

THE SHORT STORY WHICH WON THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE NEW AGE COMPETITION

cheap tobacco. There were a few grass chairs but most of the customers sat on upturned boxes. They drank from old jam tins which Anna filled from a couple of four-gallon paraffin tins hidden under some sacks. She charged one shilling a tot and sold so much beer that she had a large reserve outside in an underground cache.

Makwanasi greeted Anna heartily.

"Well, here I am, back again. How are you?"

Anna, fat and good tempered, gave the old man a friendly smile. She knew him. He came in quite often, drank himself quietly into a stupor, and staggered off. He never caused any trouble.

"Hullo," she said. "You here tonight. Just a minute. I'll get you a drink. How many . . . two?"

"Two, and another two to follow. Meet my friend, Moses Mokhale. We are together tonight." She nodded curtly towards Moses. She did not like him.

"You make a strange pair," she said to Makwanasi, and went for their drinks.

The old man sat down on a box and soon made friends with some young men sitting near him.

They treated the old man with deference and showed the keenest interest in his long story of the events of the evening.

All the liquor had an effect on Makwanasi. His narrative became progressively exaggerated with successive rounds of drinks.

Friendship With Soviet Union

JOHANNESBURG.

THE demand that the South African Government pursues a policy of friendship with the Soviet Union went out from a public meeting held here over the week-end under the auspices of the South African Society for Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R. The meeting discussed the results of the Geneva peace conference.

The world could look to a future free from war, said Mr. Leslie Massina, secretary of S.A. Congress of Trade Unions. By exchanging cultural delegations, sports teams, trading with the Soviet Union and Eastern Democracies, South Africa could reap the benefit of the goodwill brought about at Geneva. But the South African Government, he said, was not taking advantage of Geneva.

"One of the spheres for co-existence is increased trade between East and West," said South African Indian Congress joint secretary, Dr. H. M. Moosa. "We must see to it that South Africa's uranium is never used for atom bombs but for the people and their prosperity, for peace, not war."

A resolution passed read: "This meeting condemns the Government practice of wholesale banning of all forms of Soviet literature, including cultural books, scientific magazines and art publications and urges the South African Government, in the name of civilisation and cultural progress, to take immediate steps to reverse this practice, raising an 'iron curtain' on its own borders by refusing passports to the majority of South Africans and thereby preventing them from seeing for themselves how other peoples of the world live."

The meeting also called on the South African Government to facilitate exchanges of peace, friendship and cultural relations between South Africa and the Soviet Union and to establish full diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union by sending a representative there.

"I played a good game of cards today," he said.

"Really," replied a fat bald man in a creased blue suit. "Did you win anything?"

"Of course." Makwanasi jingled the loose coins in his trousers pocket. It was obvious he had won a lot of money. "I am always lucky at cards."

"You must feel very rich with all that money." The speaker, a rodent-like fellow with a goatee and nervous hands, leaned forward and smiled. There was no humour in his eyes, though, thought Moses. "Have another drink?" asked a third member of the group. He had not taken part in the general talk, but had sat with his beady black eyes fixed, almost without blinking, on Makwanasi's face. "It's on me this time. Hey, Anna."

The old man nodded his acceptance so as not to interrupt his story. He had bought the best pipe in the shop and was about to engage a new and expensive taxi.

"What about you?"

Moses refused, trying hard to appear cordial. He had suddenly realised that the old man and he were in the midst of a gang of hooligans. When the pair of them left Anna's house, much the worse for liquor, these five young men would waylay them in the dark street and rob them.

Moses knew. He had worked in a similar gang.

His first impulse was to slip out and leave the old Makwanasi to his fate. He would never recover his money now. He stood to lose everything he had on him. There would probably be some sort of a fight . . . injury . . .

Yet he did not go. He sat quietly and watched the small group. At the same time he tried hard to evolve some plan to forestall these men, but he realised the only hope was to get Makwanasi away before he became too drunk. Once outside they must try and give the gang the slip in the darkness.

At last Makwanasi responded to Moses' efforts to get him away from the shebeen. He staggered out into the cold night air, a grotesque figure in his tattered clothes and his bright new shoes. He waved Moses aside when the latter tried to explain the situation to him. He sat down in the road and tried to light his pipe in the wind. He only gave up when his matches were exhausted. Then he took off his shoes which were hurting him once again and slung them, with laces tied together, over his shoulder.

He followed Moses cheerfully down the road, unaware that the younger man was uneasily hurrying by the shortest route to the bus terminus where they intended to take a bus to the top of the hill.

Every tree and every shadow seemed to hold a hidden danger. Moses knew they were at the mercy of any wrongdoer. There were no police about, and the inhabitants of the township had learnt at heavy cost to ignore the screams of persons waylaid in the streets. They minded their own business and remained safely behind locked doors.

The two men neared the terminus. Moses began to breathe more easily for there were sure to be other people there.

Five dark figures leaped upon them from the shadow of a doorway. Although Moses had expected an attack he was taken completely by surprise. The two men were thrown to the ground in an instant.

Makwanasi was an easy prey in his befuddled state and he was soon stripped naked and left alone. His clothes, shabby as they

were, were taken by the robbers. They overlooked his shoes which had fallen from his shoulder and lay unnoticed in the dark.

Moses quickly recovered from his initial shock and put up a fight. He tried to draw a knife but his hand was wrenched and twisted until he gave in. His assailants stripped him to his socks and left him lying in the road.

They vanished as suddenly as they had come.

Moses and Makwanasi stood side by side in the road surveying one another. Both were shaken by their experience. They reacted differently.

The younger man simply broke down and cried. The loss of his fine clothes was a bitter blow. The shame was more than he could bear.

The old man had sobered up completely. He calmly took stock of himself. The rough handling he had endured made no difference to his tough body . . . but where were his pipe and his brown shoes . . . ?

He bent down stiffly and felt in the dust where he had lain. He found his pipe, broken by the trampling of many feet, ground into the road. He picked it up in its pieces and examined it carefully. "Oh ho," he sighed, shaking his head. "It is truly broken. But it can be fixed. With a few bits of wire, thin wire, I can make it like new, almost."

He bent down once more in search of his shoes or anything else the skelms may have left behind.

When he stumbled on the shoes, still tied together, his old face lit up with his grave smile. They were dusty but seemed unharmed, so he slung them once more over his shoulder and turned to his companion, realising his state for the first time.

"Hoo!" He gave expression to his astonished sympathy, but he eventually had to laugh at Moses' downcast bearing. He was quite

oblivious of his own condition for the moment.

"This is bad, my young friend. You will get sick. I will lend you my shoes, for my feet are hard. We will go quickly to my place, walking in the dark roads. Me and my friends will give you clothes."

Old Makwanasi paused and looked at Moses doubtfully.

"You can find a job there too in the morning . . . and we will mend my pipe together."

Judges' Comments

IN our opinion this is a quality story, well written, easy on the ear and imagination, fluent. What it lacks is the final sharpness and the full achievement of effects that come with the combination of literary flair and writing experience. It shows the writer has the flair, the situations are fine and the characters, especially old Makwanasi, excellently conceived. The material is so good we feel the writer could, and probably will, make more of it by cutting, careful revision and rewriting.

One difficulty in construction is the presence of two objects of interest and fascination to the old man. First we have the shoes then the pipe and this is a little distracting. The pipe really dominates the story yet it is not given nearly the same descriptive attention as the shoes. Here the writer misses something. The pipe could be described in detail, even more than the shoes, becoming in its turn a glittering object of ecstatic admiration. This would have given us a balanced effect, two quiet, almost contemplative "high lights"—contradictory as it may sound—in the story.

A weak point is the relationship between the two men, their scraps of dialogue, etc which could be better done, briefer, more crisp. The writer should be careful about generalisations such as "Moses,

who was a slightly built, undersized man, typical of the town-bred African." Is this true or an unthinking acceptance of prejudice?

On the credit side, we think the theme very fine. The ending, always a key point in a story is particularly good. The old, naked man, happy at finding his shoes, lends them to the man who wanted to rob him and even promises to find him clothes. He turns the finding of his broken pipe into another revelation of his essentially robust and humane character.

The writer misses something of the irony when Moses realises he must protect his intended victim from other robbers if only for his own sake. The effect could be more striking.

Evaton Boycott Committee Members Arrested

JOHANNESBURG.

SIX members of the committee organising the Evaton bus boycott have been arrested and face charges of public violence after the incident last week in which a company bus was stoned and set on fire.

The boycott has been conducted since July and though many of the people of Evaton have to get up at 3.30 a.m. each morning, the boycott has been united and determined.

The six arrested have all been refused bail.

Several carloads of Special Branch detectives arrived in Evaton after the bus burning, as well as uniformed police, and after their investigations the six were arrested.

The atmosphere in Evaton is tense, and from the authorities talk about "shooting to keep order" is free and frequent.



AT the huge rally of textile workers held in Johannesburg recently the workers carried flags and slogans such as "We don't ask for Heaven on earth, but we are tired of hell on earth." "The Bosses are Associated but the workers are United." "We want a new agreement." "Negotiation is better than strike."

Textile workers came to this rally from all along the Reef, as well as from Johannesburg mills and factories.

In the Cape, too, Textile Workers were in the news.

Two hundred and fifty textile workers downed tools in a factory in Wellington one day last week when a fellow-worker, Miss Kathleen Arnolds, who had played a leading part in agitating for better conditions of work, was dismissed.

The workers elected a deputation of three, Kathleen Fredericks, Johanna Abrahams and Francis Jones,

to approach the management and demand that Kathleen Arnolds be re-instated. They showed such determination, that by lunch time Kathleen was working again.

For the past month, the employers at this particular factory, which is a new one, have treated the workers' complaints and grievances with contempt, and have practically ignored their union.

Chief among the workers' complaints is the fact that there is no wage agreement and that their salary scales are among the lowest in the Western Cape. They also demand the establishment of a sick fund.

The secretary of the Cape Western Region of the Textile Workers' Industrial Union, Mr. A. Calmeyer, informed New Age that the union is making every effort to obtain a Conciliation Board agreement for the workers or to have them covered by the Industrial Council.

★ SPORTS REVIEW

Negro Challenger For World Heavy-Weight Title

By JACKIE DORASAMY

WHEN white Rocky Marciano won the world heavyweight title from decrepit Jersey Joe Walcott, the pure-blooded Southerners and their brothers-in-hate in South Africa rejoiced. The Nationalist Press in Johannesburg splashed the news all over its front pages with unconcealed glee. Their white hope had come at last.

It is nearly fifteen years since a white man, James Braddock, last held the world title. Before Joe Louis, the great Jack Johnstone, who in my opinion was the greatest heavyweight champion the world has produced, embarrassed the white world with the contemptuous ease with which he knocked out the best of the white heavyweights.

Resentment among the racialsists in America grew to such intensity that big business interests were prepared to finance and back a white man with ability to "put the black man in his place." Jack who was no Uncle Tom, always proud and dignified got the whites more incensed with his marriage to a white woman.

ANOTHER BLACK CHALLENGER

Now another black man, Archie Moore fights Marciano for the world heavyweight title on September 20. The lighthheavyweight champion of the world, his ability was acknowledged by nearly all contemporary light-

heavyweights who either refused to fight him or to defend their titles against him. Freddie Mills and Gus Lesnevich, and even Joey Maxim were pachydermous to the cajoling and the challenging of the Moore camp.

But you can't keep a good man down. At the age of 38, when most fighters have waved a fond farewell to the fight business, Archie won the lighthheavyweight title from Joey Maxim in a 15 round decision in December, 1952.

120 VICTORIES

Moore, at whom Marciano looked twice, and even then refused to commit himself, before he agreed to give him a crack at the title, won this right when on June 22, he stopped the world's middleweight champion, Bobo Olson of Hawaii. A few weeks before he beat Nino Valdes, of Cuba, ranked number one heavy-weight challenger, on points over 15 rounds.

Moore has a record of 120 victories, 19 losses, and has drawn 5 fights in 144 contests. He has knocked out 82 opponents and has himself been knocked out on four occasions.

Marciano, who comes from Brockton, Massachusetts, will defend his title for the sixth time since he won it on the 13th knockout from Walcott in September, 1952. Marciano is unbeaten in 48 contests, and has flattened 42 of his opponents. Don Cbeckell his last challenger was stopped on a nine round technical knockout on May 16.

KNOWS MORE

Quite rightly several U.S. boxing experts have observed, despite Marciano's impressive record, that Moore knows much more about boxing techniques than does the champion. It has been pointed out that Moore's

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powerful and accurate right punch could slow down Rocky's usual driving attack.

Archie, 5ft. 11ins. tall, usually weighs 185 lbs. An American writer describes him in these words: "Flabby in appearance, he's actually powerfully muscled, and though ageing, fast on his feet. He rolls with the punches rather than expending his energies in sidestepping them. Fighting from a semi-crouch with arms across his chest, he makes a difficult target to hit. In addition to his fast, hard right punch, he has a good left hook.

"After he turned professional boxer in 1936, young Archie travelled throughout the country and compiled an impressive list of victories. He went to Australia and there in quick succession he won seven straight times, twice defeating Ron Richards, the best middleweight and lighthheavyweight in Australia.

STOMACH ULCER

"When he returned to the United States in 1940, a stomach ulcer forced him to give up boxing for a year. The illness nearly ruined his career and even endangered his life. At one time he had wasted away to 95 lbs. But the courageous Archie came back. By 1944 he was a leading contender for Gus Lesnevich's lighthheavyweight crown."

Certainly the racialists cannot be comfortable at the thought that Moore is a menace to their champion, and may even beat him. From this point of view there is tremendous interest in this fight in this country, and even in the United States itself. From this distance I express the hope that in this important contest there will be severer refereeing than there was in the Cokell fight.

I saw the film of that fight, and am convinced that it was not only Marciano's hefty punch which stopped the Britisher. The American used tactics and methods which in any other country in the world would have led to his disqualification. But the Americans are a strange people.

For once I am at a loss to pick the winner—in view of Moore's age, I think the youthful and harder hitting Marciano should begin a favourite.

ALRIGHT, I WAS WRONG!

Yes, I am the man who wrote that Cohen would knock Willie Toweel out inside six rounds. I was proved wrong. But there are reasons for Cohen's disappointing performance—the gumboil and his broken hand after the third round had a lot to do with Toweel going the distance. The seriousness of this injury can be gauged from the fact that even though Cohen had Toweel completely at his mercy in the second round, flooring him three times, he could not knock him out.

It is difficult to believe that a man with Cohen's experience and ability could fail at this critical moment without good reason. The verdict, a draw was a bit puzzling, and I still cannot understand it—even the ringside observers thought that Cohen had won the fight.

U.P. IS ABANDONING COLOURED VOTE

By COLIN JAMESON

THE past six months or so have taught the Coloured people of South Africa several valuable lessons.

The first lesson is that the Nationalist Government now has the necessary machinery to take them off the voters' roll. The fact that this machinery is fraudulent, does not help the Coloured people. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Swart, has said outright that the Coloured voters will come off the roll at the 1956 session of Parliament.

The second lesson is that the "support" the United Party has given to the Coloured people up to now in their struggle to retain their vote is being withdrawn.

The third lesson is that the very existence of the Coloured people as one of the four main racial groups in the Union is in danger. As the S.A. Coloured People's organisation puts it, the Coloured people in the Transvaal are being "classified out of existence" under the Population Registration Act.

KEEP THREATS

It is not necessary to deal further with the first point. The Nationalists have threatened to remove all Coloured voters from the common roll at the next session; and while we know that the Nationalists keep none of their promises, we know only too well that they keep all their threats.

The second point needs elaboration. I want to quote the "Natal Witness," which said: "If the United Party has decided that prior to the election of 1958, or immediately after it, a second fusion should occur, and that the existing rights of the Coloured voters should be sacrificed to it (much as our primeval ancestors used to bury a sacrificial victim under the foundation stone of a new building), the decision to expel Dr. Friedman becomes intelligible."

There you have it in a nutshell. There is not going to be any fusion, of course, for the simple reason that the Nationalists don't want it; but that won't prevent the United Party burying the Coloured vote along with all its other dead principles.

ENDEARING

If any further proof is needed of the United Party's intentions, there are the recent speeches of Mr. Marais Steyn, M.P., and Mr. H. C. de Kock, M.P., both stalwart members of the U.P. They have referred to the Coloured people as being tired of being kicked around like "political footballs." What does this mean? It means that the U.P. thinks it is better to have no vote at all, than to be continually worried whether you have a vote or not. That is what I find so endearing about the United Party—its thoughtfulness.

There is no lack of proof that the United Party is preparing to abandon their campaign to retain the Coloured vote. Senator Steenkamp says that "amity between the two White races is the aim of the U.P." and although the Coloured vote is "important," it is not "the real matter at stake." And Mr. S. F. Waterson says: "What is involved is a question of tactics not of principle."

Mr. Waterson said the Nationalists had started all the trouble that led to Dr. Friedman's resignation by asking what the U.P. would do after the Nationalists had removed the Coloured people from the common roll. "In my opinion," said the Honourable S. F. Waterson, "it was a damned

check of the Nationalists to ask such a question."

BIGGER BETRAYAL?

I could go on quoting this sort of thing indefinitely. But the point, I think, is proved. We know that the U.P. has no intention of restoring the voting rights of the Coloured people if it ever returns to power. But is that all? We have assumed up to now that at least the U.P. would continue to fight for the rights of the Coloured people, but is this true, or will the next Parliamentary session see an even bigger betrayal?

The third point is the "reclassification" of Coloureds into Africans. There have been a couple of letters in the daily Press from Africans who say they are proud to be Africans and would not be anything else. Quite right. But that is not the point. When "Coloured" becomes "African" very important changes take place. All the chains that bind the African—pass laws, police raids, restrictions on movement and residence, the hundred and one shackles—all these are transferred to the Coloured when he is turned into an "African" by a Population Registration official.

This is what the Coloured people object to. They see the African struggling to break his shackles, and in growing numbers they are standing shoulder to shoulder with him, sharing the struggle. They, too, have shackles, if not as many. Their objection to being classified as "African" is that they want BOTH themselves and the African people to be free, not BOTH shackled with the same chains. They don't want to join the imprisoned African. They want everyone to be free.

ALL TO SAME LEVEL?

When S.A.C.P.O. accused the Nationalists of trying to "classify the Coloured people out of existence" it put its finger right on the real motive. The Nationalists want all Non-Whites reduced to the same level, the lowest possible level. Under the Group Areas Act, the Indian community are going to be robbed of their trading licences and reduced to labourers. This will enable Whites to take over their businesses, but that is not the whole reason.

The Indian people, like the Coloured people, are a "bad example" to the Africans. They are one rung higher up in the scale of privileges and possessions. Africans might want to copy them, they might want to forget that they are Africans. The Nationalists, therefore, want to eliminate these "stepping stones"—because that is how they regard the Coloured and Indian peoples. They want all non-Whites to be cheap labour, at the beck and call of the White boss.

Dr. Donges has issued a long and inaccurate statement about the "concessions" he is making to the Coloured people in his classification methods. He is doing nothing of the sort. He refuses to do what the law says: take his information from the census returns. He is pushing ahead as fast as he can, turning Coloured people into "Africans" by the score. There are 68,000 Coloured people in the Transvaal at present. I wonder how many will remain when Dr. Donges is finished?

The future facing the Coloured people is clear and ominous. It will not help lighter-skinned ones to abandon their darker-skinned brothers, because sooner or later their turn will come. This is the time for unity, and unity not only in the ranks of the Coloured people, but with all the non-White groups, all the democratic forces.

New "Fighting Talk"

JOHANNESBURG.—"The Freedom Charter is the picture of the future South Africa, in which oppression and exploitation shall be no more. It is a document to be treasured by all who love freedom, for generations to come. It is the mirror of our struggle," says an article "Forward with the Freedom Charter," in the September issue of "Fighting Talk."

In this issue Brian Bunting writes on the Geneva Conference and the possibilities for democratic advance that a relaxation in the Cold War opens up for the world and for South Africans; a Coloured writer contributes an article on the classifications of Coloureds for the population register, declaring "We will not be ploughed under by scraps of paper," and Ruth First writes on the movement of the Covenanters and the Black Sash women.

Further articles deal with race laws in South Africa; and the use of atoms for peace. Cecil Williams writes from the Soviet Union, and Duma Nokwe on Verwoerd's youth labour camps and teacher training colleges.

The annual subscription to "Fighting Talk" is 5s., obtainable from P.O. Box 1355, Johannesburg. The magazine is sold at 6d. a copy.

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