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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Stan Sikakane beats Mica Nhlapo

Stanley Sikakane, the 34 year-old left-hander, beat Michael Nhlapo, the six-foot-two Tvl. Bantu champ 6-3, 6-3, 6-1, in the men's singles final of the Transvaal Tennis Federation "open championships" played at the Indian Sports Ground, on Saturday, July 18.

Nhlapo surprisingly offered negligible resistance and never looked like a winner throughout the match. Yes, he did hit a few of his famous fierce backhand drives, but they were too sporadic to change the phase of the match. On the other hand, Sikakane, who, because of past victories over Mica, started odds on, exhibited more confidence by dictating the pace of the game right from the beginning.

Mrs. Davies New Women's Champion

After starting shakily in the first set which she lost 3-6, against Mrs. Davies, Miss Nolwane raised the hopes of her supporters by an easy 6-1 win in the second set, with

Unpleasantness foreseen in T'vaal Rugby circles

Transvaal, like South Africa, has signed a death warrant to its rugby affairs, and the only matter in doubt as far as Transvaal is concerned, is where is the cemetery.

The secretary Mr. Ros. Ndziba, has directly and ably contributed to the downfall of this province.

The reader may justifiably question himself how I come to liken South Africa's fate to Transvaal's. The answer is that Mr. Ndziba is the secretary of this province, and through utter inefficiency accompanied by some other factors, he has thrown Transvaal's fame into the book of oblivion. To add to this unsatisfactory state of affairs, he is now secretary of the South African Rugby Board. I do not congratulate the S.A. delegates for this irresponsible selection.

Mr. Mxakato is equally to blame for mismanagement of Rugby affairs in the Transvaal. Compare the Mxakato-Ndziba regime with that of Ben-Mazwi-Sondlo in 1950, when there was no official presentation of trophies, which was unprecedented in the annals of this province. The contributory factor of Transvaal's low standard of rugby is traceable to the poor administration, and lest this is immediately remedied, I foresee a great deal of unpleasantness at our newly opened and beautiful Oval.

There are three newly born babes in the Transvaal, namely Breakers, Villagers and Tembu who seem to be dying at birth as a result of the poor administration. It is regrettable that Tembu and Breakers determined, courageous and well constituted as they are, should be the victim of such circumstances.

A peculiar feature among the Transvaal rugby fans is a general cry for positions, and even those who have knowledge of their incompetence and inefficiency will not only stand but also canvas for election. A halt must be called to this complex.

On Sunday July 19 no fixtures were played, and those which were played during tournament may likely be announced as void, as they formed a happy cross-word puzzle. This will extend the rugby season to early January.

—Allan Klaas.

Bloemfontein soccer results

The following are the results of the Bloemfontein African Football Association matches played on July 4 and 5:

B. Division: Coronation Mighty Force beat Shooting Stars 3-1, King's Cup drew 4-4 with Zoo Movement. Golden Lads v.o. Black Birds, Coronation Mighty Force v.o. Hibernians, Zoo Movement v.o. Golden Lads.

C. Division: Black Bombers beat Motherwell 2-1, Shooting Stars beat Coronation Mighty Force 2-0, Blue Birds beat Ravens 2-0, Black Birds beat Basutoland Lads 7-2, Zoo Movement beat Hibernians 4-3, Young Darkies beat King's Cup 4-0.

Reserve League: Black Bombers beat King's Cup 1-0.

—by Fulcrum

Sporting world in brief

HEILBRON: A big tournament took place here on July 12 and 13, the following towns took part: Harrismith, Bethlehem, Heilbron. On July 12 Bethlehem played against Harrismith the score being 2-1 in favour of Bethlehem. In the afternoon Heilbron beat Harrismith score 3-2. Bethlehem 0, Heilbron 0. On July 13 Bethlehem and Heilbron met again the score being 2-1 in favour of Bethlehem.

After the tournament the Heilbron Bethlehem Bantu Association combined team played the All Blacks F.C. a member of the All Blacks F.C. Football Association. The match was thrilling, the score being 6-5 in favour of the "Blacks." Strange to say some of the best players of the "Blacks" were on holiday.—by spectator.

ORLANDO: The Communal Hall was turned into a muscle-popping gallery recently, when twenty-four body-builders from the Pimville, Kliptown and White City Barbel Clubs met in fund-raising variety programme. These, otherwise irregular sportsmen had come with one determined aim—to convince a not too glib audience that muscles did pay off.

Interviews, indicated a round 1-am-sold-to-it reaction. The musclemen had certainly scored.

Moremi (BTI), B. Modipa (Lyd.), S. Mokobane (BTI), 4. High Jump: A. Moremi (BTI), M. Seehole (BTI), B. Moroka (Lyd.) 5. Short Put: A. Moremi (BTI), E. Mambolo (BTI), B. Moroka (Lyd.), 6. Relay: A. Moremi (BTI), C. Mashego (Lyd.), M. Seehole and S. Mokobane (BTI).

First teams in the soccer division played 2-0 in favour of the college. Second teams 2-1 in favour of the college. Basketball first teams played 28-28 draw. 2nd teams 21-12 in favour of Bothsabelo. The debate was unfortunately cancelled on account of adverse climatic conditions.

—J. P. Nohabefeng



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School sports

Pretoria: Results of the first teachers in training association football promotions, held: Indian Sports Ground were: Pretoria and District Bantu Football Association (Juniors) drew with Pretoria and District Indian Football Association (Juniors) — one all.

Pretoria and District Bantu Football Association. (This was the same 11 that played the 1st. match) beat Atteridgeville Homesteads B-4-2.

Pretoria and District Bantu Football Association "A" beat Pretoria and District Indian Football Association "A" 2-0.

The famous Atteridgeville Homesteads "A" beat Northern and Pretoria Football Association (Coloureds) 4-2. This was the most spectacular match of the day. The Homesteads time and again broke through the backline of the Coloureds with ease. Kalamazoo of the S.A.B.F.A. thrilled the spectators with his intelligent dribbling.

On behalf of the Executive Committee and the sponsors I wish to thank the teams that made this day a success. Thanks to the public for the wholehearted support. Although the Johannesburg Moroka Lions did not turn up the day was as pleasant as ever.—J. Mojabelo

Ottosdal: This school had its annual sports day recently. The day was of a great interest to the children and their parents. The local school has chosen names of great African men and named the competing groups: Dinare, Chaka, King Solomon and Khama. The day started with sports. There was a boy in the Chaka House called Elias Tshenye, who won nearly all the races with exception of 880 and mile. In high and long jumps he was the only one who cleared 5 feet 2 ins. followed by Israel Leburu who jumped 5 feet.

At the end of the sports the last was the mile race, and in this event Khama were winners in both seniors and

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LESLIE MCKENZIE'S CAREER OVERSEAS

by Kelly P. Michaels

LESLIE MCKENZIE "HUMAN DYNAMITE" BOOT-MAKING BOXER FROM P.M.B. IS UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE WELTERWEIGHTS PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS.

His cool methodical boxing and terrific punching, both here and in England have run him out of welterweight opposition. 12 months ago after beating Simon Greb, McK, left for England. He drew his first fight, Tommy Hinson was the lucky man. Owen Trainor next on the list was whipped in 5 rounds. Trainor incidentally announced his retirement immediately afterwards.

The third fight was against the Northern Areas champion Ernie Vickers. After five gruelling rounds, Leslie left a wiser man. Willie Whyte a "Scot" and champion of his country lasted 2 rounds. Mac without compunction belted the living daylight out of this fellow.

This bout was referred to as "the battle of left hooks." If anything Leslie had a slight lead up to the half-way mark and it all seemed plain sailing until the Englishman unleashed three mean left hooks that had Leslie floundering for a spell, and then with the nicest left hook ever witnessed Mac dropped Ratcliffe.

To this day London and Ava Gardner, the film star who was present, are still wondering how the spreadeagled Ratcliffe got up at the count of 8. Mac won and was next billed to fight Roy Baird at Liverpool. This contest ended in a draw and Mac never got the promised return bout.

Then came his last fight in the British Isles, Jackie Braddock brother to Frank Johnson signed to fight at 10 stone 9 lbs. and appeared at the weigh-in

at least 9 1/2 lbs. heavier. Conceding weight and almost 5 1/2 inches in height he seemed almost too much, but believe it or not Mac nearly killed Braddock to lose a hotly disputed decision.

Singh has decided to put McKenzie on in Durban in defence of his title shortly.

This is what Benny Singh says about overseas campaigning: "I'm very happy about my trip overseas both with Baby Batter and Leslie McKenzie. When I first launched Mac. I was charged with building up another, 'Get up' but I knew that here, I had Baby Batter II. I agree luck has a lot to do with these discoveries, but you would be amazed at the heartbreaks and hard work in this building-up process.

18 Bouts at PM'burg

Maritzburg Bantu Amateur Boxing Association will stage a big bill of 18 bouts, some of them return fights on August 7.

This promotion will be held under the auspices of the Natal Midlands Amateur Boxing Association.

Adams beat Kilnerton

A big crowd saw Adams College students beat Kilnerton XI 1-0 recently at the Bantu Sports Ground, Pretoria. These games which will be staged annually are called Charity Bennett Challenge Matches. Gate takings will go to the Mendi Memorial Scholarship Fund and Adams

African boxers and body-punching

"The body is bigger than the head." This was the famous advice given to a white South African boxer by an old Negro who watched him go through the motions in preparation for the Olympic Games at Los Angeles U. S. A. in 1932. The boxer took the advice and won the Olympic lightweight title. Coming home he joined the paid ranks and won the lightweight title and on winning the Empire title he became a leading contender for World honours — and this because he took the old Negro's advice. His name? Laurie Stevens.

is being echoed by boxing critics and experts throughout the world.



Congo Kid (Johannes Mahlungu) shown above, returned recently from England where he was managed by Benny Singh together with Les McKenzie. The Kid unsuccessfully defended his S.A. lightweight title on July 11 Mac hopes to defend his S.A. welter title soon.

Body-punching is a big asset to any boxer's repertoire. It has the effect of sapping the strength of even a tough opponent and slowing down a fast moving one. I suppose it is not in vogue among our boxers because it does not bring quick results. Punching to the face can usually draw blood or inflict a cut and this is encouraging to a boxer while it has the opposite effect on the opponent. Furthermore the fact that fights are usually stopped in favour of one boxer, if the other has a bad cut, makes the face a much more attractive target than the body.

Post-war years have produced four outstanding body-punchers namely: Jake Tuli, "Jolting Joe" Maseko, Michael Twala and Hank (Homicide) Mahlo. Though "Jolting" Joe and Jake Tuli are body-punchers of note, it can be rightly said that their main forte is not body-punching only; but that it is part of their boxing repertoire. Yet Michael Twala who was active during the years 1946 and 1948, winning thebantamweight title in 1947 and earning the nickname of "perpetual motion" for his non-stop, all action style, was a fighter who concentrated mainly on the mid-section. Even today, they still remember his clever body-punching in Durban.

Hank (Homicide) Mahlo is probably the greatest body-puncher ever to appear in a non-European ring. It would be no exaggeration to say that he made his mark in our boxing not because of his boxing ability in the sense of using the good old left hand lead; but mainly because of

his body-punching. In Cape Town, Durban and of course Johannesburg he is remembered as a fearless attacker to the body.

I hope that with men like Hank Mahlo and Michael Twala now acting as trainers and managers there will be a renaissance of body-punching in our boxing. — Simon Mogapi.



Young Seabela of Sophiatown issued a challenge in the ring to the winner of the Congo Kid-Ellis Brown S.A. lightweight contest at the B.M.S.C. Johannesburg on July 11. Mr. Andy Thophane, ace promoter of the T.V.L. is arranging for this fight which, if it comes off, should be a thriller. Seabela will meet the new champion, Ellis Brown. The bill is tentatively planned for August 29.

Printed by Proprietors — Bantu Press (Pty.) Ltd., and published by the Bantu News Agency Ltd., all of — 11 Newclare Road, Industria, Johannesburg.

Sports Editor's postbag: JBFA touring team manager dispels rumour

Sir,—In your issue of July 18, there appeared a S. A. P. A. report that a Johannesburg team had left the field in protest against the referee's disallowing a goal during the soccer tournament in Bulawayo has had on the soccer-loving yo for the Alick Stuart Cup.

In view of the unhappy bearing this report has had on the soccer-loving public, I have been asked to make a statement on those matches and to point out the error in that report.

Eleven teams had been invited to take part in the Rhodes Centenary tournament. These were J.B.F.A., Kimberley, Mafeking, Bechuanaland, Bulawayo, Gatoma, Umtali, Beira, Lusaka, Copperbelt and Belgian Congo (Katanga). On the morning of Saturday July 11, however, only five teams had reported, and the delegates of these teams decided to run the tournament on a point system. Accordingly fixtures were drawn and J.B.F.A. met Copperbelt, while Bulawayo met Kimberley. J.B.F.A. beat Copperbelt 2-1, and Bulawayo beat Kimberley 5-1.

The following day Umtali arrived, and it was decided to regard the matches of July 11 as merely friendlies and to run the tournament on a knock-out system as from Sunday July 12. A draw was made, and Umtali played Katanga, Bulawayo played Kimberley, while J.B.F.A. and Copperbelt were a bye. Katanga beat Umtali 2-1, and Bulawayo beat Kimberley 6-1.

The draw for Monday July 13 was Bulawayo vs. Katanga, and J.B.F.A. vs. Copperbelt. Bulawayo beat Katanga 2-1. It was in the last match between J.B.F.A. and Copperbelt that the incidents referred to in your report took place. J.B.F.A. had been down 1-2 when they scored the equaliser four minutes from time. The referee pointed to the centre and the ball was accordingly centred for a re-start of the game. Then the referee blew his whistle again and pointed to a spot

Bloemfontein Soccer Log

B. Division	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.
Young Dairies	16	14	0	2	28
Basutoland Lads	16	13	2	1	28
Black Bombers	16	12	2	2	26
King's Cup	16	10	3	3	23
Zoo Movement	16	10	2	4	22
Shooting Stars	16	8	5	3	21
Ravens	16	9	2	5	20
Blue Birds	16	6	4	6	18
Coronation	16	7	3	6	17
Hibernians	16	6	0	10	12
Young Buses	16	4	3	9	11
Bitter Bitters	16	4	2	10	10
Black Birds	16	3	2	11	8
Golden Lads	16	3	2	11	8
Oriental Callies	16	4	0	12	8
S.A. Police	16	3	1	12	7
XI Fighters	16	1	1	14	3

— by FULCRUM

next to the Copperbelt goals. Both players and spectators were stunned at the referee's sudden change of decision, and the captain approached the referee to ask for an explanation. The referee explained that the linesman had awarded an off-side.

In the meantime hordes of spectators had swarmed in to the field. In the confusion that ensued the referee left the field, and the Chairman of the Association ruled that the match would be replayed the following day at 10 a.m., so that winners could be ready for the finals at 4 p.m.

The next day, a report appeared in the 'Bulawayo Chronicle,' that the match had been awarded to the Copperbelt team. A meeting was immediately summoned and in the course of the discussions it transpired that the referee had met the Manager of the Copperbelt team the previous day and told him that the match had been awarded to his team. The Copperbelt team therefore refused to replay the match, and the meeting agreed that they should meet Bulawayo in the finals. Bulawayo beat them 6-1 and retained the Alick Stuart Cup.

The tournament ended in a spirit of goodwill and fraternization. It was in this spirit that Bulawayo, the Cup Holders, decided to play J.B.F.A. in Johannesburg during the weekend of September 5-7 next.

—P. D. Mokgokong, Manager.

● **J.B.F.A. team:** Sam Tauyane (captain), Isaiah Dumakude, Thomas Raphael, John Dikae, Naphtal Kumalo, Simon Khojane, Felix Sono, Benjamin Riet, Isau Tlototane, Cecil Denalane, Michael Ramogasa, Levy Legodi, Name Sehlabaka, Mr. R. Hlongwane (Travelling Official), Mr. P. C. Mokgokong (manager).

● **Zaikes nets penalty kick.** Zaikes confused the keeper with body movements only to push the ball slowly and it ran in leaving the goalie in astonishment. From thence the tide turned in favour of Johannesburg but unfortunately their front line shot sky high balls at the goals. With three minutes to go Zaikes got hold of a ball in the centre of the field, passed it to Toffee and then to Zaikes, Jackie, Sithebe, Bookie and July who scored. The referee allowed it as a goal but the linesman who was a European said it was an offside.

● **Spectators Protest** The 2,500 spectators including Europeans were mad with anger 2,500 people saw a clear ball scored but one man opposed it. The match ended as a result of this dispute. The Rhodesians crowded the referee. Very unfortunately for the Johannesburg players, Bulawayo did not want to face them for the final matches as Copperbelt refused to replay. What the Bulawayo association did, was to give the match over to the Copperbelt without playing the final on Tuesday will never be forgotten.

Asked about the match, the manager of the Johannesburg visitors said: "It's some of those things you should expect in life."

On Tuesday, Durban who wanted a friendly match, played Congo and lost 3-4. Bulawayo played Copperbelt and won 6-0 in Bulawayo. — Mayo Moyo, Secretary.

BULAWAYO SOCCER SECRETARY ON RHODES CENTENARY TOURNAMENT

THE RHODESIAN AFRICAN FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION, SEEING THAT FEW FOOTBALL CLUBS HAD ARRIVED IN TIME FOR THE CENTENARY CUP COMPETITION, DECIDED TO RUN THE COMPETITION ON A POINTS SYSTEM. SO ON SATURDAY JULY 11 WHILST S.A. SOCCER FANS WERE AT THE RAND STADIUM WITNESSING SOUTH AFRICA VS. DUNDEE TEST MATCH BULAWAYO LOVERS OF PIG-SKIN GAME WERE WATCHING JOHANNESBURG VS. COPPERBELT AND KIMBERLEY VS. BULAWAYO MATCHES.

The Bulawayo vs Kimberley match ended in Bulawayo's favour by a 5-1 victory. The first Test match was J.B.F.A. vs. Copperbelt. Johannesburg excited the 2,000 spectators of Europeans, Indians, Coloureds and Bantu with short passing and "skipping the ball movements". They beat Copperbelt 3-1.

Unfortunately for the victors, some teams arrived late and the competition had to be run on a knock-out system. All the matches played previously were declared "friendlies".

The Johannesburg team that beat Copperbelt was composed of the following players: Name (goalie), Tauyane Capt., Five Roses, full-backs Larwasha and Inch Quarter (backline); front-line Oog, Jack, Bookie, Zaikes, July and Toffee at centre half. Their play was not bright as the one that caused a sensation of which I will tell you later.

● **Knock Out System** Bulawayo again beat Kimberley 6-1 on Sunday July 12 and Belgian Congo beat Umtali 2-1. Umtali (Rhodesia) took the lead and kept the Belgians down until interval, when they reshuffled their team at the back line making a mistake of their life. Belgian Congo penetrated easily gaining a 2-1 lead. Two clubs were eliminated out of the competition leaving Copperbelt — Johannesburg — Bulawayo and Congo. Bulawayo played Congo and J.B.F.A. and Copperbelt. This was on July 13. At 2.30 p.m. the Barberfield was packed to see these young Johannesburgers who caused sensation. People of

Bulawayo never saw such beautiful football for a long time. In my opinion even Dundee is not comparable to them.

Bulawayo and Congo took the field at 2.30 p.m. Congo through roughness lost the match. They were penalised time and again. Bulawayo made good use of the free kicks which gave them a 3-1 victory.

At 4.00 p.m. Copperbelt met Johannesburg the second time but with a different team. Johannesburg also changed their team to play in the final. There was a crowd of 2,500 this time who saw a match that will never be forgotten for a long time in our Rhodesia.

Their side was as follows: Name (goals), Tauyane Capt. and Five Roses (back line), Chriso and Inch three-quarter, Zaikes (bravery centre half), front line: Jack, Toffee, Bookie, Sithebe, July, Oog and Larwasha. Copperbelt quickly took advantage of the weak opposition and scored one. The unfortunate Johannesburgers kicked over the goal-mouth every time. The centre half Zaikes fed the centre-forward with the ball making desperate moves that had the spectators on their feet shouting on top of their voices. After interval Copperbelt registered another goal, that spurred the Johannesburg players to greater efforts. In the ensuing struggle Copperbelt full backs kicked Bookie and a penalty was awarded to the J.B.F.A. There was a quarrel as to who should kick the ball until their manager

shouted that it should be given to Zaikes.

● **Zaikes nets penalty kick.** Zaikes confused the keeper with body movements only to push the ball slowly and it ran in leaving the goalie in astonishment. From thence the tide turned in favour of Johannesburg but unfortunately their front line shot sky high balls at the goals. With three minutes to go Zaikes got hold of a ball in the centre of the field, passed it to Toffee and then to Zaikes, Jackie, Sithebe, Bookie and July who scored. The referee allowed it as a goal but the linesman who was a European said it was an offside.

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On Tuesday, Durban who wanted a friendly match, played Congo and lost 3-4. Bulawayo played Copperbelt and won 6-0 in Bulawayo. — Mayo Moyo, Secretary.

Good news for Western Transvaal amateur boxers is the formation of a Non-European Amateur Boxing Association with headquarters at Krugersdorp. Among the aims of the Association will be the holding of annual championships and other tournaments and generally to deal with all matters affecting amateur boxing in the area governed by the Association.

The colours of the Association will be red and white, boxers wearing white vests and red shorts.

At the inaugural meeting, Councillor T. Holcroft of Krugersdorp was acting chairman, and was later unanimously elected chairman. Mr. M. Schmidt was elected President and Mr. F. S. Bredt an honorary secretary.

The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, July 29, in the offices of the Non-European Affairs Department in Krugersdorp City Hall.

TULI MAY FIGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA NEXT MONTH

Exclusive cable from Bill Bailey, Boxing Editor: "Star", London.

If the offers that have been made to Jake Tuli are acceptable he may fight in South Africa in the very near future. During the present boxing "off season" in Britain he is returning to Johannesburg for a short holiday and his Manager, Jim Wicks, is quite agreeable to him combining pleasure and business.

Wicks has received some "very tempting" offers to match Tuli against South African fighters while the Zulu Kid is back home. The decision whether he should or should not have one or more fights while he is in South Africa is, however, being left to Tuli.

Jake has been away from Johannesburg for a year now and has naturally felt homesick at times. He has no fights scheduled here for a few weeks and has decided to take the opportunity to go back and see his relatives and friends in Johannesburg.

FOLLOW THE CHAMPION'S LEAD AND SMOKE Commando

The other day Tuli went to Enfield in Middlesex to present prizes at a big fete. It was at Enfield where he first stayed when he arrived in England at a place called the White House, and he made himself very popular with the local inhabitants.

That is why he was invited to take the trip out again and present the prizes. He took with him his two stable companions, Joe Lucy who is number one challenger for the vacant British lightweight championship, and Alex Buxton who is number one challenger to Dennis Powell for the British lightweight championship, two of his friends who are hoping to make a treble of championships for the stable.

HELPED THEMSELVES Wicks says: "I can get plenty of these free jobs for Tuli all over the country. Still, it is advisable to accept as many as possible because it keeps him in the public eye. A boxer lives and earns his money by his popularity with the boxing fans."

Tuli says: "I'm looking forward to seeing all my friends again and to catching up with that other champion—Commando, my tip-off for first place cigarettes". "Commando has been my constant companion and all the important people who have visited me in my dressingroom after every fight have helped themselves and expressed pleased surprise at their high quality."



Jake Tuli, who had a supply of his favourite Commando cigarettes sent to him in England, sends this message to his many South African supporters:

"I go 'Round the Town' with Commando Round. Take my tip, Commando wins on points every time"



Commando

FILTER · CORK · PLAIN — TENS · TWENTIES · FIFTIES

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INSIDE INFORMATION

- + By the seaside
- + New Serial
- + Syd's Sweeties
- + Comic

No. 1

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BANTU WORLD

AUGUST 1, 1953

THUMBS UP !



Bad Man With A Beret

I have told you of the pioneers of boxing in Johannesburg. There was a boxing stable in Good Street, Sophiatown, known as the "Undermoon Hall" from which came some of the craftiest fighters and most prominent trainers of today. Old Mokoena, grand old man of boxing, had among his pupils men such as Fernando Mathos, the brave "heavy" Portuguese ring bull.

Edwin Kopo, tall, lanky fighter with a terrific punch was another. "Battling George," master footworker, joined the stable later after leaving Ekutuleni. Then there was "Skebengwa" who knew no defeat, and the boxing wonder, the medium height, dark-skinned beret-wearing "Sam Lonford" Mgodoi; he excelled in and out of the ring and earned himself the gang name of "Bad Man."

This fellow ushered in a new era in boxing; he had a way of back-peddling while punching left and right rapidly, and so drawing his man straight for a coup de grace. He would stop suddenly, let loose with a left upper-cut, and a mean right across would send his opponent reeling onto the canvas.

This dagga-smoking lad was, indeed, also a gaol-bird! Leaving gaol after a three-months' sentence—at 7 a.m., he would figure in the ring the same evening against a seasoned opponent and still win the fight on a knockout without previous training. In his view, a boxer should naturally be fit and not depend on special training.

Why was he called a "Bad Man?" It is because both old and young in the underworld were frightened of him; using his fists where necessary, he would, if things went a bit tough, draw a knife or a gun with remarkable speed and make a good job of it. When he decided at one stage to live in Alexandra Township, he formed a "toughs" gang of robbers, murderers and "hellcats." Had boxing been on present-day footing, the "Boston Tar Baby" would have been saved from following the ruinous path he chose.

In Alexandra one night, the gang went out on a hunt which was all "easy way" until an African shopkeeper thought he would not let them have it all their own way. One of the gang, however, pulled the trigger and the gun barked death at the unfortunate man. The gang was then rounded up

and arrested; "The Bad Man" who had quite a record of convictions for murder, robbery, theft and assault was found guilty. Likewise a henchman from Orlando, "Godoi," both were sentenced to death.

Other members of the gang received imprisonment terms ranging from three to eight years.

Of robbery exploits I witnessed personally was one when "The Bad Man," armed with four revolvers—two in



by

ZORRO

either pocket of the coat and the others in the trousers pockets—exact money from prospective buyers. He would draw one and demand £6; the buyer would examine the instrument and, satisfied, tender the money over. Money and revolver having changed hands, "The Bad Man" would let the buyer pace a few yards off, and would then follow with a drawn revolver, calling on the other to face him; not only that, demanding at the same time the return of the revolver, at pistol point.

In such circumstances, argument has no room and both revolver and six pounds

became the possession of "The Bad Man."

Pimville, often styled "e-Skoom," has since the years been a tough spot. I recall those early days when characters like "Bob Lamolah," "Maphefu," "Beaver"—sometimes called "Gibbs" or "Gibba"—Rufus "Steelworks" were the strong men of the day. I recall brushing shoulders with all types of people, and I thank my lucky stars I'm alive today.

One man in Pimville, whom I feared, was "Railway." It was said of him that he had been stabbed a hundred times during life. He came from Vrededorp where he left a notorious name. It is said of him that after giving his victim a sound beating, the police would refuse to take action. "Railway" was a master at the "knifing" art, and for every two stabs landed on him by his opponent, he was said to reply with six.

It was at a dice-throwing school in Pimville one Monday morning that a small, lean chap cut his way into a gang, and demanded a chance to throw. I protested and asked him to await his turn. He obeyed without murmur, but after a time, someone remarked that "Railway" had not lost much money in the game. This frightened me; I asked quietly to be shown this "giant" of the underworld, "Railway."

These fellows laughed at me, one reminded me of the small man with whom I had an altercation earlier and, still frightened, I realised that I had brushed shoulders with this greatly-feared man, "Railway."

Of other toughs in the area, I remember "Cope" who was hanged for murders; "Keds" who runs a business today. But, of course, Pimville has also produced good soccerites, among them players for the "Sweepers," "Great Horse Powers" and "Callies."

SYD'S SWEETIES



WE BETTER WAIT UNTIL THE AUTUMN JOE

LAUGHS

Nurse: "said a girl, 'do you know that a child was fed on donkey's milk and gained twenty pounds in two days?'"
"Nonsense," exclaimed the nurse, "how can that be?"
Girl: "It was the donkey's child."
By Isiah Maseko, Witbank.

not; there would be four ears to wash."—Victor Mashiane, Hammanskraal.

After working for 10 minutes a boy was paid 1s. 0d. and the elder one 12 pennies. Said the younger one in anger, "No, no, Sir, how can you give me less than that one?"
—Samuel T. Kekana, Irene.

Teacher: "Jack, what will you offer yourself so that you will become rich and be a nobleman?"
Jack: "I shall buy myself a land of dreams and a land of news. Then I shall be the richest man in the world."
—Barnabas Rabede, Pretoria.

Jack: "Do you know what, there was a burglar in our house last night."

Mother: "And what is more, I want you to understand that two heads are better than one." Willie: "No, they are

Frank: "You don't say! And what did your father do under the circumstances?"

Jack: "He was not under the circumstances—he was under the bed."—William de Jager, Robinson.

ASK THE DOCTOR

Joseph Mahlangu — Munsieville Location — Krugersdorp: writes—

Could you please tell me what can I use for pimples?

The following should help you. Ask your chemist to make up for you a lotion containing Sulphate of Zinc and Sulphurated Potassium, one and a half drams of each to 4 ounces of Rose Water.

Shake the bottle up well, and pour some of the lotion into a clean saucer. Soak a clean piece of lint in the lotion, and dab it all over your face. When the lotion dries it will leave a powder. Rub this powder in with a dry hand. Repeat this treatment 3 to 4 times a day. After a week of this lotion treatment, you can get from the chemist an ointment containing 50% of Glycerin of Starch in an equal amount of Salicylic Acid ointment, which you can apply freely to your face at night. Please let us know how you progress.

J. C. Kokoro—P. O. Box 20, Vaalwater — writes:

I have lumbago as a result of a continuous bending during a strenuous work one day. It is three years back. Every time I stand or sit for a long time the pain is aroused.

The probable cause of your "lumbago" or backache is a displace intervertebral disc.—As you know the spine is composed of a number of small bones called vertebrae. Between each pair of vertebrae there is a pad or disc of gristle or cartilage which acts as a shock absorber. Displacement of this disc is a very common cause of backache.

The only way to find out is by an X-Ray of your spine. If the cause is found to be a displaced disc, you will have to wear a special spinal support.

Any other cause for backache can also be discovered by X-Ray and the appropriate treatment given.

The commonest cause of bleeding gums is rubbing too hard with the toothbrush, especially if the gums have receded i.e. pushed away from the crown. When there is recession of the gums, the cement i.e. the thin bony layer covering the roots of the teeth is exposed. Through this cement pass tiny blood vessels and nerves, and if rubbed too hard will tend to bleed, and may even be painful. The proper way to brush your teeth is to brush the upper and the lower teeth separately, behind as well as in front, start at the gums and brush lightly towards the biting edges.

HOW MANY MATCHES?



Here's Number 5 of our very popular picture puzzles. Look very carefully at the picture and count the number of matches. Then send your answer to: Picture Puzzle No. 5, Mayibuye, P.O. Box 6663, Johannesburg.

There's the usual £1. 0. 0. waiting for the lucky winner.



WE'RE OFF!

NEWCLARE

We love Mnini. We have seen what are called waves and we have swum in them. In the sand we find small things which look like stones and are called shells. We eat big meals and we enjoy sugar-cane. We play softball and basket-ball. We like the big trees which give shade when it's hot.—Francis Mokoka.

ORLANDO

Mnini Holiday Camp is very wonderful we enjoy bathing and watching the waves jumping about like big sheep. We often watch men fishing. The weather is just right. We pick up shells of lots of different colours. It's the most wonderful holiday we've ever had.—Miriam Lekema.

VEREENING

We saw the sea while we were in the train. Fancy! we all decided not to go in. But when we got to Mnini, we raced to the beach and someone showed us how to go into the water up to our knees. Then we decided the sea was something which we could enjoy and we wanted to go in all the time. Oh, I hope I'll go home being fat because we got lots to eat. I'll never forget the nice time I've had at Mnini Camp.—Salaminah Lesesa.



It's nice to be beside the seaside

At last the long expected day dawned with a bitter easterly wind blowing over the Reef and Pretoria, but that did not deter our members, who were looking forward to their holiday at Mnini Camp.

The Vereening Clubs were first to arrive in Johannesburg. Brakpan and Benoni Clubs followed and pandemonium broke loose when Newclare and Orlando Clubs brought up the rear.

The whole station reminded one of a scene in the cities of the East. At that time the train for Durban was announced at platform 9 and 10 and as the groups left platform 17 and 18 they were beyond control as they rushed into the platform with their luggage on their heads, not heeding the officials at the barriers.

Down they went but no sooner were they there, up again they had to come to platform 5 and 6, where the Durban train had by now pulled in.

When they saw the name Durban, their joy knew no bounds as they realised that their dreams had at last come true. Cameras clicked, passengers pushed, luggage fell. There was

confusion as all tried to get the best compartment for themselves. Parents also added to the excitement by giving last messages to leaders and daughters. When the last gong sounded the parents and children were almost hoarse from saying the many farewells.

The train pulled out carrying the excited girls on their first stage to Mnini. All along the way their voices rose as they sang both African love songs and American jazz numbers; when the sun set they remembered their provision trunks and showed enormous appetites. After their meals they went to sleep.

On the following morning they were up with the last running up and down getting themselves washed and ready to see the beautiful scenery between Pietermaritzburg and Durban. They saw the palm trees and were spellbound to see the banana trees with the green bananas on them. The long tunnels through which the train passes first frightened them. Mariannhill brought memories to some as the name was often mentioned at home by some of their parents who were educated there. Maydon Wharf with ships being loaded... then Durban in sight, and all prepared to leave the train. When the train pulled in at Durban the girls were greeted by the clicking of cameras, and who could have come to put them in their train to Umkomaas safe—Mr. Ohland the Camp Organiser and Miss Koffie, who welcomed the girls from up-country to Natal.

A happy crowd moved to their last stage of the journey at Mnini Holiday Camp.—June Sonti Serutu.



UNPACKING AT THE CAMP

Photo Feature

To provide a holiday place for African children, the Natal Native Welfare Society have purchased a piece of land in the Mnini Reserve. Buildings have been erected and are available to any school or organisation wishing to give African children a seaside holiday. The Transvaal Association of Girls' Clubs and Youth Clubs was the first group to take advantage of the facilities. A group of 90 children and club leaders have recently spent a grand time there. More groups will go later.



SUPPER'S READY



IN THE SURF



ALLO ALOE!



IT'S BEEN A GRAND HOLIDAY



'Malitaba's post bag

I have often seen the orange fruit drop from a tree and become buried; yet no plants have followed. Then, I myself have tried to raise orange plants from seed, without success. Perhaps you could give advice. —**Daniel Nemaungane, Louis Trichardt.**

(If you have a friend employed in the Letaba Estates not so far from Louis Trichardt, he might be able to help you. Of course, you could get expert advice from: The Division of Botany and Plant Pathology, Department of Agriculture, No. 590 Vermeulen Street, Pretoria.)

I have passed the Matric course and because I have made several unsuccessful

attempts to secure a suitable post, I have taken a job in which I have no particular interest. Among places to which I have applied for a job are government departments from which no reply has been forthcoming. I thought I should write and ask you to help me in this matter. —**"Worried and Humble," Blyvooruitsig.**

(I am afraid the only advice I can give you is to stick at your job and keep your eyes open something better. A good man sooner or later gets to the top. Write to me again later.)

Sometime ago, my wife deserted me; in fact she returned to her parents through a

simple misunderstanding between herself and myself. Strange, indeed, is her father's attitude in that he has not inquired from me the cause of the trouble. I believe he has accepted whatever his daughter has told him. There is regular correspondence between my wife and myself, but lately, instead of telling me how the children are getting on, she dwells on our quarrel. I have on several occasions begged her to return, but she seems not to agree. It would appear that while she was with me, she corresponded with her father to whom she related stories of our quarrels,

so that I am inclined to think this has prejudiced his mind. Mark you, I married this woman according to Christian rites after paying £80 dowry. I want her back, what should I do? —**"Worried Father," Brakpan.**

(I suggest you follow custom: you should send spokesmen in the same way that you did when you set about the preliminaries to your marriage. Two elderly men would do, and they can approach your father-in-law with whom can be settled. If he is bent on following custom, you should expect a form of punishment — should you be found the guilty party.) Ke u kopa adrese ea bahla-

hlobi ba mesebetsi le meputso ea rona. Hape, taba ea bobeli ke ena: Kaine ha a lelekoa Edene o ile a nyala mosali. Joale he, mosali eo o ne a etsoa ka eathe bo-Kaine ke bana ba pele lefats'eng? Na ke 'nete motho e mots'o o tsoa phoofolong e bitsoang "Ape" ka Senyesemane? —**S. Mahlehle, Johannesburg.**

(Mabapi le potso ea hau ea pele, ngolla: Secretary, Wage Board, Compensation House, 215, Schoeman Street, Pretoria. Ha ke tsebe moo Kaine a ileng a fumana mosali eo oa hae, mohlomong baruti eo a re thusa ka karabo holim'a potso ena empa eane ea hore motho e mots'o o tsoa ho ts'oe-ne, hase 'nete.)

DEATH

Lurks in the darkness

Behind bolted doors, residents shuddered, conscious that another new drama was being enacted a few yards away. Sudden death, swift and violent, would be the reward for any one wishing to play the knight errant. A taxi speeded north from the city. Its occupants were theatre goers returning to this dark township, their home. Situated a few miles north of Johannesburg, it was the home of the sophisticated, hoboos, thugs and thieves, the weak and the strong, saint and sinners and the eternal beggar.

The tall slim girl at the driver's side, mouth pouting and thin pencilled eyebrows drawn together in evident resentment, leaned back and gazed resentfully at the lone occupant of the back seat. For a moment she gazed in hostile silence. Then a look of wistfulness came into her eyes.

Sprawled on the seat, mouth open, was a young man elegantly dressed, obviously impervious to what was happening around him and at peace with all the world. Looking at the handsome face and the wellknit body carelessly sprawled, the feeling of resentment quickly melted to be replaced by pride and affection. For here was a man who would face death without blinking an eyelid. His name struck terror among the denizens of the underworld and was equally disliked by the forces of the law.

Dan Zuma, commonly known as "Zooms," was a play-boy, a fact which he neither denied nor resented. His source of income was the chief topic of speculation, the elegant parties which he threw, the expensive clothes which he wore, and the generous contributions which he occasionally donated

Written and illustrated by
SYD MTIMKULU

to deserving causes, had more than once made the forces of law and order, cast a suspicious eye on his movements. Behind that placid and innocent-looking handsome face which Dan Zuma assumed, revolved a shrewd brain. His reckless spirit of adventure was a legacy inherited from his warlike Zulu forebears.

The car's speed slackened as it took a turn off the mainroad into the street leading to the dark township. The car springs squeaked in protest as the wheels went over the rough and uneven surface, and the occupants were jolted from side to side.

"Hey driver," a sleepy voice drawled, "are we still on the road or ploughing some farmer's field?"

The driver momentarily turned his head and was about to make a retort when a scream beside him nearly shattered his eardrums. The bright beams of the head lamps had picked out a white object sprawled on the road. The driver jammed his foot down with a curse. There was a screech of brakes and the car lurched drunkenly as the driver swung hard at the wheel. A sickening bump, and the car came to rest in a shallow ditch near the roadside.

The girl shrieked, "We have run over some one!"

In a flash Zuma had leaped out, and in long strides was hastening to the huddled figure on the road.

He stooped down beside the motionless form. Hardened as he was to such sights, a shudder ran down his spine at the sight that met his eyes. It was a woman's face, whose eyes stared vacantly. The woman was beautiful, but her face was contorted into hideous agony. A gaping wound stretched across her throat from ear to ear. Her body was soaked with blood and dust and was badly mutilated. She was beyond all earthly help, a tragic and bloody death that only the fiends of hell could devise.

Rising swiftly to his feet as he became conscious of the approaching footsteps, he intercepted the girl, put an arm around her waist, and gently led her away to the car. She made no protest, because she had complete faith in Zuma's judgment in emergencies.

Suddenly a howl of dismay echoed through the night from behind him. Hands outstretched high above his head, and hopping about near the corpse, was the driver of the taxi, loudly lamenting that he was a ruined man and calling upon his ancestors to protect him. His lamentations were abruptly cut short as a rock-like fist hit the point of his chin with such force that he saw more stars than those occupied by his ancestral spirits.

Dan Zuma gently massaged his fist and looked guiltily at the girl.

"Sorry Nozimanga, I had to do it. The man was out of his mind." The girl nodded.

"Meantime honey" he continued, "keep an eye on that corpse, but on no account must you go near it, nor get out of the car, while I try to phone the police. If and when our friend over there comes to, tell him to do likewise." Zuma turned on his heel on his thankless errand, thankless because he would get no thanks from the police for putting his nose once again in their business.

A harsh voice somewhere in the darkness bellowed, "Hey you!"

Zuma checked his step and stood still as heavy footsteps approached. A thrill passed through him and a devilish gleam lighted his eye, for he knew that this was the first

round of the game where the stake was life itself.

Nearer and nearer came the footsteps while Zuma lighted a cigarette and waited. A heavy hand clapped down on his shoulder.

* * *

Back in the car, Nozimanga like all women, was curious. The urge to peak at the huddled form on the road, proved too strong to resist. She opened the door and approached the still figure, unconscious that her movements were being watched by a pair of hostile eyes.

The bushes by the road-side rustled slightly. Nozimanga stopped dead, heart pounding in her throat and her ears strained. After a few seconds of tension she laughed to assure herself that it was only her imagination. She was about to kneel next to the huddled figure, when a twig snapped behind her. She turned around in alarm, but too late. Strong hands gripped her throat, choking down any scream she would have uttered. Nozimanga struggled savagely. The more she struggled the harder the fingers dug into her slender throat. Her struggles began to grow feebler and feebler and then oblivion came.

Picking up Nozimanga's limp body, her assailant gave three low whistles. Several figures detached themselves from the bushes and hastened forward. Nozimanga's assailant growled a few brief orders at the men.

The corpse was wrapped in sacks, and any evidence that a corpse ever laid there was removed. A bucket of water was thrown over the still unconscious taxi driver. Spluttering and choking, he was unceremoniously hauled to his feet and marched to the car.

Nozimanga's unconscious form was bundled between two men in the back seat. The corpse was thrown at their feet. The driver now fast reviving, was forced at knife point behind the wheel.

"Get moving and fast brother." A surly voice commanded. The driver fumbled with the gears. After some effort, the car managed to clear the ditch and sped north at high speed.

* * *

As the heavy hand fell on Zuma's shoulder, he calmly continued his smoking. He was grabbed by the collar and spun around.

THRILLING NEW SERIAL



FEARFULLY SHE APPROACHED THE HUDDLED FIGURE

"What are you doing here at this time of the night?" a gruff voice demanded.

"Why constable, you are the very man I was looking for."

The constable scowled down at Zuma and demanded to know why.

"There's a murder not a few yards away from here."

"Eh?" was all the startled policeman could manage to say. He was a new rookie and was thinking in terms of passes and burglaries. Murder was a new thing to him.

Zuma was quick to note the point. Without further ado, he beckoned to the constable and retraced his steps. They walked through the dark and narrow alleys in silence and eventually reached the road-side.

Zuma stopped dead and stared, bewildered. Was it his imagination playing tricks with him? He was certain that this was the scene of the tragedy. But where was the car? Where was Nozimanga and the taxi driver? Above all where was the corpse that would prove a murder had been committed? Suspicion was fast growing in the constable's mind. Gripping his baton more firmly, he clutched Zuma by the arm and swung him around.

"Where is this murder?" he growled.

"I am certain officer it was over there."

"I don't see anything there." "Better let's take a closer look. There may be clues to prove that I am right." Reluctantly the constable accompanied Zuma for a closer investigation. On his hands and knees, and with the aid of the torch from the constable, Zuma crawled about the place. Not a shred of evidence was he able to find.

"Well?" the aggressive voice queried.

Slowly Zuma rose to his feet. He dusted his trouser knees with deliberate care. He was in a tight spot and he wanted to think. Bluffing his way out was impossible. Trying to grapple with this burly custodian of the peace would be a task which he would not easily accomplish. And time was precious.

* * *

A fantastic plan slowly formulated in his agile mind. It was a risk which if unsuccessful,

would land him in serious trouble with the authorities.

He was about to put it into execution, when bright lights picked them up. Zuma cursed softly under his breath as a car slid to a screeching stop beside them. It was a flying squad car. A sergeant with revolver drawn approached them. After a few verbal exchanges with the constable, Zuma was bundled into the car.

The prowl car proceeded towards headquarters. Half way along the high-way, a taxi passed them at high speed.

"Follow that car," barked the sergeant.

The car lurched forward, alarm screaming, in hot pursuit. The powerful engine of the squad car was fast diminishing the distance between the two cars. The sergeant drew out his revolver and leaned out of the window. Beads of perspiration formed on Zuma's forehead. He had recognised the taxi. But what was even more, during that fleeting second as the taxi passed them, he had caught sight of one face that meant everything to him, wedged between two tough looking thugs.

Nearer and nearer the squad car came to the car ahead. Now only fifty yards separated them. The sergeant aimed at the tyres of the car ahead.

* * *

In the taxi, another drama was being enacted. With a knife digging in the nape of his neck, and hunched over the wheel, the driver was being urged to greater speed.

"She can't go any faster. We are doing a hundred and my foot's down on the floor."

"Damn your foot. Break the floor or do anything to make this buggy go faster." growled the thug behind him as he dug the knife deeper.

Blood spurted and with a howl of pain, the driver released the wheel. The car lurched and swerved crazily across the road, just as the prowl car was overtaking them.

"Look out Bill," yelled one of the policemen.

A screeching of tyres and then a deafening bang as the police car crashed headlong into the rear of the driverless taxi. Screams and groans..... and then all was silence.

(To be continued)

Junior BANTU WORLD

Here are some letters by J.B.W. members: Johanna Mkwana, P.O. Box 4, Amalgamated School, Robertsheights, Pretoria, writes: "Malome, all this time I did not take care to read The Bantu World. However, thanks to my mother for advising me to read it. I have since found it very interesting and I feel it is important that all Africans read it."

"On some occasions, when reading the paper, I find laughs and jokes made by other children who are members of the JBW club. I am now keen to be a member of this club." (Welcome Johanna, I hope you will enjoy being one of us. Your membership card is on the way to you by post).

Robert Buthezi, Priory of S. Mary at the Cross, Orlando, writes: "Malome, I was happy to read of your meeting with Obetha and Prince of Coligny. You have set us the example, now we must follow. Everywhere, we must seek to help and do good. I hope that as soon as we get badges our good deeds will be credited to the club by the badges we shall wear. Well done, Malome."

Barnabas Radebe, Iscor Utility Store, P.O. Natlong, Pretoria, writes: "Thank you for your notice that those who wish to join the JBW club should do so. With these

words, I apply to be a member—"Work, while it is 'day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

"Please send the membership card so that my name shall be included among those whom He that liveth shall bless in our land, Africa. I am quite excited about Mayibuye and hope to enjoy it."

Cordelia Mshumpela, P.O. Wilberforce, Evaton, writes: "I want to become a member of the JBW club. My home is at the above address but I attend school at Mariannhil in Natal. I am taking dress-making and weaving there." (I am glad to welcome you, Cordelia. Do get us some more of your friends at Mariannhil to join our club. Your membership card will be posted to you).

Simon Mantso, Evaton Communal School, Evaton, writes: "I received your letter some weeks ago. Please pardon me for not being very active in the club affairs. I had been ill, but am now better."

Early in June I was at Orlando hall for music competitions. There tsotsis attacked our Evaton buses and threw stones at them. We were nearly injured. One Orlando girl was hit on the head with a bottle and she was taken to the Clinic for treatment.

Johannes Radebe, my school-mate was threatened with a knife but managed to escape uninjured. I am however happy that our Evaton children returned safe and sound. Our school did not win, but we are preparing for next year.

NEW MEMBERS: H. G. M. Liphokojoe, c/o Native Time Office, P.O. Box 49, Messina sends the following new members: H. B. Sakala, P. Malunga, H. G. M. Liphokojoe, J. Tembo, B. Lavu, P. Mantanta, Samuel. In a covering letter he says—"I am happy to know that my friends are willing to join the JBW club. We receive the paper weekly here and we study all the advice and lessons contained in it. We particularly enjoy reading the JBW column and hear what Malome says."

Mary Thulie Mazibuko, cf 588, D Street, Stirtonville, Boksburg, visited Malome and applied for membership of the JBW club. She is a student of the Charterston High School, Nigel. She was accompanied by Miss Miemie Lero-bane, 9810A Orlando White City, a student of the Orlando High School, who also applied for membership of the club.

(Membership cards will be posted to these members. Please come again and bring your friends).

MALOME.

(Continued from column 5)

William Hae did not speak. He was thinking about the beautiful woman before him. He had never before been seriously in love.

"Motsabi," William Hae said, "I know you wish to return home soon. That is, as soon as you find your brother. I want to ask you a question. How would it be if someone came to you and offered to take you as his wife and lived with you in Johannesburg?"

Instantly she remembered Audrey's advice. Here on these tarred roads, in these comfortable homes, in the golden city, existed wolves—two-legged wolves. Was William Hae inviting wolves for her, or was he himself a wolf? She did not reply but looked on the ground. She did not know what to say.

Because William Hae insisted, she replied, "I do not like Johannesburg. I do not think I want to be a wife."

(Next week, Audrey and Motsamai discuss Mr. Hae's questions. Mr. and Mrs. Molu-meli write. Miss Ntando encourages Motsabi in her search but cautions her against falling in love).

under Mr. M. K. Manzini.

Senior B. English Song: 1. Vlakplaas under Mr. Makade. 2. Davul Hethodist under Mr. C. Mbethe. 3. St. Francis New Ermelo under Mr. Molapisi. Vernacular—1. Vlakplaas, 2. St. Francis, 3. Davul Methodist.

Juniors, English Song: 1. Jandrell under Mrs. Mnguz. 2. Ermelo Bantu under Mrs. Mabija. 3. New Ermelo under Mr. Vilakazi. Vernacular—1. Jandrell, 2. Spitzkop under Mr. Hlatshwayo, 3. Bethal and Ermelo Bantu under Messdames Ndlovu and Mabija respectively.

Winning choirs had to represent the District in the TATU finals at Warmbaths.—M. K. Manzini, Actg. Secretary



The children in the picture are members of the D.R.C. choir, Bloemfontein. Their conductor is Mr. E. Monnapula (seated in front). In the back row Mr. Z. M. Shale, organiser, can be seen. In September they will come to Germiston for competitions.

The Lichtenburg Reserve Branch of T.A.T.U. staged their annual music competitions at Kumana School recently. The following are the results:

Junior Choirs: 1. Rosendal School, 2. Polfontein School, 3. Gelukspan and Lombaardslaagte Schools. This was the Vernacular Section.

Juniors (English Song). 1. Rosendal School, 2. Sheilla School, 3. Lombaardslaagte and Uitkyk Schools.

Seniors B. (Schools without Std. VI) Vernacular: 1. Rosendal, 2. Schoongezicht, 3. Lombaardslaagte. English 1. Siberia, 2. Rosendal, 3. Weltervrede.

Senior A. (Schools having Std. VI.) Vernacular: 1. Kunana, 2. Polfontein, 3. Gelukspan. English: 1. Kunana, 2. Gelukspan and De Hoop, 4. Polfontein.

Female Trio: 1. Kunana, 2. Gelukspan, 3. Rosendal, 4. Schoongezicht.

Mixed Quartette: 1. Siberia, 2. Polfontein, 3. Uitkyk, 4. Gelukspan.

Male Voice Quartette: 1. Polfontein, 2. Schoongezicht, 3.

Gelukspan.

Dr. Wohler of Potchefstroom and Mr. W. D. N. Tyamzashe of Dithakong School, Mafeking District, were the adjudicators.

The South Western District Competitions will be held at Wolmaransstad on September 5.—E. H. Mogase, Hon. Secretary.

Results of the S.E. District Music Competitions held at Bethal on June 20, 1953:

Secondary Schools, English Song, 1. Jandrell, Standerton; conductor Mr. R. Sobukwe. 2. Bethal under Mr. Masina. Vernacular—1. Jandrell, 2. Bethal.

Primary Schools Senior A. English Song: 1. Ermelo Bantu under Mr. M. K. Manzini. 2. Jandrell and Bethal under Messrs. Mcwabeni and Ncapai, respectively. 3. New Ermelo Bantu under Mr. Mahlangu. Vernacular—1. Jandrell under Mr. Ncwabeni. 2. Bethal under Mr. Ncapai. 3. Ermelo Bantu

CHILDREN'S SERIAL

Motsamai and Motsabi

by

GODWIN MOHLOMI

William Hae did not come the following Monday. Even on Tuesday he did not show up. Mrs. Sizabantu, who rarely commented on this matter to Motsabi, remarked that possibly investigations were still going on.

It was Friday afternoon that William Hae eventually arrived. Motsabi was alone in the house. After a short chat Mr. Hae pulled out a long envelope from his inside pocket. Its very appearance impressed Motsabi as being an official envelope. When she took it from him she saw it was marked on top "On Her Majesty's Service," and below, typed, was her name and surname.

"Read the letter," begged Mr. Hae. "Perhaps you know the contents, would you be kind enough to tell me! Oh, I'm so afraid to read the letter. I seem to guess that it doesn't bring good news," said Motsabi. "I am afraid I don't know the contents. I haven't seen the Constable who went to investigate. He's been away ever since he was sent out to Orlando. Now, please, read the letter, for my Chief expects you to reply, and I must bring back to him this reply," he begged.

Motsabi went towards her bedroom, stood by the door tearing open the envelope. Before pulling the letter out, she took out a handkerchief from her apron pocket and wiped her face. Then, she began to read from the long sheet.

There were about three lines from the Native Commissioner. They were, "I regret to inform you that your brother, Motsamai, whom we had traced to Orlando, has now left the place. We learn that he had visited a friend at this address but that both his friend and himself have gone away without saying where they were going. The matter is becoming

difficult but the Department will do its best to help you. A further communication will be addressed to you when fresh information on the movements of your brother has been received."

As she read, she did not notice that she was standing opposite a mirror which showed her reflection to Mr. William Hae. He therefore took this opportunity to watch and admire the beauty of this country girl, Motsabi. Since her arrival in Johannesburg, her colour had lightened and her eyes had become bigger. Audrey had shown her the latest ways of treating and dressing her hair and this brought out all the beauty nature had given her. Audrey, her friend, had remarked about it and warned her to beware of "Wolves." "Wolves!" "Are there any in Johannesburg," she had asked. Audrey laughed at her innocent remark but explained that every young man in Johannesburg was a wolf and that if she should fall in love it should be after careful consideration of the affair as many young men were not faithful and caused misery and heart-breaks to many young women. Motsabi finished reading the letter. She returned to Mr. William Hae and said to him. There is no reply to this letter. Please thank the Native Commissioner very much on my behalf. I hope he will be able to get my brother. She then sat down opposite him.

Continued in column 3)



Here you see Namba Roy of Jamaica with his statue which he made in plastic. It was exhibited in Park Lane, London. Namba Roy was wounded when he was serving in the Merchant Navy during the war. Soon he will be returning to his home.

LIMELIGHT

Manhattan Brothers' Nathan Mdledle — Dambuza to his many friends — visited the offices of the Bantu World last week. Popular Dambuza looks well after the thrill-packed tour of his band in the Rhodesias. Mr. Mdledle was greatly impressed with our new photo magazine, "Mayibuye" when he saw an advance copy.

The Manhattan Brothers of Africa will support The Bantu World charity show at the Social Centre, Johannesburg on Friday October 16. Other artists will include Lucas Makhema's Jubilee Singers, Dolly Rathebe (who hasn't been on the stage since her return from Durban on a lengthy musical tour with filmstars — The African Inkspots), Ribbon Dhlamini, filmstar of 'Cry, the Beloved Country,' Matome Ramokgopa of the Magic Garden, Louis "Rathebe" Pietersen, wellknown comedian, Margaret Mzolo and Peter Rezant's own Merry Black Birds. **FOLKS! WHAT A PROGRAMME.**

Mr. Bernard Mareka, only son of Rev. Mareka of Sophiatown's A.M.E. Church, budding composer and conductor of the Church Choir wishes to apologise to patrons for the indefinitely postponed show which should have taken place on July 12. The reason for the postponement was the death of a church member. Watch these columns for further details.

Tall, well-dressed Dale S. Nkwana, is the newly-elected secretary of the Johannesburg Bantu Music Festival Committee. Credit goes to his Committee for the first-rate concert held at the Johannesburg City Hall recent. It was the second of its kind and an outstanding success. Now that the next competition of his society is nearing, Dale requests last year's winners of trophies in all sections to return cups for engraving. Dale is a former bandmaster and a popular music and pianoforte teacher at the Jubilee Social Centre. Mr. Nkwana's office is on the 6th Floor, Voortrekker Bldg., Cor. Hoek and Noord Streets (near the ticket office), Johannesburg.

Calling Alpheus Nkosi! I would like to know when Mr. Alpheus Nkosi—who sings "Lizzy urubuhali" on Record No. A.F.C. 117, was born. (Perhaps he will be able to help you). Inquirer is Mr. Paul Mabizela, Edenvale Location, Germiston.

Climbing the ladder to fame is Mr. Thomas Mokeledi of Pimville. This young man is

leader of the Carnivorous Brothers. He has our good wishes!

The following members of the Jubilee Singers were included in the group that visited Rhodesia for the Rhodes Centenary Celebrations: Mr. C. Skotnes (Manager), Mr. J. J. Sealanyane (Director of Music), Rev. E. E. Kumalo (Chaplain), Mr. L. T. Makhema (Conductor), Mrs. F. Ngcayiya (Pianist).

Sopranos—P. Nyonyeni, E. Mogokonyane, S. Kumalo, D. Madibo, R. Molefe, J. Landella, H. Kunene, S. Poee, W. T. Lamane, E. Tlabakoe, S. Makhobotlane, F. Mzozoyane, A. Nkosi, C. Selokane, I. Loate, M. Xaba, N. Mosidila, F. Seleke, C. Molelekeng, A. Mciteka, G. Segoe, S. Mogale, A. Modiroa.

Contraltos—F. Makhema, L. Sealanyane, E. Modiroa, J. Mamothame, J. Ngcayiya, F. Ndaba, C. Jolobe, E. Manguna, S. Khoza, L. Mahlangu, M. Liphuko, S. Khomongoe, D. Phamotse.

Tenors—J. Mongale, E. Mentor, J. Nana, Z. Moloi, B. Maja, R. Molefe, A. Makgolo, H. Tone, M. Mphanya, A. Maboe, R. Seleso, S. Serame, W. Motsie, L. Motang, Raval Matlala.

Bass—E. Chemese, C. Senkge, N. Sithebe, H. Menera, A. Radasi, M. Motsihi, D. Ntsibane, P. Maboe, A. Mako (Compare).

The choir was met at Bulawayo Station by Dr. E. H. Ashton, Manager of the N. A. Bulawayo and his Social Welfare Organiser Mr. J. Woods.

Women were housed at the women's Hostel and the men at the Social Centre.

Johannesburg C.E.D. Brass Band: August 1—Diepkloof Reformatory: 2-3 p.m. N.E. Hospital, Baragwanath: 3:30-4:30 p.m. August 2—N. E. Hospital, Coronationville: 2-3 p.m. Western Native Township: 3:30-4:30 p.m. August 6—Electricity Dept. Compound Newtown: 4:30-6 p.m. August 8—Electricity Compound, Doornfontein: 2:30-3:30 p.m. Wemmer Men's Barracks: 4-5 p.m. August 9—Eastern Native Township (N): 2-3 p.m. Eastern Native Township (SE): 3:30 p.m.-4:30 p.m.

Reminder: "The Comedy of Errors" play will first be staged at the D.O.C.C. Orlando Township on August 2; at the Mavis Isaacson Hall, Moroka on August 9 and at the University Great Hall on August 16. Mr. Basil Warner is in charge of costumes and Mr. Colin Romoff is producer.

The 1953 Eisteddfod and Festival organised by the Benoni African Music, Art and Dramatic Society opens at the Davey Social Centre on Saturday, August 22, 1953, at 6:30 p.m. Entry forms are obtainable from the Secretary, P.O. Box 162, Benoni, and completed forms must reach him before August 1. For full details please write to the Secretary.

BACK PAGE GIRL



Queen Mother thrilled by Jubilee Singers

It was on June 29, and before 500 Africans at the Central Beer Hall, Bulawayo, that Mr. Wynford Vaughan Thomas, the B.B.C. Commentator, recorded the following songs for the B.B.C. programme—Ntsikana's Bell Song (Sele) and a Hymn (Ulo-Tixo) and A! Sosizwe (H. Masiza) Mr. Thomas, congratulating the Jubilee Singers, said, the singing, especially the Bass, was one of the finest he had heard.

June 30, evening, saw the choir performing in the Baptist Church before 1000 Africans; and on July 1 at Vashee Indian Hall attended by 100 Indians.

On July 2, at the Matopos, surrounding Rhodes' grave, the choir sang "Hamba Kahle" (Adieu) by Todd Matshikiza. In the afternoon, and at Stanley Square the choir performed before 2,000 scholars and teachers.

The Coloured population were afforded a chance to hear the choir in their Davies Hall. On the morning of July 3, it was announced that mother of Jackie Mongale had died.

On July 4 the choir listened to a Gala Performane of the Halle Orchestra for the Royal Visitors at the Theatre Royal.

On Sunday, July 5, at 3 p.m. at the A.M.E. Church, before 200 Africans, the choir was entertained to tea by Rev. and Mrs. Lesabe. At 9 p.m. at Murray Hall the choir sang before 1200 Europeans. In appreciation of this performance the City Council of Bulawayo presented Mr. Makhema, conductor, with a baton made at the African Village of the Centenary City by a Barotse craftsman. The baton is made of ebony and hog's skin. Dr. Ashton made the presentation.

On Monday, July 5, Rev. E.

E. Kumalo, Mr. J. J. Sealanyane and Mr. L. T. Makhema were presented to the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Others presented were Rhodesian Chiefs and other personalities. Here the choir sang "A! Sosizwe" and this was given more effect by the waving of white handkerchiefs during the singing of "bayethe." Hamba Kahle was also sung and the choir formed a guard of honour to the Royal Visitors.

The Queen Mother asked for recordings of "A! Sosizwe" and "Hamba Kahle" to take to England with her.

Among distinguished persons who attended these shows were Dr. J. F. Holleman (who was in charge of the exhibition), Dr. E. H. Ashton, Mr. Eustace the Union High Commissioner. Sir Godfrey Huggins Prime Minister of S. Rhodesia, the Minister of Native Affairs (S. Rhodesia), the Secretary for Native Affairs, Film Star Linda Gloria, the Mayor of Bulawayo, the Mayor of Cape Town, Mr. Joseph Traunek (Conductor Johannesburg Symphony Orchestra), Sir John Barbirolli, members of the Halle Orchestra, members of the Saddler Wells Company, Mr. and Mrs. Mutshekwan, Mrs. Rathebe, Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Xuma.



In the picture we show the Synco Fans Troupe during a performance at the D.O.C.C., Orlando, to celebrate their 16th anniversary. The leading lady is Miss Martha Mdenge who had been invited to assist. The boys are from left to right — Nemis, Issy, Joey and Azy.

Collection Name: BANTU WORLD, newspaper, 1935-1955

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: **The Library, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa**

Location: **Johannesburg**

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