



Dazzlers Football Club

Blue Sapphire (65 Years) Anniversary Book



"Champions Through the Ages!"

*By
Faizel Mooi*

CONTENTS

FOREWARD BY CLIFFORD JOUSTEN	PAGE 2
FOREWARD BY ERROL BECKETT	PAGE 5
FOREWARD BY CLIFFORD VAN DER HAER	PAGE 6
FOREWARD BY FAIZEL MOOI	PAGE 7
CHAPTER ONE: A POTRAIT OF LIFE IN ALBERTVILLE IN THE NINETEEN FORTIES	PAGE 9
CHAPTER TWO: THE FORMATION OF DAZZLERS	PAGE 19
CHAPTER THREE: DAZZLERS MOVES TO BOSMONT	PAGE 40
CHAPTER FOUR: DAZZLERS IN THE NINETEEN SIXTIES	PAGE 46
The Beckett Brothers	Page 47
Mr Van	Page 55
Len Paul Thomas	Page 57
CHAPTER FIVE: DAZZLERS IN THE NINETEEN SEVENTIES	PAGE 61
Basil and Danny Peters	Page 62
Peter Malan	Page 63
Russell Naidoo	Page 65
Glen De Allende	Page 65
Noel Goodall & Leyland Naidoo in Cape Town	Page 66
Eugene Goodall	Page 70
Leon Eastwood	Page 72
Wayne Rigney	Page 73
CHAPTER SIX: THE EIGHTIES AND NINETIES	PAGE 97
Vivian Merckel	Page 99
Denzel Renecke	Page 99
Norman Booysen	Page 100
Brandon Van Der Haer	Page 101
Colin and Robin Goodall	Page 102
Stuart Bougaard and Branden Bartlett	Page 104
Calan Bennett	Page 104
Craig Joseph	Page 105
Avril Adendorff	Page 105
Johardien Choonara	Page 108
Roger Niken	Page 108
Adam Kok	Page 109
Anver Van Rooyen and Quinton Fortune	Page 109
CHAPTER SEVEN: THE THIRD MILLENNIUM	PAGE 120
Derrick Brian Eastwood	Page 121
Gregory Moyce	Page 122
Llewelyn Bennett	Page 123
Terence Smith	Page 130
Jarod Cozens; Emilio Scholtz; Sylvester Jacks;	
Levandre Naude; Galin Cohen; Rameez Mohomed;	
Zaid Leafa	Page 131
Gary Groenewald; Earl Groenewald; Leander Groenewald;	
Bongani Buthelezi; Patrick Maila & Ryan Burgess	Page 133
RANDOM DAZZLERS FACTS	PAGE 140

FOREWARD AND TRIBUTES BY CLIFFORD JOUSTEN CO-FOUNDER OF DAZZLERS

This book has many authors. Everyone who has ever registered with Dazzlers has entered his name into the history pages where it will remain forever. Those who leave take with them a piece of the Club.

The main objective of this book is to try and find the secret formula for the potent adhesive which has, for sixty five years, not only held the Club together but also nurtured its development. For any institution to survive and thrive it needs a healthy environment. Albertville provided more than that for us. It was our home and our hometown and a river ran through it, even though those who came from elsewhere called it a spruit or a vlei.

Summer in the Ville was idyllic with its butter-yellow sunshine warming the children playing in the streets. Winter's frosty fingers would be welcomed by all especially the teenage lads who eagerly awaited the coming of the soccer season. This was the environment that young Dazzlers found themselves in. Saturday morning ushered in a flurry of excitement as the young Dazzlers would rush to get to Natalspruit grounds, C-pitch for their fixture.

There was a smell of burnt coffee which permeated the air around the ground which reminded us all that we were at Natalspruit. When we arrived back home after sunset it would be time to prepare for a friendly against a team which would entail us traveling sometimes very early Sunday morning. If we had no fixture we would await the singing of a well-lubricated John Mooi which meant we would be watching Floranians play that Sunday. Our carb-loaded diet was soccer, soccer, soccer!

TIFA (Transvaal Independent Football Association) was the Mecca of soccer in our teenage years. Within the ambit of this Association resided a galaxy of soccer stars with the most amazing talents. We stood wide-eyed on the touch-line taking it all in. Whenever we were drawn to play at Natalspruit we were mandated to stay after our game to watch the First Division teams play and to learn from them. I would always watch a Yankees game with the elegant Joy Van Greenen in goal. A wily goalkeeper who showed how, by clever positioning a keeper could force the striker to kick where he, the keeper, wanted him to kick. We would also watch Jackie Van Rheede of Empires pounce on a through pass and kick the ball with such venom as to scare the bravest of goalies. For speed and slick movement the Gilmour brothers 'Wielietjies', 'Boy' and Danny were hard to beat. If it was suave football-with-a-bite we wanted then we'd watch Rovers play with the Aspeling brothers providing the 'suave' and the Gaffney brothers, Bernie and Creighton ('Dogs') providing the 'bite'. Rovers also possessed perhaps the best goal keeper in TIFA at the time, Manny Davis. When Blackpool played, everybody came to watch their exciting brand of football. Tossie 'Jacrimbo' Crowder, Gandhi Adams, 'bustling' goal-getter Kallie Paige winger...ninety minutes of sheer enjoyment guaranteed. These were some of the TIFA teams who immeasurably influenced our Club. In their presence we felt like children who had accidentally been locked up in a toyshop. Our talent scouts, Harry Buhr and Jakes May were also discovering talent in the Ville. Jakes found a young Hansie Moses who later played for Pirates.

While TIFA was undoubtedly our University, we also toured the country extensively, playing friendlies and meeting very talented players. On the West Rand we played against the formidable Steyn brothers called 'Heckle' and 'Jeckle'. What a combination! On the West Rand, Neil and I, playing for TIFA, came against Claude Black's well drilled side which included Albert 'Tykies' Johannson who later played for Leeds United in England. We were thrashed six nil!

The highlight of our young lives in the Apartheid years was the opportunity to see the SA-African XI vs SA-Coloureds play in the Hector-Norris Park stadium in Braamfontein. The African XI had such luminaries as 'City Council' and 'Professor' and the Coloured XI boasted stars like 'Boy' Gilmore, Freddie Hiebner whom I thought was the greatest goal keeper in SA at the time. Ten minutes into the second half the score was six one and the Black's fans started moving to the buses outside. Those who remained were treated to one of the most exciting come-back in soccer history where the sides drew six all.

We also had an interest in British football and could not wait for the 'Sunday Times' to keep updated. The nineteen fifty four F.A. Cup final between Blackpool and Bolton Wanderers held particular interest for us because of the great Sir Stanley Mathews but also the tricky Bill Perry, the inside left. Bill Perry had relatives in Albertville which was not broadly known because of the Apartheid laws, and we adored him for being one of us.

The fact that Dazzlers was founded shortly after World War Two may also have been a factor explaining the longevity of the Club since people sought companionship in an effort to repair the deprivation that the war had caused. The Club was then, unconsciously, a vehicle for the youth to occupy their time in the fertile atmosphere of the Ville augmented by the surfeit of football available. All these factors blended perfectly to form the template for success for the last six and a half decades of the Club and we hope for many more years to come.

Towards the end of the nineteen fifties the Group Areas Act with its evil forced removal policy was already in force and tightening its grip on the Ville. Many families had moved to other locations and this had a devastating effect on the Club and its families. Apartheid had lethal consequences for TIFA which finally led to its demise in the mid-sixties. Dazzlers were associated with its mother body for fifteen years although it felt like fifty years. Under TIFA we never managed to gain promotion to the First Division. We also only won one trophy in the Third Division-the Aspeling Knock-Out Trophy.

After the collapse of TIFA, some old Dazzlers boys continued playing in the Bosmont Football Association while many preferred to retire. The Club would have died if it was not for the Beckett family who propped it up and Clifford Van Der Haer who provided leadership as the long serving Chairman. Soon other strong characters also joined the Club, like the Peters brothers, the Goodall brothers, Derrick Eastwood, Glen De Allende, Eddie Moyce and others too numerous to mention. Under the stewardship of these men the Club was resuscitated, nourished and expanded so that today we have four registered teams in the B.F.A. where the Super League team has, for the second consecutive time, taken the League trophy and the

Under 11, Under 13 and Under 15 teams are contesting the Finals. The success of the Club is certainly due to that potent superglue that Dazzlers seem to hold the patent to.

Our hometown, the Ville, is no more; the river has run dry; the yellow sun is pale; the laughter of the children playing in the streets is mute; the frogs are gone. Only Dazzlers still rolls on!

SPECIAL TRIBUTES

I would like to pay the following special tributes:

Wilfred John Mooi – co – founder of Dazzlers.

John Wilburforce Mooi – First Life President.

Ernest Rodger Brown – Secretary Extraordinaire. He was the embodiment of the true Dazzler who worked tirelessly for the Club and loved it with his whole Being.

Lallo Singh–Manager. Mr Singh was the softest, most generous man that we knew. He not only gave us our first Club House, but also saw to the needs of the Club. He made sure that he attended all our matches whether he was ill or not. I remember something he said one Saturday after a particularly hard game we played as we were cooling off:

‘You know, I am so happy to be the manager of a team that always wins. Teams always celebrate when they win’. We had lost the game that day! Rest in Peace, Lallo.

Neil Beckett and the whole Beckett Family. He was there shortly after we were formed and he is still here, without a break in service. He was there when others deserted. He picked us up and nursed us back to health without any help except from his bother, brother Errol, and all his sisters – Riah, Thelma, Sophie, wife Aunty Dawn, his son Rory and daughter.

He never shirked his duty and all the children call him ‘Dada’. Indeed, you are the father of the Club–‘Dada of the Dazzlers!’ The children have spoken. Arise Neil! We salute you!

OCTOBER 2014

**FOREWARD BY ERROL BECKETT
DAZZLERS CHAIRMAN AND COACH**

I was four years old and had no idea what the future held for me when two school boys, cousins Willie Mooi and Clifford Jousten had a vision to start Dazzlers Football Club in nineteen forty nine. The odds were strongly stacked against the duo and the nay – sayers predicted that the Club would not last for more than a year. However they had the necessary courage, determination and clarity of vision to reach the goal mouth and score. Their vision not only changed my life, but the lives of countless boys and a number of girls who played for the football and baseball teams over the ensuing decades.

I would like to acknowledge all the members of my family and my friends who supported me over the years. I thank my mother for giving me my independence at a very young age and for allowing me to do my own thing. I acknowledge Mr. Herbert Rhoda of the South African Association of Youth Clubs (SAAYC) for teaching me the skills to work with the youth.

I acknowledge the contribution of my wife Annette with love and gratitude for her support over the years. She washed the junior's kit on Sunday nights; looked after the home at night while I attended football meetings. On Monday nights it was the B.F.A. Referees' meetings; on Tuesday nights it was the B.F.A. General Meeting; on Wednesday nights it was the B.F.A. Executive Meeting; on Thursday nights it was the Dazzlers Senior's Meeting; on Friday it was the Dazzlers Junior's Meeting. On Saturday I spent the whole day on the grounds. On Sunday nights it was the D/C meetings. I thank my children Shaun and Lucille for their patience and understanding when Daddy was not around.

I thank the Bosmont Football Association for accepting Dazzlers and giving us a football home after the demise of TIFA. Out of the ashes of that Association arose a bigger and better Dazzlers.

I thank the many parents who supported me over the decades. They encouraged me in my work and the children in their endeavors, which gave them the strength to face the outside world.

I thank the parents who opened their homes for meetings such as Carol and Harry Buhr; Dawn Beckett and Mr. R.Thomas. I thank and acknowledge my big brother Neil Beckett who took over the reigns from me and grew Dazzlers to greater heights. He has been the father figure in Dazzlers, running around to ensure that every player has boots and taking youngsters off the streets and molding them into footballers. He spoils them like a father does, that is why they call him 'Dada'.

I thank Faizel Mooi for the many hours of interviews where he listened to stories from stalwarts as well as the present generation of players. I thank Willie Mooi and Clifford Jousten for turning their dream into a reality which still endures sixty five years later.

October 2014

FOREWARD BY CLIFFORD VAN DER HAER
DAZZLERS CHAIRMAN 1966-1992
ELECTED LIFE PRESIDENT

Being part of Dazzlers Football Club has been a great experience and an eye opener. Once one joined the Club one became a Dazzler forever.

Two thousand and fourteen is our sixty fifth year of existence. During the course of our long and illustrious history we have had many very influential individuals and families whose enthusiastic support and contributions through fund raising, coaching, washing the kit, encouraging the youngsters to focus on their football and school work instead of getting involved in mischief, contributing generations of players from the same families and vocal support on the grounds have contributed immeasurably to the longevity of our great Club.

It was a pleasure and a great delight to see so many 'old' faces—players I have known since they were skinny youngsters taking to the field for the first time—coming to meetings at the homes of Glen De Allende and the Goodall family in Bosmont to be interviewed for this book. Without their keen participation this book would not have seen the light of day. I thank all of them for sharing their memories as this will help strengthen the tradition of the Club as it moves towards its Centenary.

The fund raising activities associated with the publication of this book will be used to assist not only the Club but former Dazzlers players and the community in general who are in need. It is my wish and the wish of other stalwarts of this Club that present and future players of Dazzlers ensure that the fund raising activities and outreach program continues so that Dazzlers can strengthen its legacy as a Club rooted in the community, both on and off the field, for generations to come.

'ONCE A DAZZLER, ALWAYS A DAZZLER!'

October 2014

FOREWARD BY FAIZEL MOOI

In February 2014 my second cousin Clifford Jousten advised me that he had been toying with the idea of putting pen to paper about a Football Club he had formed with his cousin Willie Mooi in nineteen forty nine. As I had written a History of the Mooi Family he requested my assistance in writing about his team mates in Dazzlers.

When I realized that Dazzlers would be celebrating its sixty fifth year of existence or its Blue Sapphire Anniversary, I suggested that he broaden his ambitions to cover all the decades that Dazzlers has been active and I volunteered to run the entire project.

The process started smoothly in March 2014 when I went with Clifford Jousten and Andrew Phillips, one of the first players to join the Club, as well as Clifford Lewis—a recruit from the early nineteen fifties— to Eldorado Park to meet Willie Mooi. Willie, then close to his eighty first birthday, declared that his mind was numb and he could no longer remember much about his youthful exploits.

Fortunately Clifford Jousten's mind is as sharp as that of a young man's. In subsequent interviews he and Andrew Phillips and Clifford Lewis fed off each other's memories to build a picture of the early days of Dazzlers and the background in which it was formed in Albertville.

The project was stalled for six weeks as we did not have access to the next generation of players. Eventually Noel and Geno Goodall arranged interviews at Glen De Allende's home and later at the Goodall home in Bosmont and finally at the Bosmont Football Association offices, with a large number of players. Special thanks must be extended to the Goodall family in general and Noel and Geno in particular, as well as Glen, Mr Van—who attended most of the interviews— and Basil Peters who was instrumental in setting up the smoker to raise money for the Dance to launch this book.

With a project of this size and the rush to get the book done in the Club's sixty fifth year there will inevitably be a couple of mistakes in the text, the dates, and how people remembered events as there was not sufficient time to get everyone a copy of their stories to check for accuracy. The errors are due to the abovementioned factors and the dimming of players' memories over the decades and not to malice. While I tried to fit the photographs into the correct decades, there will inevitably be some errors as people could not remember which year the photographs were taken. A number of photographs do not have all or any names attached to them, and certain names may be incorrect, again as memories have dimmed.

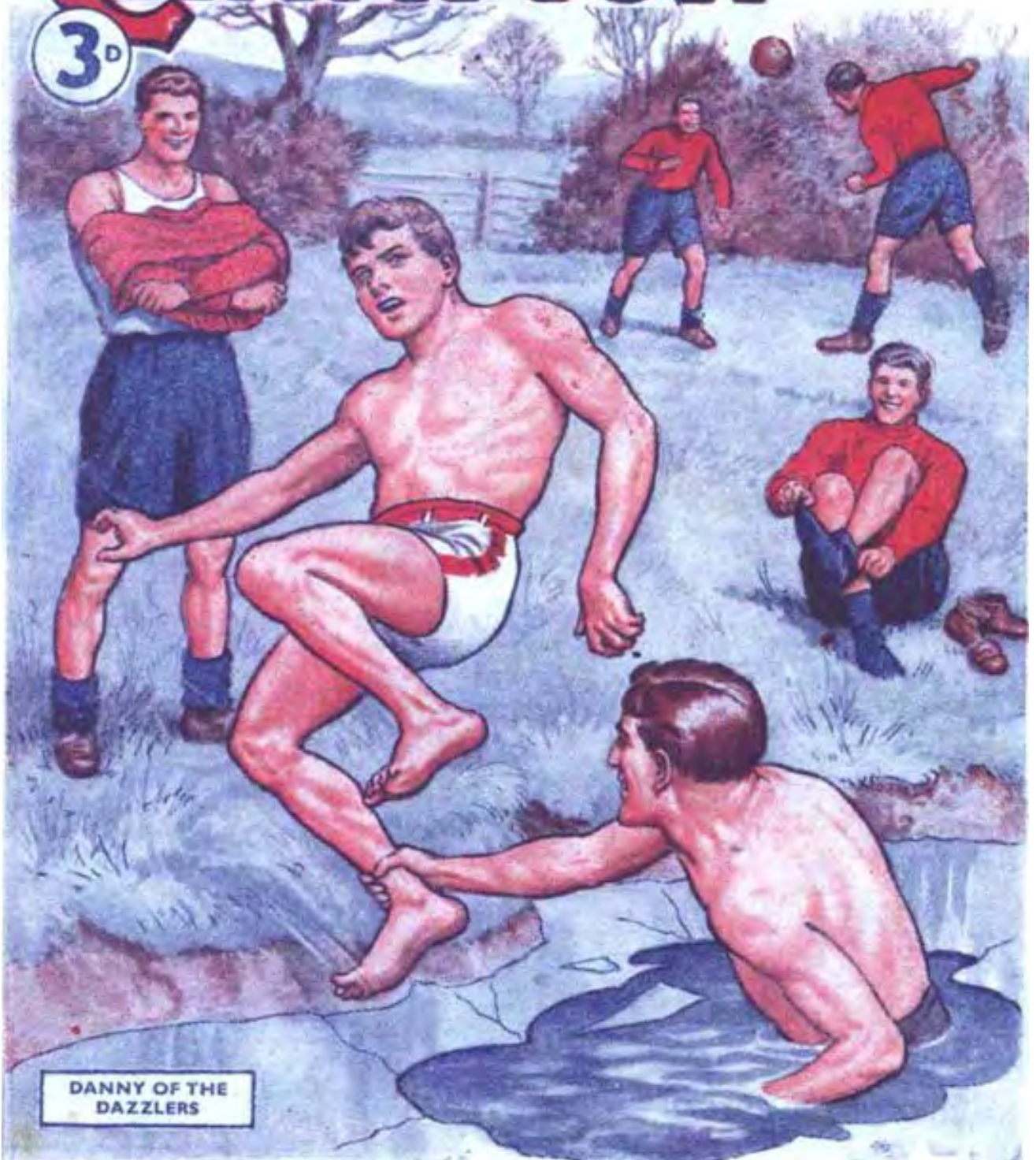
In order to make the book interesting to read I requested players to tell me naughty stories. As people tend to be silly when drunk a lot of stories involve drunkenness. This does not mean that Dazzlers players are a team of alcoholics. Many players denied being naughty but took great pleasure in relating the naughty antics of their friends. So even though you were not interviewed you may appear as a character in this book. No malice was intended by me or your friends in relating your naughty stories. It was simply an attempt to make the book interesting to read. As thousands of players played for Dazzlers I could only interview a representative sample of players. To make the project as inclusive as possible players interviewed mentioned as many team mates as possible and we tried to include all available pictures of Dazzlers players. Some group photographs will therefore only contain one of two Dazzlers players. If you feel defamed by your friends make them pay by insisting: 'Give me a Bells!'

GINGER NUTT THE BOY WHO TAKES THE BISCUIT



THE CHAMPION

3^D



DANNY OF THE DAZZLERS

CHAPTER ONE

A PORTRAIT OF LIFE IN ALBERTVILLE IN THE NINETEEN FORTIES

Shortly before the twentieth century reached its zenith, two school boys just short of their sixteenth birthdays, formed a Football Club, not knowing that they were creating a legacy, which would still be flourishing when they entered their eighty first year in twenty fourteen.

Wilfred, 'Willie', Mooi was born on the 29th August 1933 to Johnny and Leah Mooi. His cousin, Clifford St. John Jousten, was born on the 11th November 1933 to Janet, 'Babsie' Jousten, nee Mooi and Edward George Graham Jousten.

Their experiences growing up in the tiny Johannesburg suburb of Albertville in the nineteen forties and fifties shaped their worldview and molded their characters, determining the type of adults they would evolve into.

Albertville nestles in a valley between the Northcliff Ridge to the North and the Koppies to the South. In the nineteen forties Albertville was called by some 'the valley' and to others it was simply known 'the Ville'. When asked where you were going to, you would reply 'Ek gaan Ville toe'.

It was much easier in the nineteen forties, when the area was sparely populated, to notice these geographical features, than it is now in the second decade of the twenty first century when the area is built up, densely populated and congested with bumper to bumper traffic.

The suburb was built by the United Party of Jan Smuts mainly for Coloureds. The existence of a Coloured suburb in the midst of White suburbs would soon become a source of irritation to the Nationalist Party of Malan and Verwoerd when they swept into power in 1948 and they would spend over a decade hounding its residents out of the area.

When the Second World War ended on the 20th April 1945, the residents of Albertville joined in the jubilant worldwide celebrations. Willie and Clifford cheered along with the adults. However, they did not have a full understanding of the extent of the monstrous loss of life and suffering caused by fascism. They had barely entered their teens and were more concerned with football, where their active imaginations allowed them to believe that they were the English football stars of the day, rather than political matters.

For youngsters living in Albertville the war was felt in food rationing. The incessant trips to Fordsburg to stand in long queues in front of Atlas Bakery to receive a ration of two loaves of bread is what stayed in their memories. Seldom could they resist the temptation of the warm, comforting smell of freshly baked bread, and their mothers had to resign themselves to the fact that by the time the bread reached the dinner table would have diminished in size.

Willie was brought up by his aunt Melan Mooi. Her husband, Dutchie Randle, bought the family a house situated at 26 Tram Street, Albertville. It was rather unusual for a Coloured family in the nineteen forties to own their own property. The house had highly distinctive pillars, in the form of ice cream cone swirls, holding up the front stoep and was known as the 'Big House' as

the back of the property also contained a small house consisting of two rooms where Clifford and his parents resided.

Although many roads were tarred, there were a number of dirt roads in the Ville. There were empty lots between some houses and the suburb was not completely built up as it was by the twenty first century. Traffic was virtually non-existent. A bus would occasional drive through the suburb. As a result the streets were safe and formed a gigantic playground for the local children. It was an era where it was safe for children to roam the suburb without any adult supervision so long as they did their allocated chores.

Albertville was a largely working class suburb, although a few professionals such as lawyers, doctors and teachers also called it home. Most of the adults were factory workers. Very few residents were rich. It was an age when there were no high walls separating people and neighbours helped each other when someone was short of milk or sugar. Most adults were at least on greeting terms and the children, who had the run of the streets, were on more intimate terms with each other.

Life for Willie and Clifford revolved around the back yard of the Big House. A wooden table and stools dominated the yard and in their pre-teen years it became a wagon in their imagination. Countless games of cowboys and Indians were enacted around the table. When they were very young they had the cowboy outfits to complement their role playing.

When they were twelve years old, Willie had a toy gun, which Clifford also played with, with a big handle which was out of proportion to the barrel of the gun. As the handle reminded them of a big bum they called the gun Mrs Kinnear. Mrs Kinnear was their neighbour, who had well proportioned buttocks. She was a matronly woman who always dressed in black.

Her husband was a mortician. Rumours abounded, which rumours Clifford in his pre-teen years was convinced were true, that Mr Kinnear sometimes dissected the recently deceased at home. The rumours gave the boys a delightful sense of the macabre which stimulated their imaginations beyond that of cowboys and Indians. Their imaginations were further stimulated when Mr Kinnear lost a leg and had to hobble along on a crutch. Did he dissect his own leg?

Given the small town flavour of Albertville, close friendships were formed. Willie and Clifford were fast friends with Stanley 'Bones' Johnson and his elder brother Henry 'Feathers' or 'Verre' Johnson. The Johnson brothers lived close to the Big House. They played the street games that have survived, after a fashion, into the twenty first century, such as kennetjie and the more durable sports such as football and cricket.

Bones and Verre would wait for the cousins to return from school and sneak a smoke from Clifford's father's pipe. They smoked until one of them threw up. They could never get Willie interested in smoking, although he was more than keen to take a swig of brandy, illicitly obtained.

Sunday mornings provided a treat to both the nostrils and the palate. It was easy to distinguish which homes were Christian and which were Muslim. From the Christian homes wafted the

aroma of succulent leg of mutton or roasted chicken with a hint of roasted potatoes. The aromas from the Muslim homes perfumed the air with the intoxicating smell of roasted spices from a pot of curry.

The Mecca on Sundays was the house near the corner of Meyer and Main Streets, clearly marked 'Sahara', where a few pennies filled a dish of Mrs David's delicious homemade, sticky, finger licking koek-sisters.

Twist Street in the Ville boasted a cluster of four shops. The first shop was the butcher, bordering on Joe Rehman's shop, followed by Rajab Kirsten's vegetable store which featured a juke box. Haupt's General Store, in what later became known as the Haupt Building, was on the corner. The shops faced the spacious Tyzac Square which served as the Ville's soccer and cricket ground.

In Main Street another group of shops could be found. One belonged to a Chinese gentleman called Jackie Ho-Ling. He sold food from the premises and the distinctive aroma of Chinese food permeated the air. Next to Mr Ho-Ling was the shop of the cobbler, Mr Africa. The Lewis family lived on the corner of Main and Rorrick Streets. Mrs Lewis cooked a steak and kidney pie which tasted so good that it caused Clifford to salivate when he recalled it almost seven decades later.

The quiet of a Sunday morning was shattered when the juke box in Rajab Kirsten's store pulsed with the sound of Louis Jordan's 'Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens' which caused his customers to break out into frantic gyrations as their bodies moved to the beat. This was followed by the soothing sounds of Billy Eckstine's baritone voice crooning 'Blue Moon'. A Sunday morning stroll ended with a copy of the 'Sunday Times' in one hand and a packet of vegetables and koek-sisters in the other. Then it was time to relax at home by reading the 'Sunday Times' while dunking a koek-sister into a steaming hot cup of coffee.

Clifford's mother, Bapsie, loved farm animals. She kept a goat called Butter as well as ducks. One night the Kinnear brothers, Terrance and Vicky, in cohorts with the Johnson brothers snuck into the back yard while everyone in the Mooi and Jousten households were fast asleep. They seized a pair of ducks that quacked with such intensity that the racket woke up Bapsie. By the time she and Clifford arrived in the back yard the culprits had absconded with the ducks.

Clifford followed the sound of the ducks and found the youthful gang of buccaneers sitting on the Kinnears' stoep. One of the Johnson brothers was squeezing the neck of a duck in a fruitless attempt to silence its indignant squawks. The duck kicked wildly trying to free itself from the boy's choking grasp.

'What are you doing with my mother's ducks?' demanded an angry Clifford.

'Ons maak niks', replied Terrance and Vicky, trying to look innocent.

'Give back my mother's ducks', demanded Clifford. When his demand was met by some choice swear words, he swung into action and punched one of the Johnson boys in the face. The bruised boy immediately dropped the duck. Grabbing hold of the liberated ducks, Clifford

warned the gang that he would have them arrested, and then returned the ducks to his mother.

As there was no television in South African in the nineteen forties, youngsters had to seek entertainment on the streets. An unnamed spruit or stream, which originated somewhere in Newlands, ran through Albertville. There was a bridge in Meyer Street which rested on a viaduct. When it rained heavily, the spruit burst its banks in flood and the water roared down to the bridge in Meyer Street, carrying a host of debris such as branches, rubbish and frogs. Cars squashed the high leaping Platana frogs by the dozen, creating a gory, blood drenched sideshow.

When the downpour was excessive the viaduct could not handle the large volume of water and the spruit spilled over into Meyer Street. The flooded viaduct squeezed the water out of its opposite end in a huge arc, creating a voluminous fountain. Few occurrences excited the children of Albertville more as this was when a teenaged daredevil would demonstrate his mettle.

Mainz, also known as Munto, was a legend in every boys mind. When the water gushed out of the viaduct in an arching fountain he ascended the bridge, removed all his clothes and took a running jump into the maelstrom. They held their breath as he disappeared under the cascading waters. Twenty, thirty seconds later they saw his head bobbing above the surface, many meters downstream. The boys cheered and egged him on to repeat his performance. He lapped up their adulation and ascended the bridge time and time again to demonstrate his fearlessness.

A slot was built at one section of the spruit. Although Willie and Clifford were largely free of adult supervision, they were expected to account for one another's whereabouts to Bapsie and Melan. If the one of them came home without the other they both received a solid caning. The slot became their meeting place. Whoever got there first waited for the other one so that they could arrive home together and avoid punishment. The slot also provided a good hiding place for them to imbibe their first bottle of wine when they were fifteen years old.

Clifford and his friend Frank decided to build a car. Clifford designed the best possible car on paper first. Then they constructed it out of scrap wood and pram tyres. Clifford baptised the car a Buick Continental. The crowing glory was the headlights which consisted of candles in milk bottles. The only problem was the pesky wind which blew out their lights the moment they picked up speed!

Andrew Phillips, who was born on the 23rd June 1935, lived in Kort Street in Albertville, close to Willie and Clifford's house in Tram Street. The trio became friends while playing football in the streets with a tennis ball, at least three years before Dazzler's was formed. Years later Andrew married Willie's sister Marlene.

Andrew's love for football developed during his early school days. He started playing football in earnest at Albertville Primary School when he was in Standard Four. His school competed against other schools, giving him valuable experience by the time he joined Dazzlers.

The youngsters played football most afternoons after school. It was a free for all. Whoever was available joined a side. The goal posts were created by placing bricks or rocks a few meters apart. They did not have proper positions such as wing and striker. Whoever got hold of the ball did his best to score. Games went on for hours. Long after the street lights came on the boys would still be playing. As most parents worked the youngsters supervised themselves. The primary rule was to ensure that they did their chores.

Clifford's chores consisted of cleaning the house and cooking supper. One day he found Andrew and Willie playing cricket in an open field. As he had just returned from the butcher he placed the meat on the grass and joined in the game. When he got home the meat was infested with black ants. This was a regular occurrence as he was easily enticed into joining in whatever sport was being played on his route home from the butcher. He alternated between cooking steak one day and mince meat the next day. Getting the ants out of the steak was pretty easy. Getting all the ants out of the mince meat was neigh impossible. Many evenings the meal was seasoned with black ants.

While Clifford could largely disguise the fact that they were eating ants for supper, he could not so easily fool his mother into believing that he had not been playing in the streets all day when it came to cooking the rice. He cooked mielie rice in a cloth tied with a string. The tough grain took ages to soften. Then it was put on the clothes line to drip dry. On many occasions when Bapsie returned from work the rice was still be dripping wet. Instantly suspicions, Bapsie asked when Clifford had put the rice onto boil. Rarely satisfied with his half baked stories she would take the stick used to stir the washing and give him a good hiding.

Not doing their chores on time was not the only occasion the stick came out. As the youngsters were unsupervised during the day while their parents were at work, they indulged in dangerous sports. A favourite pass time of Willie, Clifford and Andrew was swimming in mud holes after a heavy rain. Sometimes people disposed of their wrecked vehicles in these holes. The submerged cars could not be seen through the muddy water. Sometimes the youngsters took a flying leap into a mud hole and emerged scratched and bloody from colliding with a jagged edge of a submerged car.

They tried to hide the fact that they were swimming in mud holes from their parents. Unfortunately the muddy water left a thin film of scum on their bodies. When they got home with bloody cuts from being scratched by the submerged cars their parents tested their stories by running a finger nail across their skin. Inevitably red dirt would be found and the stick would come out.

Swimming was occasionally accompanied by petty larceny. There was an area close to Albertville know as the Portuguese Gardens as the owner was Portuguese. The owner grew fruit and vegetables on his plot. He also had a dam on the property where the youngsters would sneak in to swim. After swimming for hours they were extremely hungry. The ripe hanging fruit acted as a siren call. With such succulent booty within easy reach, they saw no reason why they should not indulge in nature's bounty. The Portuguese owner regularly caught them

indulging in the fruits of his vines and send them packing with a blast of rock salt from his shot gun. The next day they would return, undeterred by the danger.

The dangers of swimming in nature were real. Clifford was forced to learn to swim at Emmerentia dam. The founders of Dazzlers could doggy paddle rather than swim with any great skill. Clifford bunked school one day and met a few boys at Emmerentia dam. The boys got into a bragging competition about who could actually swim. With great bravado, Clifford who was a Master of the doggy paddle, boasted about his swimming skills.

As he stood at the side of the dam one of the boys decided to put his much vaunted skills to the test and pushed him into the dam. He sank like the proverbial stone. While he struggled to return to the surface he had a fish eyes view of the tadpoles inhabiting the dam. His doggy paddle skills were of little use in the depths of the dam. Fortunately for him long strong grass grew in the water and he grabbed hold of the swaying vegetation and pulled himself to the surface. His friends were not impressed by his swimming skills.

Andrew Phillips also had his fair share of close encounters in the water. There was a mud hole near Long Street in Albertville. His friend Freddy Roberts suggested that they swim. Freddy stripped naked as they had no swimming costumes, and jumped into the muddy water. Andrew followed suit but couldn't find the bottom of the muddy hole and almost drowned. Freddy grabbed him and helped him out of the hole. After that close encounter the bigger boys in the suburb taught Andrew how to swim.

The boys were used to swimming naked as no one was usually around when they swam in the mud holes or the dams. One day they were surprised to find girls swimming naked in one of their dams. The girls saw them coming and promptly jumped out of the water and hid in the bushes.

Occasionally real tragedy struck. About a kilometre from the Portuguese Gardens was a bigger dam, called Geldenhuys Dam. It had a bad reputation as people often drowned there. One Saturday when Clifford and the boys arrived at the dam they found a four year old Afrikaaner boy sitting on the embankment while his uncle swam. The uncle regularly took a break from swimming and drank an alcoholic beverage.

The uncle kept jumping off the wall of the dam into the water. After the boys watched him jump from the dam wall yet again, the uncle did not surface. Clifford approached the child who said that he was not worried as his uncle was in the habit of diving into the water and then disappearing for a long while. The sun began to set and there was still no sign of the uncle. Clifford was worried as he did not know how to get the child home as the boy had no idea where he lived. Luckily a group of Afrikaaner boys arrived from the child's area and took him home.

A short while later the fire brigade arrived. After searching underwater the firemen found the uncle, drowned. His head was cut open by a rock. When Clifford got home that evening he decided to put on a dramatic performance for his mother.

'Ma, you know what happened?! A man drowned at Geldenhuys Dam. And I saw it happen!'

Bapsie was not amused. 'You little shit! You have the nerve to tell me what you got up to?' Out came her stick and Clifford got a good hiding.

Apartheid did not appear in a vacuum. There were always racial tensions in South Africa. When the National Party won their first election in 1948 they simply institutionalized a White mindset which had existed since Jan van Riebeeck colonized the Cape. This mindset preached that Whites are a superior race who is entitled to all the wealth and land in the country and that all people of colour were simply there to serve their White masters.

This narrow mindset led to a low grade war between the races where each side tried to stick it to the other as often as possible. The Coloured suburb of Albertville was separated from the White suburb of Albertskroon by 5th Street which gave endless opportunities for tensions to overspill.

Andrew and his friends owned a make shift boat which they sailed at their dam in the Portuguese Gardens. They were not master boat builders and their boat kept sinking. They noticed that the Afrikaanders', who were universally known as Boere, had constructed a longer, sturdier boat made out of zinc. The temptation was too great to resist so they stole the boat and dragged it to the Portuguese Gardens.

Not long after that the Boere came looking for their boat. They were absolutely livid when they realized who had stolen their boat. Full scale war erupted immediately. Each side pulled out their slings and catapults or katties and bombarded the other side with stones. A Coloured guy called Skil was a great marksman with a kattie and hit many Boere on their heads with his stones. Those who were unarmed threw stones at the opposition. The Boere called the cops who soon arrived wearing their black helmets. The Coloureds immediately ran off in all directions. Andrew sprinted home hid under his bed. He lay there for a very long time awaiting his doom.

The low intensity guerrilla warfare did not end there. Anyone was fair game. Ganie's shop, which was still in business in 2014, was a favourite meeting place. All the Indian men serving in the shop were called Abraham by the Whites as all Indians looked alike to the Afrikaanders whose racial attitude made them ride roughshod over the feelings of other races. The Afrikaanders, who had no particular liking for anyone outside their race, had no scruples about buying on 'tik' or credit from the Indians.

One day, while Clifford and his friends were buying coco cola, a pretty, smartly dressed Afrikaander girl walked into the shop with an air about her. She favoured the friends with a disdainful expression. Instead of speaking Afrikaans she addressed the Indian man behind the counter in English with a put upon posh tone.

'Abraham, what time do the buses walk here on a Saturday afternoon?'

The friends burst out in raucous laughter. She swore them, instantly forgetting her lady like airs. She then stormed out of the shop with their laughter ringing in her ears.

One day Clifford walked through a veld near the Sophie Town police station. A cluster of empty bullet shells lay on the ground, ejected from the police guns during target practice. The youngsters used the shells as ammunition for their katties. One of their Afrikaaner foes, Hans, exclaimed that the sound a shell made as it flew through the air sounded like guns were being fired at them. Andrew filled his doppies with mud for greater impact. It too made a frightening sound as it sped through the air.

A huge battle broke out one day in the vicinity of the dairy. Clifford received a message that the Boere were causing trouble by capturing one of their people. A group of youngsters from Albertville congregated at the dairy. The dairy had huge windows. When they looked inside they saw a small girl being held captive. The Boere lounging outside mocked them and said that they could not do anything.

The Albertville youngsters huddled together and debated their best course of action. Veere was adamant that the Boere were not going to get away with holding one of their people a prisoner. He picked up a zonie or big stone and threw it at the dairy. He did not aim for the windows but for the ground so that the zonie hit the ground and bounced onto the wall of the dairy. As he continued his bombardment the Boere became worried that if the windows were broken they would be blamed. Verre walked closer to the dairy and gave the Boere an ultimatum: Let the girl go or he would break their windows. The Boere backed down and released the girl.

The guerrilla warfare was only a side show. The main attraction for the youngsters was sport, and in particular football. The adults played for Football Clubs. Willie's father, Johnny Mooi, a truck driver by trade and renowned brawler by inclination, played for Hearts Football Club. Johnny's uncle, Bertie Thomas, was the founder of Floranians Football Club. By the time they were fifteen years of age Willie and Clifford were bored with playing street football. They developed a burning ambition to play against real competition. It was time to form a Club and join a professional Football Association.



MELAN MOOI - REUBEN - WILLIE - BIG HOUSE



WILLIE - CLIFFORD



MELAN



**ALLEN MOOI
FIRST MASCOT 1952**



WILLIE - CLIFFORD - MARLENE



WILLIE