

C2.3.1.3 1975

19500 G A S F PRO LEAGUE
**Bluebells
United** vs **Berea**

**LENASIA
STADIUM**

**3rd MAY '75
3.00 P.M.**

*Official
Programme*

Vol. 3 No.3

**10th Anniversary
Year**



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'UP THE BELLS'
SUPPORTERS SKIPPERS
Just Arrived!

comment....

The mind..., the brain is a phenomenal "institution". I call it an "institution", for it is here that the very essence of Man..., his very nature is distinctly defined and motivated. Fundamentally, he can keep a tight reign on his emotions.. to a certain extent.., but inevitably, his basic nature, the love, greed, hatred or envy that had been nurtured within him must emerge and in most instances cause him to lose esteem in the eyes of his fellow-men.

A fortnight ago, Bluebells United opposed log-leaders Cape Town United in a crucial league encounter. After an exciting first half in which the "Bells" all but over-ran a jaded Cape United, a team likened to expectant mothers in the throes of labour pains, they, Bluebells United, ended losers in the match they had to all intents and purposes drawn. Elaboration is not necessary for everyone present saw Prega Thandrind's superb second goal, scored after having beaten two defenders, one on either side of him. None the less, the goal, though legitimate, was disallowed ,and yet...., the linesman indicated a goal! A dejected Cape United were seen walking back to the centre circle until it dawned on them that the goal had been disallowed. Even their manager, Mr. A. Willis was stunned!

Referee Neville Trout! Here is a man who on numerous occasions voiced his disapproval of Bluebells United. His very nature is anti-Bells. To have a preference for other teams is of little or no consequence to us, but to literary show antipathy against us whilst refereeing a match, and a crucial one at that, is another matter. His consistency at keeping a "blind eye" at anything pertaining to Bells' advantage.... note the penalties in each half and of course the disallowed goal...., and his vindictiveness prior to the day of the match, is viewed with grave concern. His whole attitude on the field was that of an inept and incompetent man. His refusal to allow a legitimate replacement for an injured Bells player completely destroyed any resemblance he might have had to impartiality. It was only after the Cape United manager's request for a replacement for one of his players that he finally relented and allowed the Bells substitute to take the field, and this, more than five minutes after the initial request! It goes without saying, that the climax of the match was heralded by officials from both Bluebells United and Lenasia Football Association protecting a flustered Mr. Trout from an irate section of the spectators. Poor Neville! What a travesty! The esteem and respect you were held in, has been shattered, and this most assuredly due to your own vindictiveness.

Where does the responsibility lie for this shameful incident. Most decidedly not at our door-step. We had informed the Transvaal Management Committee of our objection to Mr. Trout officiating at our match with Cape United. His anti-Bells sentiments had been mentioned. Their refusal to entertain our request for another referee leaves us with a feeling of perplexity. Their rejoinder that we are dictating to them is viewed with concern.

Where were the Transvaal Management Committee members on that particular day? their presence, at least one or two members, have always been acknowledged at each and every every Professional match played at the Lenasia Stadium. Was their absence pre-conceived? was it indicative to the fact that had they been present Bluebells United may not have proceeded with the match? To my knowledge, the Transvaal Management Committee comprises of seven members, yet, can it be said that they were all tied-up with something else, that they were so busy that a crucial league encounter such as the one between Bluebells United and Cape United was of little significance?

Gentlemen, we are not in opposition to you. We are in the same laager and as such should work together and not castigate one another whether in the Press or verbally. Our record of doing everything above board, of honesty and compromisation where compromise is necessary, speak for itself. We took the field against Cape United fully aware of having a slender hope of winning the match with a biased referee in charge because, and this gentlemen, I sincerely hope you note...., WE DID NOT WISH TO HUMILIATE OR EMBARRASS AN INSTITUTION WHOSE PRINCIPLES WE HOLD IN HIGH ESTEEM, NAMELY FEDERATION. All we in the Bluebells United camp request, and this we deserve, is a fair deal. A repetition of the Neville Trout affair can only cause irreparable harm and this I am certain none of us in the Transvaal can afford, not if we have the interests of the League at heart.

NORMAN NARANSAMY SINGH

Those Were The Days

Alan Simpson

'The refereeing of the present time, with, of course, some notable exceptions, does not seem to be as good as it might. Could not this state of things be greatly remedied if it was made necessary for a referee to have been a player of some experience before entering on his responsible duties? There may be some men who are capable of being good referees without having played the game, but there are not many. The old player, even if he is less skilled in the laws, would surely apply his imperfect knowledge better than a man who, though perfect in theory, has never played the game to any level.'

Yes, here we go again. The same argument we've heard so often in recent months. Referees should be ex-players. This latest controversy has been raging up and down the football world between, on the one hand, progressive minds who want to introduce new revolutionary ideas into the game and, on the other hand, the traditionalists who want to leave things the way they are.

The quotation at the beginning of this piece was taken from . . . who? J. L. Manning of the *Evening Standard*? Derek Dougan, Chairman of the Professional Footballers Association? Brian Clough, radical go-ahead manager of Derby County? Well, actually, it was written by G. O. Smith in 1899 in a series of articles on Association Football. Yes, there's nothing like fresh visionary thinking to revitalise the game.

These articles come from an instructional book called *The Badminton Library on Football*, published by Longmans, Green and Co. If you can get hold of a copy it really is great reading. How about this, taken from Chapter VIII – The Attack.

'Every man on the side makes the best use of his pace, passes forwards not backwards, the object being to outrun the opposing backs and to reach the goal as quickly and with as little deviation as possible.'

So that's what they're supposed to do! You could have fooled me. Chapter IX – The Defence, begins thus:

'The defence, according to latter-day notions, is constituted of three half-backs, two full-backs and a goal-keeper.'

That has definitely changed today. Now, when a goal up, one adds the five forwards, the goalposts, corner flags, linesmen, dogs, and anything else one can get one's hands on.

There is a very enlightening chapter on the first rules of the game, drawn up by the Football Association in 1863, of which I may add, there were just twenty-three. The rule that caught my immediate attention was amended Rule 10:

'If any player shall run with the ball towards his adversaries' goal, any player on the opposite side shall be allowed to charge, hold, trip or hack him, or in any way wrest the ball from him.'

Well, I don't know how you feel, but I think it's about time they changed that rule. Oh, wait a minute, there's a rider to it. 10(a).:

'No player shall be held and hacked at the same time.'

Oh, what a shame! Even then they were trying to turn it into a game for poufs. Surely all that was necessary was to amend the rider, thus:

'No player shall be held and hacked at the same time UNLESS the holding and hacking be done by the same player.'

I think that would have covered the problem.

Amended Rule 13 I have no quarrel with:

'No player shall be allowed to wear projecting nails or iron plates on the soles or heels of his boots.'

Very fair. Of course that had to come, especially after they had outlawed the barbed wire studs three years earlier.

Turning the pages at random I come to Page 177. Hallo what's this?

'The legislative body that governs the game has been forced, in the interests of professionals, to pass rules detrimental to the genuine pleasure that football affords.'

Oh dear! Even in those days. I wonder what he was referring to? Oh yes, here we are:

'To protect players who would otherwise be open to possible injuries at the hands of unscrupulous opponents, it has been decreed that rough and heavy charging in the back is to be penalised with a free kick.'

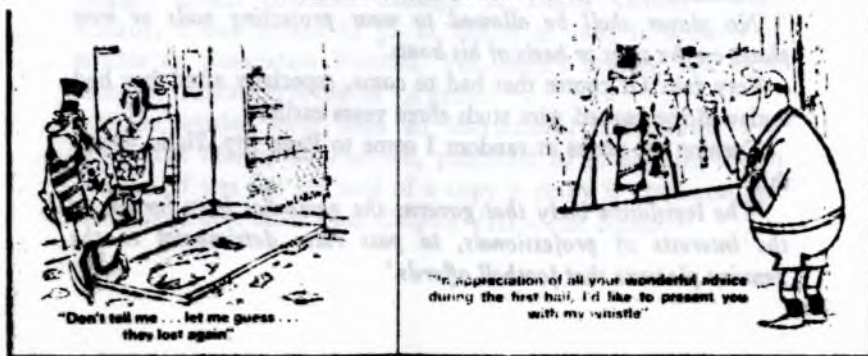
Mr G. O. Smith thought that was diabolical. In his opinion: *'the enjoyment and true sport of the game have both suffered from this introduction.'* He was a bit bloodthirsty, this geezer. He also considered that: *'...if a player is facing his own goal there should be no foul given when he is charged in the back; it is his own lookout, and he should not be in such a position without being aware he is liable to a charge from behind and may be bowled over and damaged.'*

Great stuff! Throw the raw meat in, open the cage! I can't help thinking that G.O. would have been right choked at the instructions given to League referees these days. Might as well put skirts on them and have done with it. Mind you, against that, if today's referees had been operating in 1899, I reckon they would have needed note-books the size of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Well, there we are. And I would like to dedicate next Saturday's game in loving memory of G. O. Smith.

This is a two round contest, forty-five minutes each round between at the Beveree End, Hampton, and at the Railway End, Guildford City, seconds out ...

From the Hampton Football Club programme



Hancock's Finest Half Hour

Ray Galton and Alan Simpson

It is Saturday evening and TONY HANCOCK and SID JAMES are sweating on the possibility of TONY scooping the pools. TONY has seven draws on his coupon and his fortunes depend on a late kick-off fixture at Stamford Bridge between Chelsea and East Cheam.

TONY: What's the time?

SID: Ten past five.

TONY: Oh this is impossible. It's dark outside. They can't play in this. They won't be able to see where they're going. They'll have to have little lamps strapped to their heads... that's no way to play a game. How are they expected to head a ball like that?

SID: They play under floodlights, you great twit.

TONY: That's unreliable for a start. Get a fuse for a couple of minutes... wallop, ten goals. The goalie hasn't got a chance. Who's in goal for East Cheam, anyway? *SID refers to the paper.*

SID: Um... Chalky White.

TONY: Chalky White. Oh well we've had it. We won't get a draw with him between the sticks. Biggest score in history. Ninety minutes of kick-offs and goals. He's useless, that man. He stands there leaning up against the goalpost measuring himself. He can't see what he's doing that's his trouble. Not only can't he see them coming—he has a job finding them once they're in. Wandering about the back of the net poking around here and there... he kicked his hat out twice last week. Who else have they got out?

SID: Mel Pritchard centre-forward.

TONY: Mel Pritchard. There's a fine example of athletic prowess

for you. Runs out on to the field and he's out of breath. I saw him play his first match. He kicked off and had to have a cartilage operation. Chelsea will murder that lot.

SID: What did you put them down for a draw for?

TONY: Because they're match number three, my brother-in-law's birthday. Mel Pritchard, what a load of old rubbish. I suppose he'll be playing in slippers again his corns'll be playing him up.

SID: What do you know about it, going on there as if you're an expert.

TONY: Oh come now, Sidney, if anybody is entitled to air his opinions on football it's me. The experience I've had. Playing for years I was . . . you talk to me. Schoolboy International, 1936 . . . Mr Magic, the Wizard of Dribble. Lovely pair of feet I had . . . both pointing in opposite directions . . . nobody knew which way I was going. I would have been playing still but I had to give it up.

SID: What, did you get injured?

TONY: No, no. It was when they did away with the long shorts . . . we had to show our knees, well I wasn't having that . . . fifty thousand people laughing their heads off . . . it wasn't worth twenty quid a week. Did I ever tell you about the highlight of my career?

SID: No, but you're going to, aren't you?

TONY: Picture the scene . . . Wembley Stadium, 1939 . . . packed to capacity . . . Duke of Rutland in the box, the cup in front of him . . . the bloke in the white suit, up on the rostrum bawling his lungs out . . . Land of Hope and Glory. Then we appeared. Ninety thousand throats roaring a welcome, ninety thousand pairs of eyes all on me . . . will he do it again . . . will he get another hat trick in the first five minutes? Will he score from the halfway line with a double back flip overhead scissors kick facing the wrong way? We kicked off then, with the hope of all the crowd pinned on me . . . tragedy struck. I went up to a high centre and headed the goalkeeper into the back of the net. Out cold I was. I was carried off in a deathly hush . . . stunned silence. Concussion, multiple bruises, cauliflower earhole and a fractured bracket. They were lost without me, ten minutes to go one nil down. Their main hope lying on a stretcher surrounded by doctors. I came to. One nil down they said, I don't know what came over me, but I remember fighting my way through the crowd and then there I

was standing on the touchline surrounded by fourteen unconscious St John Ambulance men, three doctors and a copper. My country, that's all I kept saying, I must not let my country down. Oh, call it outdated patriotism if you like, but that's the way I'm built. The referee signalled me on, I swallowed a couple of aspirins and limped on to the field, clutching the bloodsoaked sponge to the sixteen stitches on the back of my head. We started to attack and the crowd shouted as one man... 'Give it to Hancock'. The ball was cleared high in the air and I caught it on my forehead, balanced it there, tilted my head back and with my nose holding it into position, I was off. Past one man, past two men, past three men, forty-five yards, the ball never touched my head, they thought I was holding the lace in my mouth... my speed was incredible, the wind had caught my shorts and I couldn't stop, into the penalty area, feinted past the back, round the outside of the half-back, sidestepped the goalie, dropped the ball on to my foot and wallop, broke the back of the net... a brilliant goal...

SID: (*Enthusiastic*) One all.

TONY: Two nil. I'd forgotten they changed ends at half time.

SID: And that was your last game?

TONY: Yes. The rest of the team came up, walloped the life out of me, walked off and left me. I was still lying there when the dog racing started in the evening. Still that's the way it goes. What's the time?

SID: Quarter past five.

TONY: Oh I can't wait that long... a fortune within my grasp... not knowing...

SID: Well, let's go down and see the game then.

TONY: Of course... what a good idea... it'll be just like old times... Chelsea... I only ever played at Chelsea once, it was ten minutes to go, we were two nil down, I was hobbling on the right-wing with a broken ankle waiting my chance, when the ball...

SID: Are you coming or not?

TONY: Oh all right then.

They go to the door and leave with TONY still chatting, following SID.

TONY: I was only going to say that the ball came to me and I

trapped it with my good ankle and set off on a mazy dribble that took me half way down the field, we were playing the W formation at the time . . .

FADE after they've gone out of the door.

From Hancock's Half Hour 1959

THE TEAMS

Bluebells United from . . .

DAN MAISTRY
RALPH CHAME
TERRY JEEVANANTHAM
HOSEIN (FISHER) GANNY
KENNETH TROMPETTER
ALAN MOONSAMMY
JEFF MAISTRY
LOUIS JEEVANANTHAM
LEROY FORTUIN
SOONDRAM MOODLEY
SAYED BANO
PREGARSIN THANDRIN
ARCHIBALD ANDREWS
LAWRENCE KRAAIRIVIER
PATRIC LOUW
BALDWIN (GROOVIN) MOLOPE
ALAN VAN RHEEDER
Manager/Coach:
DENNIS WALLACE

Berea from . . .

CHERRY EBRAHIM
FIKKIE VALLY
SADEK EBRAHIM
CLIVE DE VAAL
SCAMPY BISSESSOR
PAT BLAIR
DUDU MOONSAMMY
CASSIM SEEDAT
KALIL KHAN

CHARLES CAREY
DAYA MAISTRY

NASSIEM BENEFELDT
JACKIE KRISHNA
GAVIN SNYMAN
NASSIEM MAYET

*This Programme was Designed -
(Artwork etc.) Edited & Compiled by -
NORMAN N. SINGH
Bluebells United*

Kick-off
3-30 p.m.

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