

C2.3.1.5 1975

# Tenth Anniversary Year



S.A.S.F. MAINSTAY  
PRO. LEAGUE FIXTURE



**Bluebells  
United** v/s

**Cape Town  
United**

**Lenasia  
Stadium**

**Sunday,  
20th April**

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*the people's shop*

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*the people's team*

ON THEIR  
TENTH ANNIVERSARY

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**'UP THE BELLS'**  
**SUPPORTERS SKIPPERS**  
**Just Arrived!**

# Comment ...

Saturday, 12th April 1975, will go down in history as the Day (or rather, Evening) of Agony for the protagonists of Multi-National Soccer. A large section of the spectators present at the Rand Stadium became so incensed at the referee's decisions and the general run of play whilst the match between Hellenic and Kaiser Chiefs...., the 2nd leg in the finals for the so-called Champions of Champions Tournament...., was still in its infancy, that they turned into a jeering, taunting destructive mob. Violence was the norm. A shocked South Africa read with dismay of the animosity prevalent during that period, the following day.

Soccer is a game of passion and spectators all over express their emotions in various ways. A man will defy nature, inadequate sanitary arrangements, the lack of sustenance and the vagaries of his team with such a lack of consideration for his own well-being that in normal circumstances would be deemed a leading contender for the nearest mental institution. To stage matches between teams composed of players of singular race against players of a different race is to invite trouble with a capital T. A highly volatile crowd, is easily incensed by the most insignificant infringements.... more-so during matches played under the umbrella of multi-nationalism.

The Government's rationale that multi-racial sport... soccer in this instance, would invariably lead to racial friction is based on mere supposition. Two mixed teams facing one another in a needle match would unlikely arouse racial animosity or rivalries as a prelude to violence. One only has to look to South America where a volatile, temprementle Latin nation, composed of various shades of colour have for eons played together in teams where talent and prowess and not pigmentation was and is of primary importance.

Federations continued granolithic stand for multi-racial soccer at all levels is to be commended and adhered. Their prophecy that no good can come from participating in multi-national games...., that animosity and racial friction would be enflamed ...., that multi-national soccer is aberrant to footballers of all shades in South Africa...., hypothetical though it might have been up to Saturday, 12th April, is now a reality. It is a fait accompli that multi-national soccer is doomed to a quick just death it so richly deserves. Lets hope, for the sake of all sports/soccer enthusiasts in this fair land of ours, it is very quick.

NORMAN NARANSAMY SINGH

C2.3.1.5

No country in the world produces as many outstanding precocious young footballers as Brazil. But what happens to them? Some, like Pele, reach the very top. Others, like Coutinho, find themselves on the scrap heap at an early age. Latest in the line of successors to Pele is Baba . . .

NO doubt to most people the word Santos means simply a football club. But the town of Santos has at least one other claim to fame: it is, the inhabitants will tell you, the largest port in Brazil. No—in South America. And certainly, on one side of town, it looks it, with nothing but docks and huge warehouses cluttering the horizon. But on the other side of town it's a different world. Modern high-rise apartment houses, wide sea-front esplanades — and beautiful beaches. Which brings us back to football. Wherever there are beaches in Brazil, there are bound to be soccer games.

Like most Brazilian clubs, Santos is concerned with quite a few things other than football. At the stadium there is a basketball gymnasium, a cinema, bars, a restaurant, a hall with a small stage . . . and a dormitory that houses up to a dozen young men. Pele was one of these boys once, for a short while back in 1956, days when that sly line "Edson Arantes do Nascimento, better known as Pele" had not yet started to appear in the world's newspapers.

These are the future Santos players—hopefully they will, like Pele, become superstars. It is too early yet to write "Nelson Luis Faria Pimmenta de Mello, better known as Baba", but the time will no doubt come. The 15-year-old Baba is rated a top prospect by the Santos club, who have already (and inevitably) hailed him as a "new Pele".

# SANTOS FINDS A SUCCESSOR TO... PELE

Baba was born into a football-conscious household—his father was a part-time coach—in Sa Joao de Meriti, near Rio. His first clear soccer memory is of Brazil's 1962 World Cup victory, when he asked his father for money to buy candy, but bought firecrackers instead. A year later he was trotting on to the field as the mascot of a local club, a tiny six-year-old boy dressed up in the club colours.

Baba learnt his football where so many Brazilians do, on the beach. He just picked it up, without any formal training. A few hints from his father now and then was the extent of his coaching. He joined his first organised team when he was 11, Pavunense F.C., where he played in the *dente de leite* (milk tooth) division, for boys 11 to 14. In 1970 his team won its way through to the national *dente de leite* final, a televised game played in Sao Paulo before 20,000 fans. A black day for Pavunense—they lost 0-1. "Everyone cried," Baba recalls,

smiling at the thought of it, and then, with a broad grin, "I was voted the second best player in the game, they gave me a wrist watch."

Baba was with Pavunense for three years, playing 59 games in which he scored 99 goals. His coach happened also to be a scout for Fluminense, and recommended him to the Rio club. Baba was all set to join Fluminense—in early 1971 he began practising there—when Pele entered the picture. Or rather Pele's father, Dondinho, who had once played in a team in Sao Lorenzo that was run by . . . Baba's father.

### Junior team

Dondinho spoke to Olavo Martins, the coach of the Santos junior team, and Baba was snatched away from Fluminense. On May 20, 1971, just after his 14th birthday, he arrived in Santos and moved into the stadium dormitory.

The dormitory is on the first floor, under the stands behind one of the goals. It is like a wide corridor—lockers down one side, beds down the other immediately underneath windows that look out on to the street outside the stadium.

Baba is everything that spells "boy"—lively, fidgety, a mass of curly hair, a face that is forever breaking into a warm impish smile, a voice that every so often breaks into a playful squeak.

He gets up between 8 and 8.30, has breakfast at the stadium restaurant, and then goes out on to the field in sneakers for light exercises, running and some physical training until 11 or 11.30. Then lunch, again in the stadium restaurant, followed by a rest period that is usually spent in the dormitory playing cards or watching TV.

At 2 o'clock it's back to the field (this

is the regular Santos pitch, there is no training field) for more training and usually a practice game that goes on until 5 or 5.30 or 6. Dinner is at 7.30, and after that Baba is free to go out for a while, provided he's back in the dormitory by 10.30.

What does he do when he goes out? "Sometimes we go to the cinema . . . and then there are the girls. Look." And Baba goes over to the window. There below is a group of young girls, four or five of them, leaning against a parked car, furtively stealing glances up at the dormitory windows. Not that Baba and his fellow junior players are in a position to do much in the way of lavish entertaining.

Most of their needs—food, lodging, laundry, medical and dental care—are paid for by the club, but anything extra has to come out of their pocket money allowance, which runs to all of \$10.50 a month. Baba goes home for weekends in Rio about six times a year, with the club paying his bus fare.

Santos has four junior teams: Infantil (11-14), Infanto-juvenil (14-16), Juvenil B (16-18), and Juvenil A (18-20). Baba is playing for the infanto-juvenil side, wearing No. 9, and scoring regularly.



**"Since winning the League they now take their own lawyer along to matches to argue with the ref"**

## *Sunday Morning*

**Jack Rosenthal**

*The play takes place throughout a Works League Sunday morning football match in Manchester.*

*The REFEREE, after twelve years of reffing these games (each of which he likens to Custer's Last Stand), has become an idealist in the cause of justice and fair play. (Unlike any of the players or their managers.)*

*At this moment in the play, the REFEREE is making his way towards the centre-circle to begin the match between Parker Street Works and the CWS.*

*SAM is the elderly manager of the Works team. BRIAN is the no-nonsense manager of the CWS.*

*The REFEREE is striding towards the circle, looking like – and imagining he is – a world cup referee.*

*SAM slides ingratiatingly up to the REFEREE and falls into step.*

**SAM:** Morning, Mr Armistead.

**REFEREE:** No, thank you.

**SAM:** I haven't offered you one yet!

**REFEREE:** Offered me a what?

**SAM:** Cigarette. I'd no intention of doing.

**REFEREE:** Good.

**SAM:** Fancy some chewing gum?

**REFEREE:** Good morning.

*Defeated, SAM trails off to the touchline. BRIAN, the opposing manager, promptly catches up with the REFEREE.*

**BRIAN:** (*Effusively*) Nice to see you again, Mr Armistead!

**REFEREE:** (*Striding on*) I've brought my *own* lemon, thank you. And embrocation.

BRIAN: I never said a word! No one offered you a lousy lemon!  
REFEREE: (*Stopping dead*) Would you like to go before the League Committee?

BRIAN: Would you like to go to *hell*?

REFEREE: I've been, laddie. That's what I'm doing *here*.

*He strides on leaving BRIAN behind. The REFEREE reaches the centre-spot and blows his whistle sharply to summon the two captains. They trot towards him like two bloodthirsty bull elephants. The Works' captain is GRAHAM. The CWS captain is STAN.*

REFEREE: (*Amiably*) Morning.

*The two captains grunt gracelessly and fix each other with baleful, murderous eyes. The REFEREE sighs.*

REFEREE: A few pearls of wisdom. From one who knows. (*STAN and GRAHAM, who've heard it all before, assume expressions of long-suffering.*) What we're now about to witness is called a football match. Not the beginning of World War Three. Not the destruction of the human race. A football match. In it, each team will attempt to score more goals than the other —

STAN: (*To GRAHAM*) What are you staring at?

GRAHAM: Not much.

*The REFEREE watches the exchange with apprehension.*

REFEREE: — and that will be done by kicking the ball in the net — as opposed to kicking other people in the crutch.

STAN: Right.

GRAHAM: Great.

STAN: Thank you.

GRAHAM: Now shall we start — or stand here and *freeze* to death?

REFEREE: If I see a good, clean exhibition of football skill, you won't know I'm here. If, on the other hand —

GRAHAM: Like a bloody tape-recorder. . . .

REFEREE: Did you speak?

GRAHAM: No, I was yawning.

REFEREE: . . . If, on the other hand, and acting upon the new Gospel according to Lytham St Annes, there's any foul tackles from behind, swearing at me, shirt pulling, writhing on the ground in apparent childbirth in an attempt to win an Actress of the Year Award — because another player accidentally *looks* at you

- then out comes my little book, and in it goes the name. (*Another long-suffering sigh from STAN and GRAHAM*) If it happens again, the gentleman in question will be back in the dressing-room so fast his backside'll be a blur. Arguing with the referee will naturally not be tolerated.

STAN: (*Argumentatively*) Why? Who the hell's arguing?  
The REFEREE Looks at him calmly.

REFEREE: Are you trying to get in the Guinness Book of Records? The only player to be sent off before the game's even started? (*He takes a coin from his pocket*) Heads or tails?

GRAHAM: Tails.

The REFEREE tosses the coin, picks it up and looks at it.

REFEREE: Heads.

STAN: As we are.

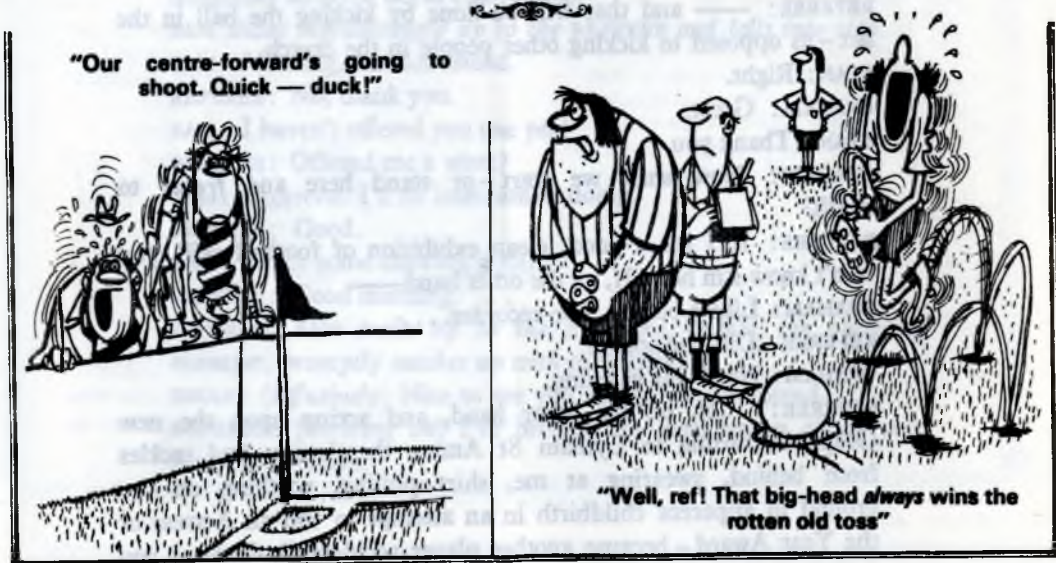
REFEREE: Have you shaken hands yet? (*They stare at him impassively*) Well, do it now. (*They don't move*) Shake hands!!!  
They shake hands as though trying to break each other's fingers; their faces making no attempt to hide the primeval hatred they're feeling for each other — and promising each other.

REFEREE: Thank you. May the best team win.

STAN: Why?

He crosses himself and trots off to join his team-mates. GRAHAM joins his. The REFEREE sighs and blows his whistle to summon the teams into position for the kick-off.

From *Another Sunday And Sweet F.A.* 1972





## *What A Load Of Rubbish*

Words and Music by  
Jackie Trent and Tony Hatch

Saturday night and the town is full of gloom,  
Our football team was beaten this afternoon,  
It wouldn't be so bad if they lost now and then,  
But they haven't won a match since Lord knows when.  
Today they showed more skill,  
The score was only fourteen-nil (echo Four---teen---nil),  
What we need is a team that won't give in,  
What we need is a team that tries to win.

*Did you see them today?*

*They haven't got a clue,  
What a disgrace to the town,  
What a bloody shambles.*

Even from the kick-off they were like a lot of sheep,  
Running round in circles while the goalie fell asleep  
The other side were poetry, a sight I won't forget,  
One quick move and the ball was in the net.

What a load of rubbish!

What a lousy lot,

What a load of rubbish!

What a team we've got.

Did you see our Peter as he rushed towards the goal,  
Like a bloody tortoise on a Sunday morning stroll,  
Suddenly he stumbled as he tried a pirouette,  
The ball went wide and he was in the net!

What a load of rubbish, etc.

We couldn't beat 'em fairly so we tripped 'em from behind,

Someone broke an ankle but the referee was blind,  
Smithie tried a header, but he didn't quite connect,  
One quick pass and the ball was in the net.

What a load of rubbish, etc.

Dribbling down the touchline with his jersey round his knees,  
Big John smiles, he only wants to please,  
Harry has gone to change his socks because they getting wet,  
Don't look now, but the ball is in the net.

What a load of rubbish, etc.

What we need is a man who knows no fear,  
What we need is a man like Joe Callear! Joe . . . Callear . . .  
The most beautiful thing on two legs that's ever been,  
With a speed and the skill and likes you've never seen.  
Joe Callear . . . Joe Callear.

I can see him running as he led the brave attack,  
Poetry in motion, you just couldn't hold him back,  
Slipping past defenders he would beat them all and then,  
One quick move and Callear would score again.

What an entertainer, what a famous lad,  
He was just the greatest that we ever had.

It's funny how the money starts to talk,  
They sold him off to First Division, York,  
It wouldn't be so bad if they bought someone new,  
But they had to mend the stand and the toilets too.

It really makes me curse,

They've really gone from bad to worse,  
What we need is a team that won't give in,  
What we need is a team that tries to win.

What a load of rubbish!

What a lousy lot,

What a load of rubbish!

What a team we've got.

From the Musical *The Card*, 1973

# THE TEAMS

## Bluebells United from ...

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

DENNIS WALLACE

## Cape Town United from ...

NEVILLE CHADWICK  
BEKUMZI MTETWA  
JOEY LAWRENCE  
CLIVE DANIELS  
BRIAN WILLIS  
ERIC DANIELS  
JONATHAN JOSEPH  
HENRY WHITE  
DANNY MEIRING  
CHARLES BEUKES  
NEIL WILLIS

AUBREY ONTONG  
WILLIAM SONN  
DANNY AGULHAS  
PETER ADAMS  
ARTHUR SOLOMONS

Manager A WILLIS

### FORTH-COMING FIXTURES

\* 4th MAY 1975

Bells vs Berea - Lenasia

\* 18th MAY 1975

Bells vs Swaraj - Lenasia

**Kick-off**  
**3-30 p.m.**

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

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