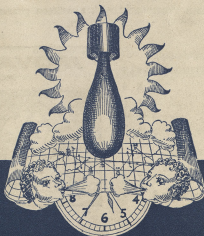


MAY, 1943 Special Edition including June, 1943 PRICE 9D.

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B.O.N.

This issue includes a
special message from
Field Marshal SMUTS



THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE
OF 48 AIR SCHOOL



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B.O.N.

THE BOMB-aimERS', OBSERVERS' AND NAVIGATORS' UNION

Editorial.

In this issue we have the great privilege of publishing a message to B.O.N. from Field Marshal Smuts. Despite his many varied and arduous duties, the Prime Minister has found time to send us these words of welcome and goodwill—as action which is typical of one who has achieved so much in strengthening the close bonds of friendship between our two great countries.

The message arrived just as the May issue was going to press and we decided to wait and publish a special edition covering May and June.

A few weeks ago, a meeting of the magazine representatives was held and many interesting points of view were put forward about B.O.N. Because Woodbrook differs in many aspects from other Air Schools, B.O.N. pursues a policy that is distinctive from those of our contemporaries.

We are pleased to say that the opinions voiced at this meeting coincided with our policy which is:

- A comprehensive sports report and review
- Articles and news about Woodbrook.
- Gossip about the permanent staff.
- The encouragement of those with ability to write good prose and poetry.
- General news about the Air Forces.

In stating this policy, the committee welcomes any suggestions which will help our aim of making B.O.N. the best Air School Magazine in the Union.

All Profits from this Magazine are donated to War Charities.

EDITOR: Flying Officer R. MAXWELL. SPORT: Major G. A. CHETTLE.
COMMITTEE: F. L. LOCKERIE; F. O. WILLIAMS; Sgt. PETRIE;
Sgt. B. VLON (R.A.A.F.)

Within Woodbrook

WING COMMANDER F. W. BALE

After a lot of persuasion the M.O. finally managed to get the C.O. to go into hospital for his operation. All ranks, from the humblest A.C.2 to the most senior officer on the Station offered their sympathy and heart-felt wishes for a speedy recovery. Even though the C.O. is now on sick leave, his enthusiasm is such that most days he spends more time on the Station than off.

During his absence, the command of 48 Air School is in the capable hands of Wing Commander "Blightie" Wardlaw, the noted ex-Springfield player. We extend a hearty welcome to him and to Major Sharwood, R.A.A.F., who is deputising for S/Ldr. J. Robison, also away on sick leave.

B.O.N. GIVES £100 TO CHARITY

At a Station Parade a vote was taken as to whom should be the recipients of the first £100 profit made by the Magazine.

As the Station has made donations in the past to the Border Prisoners of War Fund and Kaffrarian Rifles Association, it was decided to send £50 to each of two towns in Great Britain to aid the relief of any persons who lost their homes during the blitz.

The whole Station voted, and the two towns which were chosen unanimously were London and Coventry. The cheques have been despatched by the Commanding Officer.

ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

We received with profound regard that our contemporary D.B.O.'s appear to be lacking some of their popularity. If one can judge by a recent order that D.B.O.'s are to be read on Parade! We understand that a certain F/Sgt. is making good use of this opportunity to turn as a B.E.C.—or failing that—S.A.B.C.—announcer.

B.O.N. RUGGER TROPHY

Through the courtesy of Mr. Erich Kockler, B.O.N. has been able to present to the Station a Shouting trophy for inter-Squadron Rugger Championships.

Rules and regulations governing this competition have been drawn up by the Selection Committee, under the Chairmanship of F.O. Williams.



"This is D.B.O.'s and F/Sgt. H— reading them."

WITHIN WOODBROOK—Continued

THE STATION COUNCIL

In the May issue of 42 Air School's Magazine, "The Woodpecker," the question is asked whether the Station Council, which has just been formed at 42 Air School, Gloucestershire, is a new idea!

Our own body was formed over three months ago and we believe that it has the honour of being the first of its kind in any Air School in the Union.

B.O.N. decided to wait awhile before commenting on it in these pages. We are very pleased to say that the Council is an unqualified success. In another page we publish a report on the Council's work which has been submitted by a member.

THE DEMAND INCREASES

The demand for B.O.N. increases each month so we advise you to get hold of your copy immediately they are distributed to your squadrons.

The requests for copies from people in town have been so great that we are placing a very limited number at the disposal of the public. These will be as sale at the Strand News Agency, in Oxford Street, and as all of our profits are donated to charities, they have very kindly agreed to make no charge for their services.

SOCCER TROPHY

Inter-Squadron Soccer is also in full swing and many exciting games have been witnessed. Major Chettle has kindly presented the Station with the trophy for the winning Squadron.

STATION ENTERTAINMENT

After a lull of practically five months, the Station Officers have again come into its own. Through the courtesy of the Y.M.C.A. the Cinema shows will be held on Mondays and Wednesdays of each week—with a complete change of programme.

In the very near future it is hoped that concerts by the station personnel will be a regular feature on the Camp. In the past, organised entertainment at Woodbrook has waned, and we trust that as many people as possible will take an active part in this essential side of Service life on the Station.

THE PURLS GIVE A DANCE

Instead of holding the customary passing out dinner, the present No. 2 Squadron hit upon the bright idea of organising a dance, which took place at Kings Hotel, on Wednesday, 19th June. The dance attracted a record crowd of pupils and their friends and was exceptionally well organised. Not only did all those who attended have a most enjoyable evening, but as a result of the effort, the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund is to benefit by approximately £70.

Amongst the many present were the Mayor and Mayoress and Wing Commander and Mrs. Bale.

The music was provided by the new Station dance band and included in the evening's entertainment were interludes by the Honors Walker School of Dancing and the Sunshine Girls. An American soldier for a bottle of whisky succeeding in suggesting the funds by £21.

His Worship the Mayor, in a short speech, expressed his personal pleasure at being present that evening amongst the pupils of 48 Air School. He stressed the hope that many of the H.A.F. would return to the Union after the War.

Our personal gratitude is due to Mrs. Cook and the Sunshine Girls who organised the catering and supplied all the refreshments. The Committee is also indebted to the Management of the Kings Hotel, Gloucestershire and Twentieth Century Theatres and to all others who kindly contributed towards the success of the evening.

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WITHIN WOODBROOK—Continued

THE WOTNOTS

Unlike the curate's egg, this U.D.F. concert party maintained a very high standard of entertainment from the word go. It is not often that one can look back on a U.D.F. show and fail to find any flaws in it—but the "Wotnots" seemed to please every member of their packed audiences during their two days stay at Woodbrook.

The talent of the individual artists was exceptionally high and without wishing to detract from the merits of the other performers, the high light of the show undoubtedly was the band. To the many lads of the R.A.F., this was the nearest approach to the standard of playing of bands at home yet heard in this country. Composed of peacetime professional musicians, the band stopped the show whenever they appeared. From the technical point of view, the playing of each member of the band left nothing to be desired; at the piano was Vic Ray, a musician to the finger tips, who spent 10 years studying classical music before he turned to swing. Ivo Russell, South Africa's ace on the electrical guitar, drew spontaneous applause for his outstanding phrasing in his solo passages. Tommy Ross gave an exhibition of how the trumpet should be played, whilst Joe Jaffe at the drums displayed his versatility as well as ability to keep strict tempo. And last, but by no means least of this five-piece combination, was Ivor Davis, whose playing of the saxophone, clarinet, and whose singing delighted us all as it did his radio and gramophone fans when he was at the Grosvenor House, with Sidney Lipton's orchestra.

Of the dancers in the show, bouquets to blonde Georgina Lawrence, and pert Denis Johnston, who showed sufficient promise to find a permanent niche on the South African stage after the war. At times one becomes tired of seeing dancers who dwell under the misguided illusion that their art ends with a mechanical evolution of intricate patterns of movement. It was refreshing to witness the performance of those two who evidently realised that as an art dancing must be interpretative. Denis Johnston, who at one time was a member of the Cape Town Ballet, showed in her Spanish dance that she has acting ability—a talent which is as important to a dancer as water is to a fish. Georgina Lawrence, who was a dancing teacher, displayed grace and beauty of movement in her "Indian Dream Song." Later on in the programme she gave a display of aerobics which had none of the awkwardness one often sees with this type of dance.

Baby-eyed Angela Pretorius was the "coroph" girl in the show, and if her dancing was not of the same standard as the others, her personality more than compensated for it.

Songstress Thelma Sturgeon, who incidentally is an East Londoner, sang delightfully in Afrikaans and English. Her voice has been well trained and her rendering of "Een Alles" and duets with Ivor Davis and Ralph Clive got a big hand.

The Sketches—often a particularly weak link of U.D.F. shows—were all good. Ralph and Mona Clive proved that they have the ability to tackle more serious material, whilst Ivo Russell turned in a superb performance as the "tough egg at school," "Grandpa," "The Water," and with his analogue "Munday."

And then, of course, there was our old friend "Tooth Suspenders" is the person of Lt. Raymond Berman, who emceeds the show. He also featured in his own sketch and in "Harlem Harmony" with the band.

We hope that the Wotnots will be together for many a day to give us as much pleasure to other audiences as they gave us. We look forward to the time when they will pay us a return visit.

During his victorious campaign in Tunisia,
General Montgomery executed many of his
attacks during full moon.

This poem is written by a poet, none of
whose work will be found on page 22 of this
issue of B.O.N.

"MONTY'S MOON"

There's a low, dull, rumbling tremor in the streets of Tripoli,
For the pride of Nazi Germany has melted across the sea
To where Rommel stands and watches as the armoured rumbles by,
With defiance in the glances of his cold, determined eye . . .
But before the daylight's ended and the sun's a smoldering disc
The clouds are hazy with silver and the moon rises in the sky.

Monty's moon glides over Alamein, above the cannon's roar
And the Armoured Corps is rolling back along the oval shore.
While Rommel stands and watches, with still unshaken will
As he thinks of vain ambitions he believes he can fulfill . . .
And he scans the horizon under where the battle rages still,
While the desert moon casts shadows on each sandy crease and hill.

The low, dull, rumbling tremor is in Tripoli again
With the Panzers streaming westward in seek safety in the plain.
Their eyes are red with watching, and they're worn out in the fight,
While, still resolute yet haggard, and battered with the night,
Rommel sees their hurried passing under cover of the night . . .
And the desert moon shines down on him and sends him with its light.

The echo of the barrage roar has died and silence falls
As the smoke and fumes of battle drift along the darkness walls
And covers the weary service with an overwhelming smother.
As Monty lifts the sword of war and drives it in the flesh . . .
For the desert moon has smiled on him and watched him far beneath
As he took the Nazis' challenge, and denied it in their teeth.

G. C. W.

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A short while ago, it was suggested that B.O.N. should accept small personal advertisements from pupils and the staff. Accompanying this request was the above advertisement from L.A.C. Dim. There is often a human story behind a lot of the "personal" ads. to be found in magazines and we were greatly intrigued by this comprehensive service.

This pupil has only been on the Station for a short time but already he has become a much talked about person. He is a cousin to P.O. Truze and feels so certain of getting a commission that already he has had his uniform made. We understand that he wears it—sans eagles or prep—when he visits the New Moon Club. Unfortunately for him, his social activities will be curtailed during the next seven days as he is confined to camp owing to a marked disinclination to get up at reveille in the mornings.

At the week ends he is fond of travel and often journeys out to Stutterheim, whilst during the week his is a very familiar face at Deul's Hotel. He also manages to fit in a dance each week as well as a visit to the cinema.

L.A.C. Dim has promised B.O.N. a statement after he has failed his exams.



Introducing L.A.C. Dim

STOP PRESS

We have pleasure in announcing that a Smoking
Concert will be held in the Airmen's Recreation
Hall in the near future.

What are the conditions in Britain?
This short picture is written by
an airman who recently left England.

IN BRITAIN—NOW

The large scale, prolonged bombing raids have been over for some time and the towns have returned to a sort of normalcy. Not like pre-war days, but like a soldier off duty. The streets are not so crowded. The daily scene is made up to a large extent of housewives and a few servicemen on leave. Every large town has odd gaps in its streets, like teeth pulled out. Some have large destroyed areas amounting to acres, all now neatly cleared and levelled off, showing a sand, mortar and brick surface. Only a stranger could notice this. The resident has accepted the changes now and they seem a natural part of life. Many shop windows are destroyed and the space is boarded up and used for advertising, or neatly filled in with wallboard, leaving a small central window. White lines mark the center of all streets and curbs are brightly checked in black and white. Notices appear everywhere, to find old points, shelters, fire stations and warships. Long sections of shelters break the even road lanes and brick built shelters with concrete roofs appear down side streets. In the residential areas odd road patches appear, sometimes in the roads while windows filled with roofing felt look blackly at spaces that once were houses. Some towns have been able to evacuate the remaining people in badly damaged streets. Here no nice patchwork or shrewdness is effected. The empty shells of southern houses point ghostly window pictures in glowing light. In the factory districts no obvious signs show the terrific industry being used at night and day. Only the continuous roar of powerful machines or the small hint of little ones which comes from every hot or shed, massive works or garage.

In the country, lone farmhouses and tiny villages have shared the bombs of cowardice who dared not find their own seed. Even fields have received their quota. But in the country you can see more clearly how the civilians are working. Everywhere new ground is tilled and sown; clover and sorghum, corn and hillside, gardens and commons all under new cultivation. The southern farming counties are a joy to see, never have they looked so hopeful and possible. The land is clear, fresh and clean, breathing fertility and cared for like a garden. All this has been done by the agricultural community with small extra help. There has been no large scale transfer of labor. At harvest, schools and troops help gather the crop and youths wield useful axes in the woodlands. No signs of workers in their hundreds here, the roads and fields are empty . . . just the usual few farm hands.

Today it is very true to say that every citizen in Britain works at something connected with the war or the life of their community. This unprecedented war demands service beyond any before in history. Bankrupt, the raids, the parting with family and friends is passed. The only thing to do is to keep on and on, harder and harder until the war is won. That is the feeling one has of the thought of the people. The new world we must build is fully accepted but the "how" part is premature. The present is the essential. The strength of this present continual endeavor can be really felt in every part of our islands.

D. J. C.

It is more than two years ago, since the news flashed round the world of the Italian Navy's great defeat at Algiers. How after the passage of time, it is possible to tell the real story of the splendid work done by the Air Force in the initial stages of that campaign. The following report was written by a member of the R.A.F., now at 442 Air Station, who took part in this operation. In order to comply with defense regulations, all references to actual dates, numbers of aircraft operating, types of bombs used and bomb loads, have been deleted.

PRELUDE TO A HEADLINE

A B.O.N. SPECIAL

Crews belonging to a "force" in Egypt, had been waiting with increasing curiosity, the arrival of long, oblong packing cases, each of which was carefully dispersed a safe distance from the hangars. Finally, the news leaked out—"mines" were arriving. For several days the cases kept coming in and although everybody was asking where we were going to "use" them, even the "jet" merchants were at a loss for one.

At last things started moving. About two o'clock one afternoon, all crews were called up to the "Ops" room. Then the lid of off-secret documents were read, the gist of the matter being that the Navy wanted the Corinth Canal blocked.

This canal, a most important back passage for Italian convoys and warships, was providing an easy run to Piræna, port of Athens. The Mediterranean Fleet, whilst effectively compassing Meno's style set at sea, found that to venture near the coast in order to seek out the Italian would mean being within range of enemy land-based planes and so run the risk of shipping losses, that could be ill-afforded.

To close the canal would be very effective in drawing the Italian supply ships out into the open sea. Their only route lay round the Greek Peninsula—past Cape Matapan, then due North through the blue waters of the Aegean Sea to Piræna.

And so that afternoon the lucky crews were chosen to complete this task. The "cucumber" were to be used on the small harbor at the eastern entrance to the canal. As low-level flying was essential in order to do the job successfully, it was necessary to provide some protection for the machines detailed. The scheme was finally hatched, a certain number of aircraft were to go first as "decoys," some to take the western entrance and occupy the attention of all Ack-Ack defenses, the others to take up a position to the south of the eastern entrance and harass the enemy from there. The object was to get the enemy gunners concentrating on us, whilst the "miners" came in from another direction at low level and accomplished their task, flying appreciably straight up the canal.

As navigator of one of the "decoy ducks" on the eastern end, I thoroughly enjoyed myself. In typical German manner, they gunners let us make our approach unimpeded right up to the harbour—then the fireworks started. Whips, greens, reds, orange and yellows flashed passed us as they came up. They made a jostly pattern in the dark, but I'm afraid we didn't stay long to admire the pyrotechnics.

Our job at hand. Having got them interested, we had to hold their attention and at the same time keep clear of the canal. Firstly, we tried

PRELUDE TO A HEADLINE—Continued

giving them a good lesson in English by flashing "V for Victory" on the downward identification light. Then I went one better with the Aldis lamp through the bombing panel; to add to the "party" spirit, we threw in flares, Vasey cartridges, etc., for good measure—in fact we did everything except land and pick an argument. Of course, as we had a load of bombs, we made the aerial situation more intense by answering his angry shouting with our "eggs" and we had the pleasure of noticing that here and there, guns that were previously shipping in with an angry retort, were now very silent.

Then we found that our time schedule was up—the "scorers" had been in, done their job, and were now away. We dropped a well-phased "attack" across the whole defence area, and then knew to coast.

The Corinth Canal was now blocked, but, sad to relate, only for seven days, as their dredgers got to work on straightening up the mess we had made.

So a week later we returned to the hunt. This time our orders were "Straight in—and blow the backs to blows." No easy job for me on this trip—we had some lovely "bunkies" slung below and something to do with them. The canal was four miles long and eighty feet wide. That night all of our machines produced good results—both banks completely collapsed in three places and the canal was useless.

From both these sorties, all of our machines returned safely. The only "casualty" was two ruined Brownings. An air-gunner on the first sortie, going along the canal at low level, kept his hands on the gun-trip and plastered everything that moved. In his excitement, he didn't notice that the belts ran straight through the guns, which rather spoilt the barrels.

This is part of the story of the Prelude in the briefing which was to appear later in the press—
 "MAY BEGS WOPS AT MATERNITY"—November 17. Malcomess was a great rapid victor, but more than that, it was a splendid triumph for the strategical co-ordination of the Service.



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"NEW FACES"

During the week of 29th May to 5th June, a recruiting drive for the Women's Services was held in East London. On the previous Saturday morning a massed march representing all the Women's Service Units took place along Oxford Street and special photographic displays depicting scenes from Service life were on show at several leading stores in town.

Photographic displays were also on view in the foyer of the Twentieth Century Theatre, which had been placed at the disposal of the Chief Recruiting Officer, by the management.

The biggest feature of recruiting week was the Services' variety show, "New Faces," which was staged at the Twentieth Century Theatre in support of the Suturen Elm, "This Above All." The artistes were drawn from all the local Air Force Units, but as the majority came from Woodhouse, it can be regarded primarily as a 48 Air School effort.

"New Faces" ran for the whole week and received a very favourable report in the "Daily Dispatch." With two exceptions, all members of the cast were making their first public appearance in East London and all are to be congratulated on the height entertainment they provided.

The high spots of the show, which was ably supported by Corporal Henneberry, were the station dance band and the stage lighting. L.A.C.'s Peter Green and Ted Radcliff did a grand job of work in installing the lighting equipment and operating the lights during the show. In order that "New Faces" should have good lighting, these two worked solidly at the Theatre during their week and leave, earning the grateful thanks of the producers.

Owing to the limitations of space on the stage, the show was built around the Dance Band which, in the words of the Press, "gave a really first-class performance, the two pianists being outstanding."

The band consists of Corporal Rose (Saxhorn), L.A.C.'s Cliff Bates and Len Cresswell (Pianos), L.A.C. Hoard (Saxophone), L.A.C. Hill (Drums) and Corporal Webb (Bass), with Corporal Bessie as vocalist. In the near future it is hoped that an alto-sax player and a trumpeter will be added to this combination.

L.A.C.'s Broadbent and Lee showed that they have a natural flair for comedy and their art was greatly appreciated by their audience. Of the ladies, Corporal (Miss) Jean Ward, from 41 Air School and her partner provided a delightful dancing "turn," while W.A.A.F.'s from all the local units also thoroughly enjoyed themselves singing the "Wool Song."

L.A.C. Bradley's impersonation of Winston Churchill was realistic and for two evenings Flying Officer Peaton-Hughes kindly came along and created merriment and merriment with his now celebrated impression of "Bath Night."

"New Faces" lasted for 40 minutes and was produced by Flying Officer R. Macwell.

We would like to express our appreciation of the assistance given by the Mayor and Councilors in loaning the lighting equipment, to Mrs. Doreen Egan, President of the U-So-Me Club, who so generously gave us her full support by the loan of two pianos and came along each evening to attend to the "make-up" of the artistes and assisted as in numerous ways. We also thank Lt. (Mrs.) Wroughton, Mr. Bishop, the staff of Messrs. Evans, Baines & Fitz, and last, but by no means least, the members of the Station Work-shops, who gave up a Sunday afternoon to do a rush job for us.



Wing Commander F. W. BAILE
Officer Commanding
48 Air School



STATION HEADQUARTERS

Top Left: S. J. ROLSTON (Senior Admin. Officer).
Top Right: Capt. CLARKE (Station Adjutant).
Bottom Left: P. O. KNIGHT (Asst. Station Adjutant).
Bottom Right: W. D. BARNETT (Station Welfare Officer).

TRAINING WING, 48 AIR SCHOOL Major G. A. CHITTLE, Chief Instructor

Top Left:
P. Lt. J. LOCKERIE,
O.C. No. 1 Squadron

Top Right:
Capt. H. G. LOMBERG,
O.C. No. 3 Squadron

Bottom Left:
S. Lieut. T. WATSON,
O.C. No. 5 Squadron

Bottom Right:
P. Lt. C. RIDGE,
O.C. No. 4 Squadron



L.A.C.'s

*Wile are these with anxious faces,
Seen in dark and shady places,
Journeying on with weary backs,
Carrying large and heavy packs!*

*Some in K.D., none in blue,
Some in old rags, others new,
Some are fat and some are thin,
But all the souls are steeped in sin.*

*Watch them and you'll see the stopping,
Late lodgments they keep popping,
When they see the way arriving,
Off they dash to do their saving.*

*Pity not their lot my brothers!
Their reward is not like others,
When in ended their life's mission,
They don't go into perdition.*

*That's a fate reserved you know
For Corporal, Sergeant and W.O.,
No!! their path on earth was rough,
They've been provided quite enough.*

*Weighted down with heavy packs,
Stripped so lightly on their backs,
Hurdling at one forty paces,
Persevering on their faces.*

EPILOGUE

*When these poor fabled mortals,
Knock at the celestial portals,
Shine radiant effies, tell their story,
Open up the gates of glory,
They have wiped out their transgression,
See them watch a grand procession,
Led by choirs in heavenly choirs,
Officers march past before us,
And by female permutation
Dressed from "Below" for the occasion,
Trusting mildly at the back,
Came the "Old Man" with MY pack.*

THE FOUR KASTERS

And it came to pass in those days that there came to the Land-of-the-Sun many of the warriors of the Tribe of Bay-Il in search of a land where they might learn in peace. And they established their camp at For-ti-Ah and greatly rejoiced in the beauty of the firmament by night and the brightness of the Sun by day, saying:

*"Let us give thanks and rejoice!
Let us put aside our garments in the Days-of-the-War-Kend
And go down unto the place of the An-Ro-Est,
And leap in the shadows thereof
For the great god Kly-Mate hath been gracious unto us!"*

Yea, daily they rejoiced and were exceedingly glad, and greatly did the prophets spread their teachings among the warriors.

And it came to pass that there were sent unto the Chief of the Tribe of Bay-Il messengers from the Chief of the Four Kastars, Kar-Ni of the Mett-Seek-Shen. And they said unto the Chief of the Bay-Il:

"Behold, we are prophets who, from signs, interpret and prophesy the days of anger of the great god Kly-Mate whereby, O Chief, ye may be forewarned of his displeasure and offer unto him sacrifices, but his anger should increase against you."

And the eyes of the men of Bay-Il were holden unto these men, so that they perceived not that they were false prophets, and the prophets of the Four Kastars were acceptable unto the people of Bay-Il. And they gave them a tabernacle in their midst.

And the prophets of Mett laboured many days and grew in favour, so that many of the multitudes were taught by them. And they worked many signs and wonders, speaking in strange tongues of "tru-to-fo-ia" and "high-gow-keppel-aw-ki-ye," and out of the evil of their heart they brought forth many thousands of ri-li-bahs, ye even Ee-see-bahs. And the great god Kly-Mate was very displeased, and he said:

"This people have hardened their hearts. They no longer believe. They no longer worship in sincerity. They seek signs and follow false prophets."

And he caused storms of wind and rain to break upon them, and the heavens were rent. And the great god Kly-Mate caused the fire of the sun to be darkened on the Sabbath and all the days of festivity—yea, even the Days-of-the-War-Kend, so that the people no longer worshipped at the An-Ro-Est, and a great Depression came upon the land.

Then arose some among the prophets of For-ti-Ah and accused the men of the Four Kastars, saying:

"Behold, the heavens are darkened and the great god Kly-Mate is troubled because of the false prophets of Mett."

But they cried:

"'Loo,' listen not to these false prophets of the For-ti-Ah. Think not of the War-Kend, but of the days-of-Pa-Rude. For in the days-of-Pa-Rude ye are in hon'age if the heavens be not darkened, but in the Days-of-the-War-Kend ye are free; and if the sun be darkened, still ye are free for 'Im-Roo-Sports'."

And the people could not choose, but they prayed earnestly unto the great god Kly-Mate to grant them wisdom and to make his face to shine upon them.

Only the Wa-Pas among them did choose, for they said:

"Lo, on the Days-of-the-Pa-Rude we worship at the Place of the An-Ro-Est, putting aside our garments and laughing in the shadows while the warriors are bound."



MAGER'S

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For QUALITY insist on

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Wile Dancy is at present working on a full length
Canteen Storying Graphic. Here is an amusing story
of a Warrent Officer who didn't believe in them.

"IT'S ALL IMAGINATION"

"These Greenies," said the W.O., "I don't think much of 'em. Labour-saving device for the imagination they are."

Everyone knew the W.O. wanted an argument, so no reply was forthcoming. He looked around the little group gathered at the bar of the Sergeant's Mess; and it struck him how typical they all were. Typical of their jobs. The Stores Flight Sergeant, for instance: He looks like a 654, thought the W.O. Sardon and Reference his watchwords and procedure the breath of his life. Then the Sergeant Cook and Butcher,— Eyes like Hisscocks in the nose,—I suppose if a man goes on making neat packings long enough he must get to look like one in the end. . . . The Orderly Room Flight Sergeant, short-sighted and round-shouldered from years of peering over R.R.'s and A.C.I.'s and his teeth sticking out like typewriter keys. . . . The Flight Sergeant Fitter, drinking beer as if it were lubricating oil,—you felt he probably quoted a D.T.D. specification every time he ordered a drink. . . . The Drill Instructor, like a wooden soldier,—and that goes for his head, too, thought the W.O. . . . That Sergeant Pilot, with a ragged orange beret of a monstache, which slopped occasionally in his beer like a flying head floundering in a choppy sea. . . . A Flight Sergeant Observer, who peered at you as if gazing through an invisible tintant. . . .

The W.O. tried again. "Greenies! Can anybody tell me what they do? They all feel for *it*,—every man feeling (as the W.O. very well knew) that his own private Greenie was unique; and they recited their grievances in rapid succession as if repeating some strange new Catechism.

"What do they do?" said Stores. "To begin with, they SE (skewle with disappearing ink, so that Tally-card entries vanish soon after being made,—steel vouchers and cut 'em,—they—"

"Open even doors when they should be shut," chimed in Cook and Butcher. "Pace rampant into my paddings, pinch the sugar out of the tea and milk out of custard—" He paused for breath and Orderly Room took up the story. "Tear up Files, or hide them in unlikely corners just before the C.O. asks for them—"

"Kick holes in fabric coverings," broke in the Fitter, determined not to allow Orderly Room to get away with too much. "Shakes off rats, take out split pins, let down tyres, rub signatures off the form 706—" He took a deep breath with the obvious intention of going with the torrent, but Observer was too quick for him.

"Drink alcohol from companions," he put in. "And when drunk, swing from compass needle, cause 'shorts' in heated clothing, much about with traps—"

"Grinds oil and petrol, especially over rough country," said the Pilot.

"IT'S ALL IMAGINATION"—Continued

delicately through his mustache. "He drinks out of hydraulic pipes preventing undernourishment from coming down, break windpipes, and—" looking pointedly at the Pitter—"Bob cut Pilot's signatures on Fern 700, especially after forced landings."

There was a pause, and then the Drill Instructor spoke. "Personally," he said, "I like 'em. Comical little bladders."

The W.O. emptied his glass, and ordered the same again. "When I was an L.A.C., he began—" 1000, and All That," answered the Pilot from behind his mustache, feeling secure beneath its luxurious canopy.

"When I was an L.A.C.," repeated the W.O. freely, "we used our brains. Instead of blaming everything on Greenline, we invented explanations to fit the circumstances. Imagination is what you fellows need—not this ready-made Greenline stuff." He gazed reflectively into his glass, as if seeing in its amber depths the crowded memories of a long and sticky past.

"I remember once," he went on, "I broke a bayonet,—snapped about two-thirds of the blade clean off, trying to leave open a stuck window."

"GEE!" murmured Stone like some listening the final, awful word of some Vaudeville monologue.

"I had to go on Guard that night—with rifle and bayonet," continued the W.O. ignoring the Vaudeo. "And in those days each man held a bayonet on personal charge; the Orderly Officer used to check the number of the bayonet you carried with a list kept in the Armoury, and you were certainly 'for it' if the numbers didn't tally."

So I had to do something about that bayonet, p.g.,—and if I was to avoid fourteen days Jankins, something pretty good too.

Well, first of all I got a Chippy pal pal of mine to make me a wooden blade, and fit it to the original handle. He made a wonderful job of it too—though he couldn't make out what use it was going to be.

I went on Guard—meeting Parade that night with my wooden blade hidden, temporarily at least, in the bayonet scabbard. There was the usual inspection of rifles, and then came the order to—"Fix 'em Bayonets!" (They used to say, you may remember, "When I see Fix, you don't fix,—when I see Bayonets,—you whip 'em out and whop 'em on!") But I couldn't even whip mine out, much less whop it on. It wouldn't budge an inch.

I suppose the wood had swollen up inside. I tugged at it for a while and then in spite of the Orderly Officer's sneaking language, gave up trying. The Orderly Officer came and stood within a foot of me and belovied as if I were the other side of the Square—"What's wrong with your (reinsend), (chance) bayonet!"—Rusted in the (chance) scabbard, I suppose.

Very well educated that Orderly Officer was...

"No, sir," I answered, "I'm afraid it's worse than that."

"What the hell if you mean, worse than that?"—Guard, stand at ease!—Now, you, why can't you show your bayonet?"



L.A.C. Don think worthy of the job of being Orderly Officer when the W.O. was only a L.A.C.

"IT'S ALL IMAGINATION"—Continued

"Well, it's like this, sir," I said, getting the words out as quickly as I could. "My father bayoneted a German in the last war—"

"What the hell's that got to do with your bayonet now?" He was getting ruder and ruder at me, but I knew he was getting curious, too, which meant he would probably listen to my story.

"It was exactly ten years ago today it happened," I said. "My father stuck his bayonet into a German in a trench war. The Jerry was already dying from a bullet wound but the old man didn't know that until afterwards. But what I want to tell you, sir, is, that before that German died, he cursed my father in English. Not just bad language, sir, but a real old-fashioned curse. It went something like this: 'I curse you English swine, and all your male descendants.' Should you or any son or grandson of yours attempt to draw a bayonet on this day, July the 26th, that bayonet will be useless in your defence, for it will surely turn to wood!" That was the curse, sir, and to-day is the 26th of July.

"Bloody nonsense!" said the Orderly Officer. "You won't get away with a rusty bayonet on a yarn like that. Sergeant! Come here and give me a hand to draw this bayonet."

Well, between the two of them they got that piece of woodwork out of my scabbard. The Orderly Officer and the Guard Commander looked at it, and then at me. If I could have photographed their faces at that moment I'd have blackmailed them for the rest of their lives!"

The W.O. paused to indulge in a reminiscent smile and long drink of beer.

"What happened," asked the Drill Instructor. "Did you get away with it?"

"No, not exactly," answered the W.O. "I got seven days. I think the C.O. let me down lightly because he liked my yarn. And it was the coldest seven days Jankins I ever did. Everywhere I was sent for fatigue it was the same—they all wanted to hear the yarn at first hand, and I was always ready to oblige,—and to add what trimmings seemed needed to spin it out..."

The New Caterer called out "Last drinks, please!" and the W.O. ordered what he called "one for the road," and poured it expertly.

"Yes, sir," he said, "we relied on imagination in those days—not Greenline."

The crowd around the Bar divided as drinks were finished, and a Native boy went his dual rounds collecting glasses. A ragged chorus of "Goodnight" drowned all other conversation for a few moments, and then the W.O. turned to the Drill Instructor. "Well, I suppose I'd better turn in," he said, reaching for his glass. "Hey, who the hell's wiped my beer!"

"Wouldn't be Greenline," said the Drill Instructor, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Would it, Chief?—I can't imagine how it could have gone otherwise. Well, I must be going. Goodnight, Chief."

R. R.



L.A.C. Don still says it was Greenline

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In Memoriam.

F.L. Parry lost his life as the result of a flying accident whilst officially working in conjunction with testing local defences.

He is the first member of the Permanent Staff of this comparatively new, but extremely happy unit to cross the Great Divide and those of us who were privileged to associate with him in work, as well as in play, will miss him keenly.

Pat., in the full flush of youth (he was only 22), came to us a few short months ago with a brand new Speciality "N" to his credit. He tackled each job that turned up with refreshing vigour and few of us were not infected with his boyish enthusiasm and zest.

When Pat. was around, life really seemed worth living. His pupils respected him as being one who really "knew his stuff" and whose sincerity of purpose and desire to see them on the right road went without question.

His little flight—our Fighter Squadron as we call them—made remarkable progress under the guidance of one who fostered his "babe" as fondly and carefully as a hen safeguards her brood.

On the field of sport, too, he would have a crack at anything. The game was the thing that mattered most, and he tackled the job, as referee or player, with the same thoroughness and spirit as he tackled the daily round.

We shall miss you, Pat! We'll miss that cheery smile and perky tilt of the head; that delightful "all fixed" accompanied by the familiar chamber up sign; and, most of all, we'll miss the friendship of a Great Little Guy.

G. A. CHITTLE.
S.A.A.F.



On Leaving Snowdonia in Wartime

*Now are the shutters closed, the curtains drawn!
Forgotten or to be forgot the life we knew!
Set in the sun to westward, flowing, fern!
We are our tears of grief in twilight's dawn.*

*Around us are the joys that cannot die,
Far seek the shades of past where memory flows—
Gray lakes that sleep beneath a solemn sky,
And waves that ripple in a fiftal breeze.*

*Remember days of sunshine—days so bright,
That all the crowded peaks in stillness lay
Soft, warm and clear! dark gullies faded with white,
And fern-fringed ridges stretching far away.*

*Long chutes of snow where trailing snow-cells wait
To feel the sunlight's warm reluctant jump!
Unending paths through heather, fern and slate!
Lonely shade of hazzard, haunt of sleep.*

*Are there all gone and never to return—
Cool new born streams, from ice-glaciers in the back,
The rovers' whirling glide, the rock stream turns,
The call of friends across the bounding lake.*

*The winds on Snowdon sigh a song of sorrow
And Elphie's waters mirror clouds of gray!
Beneath, in Gledale's shade I see tomorrow,
Beyond—in fleckering sunlight—yesterday.*

G.C.H.

He understood everything except

SHORT STORY

THE TELEGRAPH POLE

Somewhere things seem different when you're sitting on a bench with a dame in your arms listening to the sea. At night time, I mean. It's not much during the day, it doesn't mean the same then.

Well, here I was, anyway, with the dame in my arms, listening to the sound of the sea. It was good to listen to it. If you listened hard you could hear a lot of things—the waves lashing on to the rocks, the roar of the rollers breaking up, a "slap" when the backwash broke up a big one, and maybe a seagull now and then. You heard all these things, but it was just one thing—the sea. You couldn't see it; it was dark and misty; but you knew it was there all the time. In fact, it seemed to me the only thing. I felt good just listening to it.

Sometimes the dame said something—she was often saying something—but I didn't take much notice. I don't anyway take much notice of what a dame says when she is in my arms; all I know is that she is in my arms. But tonight it didn't seem very important that I had a dame in my arms; it just felt that if I didn't have a dame in my arms, the sea wouldn't have sounded right. And that was important. I don't think you can listen properly to the sea unless you've got a dame in your arms. Go and listen to the sea by yourself some night, and you'll get what I mean. It's screwy, but there it is.

Well, there I was, sitting on this hard bench with this dame in my arms, listening to the sea and feeling swell. I felt like it once when I heard one of those big orchestras playing something by one of the old signioros. But don't get the idea I wear my hair long. I just got a bit crazy once in a while.

Then, after a time, I saw the telegraph pole. It beats me why I didn't see it before. It was about ten yards away, right smack in front of me and it was about eight inches thick—quite a telegraph pole, in fact, it stuck up out of the ground like a sore thumb. It worried me. I shut my eyes and tried to forget it, but I couldn't. You may not believe it, but I still see it with my eyes shut.

I got mad at that telegraph pole. Honestly, if I'd had an axe I'd have cut it down. Then I said to myself: Now why get into a sweat about a telegraph pole. You've seen millions of them and this is just another.

But this was an important telegraph pole. I never thought a telegraph pole could be so important. It had spoiled everything. The trouble was: I still had the dame in my arms and I could still hear the sea, but it was different now, a helluva lot different. The sea didn't matter any more; it was just a noise. And it worried me a lot. I was sure about it, darned sure.

Then I felt that here I was sitting with a dame in my arms getting all heated up about a telegraph pole and just an ordinary telegraph pole at that. I still had the dame in my arms, hadn't I? And that should be enough for any guy.

I started to whisper in her ears the goofy things dames like you to whisper in their ears and she reacts in a big way. She is a swell dame and built the way I like. What she doesn't know about getting on a bench doesn't interest me at all.

But I didn't get the usual kick out of it. I liked it. You bet I did. The guy that doesn't like getting with a swell dame on a bench ain't human, and I certainly ain't, neither. But I kept thinking about that goddamned telegraph pole and the things it did to the sea.

J.H.



The colour of a quiet lily pool—the gentle fragrance coaxed by Nature from unadorned blossoms—are also the cool fragrance of these well-smoked cigarettes

GOLD LEAF *Money Dow*
CIGARETTES

On May 24th, 1943, Field Marshal Smuts celebrated his 73rd birthday. The British Minister's admiration and respect for him found early when he visited Britain in October of last year. B.O.N. has invited a South African to write about the World Statesman, whose outstanding qualities have won for him a place in history as one of the greatest men of our age.

South Africa's Soldier-Statesman

Field Marshal the Right Hon. Jan Christiaan Smuts, Prime Minister of the Union, P.C., C.B., F.R.S., K.C., D.T.H., Commander of Honour, Grand Commander of the Order of Leopold, is also a Freeman of the City of London and the cities of Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Cardiff, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield and Dundee. He has been at the helm of the Union's ship of state since the declaration of war against Germany in September, 1939. This statesman, botanist, soldier and philosopher is concluding his second term of office as Prime Minister and it is quite possible that when the elections are over the ninth Parliament of the Union will see him installed for a third time in his high office. His first term was from 1919 to 1924.

Seven years of his life have been spent in war: he took part in the Boer War, the first part of the Great War, during which he mobilised the South African Defence Force, took command in the East African campaign, became a member of the Imperial War Cabinet, formulated a plan for the defence of London and reconquered the amalgamation of the army and navy air arms into the Royal Air Force. With Viscount Halifax he arranged for unity of command in France.

He was elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1931, the centenary year, and is the author of a book on the science of history.

The principle of unification and the problem of uniting peoples and states has occupied the great mind of our Leader throughout his life. Before the smoke and dust of the Boer War had passed, he was first in the field advocating the amalgamation of the separate colonies into a South African Union. The conclusion of hostilities in 1918 found General Smuts at the council table of the League of Nations.

From the League of Nations to the furtherances of Pan-African relationships was a logical step for our Prime Minister and it was a matter of very real regret to him that Rhodesia decided against joining the Union. In all his dealings with British colonies and Protectorates, or with the Portuguese territories he has tried to broaden the basis of our co-operation with our neighbours. Throughout he has visualised the Union taking its place as a leader in Pan-African development in this vast continent.

In the space at my disposal it is only possible to draw attention to the high lights in the career of our famous statesman. Yet, however short the narrative, it would be incomplete without an allusion to our Leader's lower life, which provides the powerful background to his life of striving and achievement. In Mrs. Smuts, ("Ouma" to all South Africans), our Prime Minister has had the ideal helpmate for forty-six years.

I recall an occasion in 1941 when the Cape Town S.A.W.A.S. Colour Film was shown at a *pro-vice* which Mrs. Smuts attended. We were dismayed when Mrs. Smuts rose to leave before the end, but she excused herself with smiles, saying, "When the Oubans call, we must all run." It was easy then to appreciate the fact that she never failed General Smuts in the smallest undertaking.

Field Marshal Smuts has never failed South Africa and we look to him to lead us to take our part in the final victory against the Axis powers.

R.V.W.

On the opposite page, S.O.N. has the honour of publishing a message received from the Prime Minister of South Africa, Field Marshal the Right Hon. J. C. SMUTS, P.C., K.C., D.T.D.



Prime Minister's Office.

I am delighted to welcome the appearance of S.O.N. and to wish it a successful career as the organ of No. 48 Air School. Through it I also extend my welcome and good wishes to the Officers and Trainees in that School. I trust the young men in it, mostly from the old homeland, will carry away at the end of their course not only the finest preparation for the tasks ahead but also the pleasant memories of this young country. We South Africans are delighted to have members of the R.A.F. as comrades in our midst. And this applies not only to No. 48 Air School, but to the many joint Training Schools in which Britishers and South Africans are being trained together to the best advantage.

Through the daily human contacts between members of the Royal Air Force and members of the South African Air Force in the lecture rooms, in the hangars, in the air and in our homes, there are being forged bonds of friendship and understanding which I like to think will grow even closer when that peace, which we hope is not too far distant, is with us again.

I need say nothing to you of the great work done by the Air Force except to wish you good luck and God speed, knowing well that you will worthily uphold the highest traditions of that great Service in which you have chosen to play your part in defeating the powers of darkness. From the Air will come the thunderbolts which will blast away those powers and lift away the darkness of War from this fair world. You have thus a great part to play in bringing the new dawn for man.

J. Smuts

This poem, by John Pudney, appeared in a recent issue of the R.A.F. Journal (Special East Edition), to mark the centenary of the fiftieth jubilee of the Royal Air Force.

Anniversary Poem

*Fitness and vigour, dreamlessness and eagerness,
All you, named and unknown, who fashioned this force,
Let us remember twenty five years;
Time for the building of a badge plenty,
Time for a visit to children,
Time for the precious third of a life to run its course in time,
Thrust—reckless, with faith,
The mechanic wage, of bright horizon—deep reserve.*

*Pilots, navigators, gunners, and aircraft crew,
All you unchained and unbroken crew, whose skill
With instruments, the compass, the plain rhythms of mere,
With aerobatics, landings, with the stooped patience
Flying on and on, beyond frontiers, daylight still
Beyond caring, beyond hell or valley you know
And treatment as your lasting thought, as home.
Let us consider these twenty five years, your life times third,
and see from the levelled pattern of an aerobics the easy,
swirl, passage of a bird.*

*Yours is the instrument, the device of air,
Its magic has caught you, and gifted you and your life; Too,
Duck, and Harry, the birds you always were,
experienced with the power to swoop and strike,
and dark, and home, discipline in the trade,
and traffic of airmanship, a just rule understood.
Into your hands is this full weapon laid;
Not for the dark terror, a blind stumbling in the shade,
but for the power, in the ordinary men and women, for good.*

Did you know that the four white
inhabitants of East London were Officers
and Men of the Rock Watch?

THE STORY OF EAST LONDON

It all began with a river and a war, over a hundred years ago. The story of East London is primarily the story of the development of the Buffalo River but a future historian might well draw an interesting comparison when writing of the East London of today.

To trace the complete story of East London, one should really go back to the year 1818, when the British Government announced a scheme of immigration to the Cape. Amongst those who were willing to face the unknown hardships of a new life in a strange land was a John Baillie, who had entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman and after having reached the rank of lieutenant, left the Service when he was about 30 years old. Baillie possessed the happy gift of inspiring his enthusiasm to others and soon he had collected a party of 256 men, women and children, who sailed with him in the "Chapman" for Algoa Bay, which they reached on 19th April, 1820.

It is interesting to note that most of this party came from London, and as Government departments were much about the same then as now, the land allocated to these men the mouth of the Fish River was not the best of choices. It wasn't long before many of them were asking Baillie whether it was his idea of a joke that they should all die in the wilderness. Being hot-headed and a bit of a martinet, Baillie was not very tactful in dealing with his people. It is quite possible that he reminded them of his former position whenever the opportunity occurred and very soon most of the party left him, after possibly having told him to "join up" amongst other things. Within a short period most of the settlers had drifted away to Grahamstown or Port Elizabeth. Although both of these places were only rough hamlets at that time, they did offer a nearer approach to town life than the Fish River lands.

However, Baillie stood his ground, and as other ships brought more settlers into Algoa Bay that year, Baillie played a prominent part in helping them to overcome the many difficulties they had to face.

Without going into details, the Natives, of course, took rather a "dim view" of the intrusion into their privacy and quite a few of them thought the best form of welcome was a "clearance shot" followed with a good crack on the head. As the military came along to take a hand in the gun, hostilities and consequently during all this time whilst the settlements were being made the militia had a busy time safeguarding the population.

Because of military movements, all parts were of great strategic value for the landing of troops and also for the maintenance of supplies.

In order to land supplies at the mouth of the Buffalo River John Baillie set out in the little brig "Ravena" in 1836 with George Rex, the owner of the vessel. They arrived at the mouth of the river in November and stayed there for more than two months. One of Baillie's first acts was to climb to the top of the nearest high ground to survey the country. This was Signal Hill, and when he reached the top he cut a rough pole from the bush and fixed it firmly in the ground and hoisted the Union Jack. All that met his eye on that occasion was low, bush-covered hills flanking the sea, with green grassy uplands behind them and below was a broad stream half choked with sand banks.

East London might well claim John Baillie as its "odde Beguette."



P.O. PRADE says: "Shh—
I never talk about anything
except ships and sailing."

WITH THE W.A.A.F.'S

Captain (Miss) Pade has arrived on the Station to take up the post of Senior W.A.A.F. Officer. We extend a hearty welcome to her and also to Lt. (Miss) Rose, the new technical librarian.

W.A.A.F. CANTEEN

Under the energetic guidance of Lt. (Miss) Dorcas Wayne, the W.A.A.F.s, have achieved a long-anticipated ambition in the opening of their canteen.

The new canteen is housed in the old temporary officers' mess building and under feminine influence, the room has undergone a pleasant change. Gay carlins and flowers contribute to the friendly atmosphere which greets one on entering the canteen.

The W.A.A.F.'s are to be congratulated on their excellent result, especially as they had no initial finance to help them. However, by borrowing some furniture from the Officers' Mess, by raffish cakes made by themselves they have managed to get started. Since then they have received some donations from some kind friends, including one of five guineas from the Premier Football Association.

Airmess (Mrs.) Toner is in charge of the canteen and is responsible for the delicious tea and sandwiches served during the lunch hour, and the morning and afternoon breaks. We wish the W.A.A.F.'s every success in their new venture and look forward to the time when they have sufficient funds to be able to complete the many admirable projects they have in mind to make their canteen the best in the Union.

WITH THE W.A.A.F.'S—Continued

Aunt Agatha Writes a Letter

My dear Wifebeaters,

Now that you have joined the W.A.A.F., I feel it my duty to give you some sound advice about men.

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes even two wives but never more than one idea at a time. The only difference between them is that some are a little better disguised than others. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors and widowers.

An eligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and security—especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender violet scented sweet thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big awkward stubby chimed tobacco hair-oil scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death, if you don't it bores him to death. If you permit him to make love to you he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to interest him, if you argue with him in everything, you soon cease to charm him. If you believe in all he tells you he thinks you are a fool and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear any clothes and rouge, and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; and stares all the evening at a woman in grey hat, rouge, and startling colours. If you join him in his gaieties, and approve of his smoking, he swears that you are driving him to the devil; and if you don't approve of his smoking, and urge him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are driving him to the devil just the same. If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts if you have a brain and if you are a maiden, advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart.

If you are a silly thing he longs for a bright maid, and if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate. If you are popular with other men, he is jealous, and if you are not he hesitates to marry a wallflower.

Hoping to hear all your news soon.

Your loving Aunt,

Agatha.

(P.S. Who is this Joe Din you mentioned in your last letter?)



L.A.C. Din takes a poor
view of Aunt Agatha.

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Another
B. O. N.
Special

EPISODE 1

When she was tempted, did she fall or was she pushed?

The straggling town of Londonoo (270 NEW YORK, 1784—if Charlotte answers it's O.K.), lay shimmering under the torrid heat of the noon-day sun (population 0001N, so you can tell it was ruddy hot). Nothing moved, except a couple of sparrows who were partaking an early lunch (occasionally provided by old Dobbin, the town hawk). Suddenly a speck appeared at the other end of Oxford Street, which rapidly developed into a fast galloping horse and rider. The man, noting Dobbin's previous efforts during the earlier part of the week (flushing by, observed drift to be 3 deg. to port, and was satisfied he was making good his track). The horse came skittering to a halt with a screeching of hooves outside the Golden Eagle saloon, and the man dismounted.

He was very tall, about 6ft. 2ins. had he stood in his socks, but as he accidentally stepped down into the sparrows' lunch, he stood 4ft. 5ins. He was broad-shouldered, weight about 125 pounds (he'd never had Ranger's when he was young). He had blue eyes, straight nose and firm chin and mouth. His face had been tanned a delicate stinkwood shade by the western sun, and the back of his neck had been browned by riding the opposite way. He bitched his sweating-sweaty, prepping-ster to a rail, and swaggered across the sidewalk. "Make mine the same, boss," pleaded the panting horse.

Pushing open the swing doors and nearly tripping over a cuspidor which had been thoughtlessly and quite tactlessly left there, he walked across to the bar. The room was filled with a blue cigarette haze, and was a typical, cheap gambling hall filled with sweating and sweating men playing dice and cards.

A woman immediately skinned up to him, and he turned an enquiring glance upon her.

"How about a drink, stranger?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied. "I'll have a double Espresso—next."

OUT WEST WITH ANDY—HARDLY!—Continued

His eyes travelled from her ash-blond hair with it's dark parting, past the hard blue eyes to her shoulders (should on, you're way ahead of me) which, despite a heavy coating of powder, could not conceal the light-life mark. She was wearing a daintily low-cut, sequin-covered dress (Jockman's, 1/1001 a yard), and he was not sure whether she had it on back to front. His eyes stopped at her ample bosom (she had sang a lot in her youth and had a big repertoire). His eyes glommed as he frankly said (he had antlers), There's something about you appeals to me."

"How about some quiet fun?" she suggested, an alluring glimmer in her right eye—her good one.

"Don't tell me you're got a deathbed!" he asked incredulously (I know it's odd).

"What's your handle, stranger?" she enquired demurely.

"Marsaduke Dale—call me Andy," he irritates. "What's yours?"

"Joan Wood," she answered. "Call me FHL."

Just as he was contemplating getting a fit, there came a sudden interruption. The swing doors burst open and a man entered. He was tall and heavily built, and had a fierce black mustache. A long hair hung from his nose which cracked like a whip when he sneezed (well, I've got to fill up the space somehow). His face had a real road look—he'd been wicked ever since being drizzled out of the Bay Scouts for refusing a Browne's cigarette. He stopped short in his tracks when he saw Andy at the bar. Andy took a short galy at his drink and took two short steps forward and his hand reached for the heavy .22 gun at his waist.

"So we meet again, Jasper Rollo Stans," Andy said between clenched teeth with a sibilant hiss, like water running out of "Chick" Edge's bath on a Friday night. A dead silence settled on the scene, and even "Slim" Hascott who, with his usual reckless abandon, was about to call solo on A. K. Q. J. 10, held his breath, while "Tubby" Bickett's hand froze with the glass of milk held to his lips. Nothing could be heard except the chattering of the two apes, who had just finished lunch and were off to the coudshed for a dessert and coffee.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't you find this gripe you more than your corns ever did? Read the next episode in our next issue, that's if there is a next.

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(A.C. Doe says that he often prays for the freedom of a dog's life. However, as the writer of this article points out, even the dogs at Woodbrook are regulated.

CAMP FOLLOWERS

In the old days fighting men always had a number of "Camp Followers" travelling with the baggage. In these days of fixed Stations their place seems to have been taken by a resident tribe of dogs. (Signs of relief from the W.A.A.F.)

Woodbrook is particularly gifted in this respect. Its small canine flights representing parts at least of all dogs, known or imagined, past, present or future. The S.C.O. in charge seems to be the large black and white animal.

Apart from its physique, which is fit enough for any "discip," it has the necessary incoherent wheedling manner, hiding its large teeth! It is however, a fairly constant beast and not dabbled. Under the kind offices of this beefy dog are many assorted specimens, shaggy and smooth; medium and small; old and young. One smallish-tooth white and brown dog has the typical "George, I'm alright" look of the accomplished skiver. But its not wise to go too far with comparisons, as some of our canine are of the female gender.

Contrary to general belief, the canine flight has very good organization, on the basis of minimum work, maximum leisure. Only essential duties are detailed, thus only one dog visits the mess each meal. Only one goes with the aerodrome guard. Only one attends the route marches. The rest sun-bathe, look for fleas, sleep, and mope in the dogs National Game. This game is scientifically designed to develop a strong, high kick with the rear legs and a sense of smell second to none. It is played to the rhyme, by numbers "one" and is very popular.

I notice also that while the individuals of the flight continually change the number remains about the same. This points to a system of postings and recruitment. From the eager amateur look of a suit of office thing seen in the Y.M.C.A. I deduce that "48" must be an initial training centre. No doubt after a few weeks this dog will conform to camp standards, but the energy with which it sneezed in rubber line and gnawed odd bits of stale kum goes to prove that the monotonic life of the Services is much superior to every street! People and dogs apparently have to work for a living.

It seems to me that the value of this dog flight as an addition to the social life of Woodbrook has been sadly overlooked by the powers that be. In advocating closer co-operation with Canine Command, may I draw attention to the following points.

If the dogs would agree to taking a short course of foot-doll the whole of the pool could go on leave. This would lessen the work of auxiliary departments who could work alone.

On parades and march pasts a dog flight in good formation would shake the Welsh Guards rigid.

A trained staff of dogs, fed on white-musk, could be usefully employed to mark heels and corners for the Blackout.

D.J.C.

THE STATION COUNCIL

by
AN AIRMAN MEMBER

Much discussion is devoted nowadays to systems of Government and the setting up of ideal, or at least much improved, conditions of living. We are most pleased to find here in our midst that such things do not merely appeal to the imagination but are being put into practice by high authorities, whose splendid democratic notions are being reflected in the formation of the new Station Council.

This body has now been functioning for some weeks and it is most pleasing to note the confidence everyone has in its actions, both the airman's representatives, who bring forward their different grievances for discussion and possible remedy, and the Commanding Officer and his Staff who show understanding of such difficulties, realising that the happiness of the men is of paramount importance in the efficient running of a Service Camp.

Already the work of the Council is making itself apparent. On its institution it immediately interested itself in the need for great improvement in Airman's messing arrangements, and doubtless, due at least in part, to its agitation, there is certainly a marked improvement in general messing conditions. Due to its efforts the shopping parades are all henceforward arranged for the afternoons, a change greeted with enthusiasm by everyone.

There are also a number of more private needs of Airman which have been brought to notice, and we are assured that they are receiving every attention.

It will thus be seen that numerous deficiencies, which might otherwise be quite pardonably overlooked, are pointed out to the authorities.

We therefore hail this new body as a most promising innovation, thanking the C.O. for such a generous and understanding gesture, and look forward to establishing here as happy a condition of living as Service life permits.

THE MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA

Sunday evenings have always been the Servicemen's problem. After church, the question is "What shall we do now?"

In East London the problem is partially solved by the excellent service offered by the various clubs and cinemas in town, but there are many servicemen who also like some form of entertainment—especially those who have been unable to get into town during the week.

The Sunday evening concerts by the Municipal Orchestra fulfill one function—they keep music alive in war time and also helps to entertain the services, a fact which is borne out by the large numbers of servicemen who attend.

We understand that orchestral concerts are only given once every two months and, while we admit that coming so far time conditions the orchestra is not of its peak-time high standard, we feel that more regular performances would be of greater entertainment and of more value than many of the other Sunday concerts held at the City Hall.

Incidentally, we understand that there are five choir musicians in East London who are not members of the orchestra. It is not for us to enter into a discussion on this point—we only wonder WHY?

OFFICERS' MESS CORRESPONDENCE

The good news that the Mess is now at full strength has been overshadowed by the tragic death of one of our most popular members. It was said of Pat that he had only to enter a room and everybody's face would immediately light up with a smile. He left us as he would have wished—in the execution of his duty—and the Mess as well as the Station, are much the poorer for his loss.

Every cloud has its silver lining and in this instance it is the news that F.O. "Bert" Bracey, who was also in the aircraft when it crashed, is making favourable progress. Bert has been a pillar of strength to the Station as Officer in charge of Soccer and as a navigation instructor of No. 1 Squadron. Here's wishing you a speedy recovery, Bert, and looking forward to seeing your cheery "rag" amongst us again.

On the first of May all of the officers who were living out in tents moved into the Mess and thanks to the enthusiasm of the Mess Committee and the C.O., we have one of the finest Messes in the Union and one which is our "home" in all senses of the word.

A privilege granted by the C.O., and one that is greatly appreciated, is the facilities granted to entertain our guests in the ladies' mess.

Recently a certain young junior officer interpreted this gesture too liberally and he is now doing jail penance for his crimes as a sadder, if not wiser, orderly officer.

The C.O., Wing Commander Bale and S/Ldr. Jack Robinson are at present away on sick leave and during their absence we have the pleasure of extending a hearty welcome to Wing Commander "Baggie" Wardrop and Major Sharwood.

Since the Mess opened, arrivals and partings have been too numerous to mention all by name but we greatly welcome the new S.A.F. and R.A.F. Officers and also Pilot Officers Anderson, Martin, Rodhead and Roberts, who left the Sergeant's Mess to join us.

Norman Buttrum and Doug Wright have departed to take up flying duties and we wish them every success and "happy landings." Likewise Sam Weller, whose cheery face and infectious laugh would even have warmed the heart of a gremlin. There was never a dull moment with Sam around, and his lively wit will be missed on this page, especially by the present writer of O.M.C., who feels a poor, temporary substitute.

For the rest of the news—the bar takings are rumored to have dropped considerably since May 1st—"as the wagon"—Ken Massey spent two evenings in the Mess last week—Ken Wright has rejoined his spiritual home.—The soccer team soon beaten by No. 4 Squadron, but they're out for revenge.—Sporting activities by the Mess are on the up and up—we now have a tennis ladder in progress, golf at the week-ends, in addition to soccer, and we soon hope to start serious work at basketball.—Why did Lt. Levy only find his pyjamas the next morning? No, it was a stag party—only dances alone, doesn't he, Jenn?—and lastly, when, but more important, where will Molly the nurse assist her new kittens?

MORNING NOON NIGHT

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SERGEANTS' MESS

We are pleased to say that the mess is well represented in the various sports activities on the Station. We have our own football team and tho' some of our recent scores don't bear too close inspection, there is a very keen spirit existent. The permanent staff is worthily represented by P/Sgt's Mitchell and Bird, Sgt. a Dorman and Ross, to mention a few, and indications point to a good season.

Our Rugby team suffered rather a reverse when we lost the services of ex.W.O. Anderson and P/Sgt. Martin, now First Officers; but New Zealanders Taylor, Parvia, Reibel and Archer are from the house of rugby and we have good prospects of shortly feeling a good side.

The tennis teams usually include a fair number of Sgts. and there is a challenge extended to anyone who consider they can show us the game of golf.

We regret that we have no representative in the W.A.A.F.'s hockey team, but no doubt Flight Sergeant Den Mills would oblige if necessary.

From the great outdoors we turn to the more sedate indoor game of draughts and to its worthy exponent P/Sgt. Taylor. We congratulate him on his recent promotion and suggest that as some form of recreation from his pet hobby, he challenge P/Sgt. Mitchell to a round of chess some afternoon.

In a mess of this nature there are many meetings and goings and we welcome all new arrivals. To those who have left, we wish all the best of luck and "Happy Landings," and express the hope that they will visit us when passing this way. We were indeed pleased to learn of the safe arrival of Messrs. Bencewicz, Tutton, Duff, Cooper, at their next station. Good shoes, chaps. Keep it up.

Our congratulations are extended to P.O.'s Roadhead and Anderson on their promotion. These two Officers may well look back with pride to the fine job they made of redecorating the mess and we feel that we are voicing the opinion of the members when we say how grateful we are for their untiring and dogged efforts.

Incidentally, when did Andy and Red acquire their domestic tastes?

On a recent date (from memory it was during Easter), the Sgts. had the pleasure of defeating the Officers on the soccer field, and the privilege (or was it ever yours) of entertaining them in the mess. When reviewing the occasion in retrospect, one inclines to the thought of "What a Bland" rather than "what a day." The newly decorated mess presented quite a gay scene, and the presence of several worthy representatives of the opposite sex, in no small way added to the evening's enjoyment. We were indeed pleased (and proud) to welcome our Wingco, Miss Bink, Major Gattley, S/Leaders Watson, and other Officers and we express the hope that we shall again have the opportunity of entertaining our Officers along similar lines.

"THIS ABOVE ALL"—MIDNIGHT MATINEE

As an acknowledgement of the co-operation given by the Air Force units in staging "New Faces," the management of the Twentieth Century Theatre donated the entire proceeds of the first London premiere of this film to Air Force Benevolent Funds. The sum of £40 was raised, for which we express our sincerest thanks.

QUIZ

- Q. What type of contributions are required by S.O.N.?
- A. Any serious and humorous articles and stories are welcomed—especially news about student personalities—poems, poems (provided they are of a good standard)—Cartoons and drawings are also required.
- Q. Will my manuscript be returned to me if not accepted?
- A. Certainly, provided that you put your name, number, right and address on it.
- Q. To whom do I send my contributions?
- A. To any of the following:—
(1) The Editor, whose office is in "B" block.
(2) Your flight representative.
(3) Your squadron commander.
(4) Any member of the Magazine committee.
- Q. Can I send a copy of S.O.N. home?
- A. Yes. There is no objection to your sending a copy overseas.
- Q. Must contributions be original?
- A. Yes.
- Q. What is the closing date for contributions each month?
- A. The 15th. One of the Editor's biggest headaches is the fact that nobody starts submitting material until this date, consequently not much time is available before the printers require their copy.
- Q. What do I do if I am an ideal contributor?
- A. You send in your material as soon as it is written. You hand it in as soon after the 15th as possible. You appreciate that a continuous flow of copy into the Editor's office throughout the month will greatly assist in publishing S.O.N. as scheduled.

FIELD MARSHAL SMITH'S PHOTOGRAPH

The Editor speaks on the matter of the copyright of the photograph used in this issue for not having forwarded the customary reproduction fee. As the copyright owner's name and address is not known, if he will write to us, we shall be pleased to settle this matter.

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BRANDY



SPORTS NEWS

With the advent of April we take our leave of cricket and its associated summer sports to herald the approach of a strenuous season at Soccer, Rugby and Hockey.

The summarized results indicate that both cricket teams had a good season in a competition composed of Civilian and Service sides. They frequently reached a high standard and some thrilling finishes were witnessed. But more important than have results was the spirit in which the games were played and it is a worthy of note that not a single unpleasant incident occurred. This is indeed cricket in every sense of the word.

We are indebted to the East London Cricket Association for their wholehearted co-operation and on behalf of the unit we have forwarded to the President of that Association, a minute playing an record our sincere appreciation of the wonderful assistance accorded us.

It is our earnest wish that the same spirit prevails throughout the winter. We have a tremendous programme ahead of us in all the various spheres of sport and, in company with most units, we are bound to have our ups and downs. After all, that feature adds spice to the game, and providing our reputation is spotlessly maintained, we shall have done all in our power to uphold the traditions of the Service.

Good natured rivalry between the various Air Schools is to be encouraged and fostered. The coming winter will provide us with ample opportunity to foster such rivalry, and have let it ripen to its full potential to support the team. As a first-class opponent our chief following is worth a goal to any team. We have the strength to provide that following and the players representing the station have the right to expect it. If necessary, a scheme could be formulated to organize Supporters' Club on lines similar to those in regular courses. Referee's organizers are therefore required and should immediately contact Officers-in-Charge various sections of sport.

SOCCER.

The season opened on April 3rd, and with three teams in the Border League, the selection suffer from many a headache as the result of their efforts.

April 3rd—Results and Scores to date:

Widnes	3	45	Air School	...	3	(Forbes, 2, Cutsie 1).
City	3	44	Air School	...	3	(Gardiner).
41 Air School	18	45	Air School	...	2	(Smith, Debenham, O. G.).

April 10th

48 Air School	3	(Watson, 2, Cutsie).
48 Air School	4	(Smith, 2, Turner 1, 41 Air School "C" 1).
Widnes	1	(Gardiner 1).
48 Air School	1	48 Air School "C" 1.

April 13th

45 Air School	3	(Anderson, Turner, Smith).
41 Air School	1	41 Air School "B" 1.

April 21st

48 Air School	3	(Forbes, Watson, 48 Air School "C" 1).
48 Air School	4	(Huggs, 2, Smith).

This mid-week match completed the postponed game due to our "A's" visit to Queensdown last week-end. And what a match! Owing to the state of the ground the fire was unplayable, but by mutual agreement it was decided to stage the match at Woodbrook under league conditions.

"A" soon discovered that "C" were not inclined to let them get away with the fancy stuff, and after 10 minutes, Brown, playing brilliantly on the left wing, found his way through to open "C's" account.

Shortly afterwards, Turner put across a high centre, which Forbes had no difficulty in converting and it looked as if the station side had begun to lead a team. "C" plus Cutsie's legs had other ideas. The centre half held Forbes in a vice-like grip, able assisted by his wing halves. Melling and Cross, two new full backs, played like men inspired and gradually the underdog got on top. Huggs landed a beauty to give them the lead and Smith added another shortly before half-time, which arrived with the score 2-1 in favour of "C".

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SPORTS—Continued

The Bush Telegraph worked overtime, and an amazing number of operators was far in excess of the normal Saturday attendance. (Oh! Why don't you change support the stadium show in town?)

Police changed places with Watson, a move which brought about the desired effect when the ex-Patrick boy deflected a Fowler low kick beyond the reach of Watson.

But "C" were not fuddled, and with Rowe and Brook needing in readiness were cited to water polo, they came up for the third time and enabled Briggs to score "C's" fourth goal.

Then Cotts went centre-forward—another tribute to the sterling work of Cambridge—and with five minutes to go made sure that "A" were left "C" hanging on grimly and managed to weather the storm to win a glorious match by the odd goal. Without going into the relative merits of the sides, there is no doubt that "C" deserved their victory. As individuals, every man Jack pulled his weight, and as a team they did all that was required of them—said team.

April 26th.

45 Air School "A" ..	6	3 (Cotts 2, Watson 1, Turner 1).	41 Air School "C" ..	2
48 Air School "B" ..	3	2 (Doble 1, Polson 1, Gaffney 1).	41 Air School "A" ..	2
48 Air School "C" ..	0		City ..	1

The "A" received another shock, and although they led 2-0 at half time and were obviously the more polished side, somehow they couldn't finish effectively. In the second half, 41 gradually drew level and went on to lead 3-2 with 12 minutes left for play. It looked all London Street for the proverbial shilling that "A" would take the lead for the second time against a "C" team, when along came Turner and Cotts with a couple to enable us to gain full points in the nick of time.

Against the high scoring 41 Air School "A" our "B" put up a truly magnificent show to share the spoils. In fact, throughout the game our lads played and combined more as a team than did the Colindale team string and had quite as much of the play. Doble worked hard at centre forward and got his usual goal. Rowe and Latt combined better with each other and Polson and Gaffney are going to cause a spot of combined trouble before the season is over. In defence every man pulled his weight and more, and it would be unfair to single out any individual for special mention.

The "C" victims of that memorable mid-week encounter, gave City a run for their money. When the season is over the statistical sheet will make that it is quite an achievement to hold them to the odd goal. In fielding and thrust we were inferior to our opponents, but in defence the "C" stood out and gave a grand display. It was P. Sgt. Chamberlain's final display for the season, and he made it one worth watching. It is quite probable that Gaffney, City's centre forward, will measure the same. Best of luck, Fight, and thanks a million!

May 1st

41 Air School "B" ..	0	0 48 Air School "A" ..	2 (Cotts, Foster, Mark 0, G.)
48 Air School "B" ..	0	0 48 Air School "C" ..	1 (Briggs)

May 18th—East London Knock-Out Cup

41 Air School "A" ..	9	0 48 Air School "C" ..	0
48 Air School "A" ..	2	0 48 Air School "B" ..	0 (Cotts 2, Polson 1, Foster 1)

A representative "A" played clean football and really combined effectively. Cotts shone at centre forward and seems to have achieved all his biggest goals, his spot off the mark making up for his lack of inches and weight. Reber provided in the outside right berth and was always dangerous. It was just one of those days when the ball ran well for the "A" and everything they tried seemed to come off. Another memorable defeat was Hilly, the Chester goalkeeper. His moderns are going to get us out of many a tight corner.

May 25th—League

48 Air School "A" ..	2	2 (Patson)	City ..	0
48 Air School "B" ..	2	2 (Polson, Cunningham)	W. Jones ..	0
48 Air School "C" ..	2		41 Air School "C" ..	0

The "A" v. City was a whitewash. City had made changes and our side contained two newcomers from last week. Mason chomped down owing to injury and was replaced by Phillips, the Southern Tinsmith right half. Hilly, the "B" goal, came in vice City, the son of the famous Tottenham Hotspur player.

After 37 minutes Patson scored from a free kick, just outside the area, and although that completed the scoring it by no means represented the difference between the teams.

This team is gradually settling down and we feel that they stand a reasonable chance in the various Cups in which they are participating.

SPORTS—Continued

Their commitments, are—

Air Force Challenge Cup

(Preliminary Round) E. District v. 44 Air School, at Grahamestown.

25 Group Challenge Cup

(Preliminary Round) E. District v. 44 Air School, at East London.

East London Knock-Out Cup

(Final) v. City, at East London.

Frontier Challenge Cup

(Preliminary Round) East London, at East London.

AIR FORCE CHALLENGE CUP

In the Air Force Challenge Cup the following is the draw for the Cape Eastern District Qualifying Competition:—

First Round—Round 1

Defiance v. 44 Air School, 4 41 Air School, 5 6 (at Port Elizabeth).
42 Air School v. 44 Air School, 5 41 Air School, 5 6 (at Port Elizabeth).

Byes: 44 Air School and 41 Air School.

Semi-Finals—To be played before 26.6.43.

(1) 41 Air School v. 47 Air School
(2) 44 Air School v. 48 Air School

District Final—To be played before 17.7.43

(1) Winners of (1) v. (2).

25 Group Challenge Cup (Eastern District)

(1) 48 Air School v. (2) 44 Air School, at East London

(3) 42 Air School v. 44 Air School, at East London

(4) 42 Air School v. 44 Air School, at East London

(5) 47 Air School v. 44 Air School, at East London

Byes.

Semi-Final

Winner of (1) v. (2) plays (3)

(4) plays (5)

EAST LONDON KNOCK-OUT CUP

At least two other competitions will be under way before the next issue. Firstly, the East London Knock-Out Cup, the opening round of which took place on May 20. This is how we came out of the cup, and this is what we looked the afterwards:—

48 Air School "A" v. 44 Air School "A" 48 Air School "A" v. 44 Air School "A"
41 Air School "B" v. City 41 Air School "B" v. City
Winners 41 Air School "C" 41 Air School "C"
48 Air School "C" v. 41 Air School "C" 48 Air School "C" v. 41 Air School "C"

The draw for the next final of the same competition, was:—

41 Air School v. City.

48 Air School v. City.

FRONTIER CHALLENGE KNOCK-OUT CUP

The draw for the second competition, the Frontier Challenge Knock-Out Cup, is as under:—

41 Air School v. 41 Air School, at Grahamestown

East London v. 48 Air School, at East London

(Dates to be altered).

At the time of going to Press, the local Soccer League Table is, as follows (up to and including 22nd May, 1943):—

	Goals					Pts.
	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	
48 Air School "A"	7	5	3	1	20	12
Winners	7	5	3	1	20	12
City	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "A"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "B"	7	4	2	1	17	9
48 Air School "C"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "C"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "D"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "E"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "F"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "G"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "H"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "I"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "J"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "K"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "L"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "M"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "N"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "O"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "P"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "Q"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "R"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "S"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "T"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "U"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "V"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "W"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "X"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "Y"	7	4	2	1	17	9
41 Air School "Z"	7	4	2	1	17	9

SPORTS—Continued

May 22nd

48 Air School "A" v. 44 Air School "B" 48 Air School "A" v. 44 Air School "B"
The "B" were by no means disgraced and at times played superior football to the winners. In finishing, he has on often happened in the past, "B" threw the game away but that cannot go on for ever, and one of these days, they will really get going and keep the score busy.

"A" are gradually working into a team. Hyde is proving a grand pivot, the wing halves are so useful and constructive as in the League and the forwards are developing a fine instinct for play. Hyde, in goal, catches the eye in all his work and is really the best of a string of very reliable keepers we have had in our ranks.

Our "C", thanks to the halves, who succeeded in changing down on the opposing forwards, were far more ready than the score suggests. The only team that really put a bit to the team in 41 "A" and the pending clash on May 29th should prove a lively encounter.

CRICKET.

As a matter of interest, the averages for the season appear below.

Several Parkies really headed the batting and were unlucky to miss his thousand runs. L.A.C.'s Martin and McKay were undoubtedly the best all-rounders and if only L.A.C. Langston had been able to complete the season it is felt he would have put up excellent bowling figures.

A final tribute to Pilot Officer Martin, not only in account of his batting and vice-keeping, both of which were top class, but for the manner in which he disposed the 3d. 53.

Final Cricket Results. Two-day Matches, March 29th/30th

Combined Services 1st XI 228 (Hobbs 104 A.A. 41; Opl. Perkins, 82). Winward 4 for 82.

City 1st XI 234 (Hyde 71, Oakley 66, O. Proust 31). P.O. Thompson (41 A.S.) 2 for 85; L.A.C. Andrews (41 A.S.) 3 for 45; L.A.C. McKay (48 A.S.) 2 for 49.

Last 11 runs.

Combined Services 2nd XI 222 (L.A.C. Lewis (48 A.S.), 102, Root 3d 3d (2d 11, 21). Barnham, 4 for 34.

City 2nd XI 74 (Hyde (48 A.S.), 5 for 35, Airport (24th A.S.), 4 for 32.

Followed on 88 (Kipling, Langley (48 A.S.), 6 for 26).

Win by innings and 68 runs.

	Results				P.	W.	L.	D.
48 Air School "A"	19	12	2	2
48 Air School "B"	35	12	3	1

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BOWLING—LEADING CRICKET AVERAGES, 1942/43

Name	Overs	Runs	Wickets	Average
L.A.C. Jarvis	118-9	2	45	5-0
L.A.C. Langston	34-3	4	82	5-9
Wgt. Moore	23-0	2	15	6-8
L.A. Johnson	11-0	2	49	7-8
L.A.C. Wilson	37-7	3	125	7-8
Capt. Langley	86-5	2	148	8-9
P. L. Middleton	49-0	6	412	12-0
L.A.C. A. McKay	81-4	10	189	12-0
L.A.C. Richardson	30-2	7	92	12-0
L.A.C. Coleman	44-8	1	399	13-0
L.A.C. Atkinson	32-2	7	378	13-7
L.A.C. Dixon	55-0	1	371	14-0
L.A.C. Smith	73-0	11	219	15-9
Cpl. Barrow	83-1	3	135	16-9
L.A.C. Martin	108-0	6	435	18-1

20th century

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CHARLES BOYER	★
VIVIEN LEIGH	★
JACK BENNY	★
JEAN ARTHUR	★
KAY FRANCIS	★
FLORA ROBSON	★

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AIRCRAFT IS
MISSING"

SPORTS—Continued

BATTING

Name	Innings	Set Out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Cpl. Perkins	20	4	888	112	57.7
L.A.C. Harris	8	3	288	111*	52.4
L.A.C. Martin	18	2	463	108*	44.5
L.A.C. Ashworth	2	0	124	88*	61.5
P. Sgt. Tatham	5	0	127	82	51.4
P.O. Martin	21	2	552	87	26.1
L.A.C. Molineux	5	0	147	54	29.4
L.A.C. Thomas	5	0	146	80	29.2
Cpl. Barnes	5	1	89	49	21.8
L.A.C. Jones	6	0	128	88	21.2
L.A.C. Gannon	8	1	145	45	21.1
L.A.C. McKay, A.	14	0	255	86	18.2
L.A.C. Northwood	5	1	69	29*	17.2
F.L. Mathews	7	8	102	40	14.6

NOTE: (1 Innings and/or 5 Wickets to qualify). *Signifies Set Out.

TENNIS.

27th March

48 Air School (90 games): 41 Air School (92 games). Last by 18 games. A mixed team. Star performers, P.O. Hodges and Lt. (Miss) Mayo winning 31 games against 12.

2nd April

48 Air School (75 games): 41 Air School (98 games). This return match was not completed owing to rain. Two new members of our team, L.A.C. Charlesworth, (Horse Winklesdon, 1938) and P.A.O. Robertson put up a fine show. The latter, as the result of his two-handed drives is known as 48's Twines McTink. He certainly puts some force behind his strokes.

18th April

48 Air School (94 games): 47 Air School (92 games). Our team, comprising F.L. Pengelly, F.O. Hodges, played delightful tennis, but it is obvious from the final score that victory was not easily come by.

Tennis activities are making up slightly in favour of winter games, although it is noticeable that the station courts are always in use.

HOCKEY.

Both sections of Hockey were making good progress when the rain descended upon us. The men have gathered together a really good side, but most pleasing of all is the wave of enthusiasm prevailing amongst the W.A.A.F.s. The girls from 41 and 48 have combined to form a really excellent team, much of the credit being due to the wholehearted co-operation and assistance, particularly in the matter of marking, given them by the men.

Results—(MEN)

27th March:	48 Air School	1	41 Air School	8
2nd April:	48 Air School	8	41 Air School	9
18th April:	48 Air School	1	47 Air School	5 at Queensdown
3rd May:	48 Air School	2	East London	1
22nd May:	48 Air School	2	East London	1
	48 Air School	7	41 Air School	2
	48 Air School	2	8th Heavy Battery	1

Results—(LADIES)

3rd May:	Air Schools Mixed	3	Girls' High School	6
18th May:	Air Schools Mixed	4	East London	2
25th May:	Air Schools Mixed	6	Whites	2

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EAST LONDON

SPORTS—Continued

RUGBY.

The national game is going great guns and in the matter of organization the committee is to be complimented upon their work.

The local league consists of seven teams: Hostel, Railway, 41 Air School "A" and "B", 41 Air School, Garrison and Old Collegians, but in order to give many of the smaller non-league clubs a chance, the league fixtures are being spread over the season and supplemented by numerous friendlies.

Results—2nd April

An "A" Order in the approaching season and in order to analyse the strength, our "A" opposed 41 Air School and romped home to the tune of 31 points to nil. Martin proved himself a "star" center and crossed the Collesdale line five times.

18th April

41 Air School	6 pts	Hostel	6 pts
41 Air School "B"	34 pts	Garrison	301

Both matches were in the nature of pre-season friendlies. The teams played steadily and gave every indication of settling down. Our packs combined more effectively on this occasion which also gave the visitors a valuable guide as to the composition of the side to visit Queensdown next week.

27th April

41 Air School "A"	9 pts	41 Air School	... 2 pts. nil	Queensdown (30-0-0-0)
41 Air School "B"	8 pts	Railway	... 10 pts	(League)

28th April

41 Air School "A"	21 pts	Garrison "A"	... 6 pts	(League)
41 Air School "B"	39 pts	Garrison "B"	... 9 pts	(Friendly)

3rd May

41 Air School "A"	8 pts	Old Collegians	8 pts
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This clash, between two teams with excellent records, turned out to be every bit as thrilling as we anticipated. It also marked the final appearance in our columns of such stalwarts as Kelly, Cragg, J. J. Rhodes and Phillips, and to mark the occasion every man in the XV played the game of his life. Moreover, they took their knocks without sparing, and at a team dinner, held some days later, Mr. Wield, President of the Border Rugby Union, who was guest of honour, commented on this fact and paid tribute to the high sportsmanlike qualities displayed by the team.

On May 8th and 15th we figured on the programme in friendly fixtures and report the League programme to be continued in the next fixture.

May 22nd

41 Air School "A"	35 pts	41 Air School "A"	3 pts
41 Air School "B"	39 pts	41 Air School "B"	3 pts

These matches were played in East London as a return to our visit to Queensdown on April 17th. As the score indicates, both games ended easily in our favour, though the visitors put up a fine show in each case.

The following is the Rugby League Log up to and including 30th May, 1943:—

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points		
					For	Against	Points
Railway	...	4	2	1	6	41	24
Garrison	...	4	2	1	1	34	29
41 Air School "A"	...	3	2	0	8	26	9
Old Collegians	...	3	2	0	3	35	16
41 Air School "B"	...	1	0	0	3	6	18
Railway/Hostel	...	2	0	0	2	14	43
41 Air School	...	3	0	0	3	9	38

"WHAT'S ON?"

COLOSSEUM THEATRE

June 5th—12th
Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant,
in
"SUSPICION"
Another Hitchcock Masterpiece

June 12th—20th

African Consolidated Theatres present
The Famous Musical Comedy
"NO, NO,
HANNETTE"
With a full cast of London Artists

June 21st—27th

"THE GAY FALCON"
and
"The Story of the Vatican"

June 24th—26th

Programme to be announced

June 26th—30th

Marlene Dietrich
Randolph Scott
in
"THE SPOILERS"

July 1st—3rd

Ging Crosby, Fred Astaire,
in
"HOLIDAY INN"

TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE

June 14th—20th

Carmen Miranda, Betty Grable,
John Payne, Edward B. Rorison,
in
The 20th Century-Fox Technicolor Musical
"SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES"

June 21st—26th

Eric Portman, Godfrey Tearle,
Hugh Williams
in
"ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS
MISSING"

June 26th—30th

Lawrence Oliver, Vivian Leigh,
Flora Robson
in
"FIRE OVER ENGLAND"

July 1st—3rd

Charles Roper, Joan Arthur,
in
"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT"

July 5th—10th

Jack Benny, Kay Francis,
Anne Baxter, Edward Ginn,
in
"CHARLEY'S AMERICAN AUNT"

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

The Editor's office is situated in "E" lecture block. All contributions must be handed in by the 15th of each month. Material should be original and unpublished, and the name, rank, and service of the author is to be given, although not necessarily for publication.

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