

CHAMBER OF MINES OF SOUTH AFRICA
ANTI-DUST CAMPAIGN SUB-COMMITTEE
POEM AND SLOGANS SUBMITTED BY
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Silica is our topic;
In little chips so microscopic
That the eye does not perceive it.
It is a menace, do believe it !
In form of dust it makes its way
Into your lungs. It comes to stay,
And there transforms the spongy tissue
Into a rock. That is the issue.
It would indeed be very strange
If, for the vital gas-exchange,
A lung like that would be efficient.
So, be as miner more proficient.
Good ventilation is a must
To blow away injurious dust,
And hosing, sprinkling, water-spraying
Has priority, of course.
As Stoffel Waterman was saying,
"It kills the dust right at its source."

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You may become as old as Moses
Unless your ailment's silicosis.

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Dust one cannot see
Is a miner's enemy.

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Turn the water on stronger
And be sure you live longer.

Don't fret,
Keep it wet.

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To water down well is no wasted labour.
It lengthens your life - and that of your "neighbour".

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<u>Blasting</u>	Don't re-enter	or	For minutes gained today
	At a canter		You're giving years away.

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<u>Blowing</u>	Don't blow out with air	or	Without water
<u>out Holes</u>	Unless water is there,		It's manslaughter.

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<u>Scraping</u>	Don't start pulling before	or	Before you scrape ore
	You have wetted the ore.		Use water - galore.

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<u>Lashing</u>	Don't bluff !	or	Don't provoke it !
	Drench the stuff !		First soak it !

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<u>Tipping</u>	Filters prevent pollution !
	A spray is another solution.

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Through you the mine will acquire its wealth
But not at the cost of your life - and your health.