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**UNDER QUEENSBERRY RULES.**

Future Joe Louis's and Henry Armstrong's mix it, at the Bantu Men's Social Club, Johannesburg. It's the Transvaal Non-European Boxing Championships, and the landscape is full of flying fists, flashing eyes, and aching tum tums. One way is to hand it out while you stop the other fellow from moving. In these bouts, an all black battling Bantu Blitzkrieg, you can always reckon on a good slog. And seldom is there any dispute about the decisions, they're good old fashioned knock outs.

A Black out - - he's discouraged.

If the other chap's a yard away, it's just too bad. and if he can't take it on the chin, he's a sissy.

He's on the ropes -c- he's in trouble.

Can he stand the gruelling? Can he stand the Pace? Can he STAND?

NO! Ref, old man, you're wasting your time.

However the keynote of the evening is pluck . . . and good sportsmanship.