

rhodeo

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Open letter to Dr Hyslop

The Vice-Chancellor,
Rhodes University.

Dear Dr. Hyslop,

This is the last issue of Rhodeo this year. I would like it put on record that the lack of an on-going student newspaper has been the greatest condemnation of this university this year.

It is not sufficient that the administration expect the Rhodeo staff to produce a newspaper on an insufficient university grant. The administration's attitude has been one of blatant neglect regarding Rhodeo. This attitude is surely an indication of how little emphasis is actually placed on student needs.

IMPORTANT

A newspaper is the most important institution for students at a university. Students need a newspaper as much as they need a professor or a Vice-Chancellor for that matter. It is the cornerstone of all critical and constructive thought that emi-

nates from the student community.

To neglect the needs of students at a university is a negation of what that institution was created for. It is like an engine without fuel or a man without a voice.

FINANCES

I believe that the administration must supply the finances (as most universities do) for a student newspaper.

Even the ex-students of Rhodes receive a regular newsletter, but present students are denied even the funds for an annual magazine (Rhodian).

Do you think this is good enough? Do you think that students' needs are unimportant?

APPEAL

I appeal to you and your administration to rectify the present situation and ensure that in the future Rhodeo be regarded as an integral part of this university.

Yours sincerely,

KERRY SWIFT.
(Editor)



CECIL JOHN RHODES

Rhodes a racist?

Naturally not all international news can be carried in Rhodeo despite the efforts of the energetic and dynamic editorial staff. The following passage was lifted with due respect to the Guardian, September 23, 1972:

It concerns that great and colourful character this university was named after.

Reviewing a book called "The Diamond Magnates" by Brian Roberts, Rosalind Ainslie says

... "he (the writer) retains enough sneaking respect for the self-made tycoon to blunt the point of his exposures.

"His portrait of Rhodes particularly is tinged with the sentimental myth about the sickly boy who dreamed the imperial dream, and falls short, finally disposing of him as an unscrupulous racist megalomaniac who remains a fitting hero only for the flat-earthers around Salisbury."



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EDITORIAL

Why an SRC?

IF STUDENT SUPPORT for SRC elections and by-elections is anything to go by, the SRC may as well resign tomorrow. One must surely begin to question the viability of an SRC as it is presently structured when members not only have to go about cap-in-hand looking for possible candidates to fill open portfolios, but also have to bear the humiliation of organising by-elections because students refuse to vote for them anyway.

There are four alternatives:

- Lower the minimum percentage voting poll to somewhere in the region of 20% of the student body, which is absurd.
- Continue with a nine-member SRC, which could be disastrous.
- Continue trying to get students to stand for positions on the SRC and beg them to vote, which is ridiculous, or
- Persuade the present SRC to resign and hope for better days, which sounds sensible.

It seems indicative in all English-speaking universities, that support for SRC's is waning. The present SRC at Rhodes has taken office at a time when students are showing little or no interest in an SRC whatsoever. With only nine members they are severely depleted.

It can mean two things. Either students are boycotting SRC elections and by-elections because of disaffection with a body of that nature, or they are so disinterested with the whole thing, that they cannot find the motivation to vote. It seems there is a bit of both at Rhodes.

In the absence of any dynamic or charismatic leaders; the absence of broad-based issues; the apparent inability of past SRC's to offer any real changes in an antiquated system and in the face of mounting student disconcert and apathy, the SRC is fast taking on the appearance of a redundant body.

Surely it would be better for Rhodes to go without the luxury of an SRC. Should the need arise, let the leaders assert themselves. It seems a reasonable alternative, especially when viewed against the present electoral fiasco.

Students always demand to be heard, but they do not demand to be led. Why not leave them without a constituted voice? Perhaps then the demand for real leadership will somehow trickle out of our secure and apathetic midst.

Whatever it is that is slowly turning this university into a playground for observers and a carnival of errors, let the fools choose their own paradise.

Say a few words..

WHAT HAPPENED TO RHODEO? Like most things at Rhodes it started off with a bang and went out with a whimper.

One of the major causes of the present apathy at Rhodes has been the absence of a student publication for a large part of the year. The fault lies both with students and the administration. Neither find it particularly distressing, and neither are prepared to do much about it.

The students should not be responsible for financing a student newspaper. They should have tried to bring some pressure to bear on those who could finance one.

The administration is too preoccupied with its development projects. An undisclosed sum was spent on a fund-raising publication showing Rhodes as the university of the future. It tried to sell Rhodes as an enlightened university in South Africa.

But would the administration squander funds on anything as puerile as a student newspaper? No!

A university without an ongoing student newspaper is about as good as a pub with no beer. We feel that it should be made known that sacrificing a vehicle for open debate for a tight budget is about as enlightened as building a monument to the 1820 Settlers on a hill to beam its jingoistic message to Grahamstown. In fact the analogy goes even further. Students are as hungry for a newspaper as the Black population is for the money being wasted on Grahamstown's latest addition to its Settler heritage.

A tiny portion of the money spent on selling Rhodes to the old Rhodians would be most welcome in financing a student newspaper, just as the huge appropriations to build an edifice to the past would be better used in building a monument to the present; even if it were only to build a housing complex in Grahamstown's location.

The remnants of a dying breed of 1820 Settlers who are trying desperately to build monuments to their past, and the Rhodes University Administration which is sacrificing the present for the future have one thing in common — neither have got their priorities right.

RHODEO STAFF

EDITOR: K. Swift.

LAYOUT MANAGER: M. Cooper.

STAFF: P. Kenny, M. Luckin, L. Brand, G. Watts, W. A. Nunn, J. Topping and Lots of Luck.

CJ blasts bombs

NOW THAT the sprigs of shimmering spring have finally swept the peaceful hamlet of Grahams-town, let us descend to the wettest business of all . . . the Rhodes swimming pool.

Increasingly in the past, I, the mighty and far seeing (I've got vision, the rest of the world wears bifocals), have seen more and more synthetic tans and plastic muscles at this famous spot of concrete cows, that I wish to abstain and only make a passing commentary (really — I'm apathetic, a popular sport on this campus, to say the least).

DOPPERDOM

Actually, apathy is a fine South African pastime. Most of us are sooner or later apathetic. Like Jolly John with his propensity for Klipdrift and Superman comics. (This was revealed by no less an authority than that Republican review Newsweek of New York.) Now that that great light of South African youth, that shining gem of dopperdom, that Master of Theology and enlightened ideology, has been revealed as the greatest Broederbok of all time, Dawie of RAU (commonly known as ROW). We can be glad that he never captained Rhodes at the old sport. (Dawie as a Toc at Rhodes would have been like Peter Hain as a demo at Tukkies.)

Talking about diving into the deep end, old Harry-the-Turkish-Delight really seems set on the way to saving our old Mafia from total extinction. They'll now be farmed off to some other platteland location. Who the hell do these Uppies think they are anyway . . . some think that they will lose the next general election and the next and the next and the next (amen) (burp).

PANEL VAN

I notice that Johannes Witkop (periodically seen on this campus) has joined the ranks

of the Prog Bourgeois elite. He has been equipped with a shining new blue and white panel van with northern suburbs modifications. Regrettably, dear old constitutional pedant, Nigelhole Heslop, dinged it when trying to negotiate Drostdy Arch's two poles. (Rumour has it that he is worried about one or two LL.B. credits this year.)

they so skillfully stalked at St. Georges last June.

Mr Comrades, in a moment of seriousness in this delightful spring. Bombings whether in Munich, Cape Town and, for that matter, in the Swimming Pool at Rhodes, are acts of the same base and cruel nature. They are all the same; the only difference

Cecil John



Actually, dear old Ian Smith and Dr Piet, would not really appreciate the mixed swimming that is going on at Rhodes. I notice that right after they had been ceremoniously booted out of the Olympic Frames by those enlightened Idi-otic (call me Adolph) Amen hurdlers, he suspended mixed swimming and the playing of God save good queen Bess after mixed sport. With the suspension of the Nobel Peace Prize a reliable source says he will be elected to the next Democratic convention and a post on the Broederbond Exec.

BOMBINGS

Despite the fact that apathy is a social malady and a national pastime, there certainly seems to be one group of breakers who do not have this plague. These are of course the starry Scorpio-boys, the right-wing of all right wings. Mickey Mouse and his Walt Disney cronies have not taken long to pursue the prey is the location of the bomber.

Hope you have a dry vac — see you all next year if this rag hasn't been closed down. — Ces.

Open letter from Rhodian

Dear Sirs,

I am proud to announce that Rhodian will appear weeks ahead of the normal deadline and well out of the red financially.

I would have been able to get the magazine out earlier if the administration had appointed censors a bit earlier in the year. This has held us up considerably, having to show the censors proofs of material which had already been sent to the printers.

With an enthusiastic staff and a good response from the residences, we have covered the enormous cost of some R700. Last year's Rhodian ran at an incredible loss, due to the high printing costs.

We hope that the people on the Hill and the oppidams will respond so as we can have a Rhodian next year. The grant at the moment is R200, about R500 too little, so cough up everyone! Reach deep down in that pocket which remains untouched, normally, except for buying beer.

Possibly the biggest feature of this year's Rhodian will be the section called "INSIGHT", a selection of papers by staff and students on politics, microbiology, academic freedom, the students newspapers of South Africa, etc. Not all staff members think this section is wonderful, from the response I have received.

Yours faithfully,

A. M. COOPER,
Editor of RHODIAN.

LONG SERVICE AWARDS



Presentations of cheques and watches were recently made to four employees of the University on the completion of 25 years' service on the staff of Rhodes. They are Mrs. Emma Mcowafi and Messrs. Alven Mxoli, Johnson Speckman and Ben Stephen. Three of the recipients are seen here with the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar.

The dynamics of apathy

DR. ABEL PHILISTINE, the well-known educational sociologist, has come up with some highly illuminating conclusions in his recent study, "The Dynamics of Apathy" (Monthly Bulletin of Educational Extrapolation and Related Schmoltz — August '72).

Here follows his conclusions: "In my study of respondent's views on the legitimacy of social institutions (my study centred on questions based on the legitimacy of an SRC), I found that 96,4 of the sample did not know what an SRC was, three per cent answered that it was illegitimate and 0,6 felt that sociology is a social disease and refused to answer any questions.

"The 0,6 that showed consensus on this deviant value had me worried and I decided that I could not extrapolate anything from any secondary analysis into this group because at that stage I had not done any and in any case any conclusions drawn from such secondary analysis can only be tentative until confirmed by primary research which I had done.

GET ON

"According to research studies into 'achievement motivation' it is widely held that almost all persons, of whatever class, will agree with statements like 'It is important to get on' (Scanzoni, 1967 : 456, Spaghetti 1920 : 123 and Minestrone, 1325 : 321). The mass of consensual results, however, permits no easy generalisations and there are also problems with L.O.A. (Levels of Analysis — Tweedledum 'The Analytical Sociology of Sociology' — University of Inner Mongolia Press 1967, page 19, 1037B).

"An important methodological reservation, however, should be made before continuing with my conclusions. Such a disjunction in the theoretical perspectives of Scanzoni, Spaghetti and Minestrone could mean either.

1. Their methodological approach was incorrect.

2. My methodological approach was incorrect or

3. We were all incorrect and I should devise a new approach that would take cognisance of variables like social distance, antipathy to the researchers and that the respondents are in fact human beings.

"Together with a panel of researchers we interviewed a selective sample of the Rhodes student community, one Joe Schmuck, who was selected by a complex process of elimination (for details of this process read 'Selection of Sociologically Responsive Respondents' by Dr. A. Philistine, price R35,99 including tax). We posed the following questions: 'Can you hear me?' 'Are you colour blind?' and 'Do you change your underwear regularly?' We received a positive response to all the questions except the first.

PHYSICAL ANALYSIS

"The negative results made us conclude that we should rely more on closer physical analysis of the respondent to determine whether in fact he was actually saying what we had heard him say. As a result we made the respondent open his mouth, while we held his tongue down with a spoon whenever he answered a question.

"Our overall conclusion was that we believe that apathy does exist among students, but we need more sociologists to research this most interesting group dynamic in order that we can pool our data in order to get more publications so that we can eliminate apathy by prescribing more of our books for students thereby inculcating a work ethic and generating a group sociological interest, in much the same way as the English Department has managed to do."

A Window is closed

By Andre P. Brink

WITH THE untimely death of Rob Antonissen a window closed for Afrikaans literature. Not only a window that let in air and light from outside but also one that made it possible for us to look to the outside and communicate with it.

When he came here in the late forties he brought with him a great European tradition. With his intimate knowledge and acquaintance with the literature and culture of the Low Countries, Germany, France, Italy, Spain and England, he was able to feed the love that he had from an early age for Afrikaans and South Africa. (A love so pure that when he became ill while on a lecture tour last year, he insisted that he be brought back to South Africa immediately from the land of his birth, Belgium, because he wanted to die in what he called "my own country".)

Through his long connection with Rhodes University, through his association with "Standpunte" and his numerous publications, he finally became the greatest critic that Afrikaans literature has ever known and will know for many years.

Rob Antonissen was to critique what N. P. van Wyk Louw was to South African poetry, and I use the word "critique" not with the stigma that is attached to it when most writers speak about critics.

Rob was not, as so many others, a failed writer and then turned critic, but a creative man who found fulfillment in his critical work.

To an important extent he became this, because in his work as in his life, he refused to compromise with mediocrity. He realised that only by demanding the very best in literature could the best be achieved in the long run.

In a situation where too many people seek an excuse in "a young literature" or "a young country" — as though youth is an excuse for any sin — he rigorously measured every work, from the most important to the most insignificant, against the best that could be written.

It was because of this integrity that he later became a sort of godfather to the whole younger generation.

In my own drawer, and those of many of my friends, lie manuscripts of novels, plays, poems or short stories that we shall never publish — because Rob did not regard them as good enough. His judgment gave us a deeper insight into our work and ourselves.

To those of us who got to know him in the context of our work, writers, poets, playwrights, academics, students, his death is an irreplaceable loss.



For those of us who also knew him as a person, it is even more — not only because of the Sartrean problem of "what a man can know of a man", but simply because you are left speechless by the remembrance of so much integrity, so much love, so much humility, so much humanity.

In him knowledge was purified to wisdom, and life acquired an added meaningful dimension. I wish to say, knowing what I am saying, in a world that knows and allows very little sanctity, Rob Antonissen has always been thanks to those of us who loved him, a shall forever be rich.

Whether one had a long discussion with him about art or music or philosophy, about politics or people, or whether one had a cup of tea with him for a few minutes, one left him with a new awareness of serenity and significance.

Even during his last illness he kept Tolstoy beside his bed, and when even reading became too much of an exertion, he exposed himself to music that was throughout his life his greatest love. Until three years ago he considered becoming a conductor. In the last months he knew that it was too late for that and everything else.

And still to the last possible moment he left himself open to everything that humanity had through so many ages gained in knowledge and beauty. Through this he gave meaning to what was accumulated in this way, and meaning to insignificant life itself — this small pilgrimage from darkness to darkness.

His pilgrimage was even shorter than that allotted by the Bible to most of us. And yet it was infinitely rich for him, and to us who go further.

A window has closed, but in us he opened windows that can never be shut. We are poor today. We are left like Leopoldt with a handful of meaningless leaves, but through those leaves, Rob Antonissen, we shall forever be rich.

Black wage body formed

THE DISPARITY between Black and White workers is one of the most striking features of the South African way of life. The Black worker is discriminated against in both commerce and industry — a recipient of below poverty-datum-line wages.

In a recent survey conducted by the Productivity and Wages Association, it was revealed that about 80% of Black wages in industry and commerce are below the P.D.L. The wages in mining, agriculture, and those of domestic servants are well below those of Commerce and Industry.

The country's Industrial laws prevent the Black worker from engaging in collective bargaining.

However, although the law does not legally recognise Black trade unions, they are allowed to exist. Given the history of White "trade union mercantilism" the fact that "the Black worker is not being underpaid because he is a miner, clerk, teacher, salesman, machinist, or social worker", but because of the colour of his skin, the Black workers must organise along racial lines.

Because of the fact that in South Africa it is the colour of a man's skin that determines his wage, the Black Allied Workers' Union is being formed.

On Thursday evening Mr. Eric Ngeleza and Mr. Freddy Mohojane arrived from Johannesburg to help organise a Black workers union on Rhodes campus. This will probably be affiliated to the Black Allied Workers' Union.

Mr. Ngeleza and Mr. Mohojane addressed almost the entire Black staff of Rhodes on Friday.

Despite the presence of Mr. Amerson's Security Officers, they received an enthusiastic response. On Friday night they addressed about 100 students and stressed the need for their "umbrella union".

At the meeting with students it was revealed that the Black Allied Workers' Union only had R58. They stressed that their Union did not regard White financial aid as paternalistic, provided there were no strings attached.

After the meeting a group of students decided to organise a fund-raising drive this week. The students hope to collect at least R500. The Black Allied Workers' Union needs a minimum of R17 000 a year to function adequately.

Drake Koka, one of the initiators of the ideal of a Black "umbrella union", claims that African workers reject "Kaffir-boetie" unions under TUCSA's wing.

Mr. Koka has also said that it is necessary for Black workers to reject their existence as a "Black pimple on the face of the White unions".

However, the independent Black umbrella union is a necessary means toward the goal of racial harmony. In the near future, the Black worker may cease to be a mere commodity to be exploited by the White minority. He may force the latter to acknowledge his humanity.

The visit of Mr. Ngeleza and Mr. Mohojane has definitely contributed to the realisation of this goal in Grahamstown.

WHITES FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY



Tiddlers unmasked

Stan Serfontein

IT CAME AS NO surprise this week that a plot to undermine "in loco parentis" and overthrow the student body was exposed when a circular from the chairman of the 13-man Tiddlebond executive (the "13 Apostles") was intercepted by the Postmaster General.

The document was signed by Roco Hartley, who signed himself as "Baggage Master". Unknown to the executive of this elitist Rhodian secret-society, a Rhodoe photographer had managed to sneak a photograph of its members at their most recent caucus and evidence has been led that Roco Hartley is actually the leading light behind this clandestine group now he has lost interest in this magazine.

An extract from the intercepted document reads as follows: "Buggers (all members of the society refer to each other as buggers), we are contemplating another tour of the Cape soon . . . you are advised to get into training for the hard weeks ahead . . ."

It has been speculated for some time now that the Tiddlebond (Band of Tiddlers) have been behind many of the plots to undermine the students at Rhodes. In fact some observers have gone so far as to posit that a secret cabal dictates university policy — not for example the university's hard line regarding dissident left-wing students and the heavy fining of students last May. They believe it is no coincidence that most Bondsmen are Oppidans and the fine money went in part to provide new coffee-tables in the Oppidan Common Room.

More sinister, however, is the fact that members of the executive have managed to infiltrate local schools as housemasters. They also have a strong hold on the sporting and legal fraternities. It is believed they also have strong interests in local liquor trading and have been largely instrumental in blocking a liquor licence to the exclusive new Rhodes Club.

It is also believed that Bond members are behind the move to build two rugby fields in the spacious passages in the New Student's Union.

For a number of years now the Bond executive have undertaken secretive tours of the Cape and Natal to illicit support for their organisation, and it is known that one of its members was involved in a plot to get at the President of the South African Cricket Union, Mr. Boon Wallace, via his daughter, but failed because he never played cricket.

Membership of the Bond is restricted to White male students under the age of 45 who must be able to consume two gallons of beer from a pewter potty while standing on their heads in 27 seconds and who must profess to be members of one of the exclusive drinking clubs at Rhodes. They must not be freemasons. They must have a clean character and firm principles and they must accept South Africa, Rhodesia or Lebanon as their only fatherland. Students over the age of 45 are accepted under circumstances of severe academic duress, or have to have passed their second year academic and 15th year social.

Candidates cannot apply for

membership which is reserved for students who somehow manage to attain the above mentioned proficiency and meet the other less important requirements.

Although, according to the organisation's constitution, all its individual member's stands are serious, collectively they never make a stand in public.

Concern is mounting about this organisation and their secret warcry, "We want to eeeeeeeat!" is no longer being heard outside women's residences late at night, indicating they have gone even further underground.

Members are also taught a secret hand-sign (which prior to this exposé had been taken as a friendly gesture), although it is believed not all members have yet gained full proficiency in its use.

Indications are, however, that there is a serious split in its ranks and the musclemen on the executive, Goon Fletcher and Shep Tarr, are known to be unhappy that Ray (the Don) Channing (known also as "the Captain") has shown nepotistic preference to his brother, Pos. Channing, by granting him membership to the executive in preference to an up-and-coming young politician, Jacko Blakes, who fought at the Battle of Victoria and is believed to relieve his experience nightly.

It is freely recognised by Bond observers, however, that the real brains behind the group is the extreme right-wing member, Getch McLaughlin, who for the past year has been handling the organisation's legal affairs. It is also rumoured that a serious candidate for the Bond's leadership is Pumper Pennefather, who has even retired from the rugby field and is believed to be giving his time wholly to Bond affairs and to improving his consumption so as to pose a real threat to the leadership.

Rhodes make rugby comeback

D. Neale-May

AFTER A RATHER dour start to the 1972 rugby season, the Rhodes University 1st XV underwent a dramatic change during the second half of the season to end up in second position behind the league winners, Hamiltons of East London.

Changing their "win at all costs" attitude to the traditional open student rugby, the successful Rhodes team moved from fourth place on the Border log at the end of the second term to a final second position.

Plagued by injuries throughout the season — this was demonstrated by the fact that 38 players played for the 1st XV at one time or another — the team really turned on the taps during the second half of the season, chalking up a 68—10 win over East London Police and a 52—14 win over Transkei.

UNFORTUNATE

The team was unfortunate to lose the services of their captain,



Back row: P. Stewart, Tubs Walker, R. Channing, M. McLoughlin, R. Pennefather, R. Harmuth. Front row: M. Young, P. Channing (the captain), R. Hartley (Baggage Master), B. Tarr, G. Fletcher.

What the Butler saw...

THE DIARY OF AN 1820 SETTLER (or what the butler saw).

Fond days they were. I became very friendly with the Raferty's. The old man had been a plumber in Liverpool when first we met. He filed my front teeth with his metal rasp before we set out for the Cape because, so he told me, the native food (an indigenous plant called biltongue) was particularly difficult to masticate, and required sharpened molars.

Never shall I forget that journey. Most of our party were sod diggers from Prescott, but amongst our numbers were two amazing characters, Phillips and Dawson. Phillips had made his money through a previous visit to the Cape and had managed to capture the agency for importing women's leopardskin underwear to England.

He was familiar with the customs in the Cape and he even

taught us some local words . . . "voetsek kaffir, ek is wit mens, and hoe jo bek jo wop", which we all practiced every morning when we dowsed down the ship's latrine.

PRISON

Dawson had just come out of prison for beating his wife to death with a grand piano that he had stolen from the Lion's Arms in Pinkington. We held him in great awe because all of us had harboured similar desires in past years, but had never been able to steal a grand piano.

The Cape was beautiful and everyone was so good to us. All was ready for a start for Graham's Town, but as we had some doubt whether the oxen understood English, we used what old Phillips had taught us on board. The oxen seemed to understand all right and the veld resounded with the echoes of "voetsek kaffir, ek is wit mens and hoe jo bek jo wop". It was a merry time indeed.

After some miles on our journey we met our first Boer (the name for the local yokels). He seemed a fairly cordial type of idiot, smiling a lot and constantly bending over to tie up his rugby-boot laces. I couldn't understand what he was saying and he rode away as soon as I had exhausted the short vocabulary that Phillips had taught me. He seemed to be in a bit of a hurry beating his Bantu pony with a cleft stick as if he would miss the siege of Mafeking.

We saw him again later that day with a whole lot of boers with rifles and bandaleros slung over their chests keeping a respectful distance from us.

Brother Ernie said they were protecting us from the kaffirs, but when one of them dismounted, and shot Dad, I wasn't so sure anymore!

We got to Graham's Town without further incident. I layed a complaint with the local landroost about the incident with the boers and then went with the rest of the lads to the boozier where we sang old borstal songs together. What won't boys do, even the Men Were Boys in those days.

This extract from an 1820 Settler diary is brought to you by the kind favour of the Furthurance of the 1820 Settler Culture and Sub-culture Associa-

tion which is an affiliate of the Woman's Auxilliary of the Salvation Army Pipe Band.

Bird of the year



Jo Leng

She cared...

BLACK ALLIED WORKERS' UNION
Needs your financial support.
THE TARGET IS — R200
MAKE IT MORE!
Collecting Day:
Friday, 6th October
All day: Everywhere

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