayed new workers.

I went to work on the gold mines again. I needed more money. And I was afraid of the mines in the mountains.

My last job was at a mine in Phalaborwa. I left this mine a few years ago. Now I live on their



Mrs Sekgopetjane Mamailana outside her home in Mmafefe.

pension. They give me R80 every two months."

MEMORIES AND TEARS

Today Mr Mamailana and his wife try to keep alive in Mmafefe. The pension isn't enough to feed them. They have no goats and no cattle. So they grow vegetables near the old fig tree down by the river.

But Mr Mamailana cannot work for long. He loses his breath quickly.

He often sits down under the tree to rest.

At these times he remembers his friends who were killed by the mines. And he knows that he has the same disease as them.

"But I don't cough," he says. "I cry." ●

This family were evicted in April – just before winter.



A SMALL TOWN IN THE KAROO

“We are the burnt out stompies of South Africa. When we are healthy and strong, we are in great demand. But we all get old and ill before our time from too much hard work and too little comfort. Then we are thrown aside like burnt out cigarettes. Like a cigarette stompie we are then of no use.”

These are the words of Oom Jan Schoeman. He is an old man from Prince Albert, – a small, dry, dusty town in the Karoo.

Prince Albert is no place for the weak. In summer it gets so hot that you can fry an egg on the pavement. In winter, so cold you can lose your teeth with all the chattering.

And like every other town in this country, Prince Albert has a location – a fenced off location. That is where the poor people live. They live in little houses with no electricity and running water. For toilets there are buckets outside.



A horrible job with horrible wages!

And to get water people must take a long walk to a tap that is shared by many.

Most of the people work on the sheep farms or get piece jobs in the town. The wages they get are not bad — they are terrible. For example, Mrs Annah Ras, a domestic worker, gets R1.50 a week. She has a family of four to feed.

Mr Hendrick Piet collects rubbish and empties the bucket toilets. He gets R24 a month. Before he can buy food or clothes; he must pay R11.35 for rent.

Then there are those with no jobs at all. And there are many of these

people. How do they feed their families or pay their rent? How can they pay the high prices of today — like 74 cents for sunlight soap or R1.98 for a kilo of sugar?

Life is a struggle for these poor people of Prince Albert. But they are not finished yet. They have not lost hope.

The “stompies” of Prince Albert are fighting back. They began to fight back a long time ago. At first the people began to speak out. They began to question the uncomfortable rides in the back of the farmer’s bakkie in the terrible heat — or in the freezing cold — while the farmer’s dog sits in the front.

And then they began to fight against one of their biggest problems – evictions. Evictions have been a problem for many years. The municipality evict people who don't pay their rent. And, the people will tell you, they sometimes evict people who do pay their rent.

“The municipality is often in the wrong,” says Oom Jan. “The people pay their rent – but the people who work in the rent office don't sign the forms. Or they put the wrong date on the receipt.

“Sometimes they will come and say you owe them rent for a year or more. How can they come after a year and say you have not paid? This is not right. They let you pay and pay and they say nothing. Then suddenly they come and say you owe money since 1982. They give you two weeks to pay – or be evicted.”

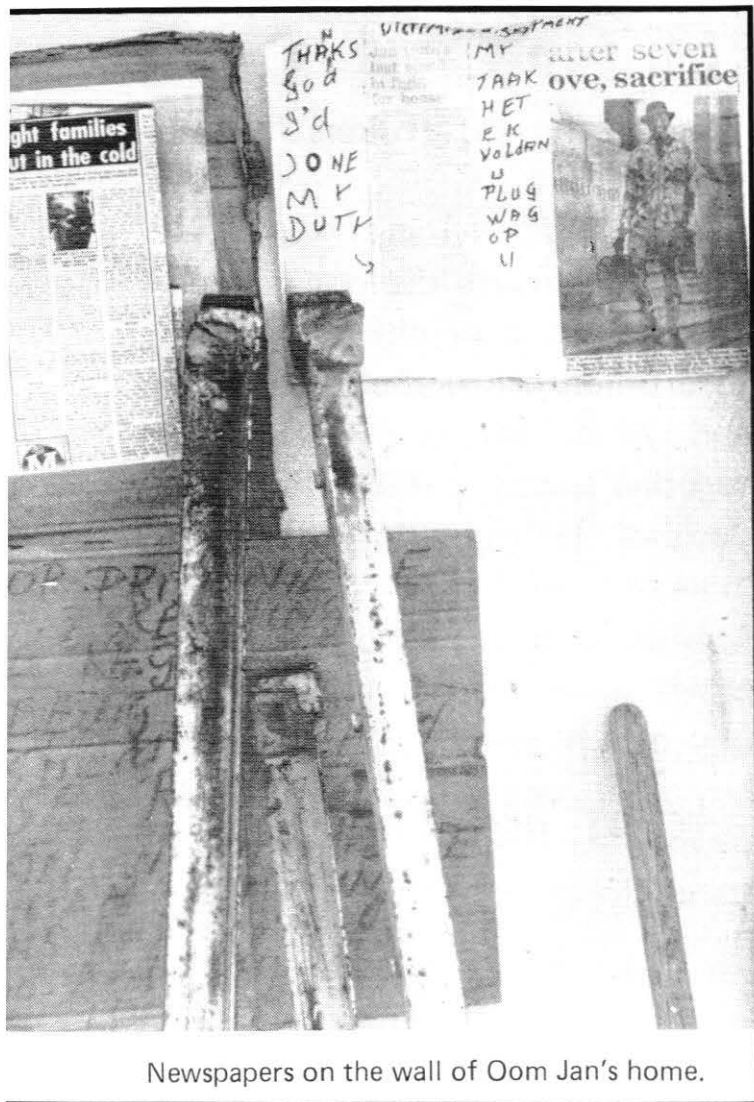
Take the story of Mrs Dora Vries: the municipality wanted to charge her for the rent of the people who lived in the house before her. She took the municipality to court in 1982 – and she won her case. But after the case, her problems were not over. In February this year she got another letter saying she was behind with her rent. Once again,

they were charging her for the other peoples' rent.

Oom Jan himself has fought against evictions. He took the municipality to court when they kicked him out of his house in 1980. He won his case in the Cape Town Supreme Court – but he has still not got his house back. He now lives in a small house outside the location.

Oom Jan did not only fight for himself. For a long time, his house was full of papers and documents that belonged to other people. He spent much time trying to help other people with their problems. He still sticks stories from newspapers on the outside walls of his house. He wants his friends and neighbours to know what is happening in the world.

Many people are angry with the management committee that runs the location. “The management committee has done nothing for us,” says Mrs Maggie Jaftha. “They don't know our problems and we don't know them. Because these people are on the committee, the municipality looks after them. But they don't look after us. We need to look after ourselves. We need an organisation to speak for us, to protect us. To make sure this happens, our organisation must



Newspapers on the wall of Oom Jan's home.

have leaders from the people who suffer most – not those who are better off.”

And that is exactly what the people did. A few months ago the people joined together in an organisation. They called their organisation the Prince Albert Workers Association. Now the poor people of Prince Albert can work together to solve their problems. They know strength comes from unity.

And the organisation follows Maggie Jaftha's advice. The leaders

of the organisation come from the poor people themselves. And only the poor working people can belong to the organisation. Already the organisation is helping people with evictions and other problems.

The people chose Oom Jan to be the chairperson of their organisation. They trust him to talk for them. He is one of them.

“Here at this most southern point of Africa, there is enough for everybody,” says Oom Jan. “If a person does not want to work, then that person must not eat. But if a person is not lazy and is not scared of work, that person must not go hungry. This must be the rule for every healthy person.

“Like me, a standard three pupil, there are many workers who gave up their chance of schooling. They gave up school so others could carry on to become teachers, lawyers, office workers, doctors and ministers.

“While they sat on the school benches, we looked after the cattle, ploughed the land, chopped the wood and carried the water. We are the ones who made the bread and soap. While we were hard at work, these people reached their goals. So tell me, why do these people now keep us down?” ●

SIMBA WORKERS SHOW THE WAY

The bosses of the Simba Quix factory are proud of their products. They put a big proud lion on all the packets of chips that they make. And they say their chips just "roar with flavour".

But two months ago it was the bosses turn to roar – with anger.

This is how it happened.

Three workers were fired from the factory. The other workers said this was unfair. So they went on strike. The bosses did not listen. They

fired nearly 400 workers from the factory.

But the workers did not go home and look for new jobs. They belong to a union called the Sweet, Food and Allied Workers' Union. And together with their union they decided to fight for their jobs.

The workers used two weapons in their fight – a weapon called boycott (when people refuse to buy the goods of a firm) and a weapon called unity (when people stand together to fight for their rights.)

Simba workers talk about their problems at a meeting in Tembisa.



On 2 November the Simba workers won their struggle. They all got their jobs back.

“Re tshwere tau ka ditlena,” said one of the workers. “We have fought with the lion. And we have won.”

Learn and Teach spoke to another worker from the Simba factory. He told us about the boycott and about unity. And he told us how the Simba workers used these things to win their struggle.

THE UNION COMES TO THE FACTORY

“In 1982 a union called the Sweet Food and Allied Workers’ Union came to the factory. Soon all the workers joined.

“The union made the bosses increase our wages. And the union made the bosses fire a white manager at the factory. The workers said this man swore at them and called them ‘bobbejaans’.

“The bosses were not happy to see a union at the factory. They said the shop stewards (the worker leaders) were not working for the factory. They said they were working for the union. Posters telling workers about union meetings were also torn down.

These things led to a lot of trouble between the workers and the bosses.

A POTATO AND A JOB

“Then the plant manager fired a worker called David – for throwing a potato at another worker. They said David damaged the firm’s property.

“The workers supported David. They said the bosses must give him his job back. But the bosses did not listen. Later they fired another two workers.

“The bosses and the workers had many meetings to speak about these problems. But the bosses still refused to give the workers their jobs back.

“We workers were worried about our friends. We were angry. So we decided to stop work. We said ‘we will not make any chips until the workers get their jobs back.’

“But the bosses did not hear. One boss even said they could not talk to ‘africans’. He said they wanted to employ ‘coloureds’ only.

“So on 12 September the bosses fired all the workers at Simba Quix.



When the Simba workers heard they had won, they sang with joy.

FORWARD WITH A BOYCOTT

“We had many meetings after we got fired. At our first meeting we decided to go forward with a boycott.

“We knew that if many people did not buy Simba Chips then the firm must give us our jobs back.

“We knew that many black people buy Simba products. And chips are not important – like food. We buy them just for fun. So it was an easy thing to stop buying chips.

“WE MUST NOT FIGHT ALONE”

“And we also knew we must not isolate ourselves – we must not fight alone. We needed support from other trade unions, community organisations and political organisations. This is the only way to win a boycott.

“So we asked many organisations to support the boycott. Our union belongs to FOSATU. All the FOSATU unions gave support. So did other trade unions like CUSA, CCAWUSA, SAAWU, MGWUSA, GAWU, SASDU and AFCWU.

"Community organisations helped us. We got a lot of help from TIC, NIC, COSAS, AYCO, SOYCO, AZAPO, AZASO and AZASM. The UDF also gave us a lot of support.

"Many shopkeepers and traders' organisations also supported the boycott. They did not sell Simba products in their shops.

"DIFFERENCES? — NO PROBLEMS"

"You say many of these organisations have strong disagreements with each other. I only heard about such things after the boycott started. But these differences caused no problems for us. Everybody gave their support.

"During the boycott we printed thousands of pamphlets and stickers. All the organisations helped us to hand these out to the people.

OLD WOMEN WITH NO HUSBANDS

"We also collected money for the workers — especially for the old women with no husbands. We also helped workers with HP agreements. They could not pay every month. They were worried the shops would come and take their furniture.

UNITY MEANS VICTORY

"The boycott hurt the management of Simba Quix.

"After seven weeks they got worried. They called us to a meeting.

"They said they will give us our jobs back from January next year. And they said they will give us money until we start work again.

WORKERS CALL OFF THE BOYCOTT

"On Friday 2 November we had a big meeting of all the Simba Quix workers.

"The workers discussed the offer from management. They decided to accept. So we called off the boycott. The workers were happy to get their jobs back.

"We also called on all organisations and people to stop the boycott."

THE WORKERS GIVE THANKS

Learn and Teach spoke to another worker at this meeting.

"The boycott showed that we workers can stand together," he said. "Now we know we can unite to fight for other things."

"And I give thanks to the organisations and the shopkeepers for their support," he said. "Without them we could not have won." ●

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Learn and Teach

I want you to help me. I am an artist. I paint pictures of people and the land. That is my talent. I have passed standard nine and now I want to go to art school. But there is no art school in Port Elizabeth. I also have a wife so I can't go back to school. Can you tell me where I can study art by correspondence?

Mackson Mkalelwa
Port Elizabeth

Thanks for your letter Mackson. We phoned the Education Information Centre for advice. They say there is only one art course by correspondence – a Fine Arts Degree at UNISA. Write to UNISA for more information. Their address is: UNISA, P.O. Box 392, Pretoria, 0001.

If people want to know about courses or bursaries, they can write to the Education Information Centre (EIC) for help. Their address is. 601 Dunwell House, 35 Jorissen Street, Braamfontein, 2001. Tel: (011) 339 – 2476.

In the meantime, keep drawing and painting Mackson. Why not send us a picture for the magazine? That would be very, very nice.—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

Can you please explain something to me. I know many people who were not paid when their company closed down. What can these people do? Please don't put my name in your magazine!
G.T.

Boksburg

When a company closes down, the firm must pay all the money they owe their workers. Workers must get their wages, notice pay, leave pay and pension money. But if workers don't get their money, they must try to see a lawyer for help. Or they can go to an advice office like the Industrial Aid Society. Their address is: 1st Floor Chester House, Cnr Simmonds and Jeppe Street, Johannesburg. —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

Please put my letter in your magazine. I began reading your magazine in February this year. I enjoy reading the magazine very much. I give you many thanks for the magazine and I wish you good luck for the future.

Matyoka Otto
Orangemund

Dear Learn and Teach

Will you please help us here in Bedford Centre. We workers have no place to sit during our lunch time. Everytime we go on lunch we suffer. Yet there are hundreds of benches around the place. But we black people are not allowed to sit on them.

There is a man at the centre who is very rude. He always chases us from inside the centre.

We also have another problem. Our toilets are very dirty. Will you please help us or tell us what we can do?

A. Worker
Bedford Centre

Learn and Teach phoned the manager of Bedford Centre, – a man called Mr Smith. He said: "First of all, there are not 100 benches but six altogether. A lot of workers have lunch on these benches. They eat things like pap and they leave a mess. Then we have to clean up after them. Sometimes they come and just sit the whole day. I think these people are just selfish. Many of them have canteens. Why don't they use their canteens? We also have other workers here, black and white. And many pensioners come and shop here. Where must these people sit?"

Learn and Teach asked him about the dirty toilets. He said "I don't know about that. I must investigate that."

Mr Smith then invited us to come and look at the centre ourselves. But we did not go because we feel that Mr Smith does not really care about this problem. He said he won't talk to the man who chases people off the benches because "he is just doing his job." Maybe all the workers at Bedford centre must join together and demand their rights. They could maybe have a meeting and choose people to speak to Mr Smith. Maybe he will then listen. Or if some of the workers are members of trade unions, maybe the trade union can help.

We wonder how Mr Smith will feel if somebody told him where to sit, or what bus to catch, or where he can live. And we wonder how his domestic worker feels when he leaves a mess? Or doesn't he ever leave a mess? —editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I read your magazine. I think it is wonderful. Can you please tell me about pap smears and can you please tell me about breast cancer. My sister has this kind of cancer. She is my one and only sister. Please help me.

Miriam Mphahlele
Kwa-Thema

We are sorry to hear about your sister Miriam. We have done a story on pap smears in one of our old magazines. We will send you a copy. We will do a story on breast cancer very soon. Every woman must know about this dangerous sickness. But in the meantime, let us quickly say something. If a woman finds a lump in her breast, she must go and see a doctor straightaway. If doctors find breast cancer early, they can save the woman's life.

Thanks for writing and please pass our regards to your sister. Our thoughts are with her.
—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I like reading your magazine. It is a real friend of mine. Can you please give me advice. I work for a security company in Durban. We work 12 hours a day, 6 days a week. We get no overtime pay and we don't get paid extra on holidays. Please give me some advice.

L.M.
Kwa-Mashu

Nightwatchmen and guards must not work more than 60 hours a week. (Meals are counted as working time.) If they work extra, they must get overtime pay. Nightwatchmen and guards must also get 3 weeks leave a year.

But don't speak to your boss by yourself. He may fire you. Rather speak to your fellow workers first. Talk to them about joining a trade union. Unity is your best weapon.
—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

I am a young man of 22 years. I started reading Learn and Teach after I picked it up in the street on my way home. I found the magazine very helpful. I wanted to buy the next magazine but I couldn't find it anywhere. I want to get the magazine to our people. Please send me more information.

Steven Kanime
Tsumeb, Namibia

Dear Learn and Teach

It is with great pleasure that I write to you. I want to tell you that many friends like your magazine. Whenever I get a magazine, my friends borrow it from me. They take it before I start to read it. So please tell me how I can get enough magazines for all my friends?

B. Mokoena
Rietspruit

Thanks for the letters guys. Here is the information you want. We will send you 50 magazines to start with. Then please sell them for 30 cents each. When you finish selling them, then please send half the money back to us. You can keep the other half for yourself. Maybe next time you will want to sell more than 50 magazines. Then just write to us and tell us how many you need.

By the way Steven, you say you picked the magazine up in the street. I'm sure the magazine dropped out of somebody's bag. Nobody ever throws the magazine away. How could they?
—editor

Dear Learn and Teach

Will you please help me with a problem. My father, who was not married to my mother, died in 1982. At the moment I am not living with my mother. I am living with my grandfather, my father's father. My grandfather wants me to use my father's surname. But my mother also wants me to use her surname. I am very worried about this. Which surname must I use?

H.T.
Meadowlands

We are sorry to hear about your problem. We can only tell you what the law says. If a woman has a child and does not marry, the child takes the name of the mother. But a person can decide to change their name if they want to. You must go see a lawyer about this. This costs money. But why not use both surnames together and then everybody will be happy. For all forms and other legal matters, use your mother's name. And at all other times, use both names together. Long double names are nice and different — and quite sexy.

—editor

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

W **E WANT TO MAKE A BOOK** **Will you help and write a story?**

Maria Moche wrote this story

WHO AM I?

I am Maria Moche.

I was born in Johannesburg, in South Africa.

I am a black woman.

Black men, women and children are South Africans.

I am a South African woman.

I am a domestic worker.

I was born in 1940 in South Africa.

My mother and father were very poor.

I did not go to school because they were very poor.

My father was working for R3,00 per month.

My mother was working for a bag of mealie meal per month.

So in 1976 I heard of a school where I can learn to read and write.

Stories can be about work, home or anything
If you have photos that go with your story,
please send them together to

THE ENGLISH READER
P.O. BOX 11074
JOHANNESBURG
2000

WHAT'S THE WORD FOR

1. A person who fixes cars:
2. The place you buy stamps: ...
3. A person who makes bread and cakes:
4. The place where miners stay:
5. A person who cuts and sells meat:
6. A place where nothing grows:
7. A person who fixes and pulls out teeth:
8. The place where a magistrate works:
9. A person who works with wood:
10. The place where the dead are buried:
11. A doctor who looks after animals:
12. A person who rides horses in races:
13. A person who lives near to your house: ...
14. A place where water is stored:

Here are the answers

- | | | | |
|---------------|----------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. mechanic | 2. post office | 3. baker | 4. compound |
| 5. butcher | 6. desert | 7. dentist | 8. court |
| 9. carpenter | 10. cemetery | 11. vet | 12. jockey |
| 13. neighbour | 14. dam | | |

Read the story

Few people have heard of a place called Lenyenye. Lenyenye is a township in the Naphuno district in the north eastern Transvaal.

For many years people called the Naphuno district the 'Valley of Death'. They called Naphuno the 'Valley of Death' because people died there. They died from hunger. They died from sickness. They died because nobody cared.

In 1977 a brave and beautiful woman went to live in Lenyenye. Her name is Dr Mamphela Ramphela.

Before 1977 Mamphela had also never heard of Lenyenye. She worked in a clinic in King William's Town. She was happy there. She had lots of friends. And she was helping people.

Then the government banned her. And they sent her to Lenyenye – nearly a thousand miles away from King William's Town. Mamphela did not know anybody in Lenyenye. But she saw how the people were suffering. She wanted to help them. She is a woman who cares.

Mamphela worked very hard. She still works very hard. She works with the people. Together they are working for a better life.

Life is better for the people already. They have built a clinic together. The clinic is called 'Ithuseng'. This means 'help yourselves'. Mamphela is the doctor in the clinic.

The clinic helps about 100 people everyday. But the clinic does not only help sick people. The clinic trains people. These people are called health workers. The health workers work with the people in the villages of Naphuno. Together they learn how to stay healthy.

The people are also working together in other ways. Some women work in sewing and knitting groups. Some people make bricks together. Other people grow vegetables. And over 300 people are learning how to read and write together. The Learn and Teach organisation helps these learners.

The people are now building a nursery school together. "We have lots to do," an old man told Learn and Teach. "We must work hard. Now we are on the right road. The young doctor has done much for us."

And answer the questions

1) What is the name of the clinic?

2) Why did Dr. Ramphela go to Lenyenyeye?

3) In which district is Lenyenyeye?

4) What did people call the Naphuno district?

5) Where did Dr. Ramphela live before she went to Lenyenyeye?

6) Who built the clinic?

7) Where does Dr. Ramphela work?

8) What work are people trained to do at the clinic?

9) What groups do the women in?

10) How many people are learning to read and write?

11) What sort of school are the people building?

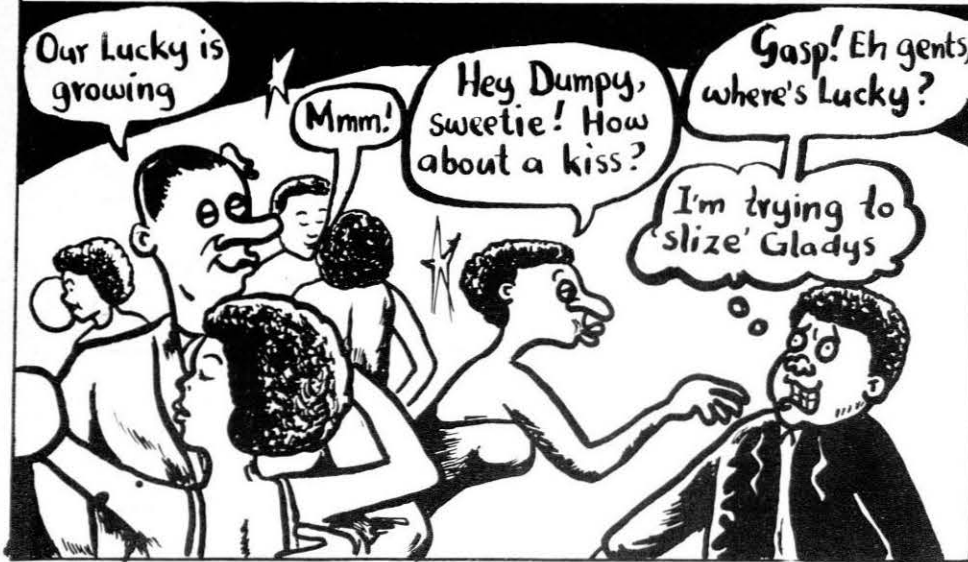
Dr. Ramphela is now unbanned. She has married and left Lenyenyeye.

SLOPPY

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY



It is Lucky's birthday party. All of Sloppy's friends are enjoying themselves at the party.



Just then, a hippo appears round the corner.



Sloppy and Lizzie get a taste of tear gas.



The noise frightens Lucky out of his sleep...



.. and he falls onto the hippo driver's head



The driver is knocked out. Lucky can't control the moving hippo. He tries all the buttons inside.

Hey! Wake up, mister! Give me a hand!

Maybe I should try to press this thing!



By mistake, lucky shoots teargas into a police patrol.

Teargas! Run for your lives

Yee!



But one of the policemen is not fast enough...

Jislaaik! They said this stuff is not bad! Waaa!



Meanwhile...

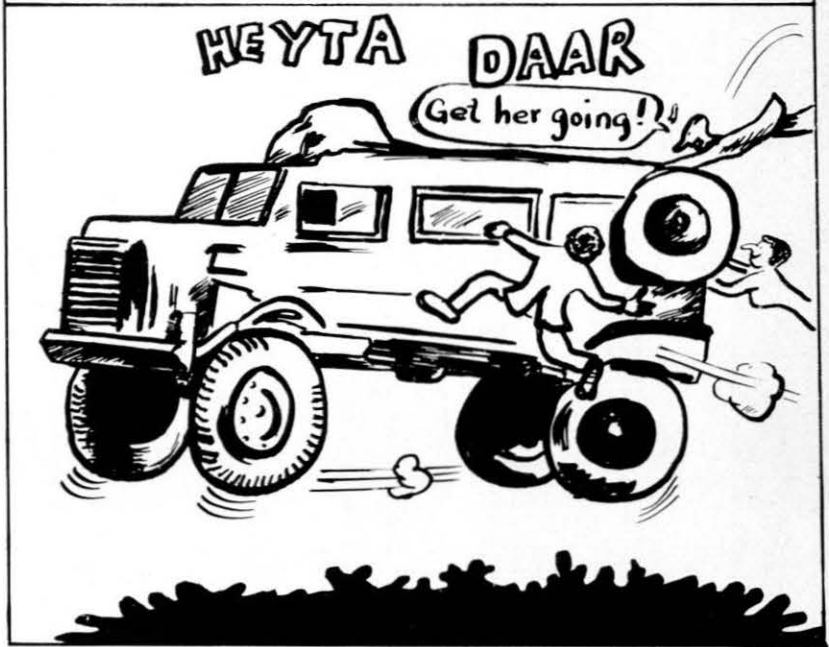
Ekse! That's lucky in that hippo! We must try to save him!



Some of Slappy's friends run after the hippo. They jump onto it...

HEYTA DAAR

Get her going!



At that time, the 'mayor' of 'Die Kasie' is talking to the people and some white 'friends' at his party.

I have given you the freedom of 'Die Kasie'. I'm sure you will be safe to walk the streets as you like!

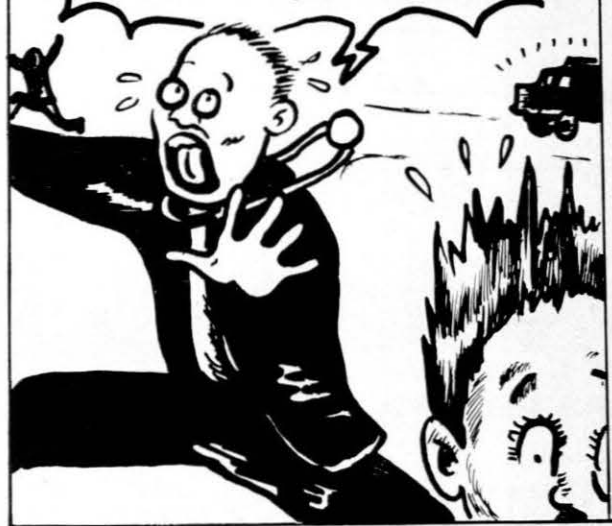
I'd also like to thank the police for the protection...

ZZZZ



Just then the hippo appears. The 'mayor' sees it first...

HIPPO! RUN!!!





The hippo misses a corner and...



... lands in a dam.



The group swims safely to the bank.



Back at the party...



More fun with Sloppy in the next magazine.