

SIAMBOK SIAMBOK



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Taken in Sin

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands
morn. —Robert Burns.

Editorial

There are politicians who want to tinker at the freedom of the Press; they have a scheme to put editors to school in a kindergarten soon, where they will be taught to talk like parrots and to teach the public how to yote. Now, the liberty of the individual is of Heaven and inviolable withal behind the massive bastions of Democracy, so that it is not exercised subversively of the social weal, and no political brigand in the world will dare, now or ever, to take from us a divine charter.

Our policy is boldly directed against any form of tyranny or injustice. The Sjambok brings with it a new heritage: a fearless advocacy of the cause of the weak and the oppressed, irrespective of race or creed or colour; and there has opened a majestic era of the power of the Press.

Truth is like the Sun, it requires the eye of an eagle
to contemplate it. —Anatole France.

Last month a law was promulgated which empowers the Minister of Justice to prohibit any game of chance; and such unfortunate citizens as become victims of his arbitrary decisions are denied the right of recourse to our courts of law. If they feel aggrieved at thus losing their possessions and seeing their means of livelihood banned without any good and sufficient reason, they must console themselves with the thought that tyranny is as old as

of right and wrong before the law, which we have so far jealously guarded as the surest bulwark of our liberty.

Eminent jurists have deprecated such reactionary legislation.

All this frenzied groping for absolute might by statesmen is disquieting to students of international politics.

Maybe it is nothing more serious than the inevit-



Vandals Amongst Mankind's Rights

the human race, and that the only thing new about the brand we have here is that, whereas formerly tyrants siezed power by main force, they are now, under democracy, elected by the very people over whom they ride rough-shod. And it is fine to know that we have only such despots as we ourselves choose. Though admittedly they change somewhat during the four years and nine months after a general election, and seem to find their feet and remember the solemn pledges of the hustings only during the last three months of their term of office, when they are once more obliged to speak of **standing** for Parliament and their unrivalled regard for the common weal.

We are perturbed at this fresh instance of the dangerous tendency of Cabinet Ministers in South Africa to vest themselves with autocratic power and govern by statute. They are weakening the authority of our Courts of Judiciary as the arbiters

of right and wrong before the law, which we have so far jealously guarded as the surest bulwark of our liberty. Eminent jurists have deprecated such reactionary legislation. All this frenzied groping for absolute might by statesmen is disquieting to students of international politics. Maybe it is nothing more serious than the inevitable megalomania of Lilliputians, who, remembering with bitterness that it took half-a-dozen of them to carry Gulliver's comb, are trying to convince themselves that, since they have peeped into his pocket mirror at their distorted reflections, they know themselves for giants.

Sometimes we suspect that Philosopher Jan Smuts newly created Pooh-Bah of Gambling has belatedly delved into Nietzsche's philosophy of the superman.

We can only hope he pushed the studies of his old age so far that he also knows how Nietzsche, in the end, danced in front of a barrel-organ in the streets and was mighty only amongst madmen.

We cannot too strongly urge upon the public to mark such politicians as prove themselves in high office to be vandals amongst our rights, iconoclasts that smash down statues and temples dedicated by mankind in commemoration of the freedom it wrested from bloody tyrants through the ages.

Infamous Charity

We have received a large number of well-authenticated complaints about the administration of charities. It is fairly obvious that the Minister cannot possibly be acquainted with the scandalous state of affairs about which our informants feel disturbed.

The Union has a large—and in our view an excessive—unemployed population. It is a pathetic sight to see the hopeless woebegone expressions of hundreds of men who still entertain some vague expectation of one day being able to draw public attention to their forlorn plight.

THE WORLD'S WORST SLUMS

South Africa is the richest country in the world. We could easily accommodate a prosperous population of twenty million Europeans. Yet as far as the working man is concerned this country is the most difficult in the world to make a living in. And to be unemployed in South Africa is to undergo suffering and privation that would never be tolerated for a single moment in any European country. This applies to the entire Union. (The Thirteenth Editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica states definitely that the slums of Johannesburg are the worst in the world.)

A frivolous and half-hearted attempt has been made by the Government and also by public subscriptions to disguise the wretchedness of conditions by means of charitable organisations.

PARASITES WHO BATTEN ON MISERY

But we have come to the conclusion that, in the main, these charitable organisations appear to have been instituted merely for the purpose of providing remunerative positions for a ramshackle assortment of self-appointed secretaries and other parasites who batten on misery and distress.

We believe that of the sums collected for the purpose of alleviating the distress of indigent and unemployed **ONLY A VERY SMALL PROPORTION EVENTUALLY FINDS ITS WAY TO THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM IT WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED.** This means that in the Union the Salvation Army's tactics of amassing wealth are being exploited to a

Swindles

degree that none could have hoped for in the most outrageous dreams of profiteering.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

The public—and in certain cases also the Government—subscribe to organisations under the impression that by so doing they are helping to feed the hungry, whereas what they are doing is to feed **the HUNGRY SECRETARY AND TO SUPPLY THE SECRETARY'S OVERDRESSED WIFE WITH EXPENSIVE CLOTHES and JEWELLERY.**

WE DEMAND ACTION

This is what is taking place to-day. We demand an immediate Government enquiry into the whole disgraceful position. **IF THE GOVERNMENT TAKES ONLY A FRACTION OF THE INTEREST WHICH THE SJAMBOK DOES IN THE PUBLIC WELFARE,** then its obvious duty is to close up the bulk of the Union's infamous charity swindles and organise the distribution of charity under direct Departmental supervision.

The truth of the whole matter is that if certain of these concerns were ordinary businesses, registered with the Government, their proprietors would go to gaol for theft by false pretenses.

DISQUIETING INIQUITIES

We cannot tolerate these disgusting iniquities, practised under the cloak of charity. **We have had enough of ranting politicians with their cheap insincerities and their carefully disguised graft.** All this petty trifling with a social evil of grave dimensions has to stop right away.

Until we have some form of dole in this country we shall remain satisfied that the Government is shirking its obligations to the poor and the weak and the needy. They can't bluff the Sjambock.

MEN LIKE REPTILES

Certain tracing agencies in Johannesburg are resorting to highly reprehensible methods in their eagerness to trace debtors. When they think they have run across relatives or friends of the man to be dunned, they tell them that he has been left a legacy or that he has won a motor car in a sweep-stake. They hope to get their unhappy quarry into their slimy toils when, flushed with joy at the news of his luck, he throws discretion to the winds and goes forth to claim his prize.

These callous brutes never think of the heart-break of a man who, after having been dogged by adversity for years, is tricked into believing that fortune has at last smiled on him only to find the sheriff, with a civil imprisonment order, glowering at him. That's the time the tracing agent laughs at the victim's misery and holds out his hand for the reward of half-crown for his foul deed.

It is a vile business that makes us almost despair at the utter depravity of ostensibly respectable people. To raise false hopes for gain in the breast of one who is down is a despicable way to trifle with human feelings.

These inhuman vultures stand convicted of monstrous crimes that the Sjobok will mercilessly visit upon them, unless they mend their ways.

If they are driven to such disgraceful practices by the miserliness of their employers, we will see to it that their bosses too bear their full share of the blame for conniving at acts that are repulsive to our sense of decency.

We grant the necessity of tracing absconding debtors, but when the zeal of would-be sleuths becomes wanton cruelty, it is time a stop was put to their mean ruses.

We will not tolerate methods in our midst that resemble those of a low order of creatures.

If tracing agencies and their insensate mymidons prefer these distasteful dodges to the ways of the social order in which they live, they should be exterminated. Like the reptiles they strive to emulate in meanness, cunning and viciousness.

massacring men love under the moon

The negotiations between England, France and the Soviet, which have for their ostensible purpose the saving of the world's peace, have not yet come to anything. The Bolsheviks are apparently driving a hard bargain and just as a little side show they are meanwhile staging a few purges to demonstrate to their demurring would-be allies, how much blood the OGPU can shed in time of peace, not to speak of the shambles the Red Army could cause in wartime, if the enemy did not shoot back so much as during the great war.

We suppose Chamberlain and Daladier know that purges are not good practice for soldiers, because the blindfolded condemned against the wall cannot duck and disturb the marksmen's aim by brandishing steel bayonets.

But perhaps we are unjust to Moscow; for it is possible that riddling manacled men has got the same hold on Russians to-day as a national sport as Bull Fighting on Spaniards, Eating Spaghetti, on Italians and Making Love, under the moon, on Hawaiians.

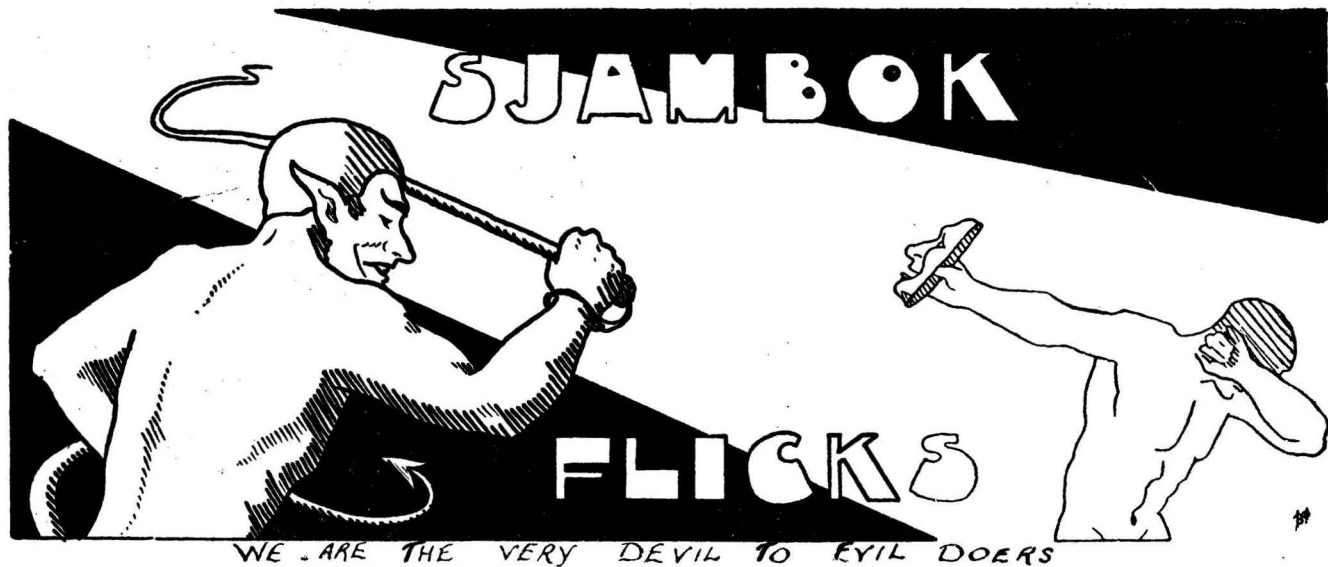
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FREE ADVERTISEMENTS

The Sjobok, whose policy it has always been to help lame dogs over stiles will advertise you, free of charge, if you are looking for work. Send us particulars to-day and tell your friends to read the Sjobok, the champion of the weak and the needy, of Justice and liberty.

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With or without offence to friends or foes,
We sketch the world exactly as it goes. —Byron,



HALF-CASTE BABIES

What Carmona did not see.

The inhabitants of Portuguese East Africa did themselves proud in entertaining President Carmona. They felt called upon to make a special effort because, for one thing, it was the first time a ruler of Portugal had paid a visit to his largest colony, and, for another, the wild festivities made them forget the mosquitoes and the bad peanut crop. It also made them forget to parade for inspection the half-caste children with which the country swarms — the terrible entail of miscegenation.

And apparently Carmona was not sufficiently imbued with the adventurous spirit of his forbears, Vasco da Gama and Bartholomew Diaz, to explore for himself in the backwoods.

It takes a man like the Duke of Windsor to refuse to follow a route mapped out for him during a tour. It isn't everybody who has the courage to go unbidden out of his way to look at the ugly things of life.

BLOODY PEACE

The D.R. Church is at grips with the R.C. Church. Nothing more regrettable has happened in Religion since the last Heresy Hunt. But, then, fighting between the Churches is a time-honoured game. There were St. Bartholomew's Night, when the Seine was purple, and the Spanish Inquisition; the Jehads of the Mahomedans & the squabbles of the Sadducees and the Pharisees. Only to-day wrangling has taken the place of massacres and vituperation that of the stake. They bandy bitter words now instead of flinging stones.

Maybe these endless, undignified quarrels between men of God are their idea of propaganda.

Anyhow, they are sorry spectacles and show our moral advisers in a sufficiently poor light. The Churches that should be the surest bulwark of peace are nothing but cock-pits.

And shall the blind lead the blind?

BLACKSHIRTS & COMMUNISTS

The Goose and the Gander.

The Blackshirts complain that an invidious distinction is being made against them: all their meetings are summarily banned while communists are allowed to foregather for speechmaking when and where they like. That certainly looks like unjust discrimination. For it strikes us, that if the former's is an alien creed that should not be permitted to take root here, the latter's is in every way as obnoxious, with its avowed policy of social equality for Whites and Blacks. But we have yet to learn that it is consonant with the cardinal principles of democracy to restrict the liberty of any sect which proceeds constitutionally to preach its doctrines. Yet this irritating tinkering at the freedom of people is a time-honoured game of time-serving politicians who want to hamstring rivals.

We are disgusted as often as we hear the opinion advanced that South Africa is a stronghold of Democracy.

VILE THINGS FLAUNTED SHAMELESSLY

Our Capetown correspondent has supplied us with information about District Six that leaves us wondering whether the time has not arrived for Johannesburg to be relieved of her laurels as South Africa's University of vice.

Here is an extract from our correspondent's letter:

"I have lived for many years in Johannesburg and Durban, and I was satisfied that those two places would furnish a full-time occupation for a well-organised Purity League. But I now feel that conditions in Capetown are much worse."

The writer goes on to say that it is impossible for any man to linger on a street corner after dark without being approached by some coloured street-girl. These women hold out all sorts of enticements.

SEXUAL PROMISCUITY

We learn that throughout Capetown there is a vast amount of sexual promiscuity going on involving Europeans, Coloureds, Indians and Natives. Our correspondent declines to make any distinction. He says that the revelations he is in a position to make embrace all classes of Capetown's population.

'District Six is a disgrace to the City of Capetown. I can't understand why something hasn't been done about it long ago. Surely the Municipal authorities, acting in conjunction with the Government, could help to remove this scourge from our midst. But it is such a big job that I wouldn't be surprised if everybody was afraid to tackle it. They are scared to start, because they don't know where it may end.

SQUALOR AND IMMORALITY

"As it is, thousands of boys and girls are growing up under conditions of squalor and immorality that must leave an indelible impression for the rest of their lives. For children to see a drunk man staggering about the street with a girl hanging on to his arm is most objectionable. It must have an adverse effect on the national future when children are so

early initiated into the seamy and degrading side of life."

Our correspondent deals further with drunken orgies and debaucheries that take place in District Six on Saturday nights. Unfortunately, all his exposures bear the stamp of undeniable truth. It is a pathetic commentary on the decadence that is beginning to show itself in our city life when vile and unprintable things are flaunted in naked shamelessness.

EVERY SOLDIER LOVES THE GIRLS.

"It is strange how far-reaching can be the dissonant conduct of a man or a group of men," the writer continues. "Even to-day you will find many old residents of Capetown who maintain that in District Six there are still marked indications of the manner in which large numbers of coloured girls were spoiled by Australian soldiers just after the Great War. I have discussed the matter with respected members of Capetown's coloured community and they agree that the laxity prevailing in those days has had distressing effects that will probably persist for very many years."

There are certain things which we have grown almost to expect in coast towns, especially when the towns in question happen to be ports of call for men who have been on a long voyage. But what we have to bear in mind is that after due allowance has been made Capetown is obviously labouring under a burden of immorality that must affect her prestige throughout the world.

The citizens of Capetown are intensely proud of what Sir Francis Drake said about the Cape of Good Hope three hundred years ago, that it is the fairest cape he had seen on his voyage round the world.

This fair name is becoming tarnished. And that is a pity. There are dirty things about Capetown life that require drastic action, otherwise Capetown will share in the disrepute attaching to Babylon and Suez.

NUDE DISPLAYS in GLOFF STREET

ILLICIT GRATIFICATION

We have a film censorship in this country. Whether the Censors are earning their pay is a matter we shall discuss in the near future. What we are concerned about is the fact that no steps have as yet been taken to put a stop to the suggestive window display of lingerie, hose and other articles of feminine underwear, together with pictures of girls in various stages of undress—all of which is obviously designed to make a degrading appeal to the passers-by.

SOCIAL EVILS

The Sjobok is not prudish in its outlook. Rather, the 100,000 readers who swear by us know that, in leading South African thought, we manifest a tolerance and a breadth of vision which other papers strive unsuccessfully to imitate. At a time when there is an admitted social evil to be combated, the Sjobok is always left to deal with it single-handed. Our readers know to what extent we are responsible for the introduction of cleaner municipal government. Our readers know how in our lone fight against the City Council, we forced grafting Councillors to mend their ways.

The position with a large number of stores is this: In vying with one another to attract the attention of every description of passer-by, their intention appears to be to find out how far they can push sensual appeal and suggestive lewdness without laying themselves open to police action. We are satisfied that in a number of instances they have gone too far.

We must remember that we have a large native population with easily inflamed passions. A semi-nude pose, which might be quite harmless as far as

a white man is concerned, is apt to awaken base emotions in a raw native. It is a disgusting sight to see a big buck native staring obscenely into a window where there is an array of indecently displayed underwear on voluptuous lay-figures.

ILLICIT GRATIFICATION

This is the sort of thing that makes a white man, with white ideals, kick the black man into the gutter. Any white man with a wife or a daughter or a sister whom he respects is justified in resenting looks of illicit gratification appearing on the face of a native gazing at underwear to be worn on the bodies of white women.

The fact that the incidence of indecent assault is not higher than it is is due to the efficiency of our police force. The least we expect from our big stores is a certain amount of co-operation in preserving the moral standard of our nation.

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O'Dowd Gallagher

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Next week we shall publish the story of O'Dowd Gallagher's sensational rise to fame in the World of Journalism after he was forced to exile himself, like Roy Campbell, Herman Malan, and other men of genius, because he was treated like a naughty boy by plodders who were not big enough to recognise the eternal splendour of the artist's eccentricities.

It is an amazing revelation of the smallness of many South Africans and the grandeur of her true sons.

The Big-Sheet Press of Johannesburg depends for its existence on advertisements. Consequently, these daily and weekly newspapers are muzzled by big financial interests. No newspaper will dare to tell the truth about a firm which supports it in the way of advertisements.

Fortunately the Sjobok is in a position to maintain its circulation without having to truckle under to millionaires and business men. Wealth and social status cannot influence us in any way. We are not respectors of persons. When he deserves it a millionaire is as certain to make acquaintance with the business end of the Sjobok as is the street pimp.

For this reason we are not afraid to tell our readers the truth as we see it—and first and foremost we object to the lascivious display of women's underwear which is a prominent feature of the windows of some of our big stores.

THE STATE AND ILL-GOTTEN GAINS

At the first Wanderers Greyhound Meeting, after the promulgation of the law that closed totalisator agencies on the Rand, the takings showed an increase of only £2,500 on that of the meeting held on the same date last year. To some extent that proves that the fabulous amounts said to have been handled by the Tote Services were a gross overstatement instigated by people who had private ends to serve by pernicious propaganda. Unfortunately the Administrator and the Provincial Councillors allowed themselves to be gulled by it to the extent of still further restricting the rights of a longsuffering public. Legislative bodies should always use their powers sparingly and especially when there is a possibility that they are being used to ensure a monopoly to certain interests.

It is sheer hypocrisy to contend that the Bucket Shops had a deleterious effect on public morality when gambling is everywhere in South Africa legalised, and the State makes sure of getting its full share of the booty.

“ TO THEM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN ”

The Johannesburg Municipality's decision to spend a thousand pounds in entertaining General Hertzog puts us in mind of a masterly story by O. Henry. An elderly member of America's Aristocracy goes on Thanksgiving Day as has been his wont for years, in search of some poor person to treat. The man he finds has just had a big dinner, but he knows the custom and since he does not want to hurt the old man's feelings, he strives valiently to gorge himself

with the sumptuous meal set before him. His benefactor sits at the table with him in the cafe and watches him with a wistful smile. After the meal they part as in past years, only this time the kind-

more

ly old Aristocrat does not survive the night — he dies of hunger.

When the Premier comes to Johannesburg there will be flags, speeches, dinners and wine. That will be fine for the Mayor and his councillors, for General Hertzog and the élite. But the tragedy of it is that the well-fed will sit at

flicks

the festive board toying with the rich food while thousands of hungry men, women and children shiver in their rags all round the banquet hall.

Sausage Skins for Gas Masks.

When the Czechoslovakian Crisis bade fair to cause a cataclysm last September, which Defence Minister Pirow warned us might well engulf South Africa in poisonous gas, only 6 people in Johannesburg owned gas masks.

Maybe Defence Chief Pirow expected us to pull Father-in-Law Fiel's sausage skins over our heads in the event of an emergency. We must remember to ask him when he tries out Carmona's stallion down Troye Street.

MORE BLOODSUCKERS

Our attention has been drawn to the insidious activities of certain debt-collecting agencies in Johannesburg. It appears that while proprietors of these agencies pretend to act as intermediaries between working-men and their creditors, it is merely a dodge to aggravate an unfortunate debtor's miseries by paying themselves something in the neighbourhood of a third of the money handed over to them by their clients. We have all the facts before us and shall make it our business to put a stop to this kind of bloodsucking. We have irrefutable proof that these agencies charge for letters of demand. Now this is something definitely against the law. None but a practising lawyer is allowed to charge a fee for a letter of demand. We recommend that the Incorporated Law Society take immediate steps to bring these people to heel. We are prepared to furnish the Law Society with all the facts in our possession.

There is no love lost between the "Sjambok" and a certain class of shabby lawyers, but we see no good reason why a debt-collecting agency should be allowed to poach on their preserves. It is not in the best interests of the public that such a state of affairs should exist. It means that the bread is taken out of the lawyer's mouth and he is driven to all sorts of flagrant practices to make ends meet.

**BRING
YOUR TROUBLES
TO THE
SJAMBOK
WE WILL REDRESS
YOUR WRONGS**



Whether Premier Hertzog still entertains the idea of putting editors to school in a kindergarten?

Whether the Minister of Railways knows that stewards on his dining-cars are paid so little that they must cadge from the public?

Whether that is not tantamount to causing hard-working men to commit the crime of begging?

How some grafting City Councillors hope to evade the ceaseless vigilance of *The Sjamboek*?

If a certain Bazaar in Johannesburg is aware that we are investigating the shameful treatment of its girl counterhands?

Whether it realises that we know all about the false accusation one of its heads made in public against an innocent employee a while ago?

Whether it thinks that this poor little girl has through the delay caused by his ignorance of the law of defamation waived her right of action.

Whether an art company, carrying on business through the length and breadth of the country, thinks we do not know of the colossal swindle it is daily perpetrating on those who can least afford to be robbed?

Whether the public exhibition for gain of effigies of men and

women who have paid the penalty of the law on the gallows is in good taste?

What their pitiful relatives think of the weird movements of those electrically animated wax statues?

What truth there is in the rumour that a certain advocate in the City has touts in the Fort?



Whether that is not the best way of bringing a noble profession into disrepute?

Whether the Bar Council will act if we supply it with irrefragable proof of this man's improper conduct.

Whether it would supply us with eminent counsel if we published an expose and courted a prosecution for libel?

**TIPS FOR WANDERERS
FRIDAY, AUGUST 4th.**

1st RACE.

LODGE HAWK can win if he improves on his last few outings
SUNNY JERSEY if trapping quickly will take a lot of beating
SCOPE'S BANCO unless he runs very wide will prove a real danger. Selection: **Sunny Jersey.**

2nd RACE

MOSSY FAWN being a fast starter has a good chance here.

RAMBLING RIB & SCOPE'S BOULE unless they impede each other by running wide are not without chances. Selection: **Mossy Fawn.**

3rd RACE

NIMBLE SERPENT may avoid the bunching from trap 1 as there are several fast starters engaged in the race. Selection: **Nimble Serpent.**

4th RACE

SYLVAN SEA with 7 yds. start will be hard to beat. Selection: **Sylvan Sea.**

5th RACE

CLOWN'S LAMENT was badly bumped at the first bend last week and may lead all the way. **Roving Hawk** may prove the danger. Selection: **Clown's Lament.**

6th RACE

CLOUNBRANE CLIPPER will probably lead all the way from trap 1. His chief rival will be **Swift B.** Selection: **Clounbrane Clipper.**

7th RACE

SPANISH STEEL may cause trouble for himself and others thus giving **Trinity Ranger** a clear field. Selection: **TRINITY RANGER.**

8th RACE

FIERY FITZ, if trapping, may win, **Orluck's Boy** badly drawn has a chance. **Manadears** may prove the danger. Selection: **FIERY FITZ.**

9th RACE

YOUNG TWEEDY has a good chance of winning but will need to go all out if **Seaside Fashion** shows anything like his previous form over 600 yards. Selection: **YOUNG TWEEDY.**

LIFE AS REVEALED BY FICTION.

TAKEN IN SIN

AEGIDIUS JEAN BLIGNAUT

Miriam Lott worked at the Jacaranda Club, which was run in the Palais-De-Danse tradition. She had been there for two years and hoped to last a good deal longer, if her figure and face served her well. Managers of dance-halls and the like do not waste much time condoling with a girl whom the ravages of age have unsuited to the relish of the male frequenters of places of entertainment.

Her wages were small but she eked them out with commission and little presents from men who admired her. All the dancing-girls had to do that.

The hours were long, but the girls were full of zest and seemingly tireless as they went through dance after dance, gracefully swaying to the rhythm of a tango, wildly stamping their feet to the jerky movements of the rumba, that barbaric rite from those islands, where men know of better things to do than work; and gliding through the waltz with all the lissom smoothness of a panther, stalking its prey in the moonlight. They seemed thrown into a frenzy by the iridescent splendour of the lights sprinkled over them. And they enjoyed the work, saying Palais-De-Danse were the only places where one was paid to enjoy oneself.

After each dance, during a session at the Jacaranda Club, the gigolettes returned to the "pen" where they were on show like young virgins at a slave-market, their red-lacquered toe nails soiled in their sandals as with the dust of an Egyptian by-way. There they discussed their boys and the gaities to which they had the night before been treated by casually interested men who wished to be diverted at a small cost.

As Miriam was approaching the "pen" one night, Daphne Vane said: "The coat Miriam was wearing when she turned up this evening looked like the one that was offered to me the other day. He must be a fast worker. But, maybe, she didn't have to get it on the instalment plan."

Daphne Vane was of a malicious turn.

"Say, girls," said Gloria Fisher, when Miriam took her seat, "have you heard—Miriam's true-loving?"

"You don't say so," cut in Joyce. "It's surely not that child, Peter Gauche?"

"That's my bloke alright," Miriam said; "so just lay off him, girls."

Peter Gauche had taken a fancy to Miriam. She encouraged him when she realised he had serious and honourable intentions; for she had nothing better on at the time. It was true, he was earning barely enough to keep himself, but he was handsome and had good prospects on the Rand gold mines. He had often spoken with her about his ambitions. She could lose nothing by keeping him dangling.

Peter Gauche came to the Jacaranda Club once a week and took her home after closing time. He always turned up on a Friday: that was pay-day on his mine and he was then in funds.

When he arrived one Thursday night, Miriam did not seem too glad to see him, but soon recovered enough poise to excuse her lack of warmth by saying she had a head-ache.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "I've come to-night, Miriam, because to-morrow is a holiday and we were paid to-day; and I couldn't wait till to-morrow when I had the chance of coming to-night."

"That was nice of you, darling, and thoughtful."

"I'll book you for the evening, my dear," he said, in some concern about her; "then you can sit out and rest."

He brought the tickets he had bought for the remainder of the dances on the programme and she lolled listlessly in her seat and let him fuss about her to the top of his bent.

The crowd on the floor were singing accompanied

by the band—

“Have you ever loved somebody who didn’t love you?”

“That’s a sad thought, Miriam, unrequited love,” whispered Peter. “But I think I could stand that. What I could not put up with is playing at love when one of the parties is deeply serious. To laugh at love is surely like spitting in God’s Eyes.”

She was busy twisting the ring he had just given her. He could hear her nails clicking against the gold.

She kept silence, but the dancers had begun to sing snatches of another song.

“I knew she told me lies

“When I looked through that open window . . .”

“This is the last dance,” Miriam said. “Let’s go home.”

When he helped her into her coat, the last strains of the tune came muffled into the vestibule.

“I saw them dim the light,

“It broke my heart that night . . .”

He took her to her flat in Mooi Street, leaving her at the door.

He walked slowly: men live leisurely when they are happy in love; they become interested in the little unspoiled things that really matter, in the fairies with whom that master Hans Andersen, filled the world, giving it a whimsical sweetness. Two streets from his sweetheart’s flat, he saw the red light of an all-night chemist shop. He bought some headache powders and returned to Mooi Street.

He knocked at Miriam’s door. There was a pause then she called out, “Who’s there?”

“It’s I, Miriam; I’ve brought you some headache powders.”

“Oh! Just a minute, Peter.”

Suddenly he became very sorry that he had come to disturb her: it would not do her any good to jump out of a warm bed. He leaned against the wall. Then he heard a man’s voice coming through the fanlight in a whisper; and the back window opened and shut with a faint squeak. She must have sent for a doctor—fresh air was supposed to be good for a headache.

She was in her pyjamas when she opened the door, but there was no man in the room. Peter was

about to look in the wardrobe and under the bed when he realised that a doctor would hardly be up to high-jinks in a patient’s room at that hour.

He stood at gaze for a moment then asked simply, “Why did you do it, Miriam?”

“Don’t be silly,” she said with a slight frown.

Now that she had been found out, she was not eager to continue with the make-believe. Besides what right had he to question her actions? She had been prepared to be decent to this pauper as long as he did not try to restrict her freedom too far. She was not his wife, yet.

She cocked her head on one side and sneered at him in the way she usually reserved for the page at the Jacaranda Club, who had the air of a field-marshal. Her affections were not engaged and things that touch us closely are often of mere casual interest to others.

“Please go home: you annoy me, Peter.”

“Why did you do it, Miriam?” he repeated with emphasis.

“Because I wanted some money,” she answered, as though it were natural that he should have been aware of it.

He seemed dumb-founded.

“Because you wanted some money,” Peter Gauche said, taking a handful of banknotes out of his pocket. It was all he had left of his wages and every penny of it had to be paid for his boarding in the morning or he would be kicked into the street. Landladies do not stand on ceremony, unless it is the civil imprisonment ceremony.

About noon Gloria Fisher found Miriam Lott still in bed in her blue pyjamas and the crumpled banknotes were still in her mouth and down her throat where Peter Gauche had rammed them at mid-night. Gloria could not get them out because Miriam’s jaws had become rigid in death, with a lipsyl smudge on her blanched cheek.

* * * *

NIGHT PATROL

Starting next week

NIGHT PATROL

"BUCK" EVERETT'S NIGHTMARE

It does not say much for our fighters that Everett has not yet received the trouncing any moderate heavy-weight should be able to give him; for, like many of Homer's characters who are remembered only because they were knocked on the head by some hero Everett's renown is based chiefly on the defeat he suffered at Joe Louis' hands, some years ago.

Had he met Britt, he would have realised that Bensch is a novice in spite of his champion status, and that Smith, for all his

gain are regarded as heroes of unquestioned social status. We hope Bobby Locke showed the prejudice-nurtured Royal and Ancient, which has till now cherished age-old shibboleths and lacked the princely attribute of grace what a man from our vast veld thinks of such self-conscious condescension.

FOULING ON THE TRACK

Wooderson, the outstanding English miler, complains that he was fouled in the Mile of the Century recently run in the United States.

It is hard to understand why

STUPID PREJUDICE AND JOHANNES VAN DER WALT

Ever since Johannes van der Walt grew a beard and led a commando during the Voortrekker Centenary celebrations, the Dailies have given his bouts as little publicity as possible. But this concerted effort to keep him in the background has met with no success. Nothing can damp the enthusiasm of his followers who know a truly great wrestler when they see one—beard or no beard.

They admire van der Walt's colourful personality and specta-

S P O R T

smartness, cannot smash a window-pane with a brick. When he faces Foord on Saturday he will have a nightmare of whirling gloves. It will last so long that on his way back to America, he will duck when he passes the Statue of Liberty, thinking it is slinging punches at him.

RIDICULOUS SNOBBERY

For the first time in the history of golf professionals have been allowed to play on the links of the Royal and Ancient.

This the Dailies described gratefully as a gracious gesture. It strikes us this club should apologise to the world for its ridiculous snobbery in the past, which was tantamount to ostracising able men who were not rich and idle enough to play games during leisure hours only. It is pathetic that an invidious distinction should be made against men who are paid to play games while soldiers whose job it is to kill for

the Americans do not run such a race in lanes. As we see it, a flat race is primarily a test of an athlete's speed and not of his ability to overcome interferences by other competitors on the track. Shoving, jostling, tripping and elbow-jolting are surely technicalities of the wrestling art.

We are disinclined to believe that Wooderson's complaint is frivolous; for Dennis Shore, who, like most Springboks, never advances unsporting excuses for his failures, contends that he was dug in the short ribs when he ran in America. This does not mean that the Americans deliberately foul visiting runners, but merely that the circumstances in which their flat races are run lend themselves to grave abuse.

If the Mile of the Century is ever re-run in England, we shall find out whether a hefty jolt in the belly really affects a runner's speed.

cular tactics, his genius and undaunted courage. They see in him the most superb athlete South Africa has ever produced—a man who keeps faith with his public at all times.

Those of us who recognised his ability when he had to wear a mask are not ever likely to be put off by a mere beard or the childishness of piqued newspapers.

The "Sjambok" will announce
Sports Fixtures if particulars
are received by Tuesday.

NERO AS WRESTLER

POET, LOVER and FIGHTER

In his "Acte" Alexandre Dumas gives a magnificent description of a wrestling match in

sport

Nero drops his vanquished foe in the dust of the Arena and is acclaimed the victor by a frenzied audience.

No doubt he went back to his palace then to play the fiddle and write poetry and make love.

MASTERLY FIGHTERS

For years our amateur boxers have maintained a very high standard. They have gained international honours that have compelled respect everywhere.

Only last month we learnt that the heyday of our amateurs has not yet gone. Mackay, fresh from his victory overseas, was given the fight of his life by young Joubert and might well bite the dust at the next time of asking.

No better proof of the high fettle of our amateur boxers to-day could be wished for. They have a fine tradition to live up to and are proving themselves in every way worthy successors of the heroes of the past.



which Nero took part in Rome.

The fighters' bodies are rubbed with oil and then sand is poured over them. After a few tense moments, Nero seizes his opponent round the waist and holds him in a boa-constrictor grip. The trapped gladiator struggles frantically to unloose the mighty arms that are steadily but inexorably crushing the life out of his body. The end comes dramatically: his head droops, his body grows limp and blood gushes from his mouth and nostrils.

There were the masterly Willie Smith, whom Jimmy Wilde compared with Driscoll, the greatest of them all, Laurie Stevens, whose purposeful two-handed aggression only a rampart could stay, and Carstens and Pierce. These, and others from amongst us were scintillating artists of the ring. With their passing others came along to mount their vacated thrones and wear the coveted laurel crown.

And so the line of succession goes on unbroken.

flicks

TENNIS

Baron von Cramm, the Davis-Cup tennis star, who was in disgrace in Germany a while ago, recently won two championships in England.

Evidently he learned some new shots by studying the way the Gestapo bandy allegations and pitch potatoe bread into concentration camps.

We Lead them . . .



a Dance

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