

bluebells united *Cl 3.1.4*

v/s

swaraj

10th
Anniversary
Year

lenasia stadium

18th may 1975

R10500 Mainstay League

CURTIN & SONS MOTORS

Cor. Commando Road & Price Street, Industria.

Tel. 27 - 4181/2/3

Cor. Mann & Brown Roads, Newlands

Tel. 27 - 1113



YOUR VOLKSWAGEN DEALERSNEW CARS

YOUR USED CAR DEALERS.. .. .USED CARS

SERVICES

PARTS



WE OFFER PERSONAL SERVICES FROM THE TOP



PASSAT  Audi

**HAPPINESS IS
CURTIN & SONS'**

TEL. 27-4181/2/3 • 27-4117 • 27-1113

Comment

The result of today's derby should be of little or no significance to the soccer enthusiast. It is the game that is important. That entertainment be provided by the teams...., both of whom have proud records...., reminiscent of the Transvaal derbies during the heyday of the former South African Soccer League is of much more importance. Long after the scores had been forgotten, it would be the prowess of the players on view today that will linger within our memories.

It is gratifying to note that the Transvaal Management Committee is concerned at the dirth of competent referees in the Transvaal. In a recent statement an appeal was made to former soccer players to take up the cudgels and put something back into the game - to become active referees. I fully endorse this appeal, more so, after last week's game, when the officiating referee incensed a large section of the crowd with his mediocrity and biasedness against the visiting Cape side. Something must be done, and very quickly too, for mediocrity, biasedness and the like will inevitably breed nothing but chaos within our league. Incidentally, have the Transvaal Management Committee consulted our local Lenasia Football Association as a means of alleviating this problem? Surely there are referees here, past and present, who with the necessary adjustment and coaching, would rise to the occasion and perform remarkably well. Who knows, they might even be better than some of our present crop.

A little more than a month ago, I commented in a leading article on the general standard of football within Mr. Y.C. Meer's FASA orientated organisation. At the time, I wrote that their standard was not worthy of First Division - let alone Second Division status in the Federation ranks. Audacious as my remarks might have been at the time, it now appears that their current form/standard is not even of Second Division status. Teams, formerly with his Association, were convincingly beaten by Federation Second Division sides a fortnight or so ago. God forbid! To think that it was with teams/players of this calibre that he had to contend with in selecting his sides for the multi-national games he has so enthusiastically supported. For "eye-openers", Mr. Meer, this most decidedly is it.

Poaching - the poaching of players shall always remain a highly contentious aspect of our football. With the continued improved standard of play in the league, clubs are forever on the lookout for skilled and talented players. This, I applaud, for to better one's club is highly commendable. But I do, however, condemn, and most emphatically too, when overtures are made to players, WITHOUT THE PRIOR CONSENT OR PERMISSION OF THE CLUBS OF WHICH THE PLAYERS ARE MEMBERS. Surely, to sound out the club FIRST, of one's intentions, is of paramount importance. Negotiations can then be initiated with the player and ultimately between the clubs concerned. This is the correct procedure. To deviate is to cause unnecessary friction and animosity, and I have no hesitation in saying, no club - be they in Federation or not - can afford this stigma.

I mentioned earlier of an upsurge in improvement of play with the Pro. League. As a vindication of this belief, just take a look at the results of matches played thus far. The massive scores that dominated the league last year are out. Moreover, the strangle-hold the Cape teams enjoyed is a thing of the past.

- NORMAN N. SINGH

The Death of Duncan Edwards

Arthur Hopcraft

Anyone who was in Manchester in February 1958, particularly if he lived there, as I did, will remember for ever the stunning impact on the city of the air crash at Munich airport which killed eight of Manchester United's players. The shock was followed, just as it is in particularly closely tied families after a death, by a lingering communal desolation. No other tragedy in sport has been as brutal or as affecting as this one.

It was not simply that very popular athletes had been killed and a brilliantly promising team destroyed. There was a general youthfulness about this particular Manchester United team which was new to the game. Manchester relished this fact. The old, often gloomy city had a shining exuberance to acclaim. These young players were going to take the country, and probably Europe too, by storm. To identify with this precociousness, to watch people in other towns marvelling and conceding defeat, gave a surge to the spirit. Suddenly most of the team was dead.

The players killed were Roger Byrne, Geoff Bent, Eddie Colman, Duncan Edwards, David Pegg, Mark Jones, Tommy Taylor, Bill Whelan. Four of them were England international players, Byrne and Edwards and Taylor all firmly established with appearances in the England side well into double figures. Pegg had been capped once. It was the death of Duncan Edwards which gave the deepest, most lasting pain to the community. This was not because he was liked personally any more than the others, but because there was a special appeal to people's ideals about him. Walter Winterbottom, the England team manager at the time, called him 'the spirit of British football'. He meant the

football that exists in children's day-dreams and good men's hopes: honest, brilliant irresistibly strong.

There was an extra poignancy in Edwards's death in that he lived for fifteen days after the crash. How bitterly that hurt. One of the key components in Duncan Edwards's appeal was his size. Big men in sport are always specially compelling, whether they lumber comically or endear by their dogged willingness. Edwards at twenty-one was a six-footer, weighing 13½ stone, but with the immense presence he brought to his game he had nimbleness as well as strength, flair as well as calm.

A youth so equipped was bound to prompt affectionate epithets from sportswriters and fans, and people cudgelled their brains to find new ones. He was Kid Dynamite, the Baby Giant, the Gentle Giant, Big Dunk, the Boy with the Heart of a Man. As the daily reports came in from the hospital in Munich, Manchester raised hope for his survival. In the second week after the crash people began to talk in their ready sentimental clichés about the Lion-heart fighting his way through again. There was much banality in the words, but the longing was sincere. Then he died.

Edwards was born in October 1936, in Dudley, Worcestershire. As a schoolboy of the forties and a teenager of the fifties he was part of the generation which linked the hard, sombre days of the war and rationing with the more dashing, mobile times which followed in such animated reaction. He would be in his early thirties now and, if still playing football, which is likely, assuredly an old-fashioned-looking figure among the imitating contemporaries of George Best. He had dignity on the field always, even in his teens: that senior officer kind of authority which comes to few players and then late in career, as with Danny Blanchflower, Jimmy Armfield, George Cohen.

I looked through an album of photographs in Edwards's parents' home, which showed him right through his life. The face was grave, the gaze he gave at the world open and tranquil. Winterbottom's description was not fanciful, in spite of being one which any thoughtful man would hesitate to use in connection with any player. Edwards represented the kind of self-respecting modesty which is not nurtured in the ferocity of the modern game. It has not been deliberately forced out of football; it is just not natural to the age.

The Death of Duncan Edwards

The album had pictures of Edwards in his street clothes, as well as in football strips, and in them the period was caught, fixed by his personality. He was bulky in those ill-fitting jackets and wide trousers with broad turn-ups. Clothes did not interest young footballers then; there was neither enough money nor a teenage-identity industry to exploit such an interest. He could have been a young miner freshly scrubbed for a night at a Labour Club dance. He did not look important, in the celebrated sense; he looked as if he mattered, and belonged, to his family and his friends. The anonymity of style was true to his generation and his kind.

The situation was very different when he put his football boots on. I went to see Mr Geoff Groves, the headmaster of a secondary school in Dudley, who was one of Edwards's teachers when the boy was at primary school. Mr Groves remembered this eleven-year-old playing for the school against a neighbouring school the day after Edwards had got home from a spell of hop-picking. He said: 'He dominated the whole match. He told all the other twenty-one players what to do, and the referee and both the linesmen. When I got home that evening I wrote to a friend and said I'd just seen a boy of eleven who would play for England one day.'

A year later, Mr Groves said, the boy was playing 'in the style of a man, with wonderful balance and colossal power in his shot'. Already he was showing the intelligence in his game which became central to all he did. 'He already understood all about distribution of the ball,' said Mr Groves. 'And he was such a dominating player that the ball seemed to come to him wherever he was.' It is one of the distinguishing marks of the most talented players that they always seem to have the ball exactly when they want it. Edwards was a heroic figure in Dudley long before he became a professional player. He became captain of the England schoolboys' side, having joined it when he was thirteen, and many of the leading clubs were clamouring for his signature. Matt Busby called at his home at 2 a.m. on the morning after his sixteenth birthday and acquired him for United. He was sixteen-and-a-half when he played his first match for United, 6 feet tall and weighing 12 stone 6 lb. At eighteen-and-a-half he became the youngest player ever to be picked for the full England inter-

national team. It was the one which beat Scotland 7-2 at Wembley in April 1955, and this was the company he was in:

Williams (Wolves); Meadows (Manchester City); Byrne (Manchester United); Phillips (Portsmouth); Wright (Wolves, captain); Edwards; Matthews (Blackpool); Revie (Manchester City), Loft-house (Bolton Wanderers), Wilshaw (Wolves), Blunstone (Chelsea).

Sir Stanley Matthews who was forty when he played in that match, told me that he thought Edwards could truly be called unique. To Matthews, who learned his football in the days when, as he put it, 'they all said you had to be strong, with big, thick thighs,' Edwards's build was no surprise. 'But,' he said, 'he was so quick, and that was what made the difference. I can't remember any other player that size who was quick like that.'

The point was emphasised eighteen months later, when Edwards, normally a left-half, was placed at inside-left in the England team against Denmark, when the forward line was Matthews, Brooks (Tottenham Hotspur), Taylor, Edwards, Finney (Preston North End), Edwards scored twice and Taylor three times in England's win, which gives an indication of the scoring power Manchester United had at their command.

The fondness Manchester United's supporters felt for this player was expressed in the common adulation by boys but also in the quiet admiration of the kind which fathers show for successful sons when they speak about them to neighbours, and out of the boys' hearing. In this regard for Edwards there was often a sad sympathy for opposing players who were being crushed coldly out of the game by him. I remember watching one of United's home matches when beside me was a spectator in his fifties, who shouted little but nodded his head nearly all the time in deep satisfaction, letting out occasionally an equally deep sigh which was eloquent in its pleasure. By the middle of the first half one of the opposition's inside-forwards - I forget, I am ashamed to say, the team involved, but perhaps this is also kindness - was reacting furiously to the frustration of being treated like a small child by Edwards, firmly but without viciousness or even very much concern. The player threw himself several times at Edwards, either missing the moving body entirely or bouncing off it, and on each occasion the man beside me sucked in his breath, shook his head and said softly: 'Nay, lad, not with 'im, not with 'im.' It was the decent,

The Death of Duncan Edwards

absorbed football fan like this one for whom Winterbottom was speaking when he called Edwards the spirit of British football.

Edwards's funeral took place at St Francis's Church, Dudley, not far from his home. There were at least 5,000 people outside the church. The vicar made it a footballer's service. He said: 'He goes to join the memorable company of Steve Bloomer and Alex James.' Had he lived long enough Edwards would surely have joined the company of England team captains. Instead he left a memory of brilliance and courage and a sense of vast promise he was not allowed to fulfil.

His grave in Dudley cemetery is elaborate. The headstone has an ingrained picture of him in football kit holding a ball above his head for a throw-in. An inscription reads: 'A Day of Memory, sad to recall. Without Farewell, He Left Us All.' There are three flower stands, and one of them is in the shape of a football. It suits the nature of his class and his neighbourhood, and it is attended with great care by his father, a gardener at the cemetery.

His father, Mr Gladstone Edwards, felt he had to explain why he was working at the cemetery. He said: 'People think I came to this job because he's there. But that wasn't the reason. I had to change my work, and I've always liked flowers and gardening. I felt I wanted to be out of doors.' Duncan was his only child.

Neither he nor his wife could hide the depth of their loss. Nor was there any reason why they should try. When I went to see them Duncan Edwards had been dead for nine years, and Mr Edwards, at least, could talk about his son straightforwardly, although all the time with a quiet deliberation. He said that even then there was still a steady trickle of visitors to Duncan's grave. There were days when twenty people would arrive to look at it, like pilgrims. They seldom knew that the gardener they stopped to talk to was the player's father. They nearly always said the same thing: that there would never be another Duncan. Mr Edwards added that Friday often brought the most visitors, and they were often lorry-drivers with Manchester accents. They had stopped on their long run home from somewhere south. The next day, of course, they would be at Old Trafford to watch the match.

In Mr and Mrs Edwards's small semi-detached house the

front room is kept shaded and spotless. It was in here that Mr Edwards showed me Duncan's photograph album, and also let me open a glass-fronted display cabinet and examine the mementoes of Duncan's life. It contained eighteen of his caps at full international, youth and schoolboy level, to represent the eighteen times that he played in his country's senior team. Each was kept brushed and was filled with tissue paper. On top of the cabinet were three framed photographs of Duncan: one taken in uniform when he was in the Army, doing his National Service, another with his fiancée and a third in which he wears a Manchester United shirt. Beside them was a framed five pound note, which was the last present he gave his mother. The tiny room was dominated by a portrait of Edwards in his England shirt, the frame two feet wide by two-and-a-half feet long. The room was a shrine.

That showcase also had a copy of the order of service which was used on the day that two stained-glass windows were dedicated to Edwards at St Francis's Church. They are close to the font, beside a picture of a gentle Jesus which was given to the church by a mother, in memory of a baby girl. One of the windows has Edwards down on one knee and there is a scroll running across his chest which says: 'God is with us for our Captain.' All the survivors of the Munich crash were in the church when the windows were dedicated by the Bishop of Worcester in August 1961. Busby said at the service: 'These windows should keep the name of Duncan Edwards alive for ever, and shine as a monument and example to the youth of Dudley and England.'

Edwards name is also kept in front of the people of Dudley in the title of the Duncan Edwards Social Club, which is attached to the town football club, and in two trophies for local schools football.

These memorials commemorate not only Duncan Edwards's football but also the simple decency of the man. He represented thousands in their wish for courage, acclaim and rare talent, and he had all three without swagger. The hero is the creature other people would like to be. Edwards was such a man, and he enabled people to respect themselves more.

From *The football Man* 1968

By Popular Demand, We Repeat ...

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 Callar! Joe ... Callar ...
The most beautiful thing on two legs that's ever been,
With a speed and the skill and likes you've never seen.
Joe Callar ... Joe Callar.

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 Callar 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

England v. Brazil, 1956

Geoffrey Green

Marshals and scarlet Caesars have won their victories on land, but few could have equalled in colour and dramatic contexts this triumph of the Apollonic English game over the Dyonisiac dance of Brazil. Wembley yesterday saw as varied and as exciting a show as has ever touched its velvet surface since the early days of the Rodeo. Here was everything: football, a touch of the three-ring circus, a dash of the bull-ring, and at the end of it all a huge and undisputed triumph for the original masters of the Old World against the champions of the New. A 100,000 crowd loved it from the first moment, though before the close there were many painful moments to live through.

A thousand and one things vibrate in the memory, but where to start? Best perhaps is to tell the sequence of events simply. Winning the toss and taking a broad south-westerly wind on their backs, England crashed through to a two goal lead by Taylor and Grainger within the opening five minutes. Here was something to set all England dancing. That lead they still held preciously and with much authority at half-time, though for spells the Brazilian virtuosi had seemed to need only the inspiration of a goal to set their intricate fires alight.

Within ten minutes of the second half the picture had changed utterly. Paulinho and Didi, with strange goals, rocked the Englishmen to their heels. Now it was 2-2, with the balance of inspiration changed and a long, long way to go. But in the end it was the particular artistry of Stanley Matthews, backed by the iron spirit and direct skill of his colleagues, who saw England home. Supplementing his already rich contribution to England's opening

goals, it was now two centres of his from the right, each pitched to the far posts with pin-point accuracy, that were headed home by Taylor and Grainger so that finally the grand young man of English football, aged 41 years, left the scene of his greatest triumphs with yet another crown about his head. Yet during that dramatic last half-hour he and a hundred thousand people had stood by to watch England miss two penalties into the bargain and all but throw the match away.

So in the end full justice was done and none could quarrel with the verdict: indeed the sentence passed on the Brazilians should have been more severe. England this day played as if their very lives depended upon it. They did exactly what was required to disrupt the superb Brazilian artistry. They tackled swiftly, like lions, they refused to be drawn out of position defensively, and they used the long through pass for the sudden switch to attack, using Haynes in mid-field as the hub. It was fast, direct, accurate, and full of finishing drive, and it is a long time since one has seen an English side move with such power to dominate maestri of the calibre of these Brazilians.

Make no mistake, these Brazilians are maestri individually. There surely is no greater right-back in the world today than D. Santos, his control and use of the ball being equal to anything any forward could wish to attain. Didi, at inside-left, is a supreme artist, quick as a black panther, a man who, for a spell of twenty minutes before half-time, threatened to take the match and wrap it round his little finger. There was, too, the lighting support in attack of Dequinha, from left-half.

These were the ringmasters who took the eye. But it was in defence in depth, in teamwork, and in the creation of the final and destructive opening which stamps great sides that Brazil failed. Of the two goals they scored one was a freak bearing some dark magic about it. The other came from a mistake by the junior Matthews who seemed unsighted under the English crossbar, but a mistake it was.

For the rest, it was all lovely patterned approach, a colourful picture in design and content, but no finishing touch to the picture behind Wright and his backs within the English penalty area. These ebony Brazilians, wearing shirts of daffodil colour and the briefest of pale blue shorts, might have belonged to a wood in

springtime. Their gyrations, too, told of dance steps in wild woods with a special relish for flexibility and flourish. But this day it all faded against the solid oak of England.

The English half-back line in particular, won the highest laurels. Wright, Clayton, recovering wonderfully from Didi's inspired spell, and the giant Edwards, were magnificent. They, together with Hall and Byrne behind them, made all the Brazilian frills count for nothing in the end, and to them must go the major praise for the victory. But the forward line, too, reacted in just the right way, with a clever mixture of the long pass and a change of the attacking point.

Here Taylor, at centre-forward, gave full effect to the tactical plan by his authority over Pavao, both in the air and with his speed over the ground. Haynes, the linchpin of attack, was quick to spot this chink in the South American armour, and he cleverly varied his tactics accordingly to keep the Brazilians moving the wrong way, ever fearful of the pass to Stanley Matthews.

Matthews, in point, came into the pattern only in sudden spasms, but when he did danger trembled as he moved either inside or outside N. Santos. In the final analysis indeed, quite apart from the vast roar of expectation he drew from the company when on the move, he had a foot in each goal, and that was something to savour.

England began with a surge as in the days of Mortensen at centre-forward. Within seconds Taylor caught the tide that carried him through the battle. He broke through finely, but shot too high and too soon with the roar of goal already on the wind. But within two minutes he had set it right. A fine move put England ahead. Edwards to Matthews, a lovely square pass to Haynes, a forward touch, and Taylor hit the roof of Gilmar's net a thundering smack.

Three minutes later England were two up. Matthews, falling into defence, began it near his own right corner flag. A saucy flick through Canhoteiro's legs found Hall; Hall's long through pass saw Taylor again sweep past Pavao, and there was Grainger up to shoot home from Haynes's final touch. So it remained at half-time, though Taylor, with a great shot had hit a post. England two up, but Brazil not yet out of it by a long chalk.

Now rain began to fall, and with the sudden change the battle changed too. A new hazard was thrown in, and for the next half-hour the packed terraces lived either on the crests or in the trough of waves of excitement. With eight minutes gone, and now the wind behind Brazil, N. Santos joined swift attack down the left.

Over came a centre, and Paulhino on the right let fly almost on the by-line. The angle was the acutest possible, but the impossible happened. His shot struck Byrne, ricocheted back in an awful parabola across a helpless defence, and spun over the England goal line.

This gave Brazil a straw to clutch. Within another two minutes they were level as Didi, taking Wright's half-clearance, surprised Matthews (R.) from 20 yards as the goalkeeper merely turned a rising shot inside his own goalposts.

Now followed the rodeo, the circus, and all the rest. All we needed was an earthquake. Brazil, moving the ball about in close circles, seemed to have saved their day. But now their volatile temperament failed.

With half an hour left Haynes's cross free kick from the end of the penalty area was handled by an excitable defender. Penalty. But could the French referee make his point? It might have been carnival time in some South American city as he was jostled by the Brazilians. One player annexed the ball and made off with it like some third form schoolboy who had decided to go home with the only plaything and spoil everything. In due course Atyeo, the least distinguished of England's forwards, had his penalty kick saved, and no wonder. But why Atyeo as the intended executioner, one wondered?

But now Matthews came to the rescue, and a perfect centre by him from Haynes's inside pass was headed back by Atyeo for Taylor to nod England into the lead once more at 3-2. Now came another penalty for hands, stopping Taylor and Atyeo going through in a duet. This time Byrne failed to beat Gilmar on his left side. The agony of it.

Yet once more Matthews helped to settle something we should all have been spared. Hall found him with a short pass, another centre followed, and the alert Grainger stamped his first game for England with another goal, a swift header past Gilmar. England, with seven minutes left, were home at last amid gusts of excitement and a stormy afternoon now wore more than a wrinkle or two on its damp ground.

ENGLAND: Matthews (R.) (Coventry City); Hall (Birmingham City), Byrne (Manchester United); Clayton (Blackburn Rovers), Wright (Wolverhampton Wanderers) (*captain*), Edwards (Manchester United); Matthews (S.) (Blackpool), Atyeo (Bristol City), Taylor (Manchester United), Haynes (Fulham), Grainger (Sheffield United).

BRAZIL: Gilmar; D. Santos, N. Santos (*captain*); Zozimo, Pavao, Dequinha; Paulhino, Alvaro, Gino, Didi, Canhoteiro.

REFEREE: M. Guigue (France).

BLUEBELLS UNITED from

DAN MAISTRY
RALPH CHAME

TERRY JEEVANANTHAM
KENNETH TROMPETTER
RATTAN PADAYACHEE
HOOSEIN "FISH" GANNI
ALAN MOONSAMMY
ANTHONY "DOUZA" JULIUS
JEFF MAISTRY
LOUIS JEEVANANTHAM
LAWRENCE KRAAIRIVIER

SAYED BANOO
LEROY FORTUIN
SOONDRAM MOODLEY
PREGARSIN THANDRIND
ALAN VAN RHEEDER
BALDWIN "GROOVIN" MOLOPE
PATRICK "KARRETJIE" LOUW
ARCHIBALD ANDREWS

Manager/Trainer :
BILLY MORGAN

KICK-OFF: 3-30 P.M.

LENASIA FOOTBALL ASS.
BENEFIT MATCH ~

THE TEAMS

SWARAJ from

BABOO KALLICHURAN
SAM REDDY
THAKOR SINGH

VIRGIL PADAYATCHEE
KOLA PADAYATCHEE
GOONA PADAYATCHEE
LUCAS ARANJE
VICTOR KOWA

STANLEY TSHABALALA
JUNIOR KUMALO
ROY HARRY
EDDIE JACKSON
ENVER NABEE
J.C.YENDE

Trainer/Coach:
IVAN NAIDOO

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

**TOTAL
CENTRAL
MOTORS
(PTY.) LIMITED**

**P. O. Box 103 Phone 293
Cor. First Ave., & First St.,
Extention 2
LENASIA**



2572 Concord Place, Karachi Arcade, Lenasia

YOUR SATISFACTION OUR GUARANTEE

With Compliments From

**JET
PRINTERS
AND
STATIONERS**

141 ANDERSON STREET,
P.O. BOX 8432,
JOHANNESBURG

PHONE: 21-2373
21-8297

*For All Your
Printing Requirements*

Collection Number: AG3403

Collection Name: Non-racial Sports History Project

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand

Location: Johannesburg

©2016

LEGAL NOTICES:

Copyright Notice: All materials on the Historical Papers website are protected by South African copyright law and may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, displayed, or otherwise published in any format, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

Disclaimer and Terms of Use: Provided that you maintain all copyright and other notices contained therein, you may download material (one machine readable copy and one print copy per page) for your personal and/or educational non-commercial use only.

People using these records relating to the archives of Historical Papers, The Library, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, are reminded that such records sometimes contain material which is uncorroborated, inaccurate, distorted or untrue. While these digital records are true facsimiles of paper documents and the information contained herein is obtained from sources believed to be accurate and reliable, Historical Papers, University of the Witwatersrand has not independently verified their content. Consequently, the University is not responsible for any errors or omissions and excludes any and all liability for any errors in or omissions from the information on the website or any related information on third party websites accessible from this website.

This document forms part of a collection, held at the Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa.