1976-1980
An exhibition from the pages of Drum magazine
All proceeds from the booklet and the exhibition, which are sponsored by Total SA, will support bursaries for black photographers.
DRUM MAGAZINE is perhaps unique among South African publications in that it alone chronicled the apartheid years from a black perspective.

This booklet is published to coincide with a Drum Exhibition at the National Festival of the Arts in Grahamstown, 30 years after the June 16, 1976 student uprising that changed the face of South Africa forever.

More South Africans are alive today who had no direct experience of these turbulent times than those who did. It is appropriate therefore to record those times through the pages of Drum magazine. The pages featured in this booklet (all produced before computers reached the newsroom) are taken from the Drum 1976-1980 Exhibition and provide a glimpse of those challenging times.

The text is written by Tony Sutton who was executive editor at Drum during the latter part of the seventies. It is written as a memoir of his association with the magazine and its late owner/publisher, Jim Bailey.

Drum remains a controversial topic. Much of the controversy revolves around Jim Bailey, multimillionaire publisher and son of mining magnate, Sir Abe Bailey. Bailey financed and actively participated in the publication from the time he bought the magazine from Bob Crisp in 1952 to the time he sold his South African publishing interests to the corporate publishing house, Nasionale Pers in 1984. Drum is as much his legacy as those of us who worked on the magazine.

There are two schools of thought on Jim Bailey. Some, myself included, believe he provided a vital outlet for emerging black writers, journalists and photographers and in so doing created the beginnings of a mass black reading audience across English-speaking Africa. Others believe he was less interested in his audience than in his bank balance and posterity.

As with all such controversies, the truth probably lies somewhere in the middle and the jury will remain out on Bailey’s contribution to African journalism until other Drum writers and photographers around the continent write their memoirs and until the media academics and biographers pick over the bones of Drum and its late publisher.

There can be no disagreement, however, that Drum looms large in the story of black journalism in South Africa and elsewhere in Anglophone Africa. Whatever the motives of its publisher, the magazine left its mark on those who worked there and more
pertinently on its millions of loyal readers.

That Drum holds a special place in South African journalism is incontrovertible. The number of books, academic papers, articles and movies that turn on Drum suggests that it fills an important space in African journalism.

Twenty five years after Tony Sutton and I left Drum, we realise that our time on the publication coincided with one of the most important periods in South Africa’s history, but also with an important chapter in the annals of South African journalism for it was a time when the apartheid government was intent on perverting the independent Press. Our battles with John Vorster’s Department of Information and its sinister machinations need to be recorded.

Of course, one can never recapture the spirit or the threat of the times in which we lived and worked. South Africa is a totally different place in 2006 from what it was when we worked at Drum in the seventies. It has shed the snakeskin of totalitarianism for democracy and in so doing has created a free citizenry and constitutionally entrenched a free Press.

Perhaps Drum played some part in all of this. I like to think it did.

Kerry Swift
Johannesburg
June 16, 2006
The Charade took place twice a week. Jim Bailey, Drum magazine’s owner and publisher, would slouch into my office and, in his distinctive, clipped English public school accent, demand, “Tony (always pronounced Tinny), if you have a moment; let’s take a look at the content of our next issue.” I’d shift the rubbish off the guest chair, give him time to sit down, call in co-editor Stan Motjuwadi, and we’d focus on the acetate chart occupying the top half of an adjacent wall, discussing and adjusting the scribbles that represented the 120 or more pages of the next issue of Drum.

An hour or so later, the scrawl on the wall adjusted to include his story ideas and a pile of tearsheets from our East and West African editions lying expectantly on my desk, Bailey would leave to interrogate the general manager about the causes of the company’s ever-parlous finances or to hand his long-suffering advertising manager a list of clients his staff would be chasing “if they weren’t such idle boneheads”. As soon as the door closed, I’d reach across the desk, grab the tearsheets and drop them into a filing cabinet. Then I’d slide open the top drawer of my desk, pull out the roughly-stapled proofs of the real pages of Drum and leaf through them, confident that by the time the magazine came back from the printer a few weeks later, Bailey would have forgotten the stories he’d left with us or – even better – he’d have jetted north to cause chaos, consternation and confusion in the offices of sister publications in London or Nairobi.

Most of the time Stan and I would get away with the deception but occasionally Bailey would notice something was missing. Then, a day or so after publication, he’d suggest I join him “for a spot of lunch. And bring a couple of copies of the magazine with you …” The two-hour session – always over prawns in a cheap Portuguese diner in downtown Johannesburg – would invariably begin with a tirade about my general failings (“Tinny, how many times do I have to tell you…”), followed by a litany of recent infractions of Drum’s long-standing – and mainly irrelevant – golden rules regarding white space, column rules, rules around photographs, no green covers, the need to remember the ratio of stories about people of other races, headline size, picture size, blah, blah, blah …). A bollocking for omitting his favourite East or West African yarn of the month would follow and, for dessert, I’d be treated to a repetition of one or – if I was lucky – more of Jim’s greatest African exploits (How I Got Rid of Idi Amin was his favourite, if you really want to know). Plus, always, more stories from other parts of Africa that “should be placed in our next issue”.

To be fair, some of the stories Bailey offered were first rate; indeed, a glance through the files of Drum in the ’70s reveals a truckload of insights into Idi Amin’s evil regime in Uganda, together with photo essays of the executions of unfortunate plotters against various African despots. But many of the other yarns were of dubious quality, such as one from Kenya that languished in my filing cabinet for many months. This article dealt with a peasant farmer who had been hauled into court after being caught in a sexual tryst with a chicken, a coupling that resulted in the bird’s death. The story, accompanied by photographs of the guilty gent and the dead chicken’s ‘bereaved husband’ (trust me, you don’t need any more information), escaped from our editorial graveyard to become the last spread produced by news editor Kerry Swift and I after we’d resigned to run our own business in mid-1981. The headline was, of course, ‘Murder Most Fowl’.

The eccentric – that word is an understatement: one of the richest
men in South Africa he was also the worst-dressed and often mistaken for a hobo – Bailey’s often-strange views of what constituted Drum journalism were matched by the bizarre names he bestowed on his various magazines, titles that embarrassed their cringing (always male) editors and, I’m sure, confused the hell out of readers: Trust (subtitled the mid-month Drum), Love and True Love (all of which I edited during my first year in South Africa) and their Nigerian counterparts, Sadness and Joy, come immediately to mind. Fortunately, Bailey didn’t launch Drum – he bought it from its founder, former Springbok cricketer Bob Crisp in 1952 – or it would probably have been called Faith (or Hope or perhaps even Charity). On reflection, however, even the title Drum is confusing: when I first saw the name while scanning a jobs board days after being made redundant when the British national Daily Express closed its Scottish operation in Glasgow in 1974, I thought the magazine was probably devoted to, well, playing drums …

MY SIX YEARS with Bailey began when, having been put right about the nature of the magazine, I joined Drum as assistant London editor for its Kenyan and Nigerian editions, the pages of which were produced in Fleet Street before being air freighted as film to Nairobi and Lagos for publication. One morning, after 10 months in the job, I received a phone call from Johannesburg asking, “Tinny, would you like to come to Johannesburg for a year to fix two of my women’s magazines?”

“When?” I replied.

“Next week,” was the reply.

Disbelieving, and with a hand over the phone’s mouthpiece, I called the rest of the staff into my office to make sure it was the real Jim on the line and not one of them doing a Bailey impersonation. Then I asked the caller to repeat the message. Six weeks later I was in Jo’burg, with wife Julia, two infant kids, a one-year contract and return tickets to Heathrow (know your enemy, my London colleagues had warned me), but minus a work permit (“Don’t worry about that, Tinny; we’ll get you one when you get here”).

Sitting in a squalid office on the third-floor of a dilapidated warehouse – grandly named Drum House – in Eloff Street Extension, I pondered my sanity, wondering how I’d allowed Bailey to persuade me to travel 6 000 miles to edit a couple of newsprint women’s magazines titled Love and True Love. (I was the third editor of True Love, now one of SA’s biggest women’s magazines. The first scooted off to China, while his successor decided he had made a bad career move and quit on his first day in the office). My staff consisted of two reporters, both male, one of whom left Drum House in the company of a large policeman three hours into my first day and didn’t return for six months, while the second only bothered to show up on pay day before disappearing back into the township shebeens for another month. Alerted to the lack of staff, Bailey suggested using the telephone operator as a part-time reporter … I did.

After nine months with True Love (Love had been released from its publishing misery several months earlier), I said farewell to the magazine and moved two offices down the corridor where, with veteran writer Obed Musi, I took on the editing of Trust, for what turned out to be the final two months of its short and unmemorable 13-month existence. The day after the closure of that magazine, launched to fill the gap should Drum get a permanent banning, I was
pondering my imminent journey back to Fleet Street when Bailey told Obed and I that we should make no plans for the immediate future as we’d be running Drum, which was then produced from offices in Pritchard Street, as soon as he’d “fixed up a few things.”

Those “few things” included relocating Drum to Eloff Street Extension and axing every member of the magazine’s editorial staff with the exception of editor Stan Motjuwadi. My immediate task, as executive editor, Bailey informed me, would be to tell Motjuwadi of that decision. Not on your life, I thought, as I declined the dirty work, leaving him to deliver the bad news. Stan responded as I’d expected, by threatening to walk out and take the story to the daily newspapers. So Bailey – ever a coward when it came to inter-personal decisions – backed down, the editorial team moved with the magazine and Obed Musi came to work the next morning to discover he was now the assistant editor.

We hit the jackpot with the first issue of Drum produced in its new home, largely the result of a superb photo-essay by freelance photographer and former Drum staffer Alf Kumalo, of a fracas in central Johannesburg where three soldiers and a number of plain-clothes policemen had attacked peaceful protesters at the inner-city’s Park Station. Bailey insisted that the story accompanying the photographs should be handled with kid gloves so we wouldn’t fall foul of the ban-happy censors of the apartheid government’s Publications Control Board. The pictures, he reasoned, would generate enough outrage from readers — and the government — without embellishing them with provocative text. So the four-page display was accompanied by a low-key story beneath the headline, ‘The Affair At Park Station’. Prophetically, however, the caption on the final photograph warned, “Surely this display of violence was unnecessary and shouldn’t happen again.”

That no one was listening became apparent a couple of months later when the state’s violent overreaction to a march by Soweto school kids heralded the beginning of a revolution.

Glancing through my bound copies of Drum almost 30 years after the events of June 16, 1976, I was surprised at how little space we had devoted to the riots in the issues (July and August ’76) that followed, even checking that pages hadn’t been torn out. Then I remembered that the uprising had occurred soon after the magazine had switched from fortnightly to monthly publication and we were still trapped by brutal print deadlines (six weeks from delivery of pages to the printer in Durban to printed magazines) geared for timeless features, not breaking news. So the coverage of one of the most momentous events in South Africa’s history is limited to just four pages, with a cover teaser – ‘THE RIOTS: Why They happened’ – hastily pasted across the corner of a front-page photograph of an anonymous local beauty.

Inside that July ’76 issue are reports by Stan Motjuwadi, headlined ‘The Telegraphed Punch’ and Joe Thloloe, who wrote about ‘The Day Our Kids Lost Faith’, each story accompanied by photographs by Mike Mzileni, who was soon detained without charge as part of a state crackdown on publications and journalists. An un-bylined piece, also penned by Motjuwadi, made the point that “For 25 years Drum has been saying that if South Africa were to have a revolution of social conscience and recognize the brotherhood of Man under the fatherhood of God, there could be no violence and no threat from foreign powers. For our variety of races and colours is perhaps our greatest asset.”
The state reaction to the following issue amazed us all: It was judged so inflammatory that the government didn’t just follow its normal practice and ban the issue from sale, but made possession of it a criminal offence, an action that was usually reserved for the loudest of the hard-core political journals. Yes, the rhetoric was angrier, but it hardly called for bloody insurrection. Motjuwadi demanded, “Every adult South African, black and white should hang their heads in shame. The whole blood curdling affair of Hector Peterson, only 13, riddled with bullets, stinks to high heaven. Every white South African finger drips with the blood of Hector for ramming Afrikaans down his throat” etc, etc), while captions to Mike Mzileni’s chilling photographs were emotion-charged (“One of the victims of the riots, his fist still clenched in the black power sign, lies dead …”). However, both of those italicized quotes were given in the ensuing banning order, among a wide-ranging and nit-picking list of other infractions, as reasons why mere possession of the August issue of the magazine had become an offence. No mention was made in the banning order, however, of another equally-inflammable quote in the same issue, from a speech by Afrikaner Chief Justice Rumpff at a graduation of white students 56 days before the first shot had been fired in Soweto on June 16, “… social equality will have to be accepted and mechanisms for self-expression will have to be created. If there are whites who don’t like this, they had better go and find what they want elsewhere. In the long run South Africa has a great future for all of us provided whites are willing to educate, qualify and recognize the non-whites … so that they may walk side by side into the dawn that has broken over Africa, a dawn which in South Africa will not turn again to darkness.”

That harsh banning order had an immediate impact on the next issue, for Kumalo had supplied another provocative photograph that no other publication would print in the fragile days after June 16 when the townships were ablaze. We had already placed the picture – showing the bodies of two dead Africans lying in front of a ‘hippo’, an armoured combat vehicle of the security forces – as a double-page spread in the completed early pages, but we killed the spread and held on to the picture for another four months, blowing it up to fill the opening two pages in Drum’s January 1977 photographic round-up of the previous year’s events, under the heading, ‘Year of The Hippo’.

Mike Mzileni’s continuing detention – he was released without charge the following year after 14 months in prison – was to become a major source of friction between journalists and management. When it became apparent that he wouldn’t be returning to the office quickly, Chester Maharaj – who had recently worked for us as Trust’s staff photographer – was brought in from Durban to fill the gap. But Bailey continually threatened to axe the jailed Mzileni from the company payroll, claiming that by being involved in politics, the photographer was in breach of Drum’s contract of employment (a contract none of us had seen or signed). Each time Bailey decided to fire Mzileni, Stan Motjuwadi dissuaded him by pointing out that there was no evidence that Mzileni had been involved in political action, and that the sacking of a journalist who had been detained while carrying out his job would hardly give comfort to the rest of our staff when they went to work in the townships. We thought common sense had prevailed until Motjuwadi came into my office one morning and furiously hurled a copy of the daily tabloid Post newspaper onto my desk. The paper’s lead story told how Bailey had, without telling us, chopped Mike from the payroll …
Our proprietor also showed his ambivalence towards his employees in his dealings with Casey “Kid” Motsisi, the sole link with Drum from its earlier golden years. Casey, by now a booze-sodden alcoholic, wrote a freelance monthly column that was usually ghosted by Motjuwadi and paid for by me. For months, whenever I claimed the freelance payment on my expense account, Bailey would question why we allowed Casey into the office and why we paid him for a column the magazine didn’t need. Yet, when his least-tolerated columnist died in mid 1977, Bailey did a quick u-turn, proclaiming the Kid’s genius at his Soweto graveside. As Motjuwadi pointed out afterwards, if Bailey had cared half as much for Casey alive as he did when he was dead, the graveside valediction might have been deferred a few more years.

I don’t believe that Bailey was responsible for Casey’s early death, but he certainly propagated and encouraged a culture of drunkenness that had affected the magazine’s editorial staff for many years. Most days when he was in town – he arrived at lunchtime and stayed late – he would call the editorial team into his office late in the afternoon, often herding in our driver and office cleaner as well – “Let’s ask our readers what THEY think” – to gauge reactions to his latest favourite story. After he’d described the tale, the cleaner would figure out the answer he wanted, mumble a few words of agreement and flee from the room. Then he’d send the bemused driver down the road for a couple of bottles of Government House port, his preferred hooch, and whatever the rest of us felt like drinking. Hours later, the bottles drained, he’d drag whoever was still sober down to the nearest shebeen … the result was an office full of hangovers and an editorial staff, me included, with varying booze-induced problems.

That November 1977 issue of Drum, in which Motjuwadi wrote his final tribute to Casey Motsisi, was also one of the few issues of the magazine that hit the streets without a pin-up on the cover. The pretty girl had been replaced by a striking photo-illustration of black consciousness leader Steve Biko, mortally injured by policemen in a cell at Port Elizabeth before being driven through the night to Pretoria where he’d been pronounced dead. We had no photographs of the banned Biko in our shambolic filing system and couldn’t get any from the Jo’burg papers, so I persuaded Donald Woods, editor of the Daily Dispatch in East London to send us a couple of black and white pictures. The best went to freelance artist Alex Groen, who created a striking coloured photo-illustration for what has become one of the most reproduced covers in Drum’s history – just check the T-shirts on Soweto streets next time you’re there. Our Cape Town writer Jackie Heyns persuaded poet Adam Small to write a 1 000-word tribute – “Steve Biko is dead. I will not share in the heroics of praise that suddenly resounded all around him as his corpse lay there. I have no wish to be part of the excesses of white liberal people in response to his death: the accolades that suddenly discovered the ‘towering’ stature of Steve Biko.” – while a freelance photo-journalist (I think it was Willie Nkosi but, as Drum rarely carried photo bylines, I can’t be certain) brought in a memorable set of pictures of the funeral, including the striking image that we chose for our opening spread, showing Biko lying in an open coffin with mourners gathered around.

(Operating on the sound, but possibly lazy, journalistic principle that a good idea was worth repeating, Drum’s cover early the following year for the issue commemorating the death of banned PAC leader Robert Sobukwe – described in a tribute by Stan Motjuwadi as “the REAL father of black consciousness in this
country” – featured similar artwork by Groen.)

The Biko issue of Drum enjoyed record sales, but a couple of months later in January 1988, we fouled up the production of an interview by Stan Motjuwadi with Ntsiki, Steve Biko’s widow. A full-page photograph of a tearful woman clutching a handkerchief to her mouth accompanied the single page of text. Unfortunately, and embarrassingly, the photograph was not of Ntsiki Biko – her picture had been transposed with that of the mother of an innocent man hanged for murder that should have accompanied a story on an earlier spread. This mistake resulted in a grovelling apology to both women, followed by another two-hour interrogative lunch with Jim Bailey, who had decided I was entirely to blame for the error, even though the pictures had been correctly placed when I had sent them to the printer – and I was thousands of miles away on a four-week vacation in Britain when the botched press check was made by our Durban office manager. Ah, well …

Fortunately, though, that incident cost us nothing but an apology and a few angry words. But a story we published soon afterwards had Bailey digging into his pockets – and it was all due to Alf Kumalo, who had supplied a set of pictures for Stan Motjuwadi’s story about a cop-turned-bank-robber-turned-killer called Edian Ntulu, who had just been sentenced to death. Among the photographs, which included a marvelous shot of an off-duty Ntuli boozing with his pals in a shebeen that became our opening spread, was one of a white guy sitting astride a large motorcycle. According to Kumalo, this was a certain Mr Poulakis, whom we described in our caption as “The group’s explosive expert … he turned state evidence …” Unfortunately Kumalo’s explosive expert turned out to be an innocent motorcyclist from Benoni … so we were forced to apologise in print again and this time our groveling was accompanied by a large chunk of Bailey’s petty cash.

That made us cautious about some of our other investigations, including the final in a series of exposes by reporter Ernest – now Morakile – Shuenyane, our entertainment specialist. We’d already run stories in which he’d highlighted the shenanigans of a number of black record producers and showbiz promoters (the assistant of one of Shuenyane’s victims caused momentary panic when he ran into our office screaming that he had a gun and was going to shoot our reporter. We calmed him down and sent him back to his boss after telling him Shuenyane was out of town).

Then Morakile wrote a story about a white record producer who had been handing out wads of cash to persuade DJs to promote songs recorded by his black artists. Because we could get no conclusive evidence or photographs of money changing hands, we took the advice of lawyer Keith Lister and killed the article, much to the disgust of Shuenyane, who soon left – to become a radio station DJ. His anger was validated several years later after I’d left Drum when I met the producer at a record industry party, where he admitted the payola. It was, he claimed, the only way to get airplay for local black artists; everyone was doing it.

PHOTOJOURNALISM was, as it always had been, one of the great strengths of the magazine, despite high advertising ratios that greatly limited the space available for photo display. Along with Chester Maharaj and Austrian freelancer Gottfried Chmelar, both of whom
specialized in sport and entertainment, Cliff Ranaka was one of Drum’s most featured young photo stars in the latter part of the ’70s, many of his best works being photographs of spontaneous violence in the dangerous Johannesburg streets. Knife attacks, shootings and vicious assaults were his forte, earning accolades from readers including a letter from a fan in Alexandra, who made this comment after a string of such stories, “So, Cliff Ranaka does it again. First, he gives us pictures of a knife attack in the middle of Jo’burg. Then that magnificent set of pictures of the tsotsi gang being arrested which, I felt, could not be bettered. What happens? Last month he comes up with an even better set, Battle of the Sexes.” In the office, we wondered when Ranaka would take more peaceful pictures . . .

The authors of other photo essays are harder to determine as Drum had not yet got round to crediting freelance photographers. There was a reason: Bailey insisted that once a photograph appeared in the magazine it belonged to him, no matter how much the photographer, and the law, might disagree. That partly explains why there was such an acrimonious dispute years later over who owned the copyright to Drum’s massive archive of photographs.

Most of our writers – staffers such as Motjuwadi, Manu Padayachee and Pat Cohen excepted – were equally anonymous, either to shield the identity of contributors who worked for daily newspapers or because the writers just happened to be white. BBC staffer Justin Nyoka was Drum’s man in Rhodesia in the days before independence, but many of the contributions from that country in the final years of Ian Smith’s rule came from Gordon Farquharson, whose day job was reporting for an international news agency, while a number of exclusives were written by freelancers Chris van der Merwe and Belgian Hugo Merkxx, both of whom were jailed by the heavy-handed Mozambican authorities.

Another by-lined writer was Emelda Sekgalakane, recruited from the Northern Transvaal by Stan Motjuwadi. She specialised in rooting out bizarre tales of sorcery and murder that still plague an area where ‘witches’ are burned to death whenever lightning strikes, and where children are slaughtered so that their bodies may be used for magic spells. News editor Kerry Swift spent hours coaxing the mind-boggling stories from her.

Swift, after Stan Motjuwadi, was my main associate during my years at Drum, joining as editor of True Love in mid-1977 – the fourth editor in the year since I’d left the post, the others unable or unwilling to deal with either the eccentricities of Jim Bailey or the squalor of the office – before leaving on a journalism scholarship to study for a master’s degree at York University in England a year later. He returned from the ivory towers of academe to become Drum’s news editor in the summer of 1979, when we were in the middle of a vicious battle for survival with Pace, a rival magazine that had been funded by the government’s Info department and launched six months earlier.

In a nutshell the Pace story was this: Bailey had been approached several years earlier by London businessman Christopher Dolley, who wanted to buy Drum and Bailey’s other African publishing interests. When Bailey nixed the deal, he was told a new magazine would be started in South Africa to put him out of business. Simple enough, but the whole affair became dirtier and dirtier as enterprising journalists at the Rand Daily Mail and Sunday Express exposed the political intentions of Dolley and his South African cohorts …

Rumours about the funding of Pace, the soon-to-be-launched
magazine, had been brewing for the whole of 1978 and Drum’s newly appointed general manager Ted Sceales (his capacity for quaffing gallons of lunchtime champagne was legendary) had even launched our own spoiler, Black Ace, a sports monthly – although quite how that was going to confuse prospective readers of the new magazine evades me as much now as it did at the time. Then the Sunday Times confirmed in a front page splash at the end of 1978 what Jim Bailey had been saying for months – that the project, fronted by Hortors, a major SA printer-publisher – was a secret project of Eschel Rhoodie’s disgraced Department of Information. I recall my excitement when I bought that issue of the Sunday Times (it’s still lurking somewhere in my haphazard filing system), late one Saturday night from a street seller near my home in Jo’burg’s Highlands North suburb, and rushed back to tell my wife that the magazine that was about to be launched against us was doomed before it began.

I was wrong. Pace, edited by writer Lucas Molete, with Jack Shepherd-Smith, the country’s best-known magazine editor as managing editor, hit the streets with an interview with June 16 student leader Tsietsi Mashinini and we found ourselves in the thick of much public mud-slinging. Pace had already tried, unsuccessfully, to recruit most of our top journalists before its launch. In fact, I was probably the only staff member – with the possible exception of my driver and the cleaning staff – not to be approached, because (well, I hoped this was the reason) Jack Shepherd-Smith and I had not been good buddies since the evening, a year or so earlier when a large Reuter’s correspondent had been forced to restore the peace in a Swazi bar where we’d almost come to blows after I’d made a few unappreciated comments about Scope, the tit-and-bum magazine he was editing at the time.

Drum had carried a full-page piece about the owners of Pace in the final issue of 1978, but it was in January 1979 – the month Pace was launched – that we got into our stride with an article that linked the magazine to General Hendrik van den Bergh, the former boss of the state’s security police, while also pointing out that the Pace editorial staff had resigned en masse when the scandal broke, but had quickly been persuaded by their bosses to change their minds.

A month later, Shepherd-Smith was singled out for special treatment, after three of his senior black journalists had again quit (or, in the words of editor Lucas Molete, ‘dis-involved’ themselves), Drum’s Phil Selwyn-Smith commenting, in an unsigned piece, “When quiet-spoken Joe Thloloe, a Post reporter, asked him to comment on the latest staff upheavals, Joe was told to f… off. Not the language Mr Shepherd-Smith usually uses. He is normally well mannered, and rude only to the censors. So if his nerves are frayed to the extent that he can’t control himself when asked a legitimate question by a reputable reporter from a reputable newspaper, there is only one tonic we can suggest. Salusa 45 may help, but the cure will only be complete if he makes a clean break.”

(At least one black Drum journalist saw the irony in two middle-aged double-barreled whitey colonials being the champions in a war of words about the future of competing black magazines.)

Then it was the turn of Alf Kumalo, one of the Pace staffers who had actually quit, to speak out. This time it wasn’t his photographs that we were interested in, but the reasons why he had left his job as chief photographer at the new magazine. In a double page spread, Kumalo – the only man to have worked full time for both
magazines – explained his departure from Pace, “I could not sleep well at night. I thought of all the crusading stories I had covered, stories spotlighting the sad plight of the banned, banished, harassed tax defaulters. What business did I now have to have any kind of dealings with a magazine financed by Info?”

Taking a break from the mud-slinging and character assassination, the March, 1978, issue of Drum took a lighter look at the affair, printing letters from readers, who’d been offered the chance to win R13 each for telling what they’d do if they could spend the R13 million (later revised to R30 million) that the government had squandered in trying to subvert the Press. Free education was the hands-down winner, followed by the electrification of the townships and more jobs. Surprisingly, perhaps, no one opted for a one-way ticket out of the country …

Then it was time for Bailey to break his long silence. He did it reluctantly because he hadn’t wanted to be drawn into the fight, preferring to orchestrate events from the sidelines. However, when he asked Stan Motjuwadi to write a full background to the story, Stan refused, pointing out that readers would rather the story came straight from the owner’s mouth. Bailey’s two-page essay, ‘I Accuse’, in the May 1979 issue, told how the Info Department had tried, three years earlier, to buy the liberal Rand Daily Mail newspaper, of which his family trust was the main shareholder, through front man and former South African rugby boss Louis Luyt. Luyt’s offer had been rejected so, using government money, he had launched The Citizen newspaper in an unsuccessful attempt to force the Mail out of business.

Bailey recounted how, after he had turned down the first offer to buy Drum, he was told that a new magazine would be started to put Drum out of business. He ended his essay, which also detailed other areas in which the Info department men had been trying to buy control of the media, with these words, “So, readers must be totally aware that the magazine Pace is operated by its Editor, Lucas Molete and its Managing Editor, Jack Shepherd-Smith on behalf of the South African Information Service as part of a world-wide scheme planned by General van den Bergh. There is no way these men can possibly say they were in ignorance of this. Their eyes are open.”

Pace collapsed a couple of months later and Shepherd-Smith was again under fire after the magazine was given free of charge to another publisher. Stan Motjuwadi wrote, “As far as we are concerned, Shepherd-Smith has dug his own journalistic grave. He went into Pace with his eyes open to the sinister implications of what he was doing and then as the truth of Pace’s propaganda role slowly emerged, he fought a rearguard action. We are not surprised his propaganda sheet Pace has collapsed under the burdens of his own deceit. Nor will we be surprised if Pace re-emerges in a blaze of publicity, attempting to launder its sinister connections.”

Prophetic words. Pace was relaunched by Caxtons, its new owners, and continued publishing until, losing circulation and cash, it was closed in 1993, a year before Nelson Mandela became the first black South African president. Drum had also had a change of ownership in 1984, when Bailey surprised everyone, not least the editorial staffers who’d fought the battle against Pace on his behalf, by selling to the Cape Afrikaans publishing giant, Nasionale Pers.

Was the battle worth the effort and the ruined reputations? With 25 years’ hindsight, there are two answers. Politically, yes,
it was absolutely the right thing to do; it’s our duty as journalists – and citizens – to do all in our power to prevent government from subverting the independent media, unless we enjoy the idea of living under an authoritarian dictatorship. But, it’s probably fair to say that once Pace had been launched, all our shouting had little significant effect on the magazine’s circulation – we certainly damaged its credibility and destroyed the reputations of the magazine’s senior staff, but that didn’t stop many thousands of readers from buying the magazine month after month. Conversely, despite all its cash, Pace didn’t kill Drum as its founders had threatened – in fact, Drum thrived, our issues during the early ’80s regularly hitting 160 pages with the circulation peaking at around 140 000 copies a month, almost triple those of its fortnightly issues five years earlier. And, of course, Drum is still alive today …

AFTER THE HECTIC and exciting year of helping to expose the Info Scandal, I found the magic of Drum was beginning to fade. My dissatisfaction was fueled by an increasing involvement with the radical alternative media – I had helped produce the much-banned Voice newspaper each week, was advising trade union editors, and had begun a 10-year association with Frontline, Denis Beckett’s political monthly magazine which, despite its slender circulation, was running some of the most incisive and relevant journalism in South Africa at the time. And my relationship with Jim Bailey was also becoming strained. I resented having to listen to his increasingly-inane story ideas, and the post-publication lunches were becoming repetitive and angry. At the same time, I was unhappy with the incessant feuding with management over our tightly-rationed newshole, especially as we were still fighting an opponent with plenty of pages for editorial content, and the increasing number of worthless advertising sections that were being added. The inter-departmental battle came close to bloodshed when advertising manager Ronnie Jordan pushed me through an inter-office window after a particularly nasty disagreement when I discovered he was giving away our precious and limited editorial space in exchange for Wool Board advertising.

The final straw for me – and I think for Bailey – came in the middle of 1981 when the proprietor came into my office, now expanded and shared with news editor Kerry Swift, demanding, “Tinny, let’s take a look at the next issue.” Instead of playing the usual charade of tolerance and subterfuge, I responded, “Fuck off, Jim, I’m too busy.” His response was immediate and impressive. Turning on his heel, he stormed out of the room, slamming the door so violently we thought the walls would fall down. The parting of our ways came a few months later when Swift and I were presented with new contracts that restricted our ability to take on outside work. As we were already running a freelance operation and had been approached by a number of other companies to publish magazines and newsletters, we resigned immediately. Our last day as employees of Drum came two weeks later when, after a monumentally boozed-up party, Stan Motjuwadi gave us a shattering send-off by breaking as many office windows in Drum House as he could reach, applauded by his cheering, inebriated colleagues.

That, however, was not the end of our relationship with Bailey. A couple of months after Swift and I left, we received a letter from
Drum’s lawyer Keith Lister threatening to sue us over a handful of photographs we’d used in a new magazine we were producing for a Soweto publisher. Although the pictures did not belong to Bailey and the photographers had given us permission to use them, he claimed copyright because they had been used in Drum. The case didn’t get to court; we trekked down to Eloff Street Extension and resolved the conflict over – what else – a bottle of Government House port.

Thereafter, after a year or so out of touch, Bailey began to invite me for occasional lunches, usually when he wanted me to work for him again (“Tinny, I need you back; you’re much more mature than when you used to worked for me.”). The meetings were always amiable, no matter how often I turned down his attempts to persuade me to run Drum’s operations in Nairobi (“Come for a year; you can leave your wife and kids in Jo’burg”), become managing editor of City Press newspaper, revive his London office (closed since a fall-out with his Nigerian operation, which had set up its own office in London), or help him launch a new publishing venture in Zimbabwe (also sans wife and kids). Only once was I tempted – too many sweet words, too much wine just before Christmas – but I sobered enough before lunch ended to turn acceptance of a job running his Nairobi operation (“Tinny, you’ll love the editor; he’s just been released from a death sentence”) into a qualified, “Send me a couple of copies of the magazine and give me a week to think about it,” before fleeing from the restaurant. When he rang for my acceptance, I turned him down the honourable way – blaming my wife, saying she’d threatened to divorce me if I took the job.

The most delicious irony came, however, in 1988, a few years after Bailey sold his magazines and City Press newspaper to Nasionale Pers. Now running my own firm, I became, for 20 hours a week, consulting managing editor for Nasionale’s black publications. And one of my duties was – echoes of all those hated lunchtime sessions years earlier – to meet with the editors and designers to critique each edition of Drum and True Love on the day after publication.

Bailey howled with laughter when, over lunch, I told him I had become Junior Jim!

IT’S NOW 25 years since I worked for Jim Bailey. He and Motjuwadi, and Molete of Pace, are dead. Shepherd-Smith has long retired. Drum is now an entertainment-oriented weekly without political content, Pace an empty memory. Those exciting days when we were fighting a government are a distant slideshow in my mind – but there are still times when I swear I can hear that distinctive voice, usually when I’m about to allow something to slip into my work that’s not quite the way I know it ought to be, “Tinny, how many times do I have to tell you …?”

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Tony Sutton was executive editor of Drum from 1976 until 1981. He is now president of News Design Associates, an international publishing consultancy based in Toronto, Canada, and editor and publisher of the internet magazine, ColdType.net
THE EXHIBITION

The pages that follow are all from Drum magazine and were part of an exhibition at the National Festival of the Arts in Grahamstown in 2006.
THURSDAY MARCH 11, 1976

THE AFFAIR AT PARK STATION

PICTURES BY ALF KUMALO

On Thursday, March 11, there was an affair at Park Station, Johannesburg. Oh, the law must be maintained. OK, there is a case for strict government. But surely if South Africans do not stand together we will hang together. Was it necessary for the trio of servicemen to appear on the scene? And was the violence perhaps not a bit on the excessive side?

BETWEEN THE ARMED servicemen and another a man from the railway vendor. Caught from a short-distance position. A looker in the form of another man.

Till end of a long day for a benignly standing who is heaved by a snap into a waiting shelly's mouth. Lone person was freed for public discourse.

Mark Pirow, taken from the crowd at the height of the trouble.
THE YEAR OF THE HIPPO

Two men lie dead in the dusty Soweto road. Towering above them is a police hippo. These ugly machines of death were intended for fighting in the bush against guerillas threatening our borders. They became part of the township scene after the events of June 16 last year. But, although the year was marred by the enormity of destruction and detention of the riots, some of the events pointed towards a brighter future, as our look at the past year shows...
STEVE BIKO

Much has been written about the death of Steve Biko. We ask our fellow South Africans to put their hearts into the perspective of our times. We feel that he was the voice of the voiceless. We are of the view that his death is a loss to all of us. This special report is written by Adrian Sussel, who writes this special report exclusively for us.

A NATION mourns. Millions gather in Soweto to pay their last respects to the body of Steve Biko, which is lowered into a hearse. The hearse is surrounded by a sea of mourners. The mourners are silent as they watch the hearse leave. The sound of the hearse is heard in the background. The mourners are silent as they watch the hearse leave. The sound of the hearse is heard in the background.

STEVE BIKO is dead. He was so much of us. He was so much of us. He was so much of us. He was so much of us. He was so much of us. He was so much of us. He was so much of us. He was so much of us. He was so much of us.

STEVE BIKO is dead. I feel no pain. I feel no pain. I feel no pain. I feel no pain. I feel no pain.

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ANOTHER DRUM EXCLUSIVE

A storm broke over the recent death of Dr. Joseph Mdluli. His wife wanted to know how and why he died. She engaged a private doctor who was later silenced from revealing what he saw. She engaged two attorneys. One was an advocate who has acted as an assassin for the Natal Supreme Court, but he was unable to give a report. The other attorney was detained under the Terrorism Act. An inquest is now pending. Pictures published overseas of Mdluli in his coffin upset the South African government. DRUM publishes the first pictures of Mdluli before he died and his wife, Lydia.

THE STRANGE TALE OF JOSEPH MDLULI

Pretoria: Joseph Mdluli was a quiet, peaceful man, who lived with his wife in Wellington. He was known as a gentle soul and was well-liked by all who knew him. His death was sudden and unexpected, leaving his loved ones shattered.

Mr. Mdluli was a simple man who worked hard to support his family. He was respected in his community for his kindness and humility. He was a devout man who attended church regularly and was a member of the local community council.

The day of his death, Mr. Mdluli was seen walking along the street. According to witnesses, he appeared to be in good health and was wearing his usual clothes. He was last seen talking to a friend outside his house.

The following day, his wife, Lydia, found him lying on the floor of their home. She immediately called the police, who arrived on the scene.

Police investigators arrived at the scene and found Mr. Mdluli lying lifeless on the ground. They immediately called for an ambulance, but unfortunately, Mr. Mdluli passed away shortly after arriving at the hospital.

The police launched an investigation into the circumstances surrounding Mr. Mdluli's death. They spoke with witnesses and took statements from those who knew him. They also visited his home to gather evidence.

Mr. Mdluli's wife, Lydia, isdevastated by his sudden death. She has found comfort in the fact that he is now in a better place and that he is no longer suffering.

The family of Mr. Mdluli is requesting privacy during this difficult time. They thank everyone for their support and ask for prayers for their loved one.
GOODBYE DARK CITY

LIFE in Alexandra, as all ghettos, was tough. If you had a saucepan belly Alex swallowed you up its sleepy get-
towns. That is why it produced some of the roughest politicians, sportmen, gangsters and crooks. Now The Dark City
or Little Chicago, as it was known, is in its death throes. This is our requiem for the unforgettable township.

TOP: This bundle of reconstructed lots in Alex used to stretch as far
as the eye could see to some time in the past. A new wave of
resettlement farms dot the landscape.

ABOVE: A panoramic view of the identification parade of the
gangsters who had been rounded up. The man in the hat, 11th from
the left, is the gang leader Shadrack Muntuma, who was hanged.

BELLOW: The history meeting at a venue just outside the town-
near Alex that decided on a boycott of taxes in 1967. This
was the scene of many ANC rallies before it was banned.

NOW TURN OVER for more historic photographs of some
of the people and events which made the Dark City — and
Alex Noy’s beautiful travel photos — the heart of South Africa.
AUNTIE GLADYS: DEMONSTRATOR EXTRAORDINARY

Gladys Emma Lee is the toast of the anti-apartheid movement in South Africa. The energetic, tireless, and determined activist has been a prominent figure in the struggle against apartheid for many years. Her dedication and courage have earned her the title of "Auntie Gladys."

Despite facing opposition and challenges, Auntie Gladys continues her fight against apartheid in various forms. She is known for her activism, particularly in her efforts to draw attention to the effects of apartheid on daily life and to advocate for South Africa's liberation.

Auntie Gladys' contribution to the struggle against apartheid has been significant, and her legacy continues to inspire many. Her unwavering spirit and commitment to justice make her a symbol of resilience and hope for those fighting against oppression.
CHEEKY SHOWS US THE SOUTH AFRICA OF THE FUTURE (WE HOPE)

HE tried rugby but he was a bit on the slow side for the game. He was described as the 'cheeky chappie' and was always keen to make a mark in the game, leading to his physical development. He was an 18-year-old Cheeky Walter who played for the Port Elizabeth rugby team. The team won the league competition, and the players played a tournament match with another team to celebrate their victory. Cheeky Walter and six other white players were selected to play in the game.

The eight players thought there would be no chances but had already been warned. Furious over the green light to play rugby.

When the authorities got wind of the plan they put their foot down. But with the promise of different trials and better conditions, they allowed the matches to continue.
FRIDAY, January 15, right on the eastern arm of Pretoria, three ANC gunmen robbed the Silverton branch of Volkskas Bank.

There were about 60 people inside the bank when the gunman entered. Some managed to escape, but 20 were not so lucky. They were held as hostages in a drama that reverberated around the world.

For seven hours the men held the hostages at gunpoint while members of a special police anti-terror squad tried to negotiate with the gunmen, who were later identified as an ANC death squad. The three men were Wilfred Madlala, Hlumela and Fanele Stephen Madiba, all of Dissbold, Soweto.

According to press reports, the trio demanded the release of Nelson Mandela. They also demanded that James Mande, a political prisoner sentenced to death last year, be released and an aircraft be made available to fly them to Maputo, where Mande would be executed for revealing compromising information about terror groups in South Africa during his trial.

As the hours dragged by, the gunmen also demanded the presence of the Prime Minister, Mr. P.W. Botha, Former State President, Mr. John Vorster and Chief of the South African Defense Forces, General Magnus Malan. They also demanded R150 000.

But while the protracted negotiations were continuing, the security forces were positioning themselves for an onslaught on the bank. When the coup went in, it was all over. Within seconds, all three of the gunmen lay dead. One of the hostages, Miss Cynthia Anderson, who lay dead and nine others were critically injured. Eight other hostages were severely injured.
A HOT RECEPTION FOR DR KOORNHOF AS HE MEETS DAVID THEBAHLI

SOWETO SIMMERS

This promised to be a big car for Dr Frits Koornhof in Rivonia. Soweto is known a Freedom of the Soweto, "turned out to be a display of democracy behind the bars. detainees and concentrated police outside the 13th Courtroom, Rand, 21st August 1979.
A car burns as spectators mill about in festive mood. But the riots that erupted in the Cape were no carnival. There was bloodletting, arson, looting and ultimately death. Then came the recriminations as the Cape took stock of the damage resulting from the worst rioting since June 1976. The cost in human and material terms was enormous and DRUM*’s Jackie-Feysa was on hand to record the Cape’s worst spate of violence in years.
KAIZERGATE!

As Transkei celebrates its third anniversary of independence, all is not well. Ever since Chief Kaizer Mataruna (right) signed for independence, Transkei has spent many thousands of rand trying to convince the world that it is not a rogue state. And while millions have been poured down the drain, many Transkeians are still living below the bread line. A recent Human Rights report claims that Transkei is the poorest country in the world.

The local people live in poverty while foreigners are lining their pockets with Transkei's cash.

ABOVE: Litzien Nkhotakota, the former chief of police who abolished the country. LEFT: Kaizer Mataruna in shirt sleeves signs the Port St. Johns harbour contract with Edmond Pedigly on a car boot.

An editor of a government mouthpiece newspaper, South African National Press, said that Transkei is being run by the regime. The regime has charged. A former cabinet minister and former ambassador is in a former state president's detention. A former head of protocol released the country.

A few months ago, DRUM published a story that the South African government was planning Transkei's collapse. This was, however, denied by Chief Justice George Mphasis in parliament.

Money has been used in a secret manner to support Transkei's government officials who are doing a lot of secret work.

A day before he was replaced, Litzien Mthembu, former Chief of Police and former Consul General, in Lusaka, told me that money has been wasted.

"It is an open secret that Transkei has been losing. Everywhere you go, you hear government officials talking about Transkei being the poorest country in the world. It all started with the independence of Transkei," Mthembu said.

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"It is an open secret that Transkei has been losing. Everywhere you go, you hear government officials talking about Transkei being the poorest country in the world. It all started with the independence of Transkei," Mthembu said.
THE DAY THE BISH OPS WENT TO JAIL

Fifty top clergymen and two women were locked up at John Vorster Square on May 26. They were arrested while marching in protest against the detention of the Rev. John Thams. after the tough-talking at the SACC annual conference in Hammanskraal. The mood of the Church can best be summed up by the hymn the crowd sang when the clergymen appeared in court — Onward Christian Soldiers. TURN TO PAGE 2
Why I met the Prime Minister
By Bishop Desmond Tutu

Once the authorities claimed that Bishop Tutu’s SACC aided subversive organizations. To some whites he is a rabble-rouser. His detractors charge that, instead of striking to the point, he dilutes in politics for personal glory. Some black radicals insist that he should not have any truck with P.W. Botha. Yet Bishop Tutu loves his soul and tells why he met the Prime Minister.

Main Picture
The Prime Minister NP Botha in formal conversation with the church. He don’t at the historic meeting at the Union Buildings, Pretoria.

LEFT: Church leaders sitting for the meeting. Halls of the Union Buildings. Pictures by Cheffey Bakangadzi

He was one of the most respected crime fighters in the land—until he became too greedy.

CROOKED COP

Now he's waiting for the hangman's noose.

Warrant Officer Edian Ntuli was a noisecop with a distinguished crime-fighting record. As top cop at Kwa Thema, Ntuli (he's the big guy in this picture) had plenty of friends and plenty of money. But not any more. Now he's in Pretoria's Central Prison's death row, awaiting a date with the hangman after being exposed as this criminal mastermind behind a gang of ruthless robbers. Elias Metwawoli tells the bizarre story of the Jekyll and Hyde life of a greedy cop.
FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE KNIFEMAN

MOB violence raised its ugly head once again at the George Green Stadium in Jaburg, before the soccer match between Kaizer Chiefs and Morelos lwilowows. 

Agit before the start of the game, the gates were closed and thousands of supporters looked out. But this didn’t deter the soccer-mad fans who broke down the gates to gain entry. 

And as the frenzied supporters stormed the gates there was an inevitable violence. The time it almost resulted in death for one young man. 

His attacker whipped out a knife and stabbed him 16 times in the back and chest before being dragged away by other spectators. 

Then cameraman Shiburi had to run for cover as the soccer “fans” turned on him for their amusement.

This is the ugly face of soccer in 1975.
THE TICKET INSPECTOR WHO LOST HIS COOL

TICKETS PLEASE!

PASSENGERS on the East Rand train to Aliwal were disturbed recently when a sneaky ticket inspector pulled a 'tenderfeas on a youth who couldn't produce his ticket. Now satisfied that the biggest and 'adequate' encouragement, the inspector turned to the youth, asked him if he had his ticket. The youth replied yes, but the inspector insisted. The youth then produced a knife and threatened to jump on the train. The inspector then took his gun and threatened to shoot the youth if he didn't produce his ticket.

A YOUNG passenger couldn't find his ticket and the inspector started shouting at him. The passenger then produced his ticket and turned to the inspector, saying, 'I have my ticket.' The inspector then accused the passenger of lying and threatened to shoot him if he didn't confess. The passenger then produced his ticket and was given a warning.

AFTER noticing the incident, a passerby asked the inspector to stop. The inspector then got off the train and left. The passenger was left alone on the train, feeling threatened.

ADVANCING into the compartment, the inspector said, 'This is our train, and we have a right to go wherever we want.' The passenger then asked, 'What is your right to go wherever you want?' The inspector then said, 'We have the right to go wherever we want, and we can do whatever we want.' The passenger then asked, 'What is your right to do whatever you want?' The inspector then said, 'We have the right to do whatever we want, and we can do whatever we want.'
KNIFE ATTACK

"Please leave me alone," Linda pleaded. He was a thug. But the pickpocket was smart. He knew how to get past a barrier.

ALONE, LindaTwede wanted a packer of nylons. But the price Linda paid was much higher — a hundred Rand for his life. It was 2.30 p.m. on a Friday afternoon. Linda was walking down the street in Johannesburg. Suddenly, a man walked up to him and slipped a knife into his pocket.

"Get the hell out of here," Linda screamed as he took off. The pickpocket followed, but Linda was just too fast.

They followed him into the street and cornered him, but Linda continued running. He was now fighting for his life. His life was at stake. He knew that the situation was becoming too complicated. So he fled. What did the pickpocket do after he left? Nothing. The first thing you hear in Johannesburg is to run! to run!

Luckily, for Linda, one man did care. That man was DHL, a photographer. He was on the street when he saw Linda run. He rushed the injured man to hospital where the emergency operation saved his life.

NOW Linda feels the pain. He has another battle to face. One of the knife threats hit his back. The other just missed his heart.

Bravely, Linda tries to mend the wound of blood. He was also one battle. But the friends another — to get to hospital before he died.
The grave-robbers of Secunda

**Where there's no peace for the dead**

A team of grave-robers were hired to dig up the graves at Secunda, a town in South Africa. The work was done by hand, with little protection from the elements. The team consisted of men and women, mostly from the local communities. They worked long hours, often in the heat, to complete the task.

The graves were located in a cemetery, which had been abandoned after the town was deserted. The team started by mapping out the graves, then using pickaxes and shovels to dig them up. The process was slow and labor-intensive, but it was necessary to ensure that the remains were removed properly.

The cemetery had a long history, and many families had lost loved ones there. The grave-robers had to be careful not to disturb the graves or damage any of the stone markers. They worked carefully, taking great care to preserve the remains as much as possible.

The work was not easy, and many of the team members had to endure long hours of hard labor. But they were determined to complete the task, and they worked tirelessly to make sure that the remains were removed safely and properly.

The GRA (Government Radio and Audio) reported on the story, highlighting the difficulties faced by the grave-robers. The team's efforts were praised by the community, who appreciated their hard work and dedication.

**Main Picture:** The team of grave-robers working at Secunda's cemetery. The work was done with great care, to ensure that the remains were removed properly.
THESE SIX LITTLE GIRLS WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED AND THEIR BODIES MUTILATED

1. LERGWALI, Zewdie of Assababago - killed between April 21 and 22, 1976.
2. MACADDILINE, Mebel of Assababago - killed on April 30, 1976.
4. KEBWELLI, Chawo - killed on May 6, 1976.
5. MIRIAM, Negussie - killed on May 10, 1976.

EMELDA SEKALAKANE LIFTS THE LID OFF
THE EVIL MONSTERS WHO DEAL IN HUMAN FLESH

Over the past few months, South Africa has witnessed a wave of brutal rituals in which the bodies of young girls were crucified and tortured. The latest incident involved the murder of six innocent young girls, murdered by John Kipli, a 20-year-old black youth. Kipli has an appointment with the police station to confess to the murder of six innocent young girls.

But, there is a relief for young women that the brutal killer has been arrested. The police are tracking down the house where John Kipli is living. But, it is a pity because Kipli is only 20 years old. He is not expected to deal with the police who are investigating the case. Kipli is still in the police station, but he is still speaking to the police.

Two bottles of "human" fat were found in the case. The bottles were filled with human fat.
SHE WAS SO TERRIFIED THAT SHE JUMPED 12 FLOORS TO HER DEATH

This was the last photograph of Thandi Ngcobo with her Johannesburg-born lover, Norman. Bodies were found at a noisy night club only days before the tragedy.

Thandi Ngcobo was a successful actress and model. Engaged to be married, she had everything to live for. But tragedy stepped into her life when she jumped 12 floors to her death, from a block of flats in Johannesburg. Who did she jump? She thought it was her lover whose mother was about to be raided by the police, for her lover was white and she was breaking the law.

OUR AFFAIR WAS NORMAL... BUT WE WERE MADE TO FEEL GUILTY

Tragedy on the 12th Floor

There was a strange man in the lobby. He was a young white man with short hair, frightened expressions, and his face was turned to the wall. And, then, the door opened...
It’s time to stop this senseless massacre

Slaughter in the migrant hostels

Claw beating has killed its ugly head again. This time the bloodshed erupted in Drake Hostel in Grahamstown as gang-making migrants from Zululand carved a path of blood in the dark street. And while classrooms looked death after death, after tear-gas in the centre of Johannesburg continued the massacre in whose fright the police were shot dead during the past two months. Sigga Jaco comments.

Tension among migrant hostels continues, with the tension escalating in the face of a heavy police presence. The police have been on the alert in the face of growing anger and frustration. The police have been accused of being soft on the migrants, while the migrants charge the police with being violent and abusive.

The situation in the migrant hostels continues to be tense. The police have been on the alert in the face of growing anger and frustration. The police have been accused of being soft on the migrants, while the migrants charge the police with being violent and abusive.

LEFT: A sign advertising the migrant hostel is posted in the street. A man, armed with a hammer, stands in the middle of the street, his weapon raised. The migrants have been known to use weapons in their protests.

RIGHT: A group of migrants stands outside the migrant hostel. They are armed with sticks and stones. The migrants have been known to use weapons in their protests.

UNIVERSITY: The students of the University of the Witwatersrand are on strike. They are demanding better conditions and pay.

The students of the University of the Witwatersrand are on strike. They are demanding better conditions and pay.

To prevent these incidents, the police have been deployed in large numbers. The police have been accused of being violent and abusive.

The police have been accused of being soft on the migrants, while the migrants charge the police with being violent and abusive.

The police have been on the alert in the face of growing anger and frustration. The police have been accused of being soft on the migrants, while the migrants charge the police with being violent and abusive.
The Beast of Lovers’ Lane awaits his appointment with the hangman

There was no remorse on the face of Joseph Mathongo when he was sentenced for an appointment with the hangman. He stood in the dock with a mournful look in his eyes, as if he knew the hangman was coming for him. The beast of Lovers’ Lane was condemned to death for his heinous crimes. The sentence was meted out by the Pretoria High Court, and Mathongo was taken to the hangman’s gallows.

Mathongo was not the first to be sentenced to death in South Africa. The court had sentenced many others to death for their crimes. But Mathongo was different. He was a monster, a beast, a killer. His crimes were so heinous that the court had no choice but to sentence him to death.

The court proceedings were long and drawn out. The defence tried to argue that Mathongo was mentally ill, but the prosecution proved otherwise. The court ruled that Mathongo was guilty of murder and sentenced him to death.

Mathongo’s appeal to the Supreme Court was turned down. He was taken to the hangman’s gallows and hanged. The crowd that gathered to watch was appalled. The hanging was a fitting end for a monster.

But the story of Mathongo did not end there. The hanging was a turning point in South Africa’s history. It marked the beginning of the end for apartheid. The hanging of Mathongo was a symbol of the change that was coming.

Today, Mathongo is remembered as a monster. His hanging is a symbol of the change that came to South Africa. The hanging of Mathongo was a turning point in South African history.
OUR ESCAPE FROM AMIN

WORLD SCOOP

Early in 1977 some officers in Field Marshal Amin’s Army and Air Force, including Major Patrick Kimwana, second-in-command of the Main Regiment, and Lt. Silvesta Mwesigye, second-in-command of one of Amin’s fighter squadrons in Kampala, hatched a plot to overthrow him. The plot was to take place on 19 June. Some parts of the plan went wrong, however, and just before the attempt was to be made, Kimwana killed Mwesigye and tried to escape, shooting his way through road blocks into Kampala. However, he was arrested and confined in the notorious State Research Bureau building at Nakasero, Kampala, where he underwent a period of interrogation and torture. Three months later, on the day they were to be executed, they escaped from Nakasero and Uganda. They have written their story because far too little is known about the real character and organization of the military clique with which Amin now governs the land. Led by his bureaucracy, rolling in laughter at his diplomatic gaffes, Franklin drill panels, every one of them in charge of some aspect of the running of Uganda, the world does not seem to realize that the country...
DIMKA'S NIGERIAN DREAM ENDS IN A DATE WITH THE FIRING SQUAD

They visited their first set overwhelming Nigeria's new leader ... and they fell. The price of failure for Dimka (the left), David Gomwalk (second right), and their fellow conspirators, is a date with death at the hands of a firing squad. Former Nigerian leader General Yakubu Gowon was also involved in the attempted coup. Yet attempts to overthrow him failed... because all the accomplices were dead.

In a sinister coup d'état planned and executed by Major General O.V. Ovuko and L.C. Coker in the Mivila State Bureau, Dimka on his watch, Monday, Friday the 13th in Nigeria, 10th in which the coup attempt was located in the hands of a firing squad. Gomwalk was one of the organizers of death on the streets, Victoria island.

The two groups of plotters - including Dimka - were publicly executed by firing squad in the streets of Victoria island. The second group were executed in the streets with death at the hands of a firing squad. They were arrested some weeks after the coup and among them were two men who were the initiators of the coup.

Dimka's execution was sudden and brutal. He was killed instantly in the streets of Victoria island. The execution was carried out by the Nigerian army officer that shot Dimka.

There were charges of corruption and embezzlement of public funds by Dimka, who came from the control bureau. Dimka's death was confirmed to the press by Dimka's lawyer. Dimka's lawyer confirmed that Dimka was not guilty of any of the charges.

Yet it was not surprising that Dimka was killed. He was a soldier and a member of the law enforcement agency.

David Gomwalk, who came from the control bureau, was also confirmed to the press by Dimka's lawyer. Gomwalk confirmed that Dimka was not guilty of any of the charges.

Those who were killed by the coup were by the gun. David Gomwalk was executed with bullets from the revolver.
'MORE BULLETS' CRIED GENERAL AFRIFA AS GHANA RIDS ITSELF OF CORRUPTION

THE END OF THE GENERALS

For six years the two men in our world exclusive picture, General Ignatius Ackahmongor and General Afrifa, ruled Ghana with an iron grip. For six years they stole public funds and abused public office to such an extent that the whole country was impoverished. When the illusion burst, in Ghana's own version of a Watergate scandal, the crowned generals were sentenced to death by firing squad.

This is the first picture ever published of the execution of Ghana's top generals. Following massive corruption they were sentenced to death by firing squad. The picture was smuggled to DRUM by one of the few Ghanaian soldiers to witness the execution of the country's former bosses.
ZIMBABWE: THE BALLOT, NOT THE BULLET!

As war in Rhodesia moves towards majority rule and independence, every question marks hang over the territory. The end of civil war are there and the possibility of a Congo-type disaster cannot be ruled out. How will Rhodesian's estimated 3 million blacks vote and will the election restore the black voters' rights? And what of the forthcoming general election, will it pass votes for white settlers? The question is many, the stakes are very high and the outcome uncertain. Here: Justin Kupara

NOW, mainly consisting of black soldiers, the Rhodesian army will be on duty during the election - if they are actually held.

A 5 each month walks away towards the target date for independence. In the country's independence, following the collapsed general elections, the country's leaders are being forced to consider whether to continue with the plan for independence. President Mobutu Sese Seko and his supporters on the one hand, and those of Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe on the other, are lining up for a clash. The leaders are not in any mood to go to the polls. How do you have elections when there is a war going on? It's a dream, they can't do it.

But Nkomo's threats are countered by one of the leaders, the Rev. Ntombi Moshasho, who is one of the leaders of the Rhodesian executive, who said: "I doubt very much, whether Joshua Nkomo has the capability to carry out his threat to disrupt the elections.

Now, majority rule and independence will not be on the ballot. The Nkomo's forces have already started preparing for war. The army will be on the front line. The election will be a test of strength between the two sides. The outcome is uncertain. The army will be the decisive factor.

Wen the initial violence breaks out between Mukiross and Schofield supporters, the police will move in, arresting 15 Zanu youths who were said to be charged, beaten or injured. So were some of the UDF youths. But the real fear now, is that the violence will escalate. The police will be the first to use violence. The army will be the last to intervene.

Both the UDF and Zanu (Shishiri) were in the war, but those in the Zanu (Shishiri) were the first to be arrested. The police have a mandate to prevent violence and maintain law and order. The army will only be called in if necessary. The situation is tense.

In the event of violence, the soldiers will use force to maintain order. The police will use batons and tear gas to disperse the crowd. The army will use live rounds to stop the violence.

The army has been preparing for this eventuality for some time. The soldiers have been trained in handling crowds and dealing with violence. The police have been given special training in crowd control.

Now, the question is whether the army will be able to control the situation. The police will be the first to act, followed by the army if necessary. The outcome is uncertain. The army will be the decisive factor.

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Big Josh is a weighty problem for the opposition

ZIMBABWE's weighty "Father of the Movement" Joshua Nkomo, who took time off from his duties as Patriotic Front President and Minister of Home Affairs to take up the captaincy of a cross-dressing soccer team, the Bulawayo Chamber of African Traders.

The PF team played again Nkomo's ability at a top politician to profit future developments a few days earlier he had stressed the need for the opposition to be prepared to go on the offensive. He spoke at a press conference as the head of the PF's election committee.

But his presence and direction must have inspired his soccer team for its match of midweek and elderly veterans. The team's manager, Mr. J. H. R. Nkomo, who plays the role of a midfielder, led his side to victory.

The game clearly boosted the confidence of the team itself, who dominated each and every move, and some of the best moves, too.

Both were elated when they achieved victory, but the axes for effort must go to the team of PF Traders, the 50-year-old Nkomo, who had to speed most of the 25-minute round between his walking stick.
Farewell, Seretse!
A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO A GREAT LEADER

Sir Seretse Khama, loved and respected at home, and held in the highest esteem internationally, has passed away. His leadership will be sorrowed by all men and women who respect peace and progress in Southern Africa. His leadership was unmatched on our continent for its tolerance of thorny racial problems and its deep respect for democracy. He left a great legacy behind in Botswana. Here UTUM salutes this great son of Africa.

PICTURE BY CHESTER MUKHUNIKAI

TANZANIA'S President Julius Nyerere (standing behind the coffin) looks on in anguish as the coffin is lowered into a grave to mark the passing of this great son of Southern Africa.
I'M GONNA WHUP THAT NIGGER

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW FROM HIS DEER LAKE TRAINING CAMP IN PENNSYLVANIA
JUJU HAUNTS OUR SOCCER

PIGS HEADS, NAKED SANGOMAS BATHING IN LAMB'S BLOOD AT MIDNIGHT. IS THIS REALLY HAPPENING TO OUR SOCCER LEAGUE?
The REAL story behind our soccer shambles

They are expendable. And the sooner they go the better it will be for South African soccer. But getting them out will be a damn sight harder than getting them in. They wield a power that, at times, seems awesome. They make up their own rules as they go along. They will not be provoked. They will not be advised. They will break no argument. And for these simple reasons, football in this country is going backwards at twice the rate it should be going forward. Who are these guilty men? You know as well as I do. Eddy Frank's reports

Above: Teams about to stop during a vital league game between Pretoria powers Royal Safari and Highlands Park at the Rand Stadium, which ended 1-1 to the latter. Trouble during the Lamont Cup clash early in the season.

Right: The Lens Examiners report the latest 'shambles' in the Pretoria soccer scene. It was an apt description of what was happening in the Lens 1-1 draw with Carel's. Inefficient refereeing and poor behaviour by supporters made for a very controversial match.

They called it the R하거나 Lens Affair. It was an apt description, for the Pretoria 1-1 draw with Carel's. But no one could understand why the game had been suspended indefinitely. Now, as the Lens Examiners report, the latest 'shambles' in the Pretoria soccer scene.

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The music industry is monopolised by men and sometimes, we've found, they're unfair to us.

A name like Joy is not easy to live up to in a world where such names have a history of being a source of inspiration. As a kid, I imagine being the daughter of a famous singer might have been a burden, but for me, it was a source of pride. I grew up listening to my father's music and it was the only thing that kept me going. When I started performing, I didn't want anyone to think I was just another person trying to make it in the industry. I wanted to be true to my own voice and not just复制 someone else's success.

Joy was born in the early 1970s in Johannesburg. Her father was a well-known musician, and from a young age, Joy was exposed to the world of music. She started performing in local clubs and逐渐 gained a following. In 1977, she was given the opportunity to join a successful group called The Young Generation, which was led by her father. This was a turning point for Joy, as she was able to share the stage with her father and learn from him. She also had the chance to perform with other professional musicians, which helped her develop her skills.

Joy's first major break came when she was chosen to sing the lead role in a musical production. This led to her signing a record deal with a major label, and she quickly became one of the top-selling artists in South Africa. She continued to perform and record, and her music became a symbol of hope and inspiration for many young people.

Joy's longevity in the music industry is a testament to her hard work and dedication. She has continued to perform and record, and her music continues to inspire new generations of musicians. Despite the challenges she faced, she never gave up and continued to pursue her dream. She is a true example of a woman who overcame obstacles to achieve success and is a role model for others who aspire to do the same.