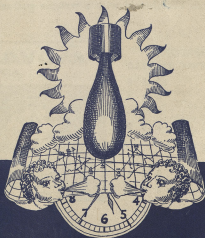


JULY/AUG., 1943

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AN EXPLANATION

Yes, you are probably wondering why this B.O.N. cost you a shilling instead of sixpence. The increase, however, is for this edition only and future issues will be sold at our usual price. The reason for the extra charge is that the production costs of this issue—which includes a special supplement—were considerably higher than previously.

If you had only paid sixpence for this copy, instead of B.O.N. being able to donate all profits to war funds, we should probably have been in need of financial aid ourselves. So we hope you'll understand.

The previous B.O.N. sold out in record time and to the many people whom have written us, phoned us and approached us personally, we offer our sincere apologies for our inability to produce more copies. The number of copies we are allowed to print, is limited by the Paper Controller and so we would advise you to buy your B.O.N. immediately it is published in order to avoid disappointment.

All Profits from this Magazine are donated to War Charities.

EDITOR: Flying Officer R. MAXWELL. SPORT: Major G. A. CHETTEL.
COMMITTEE: P.S. LOCKERIE; F.O. WILLIAMS; P.O. RETIRE.
Sg. S. VLOE (W.A.A.F.)

FAREWELL INSPECTION

Ever since its inception in August, 1941, 48 Air School has had the privilege of having Air Commodore Croke, C.B.E., as its Air Officer Commanding. Under his guidance, the "Isle of 25 Group" has grown into a sturdy youngster and the many improvements that have been made on the Station have been due, in no small measure, to his keen interest.

When he assumed command of 25 Group, Air Commodore Croke brought with him the record of a very distinguished Service career.

In 1910 he joined the Royal Navy and served as a wireless operator until 1914. With the outbreak of the last war, he saw action as a Chief Petty Officer wireless telegraphist in the Royal Naval Reserve. In 1917 he became a wireless instructor at the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, and later that year transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service to become an observer. At the end of the war he remained in the Royal Air Force, which had been formed on 1st April, 1918, by the amalgamation of the R.F.C. and R.N.A.S. In 1923 he gained his "wings" and rose steadily in rank, being a Group Captain when Germany invaded Poland.

Until December, 1940, the A.O.C. was in command of Coastal Command Stations in Great Britain. Then in January, 1941, he was promoted to Air Commodore and seconded to the Air Ministry, where he decided the Air Sea Rescue Service, to which so many operational air crew personnel owe their lives. Air Commodore Croke remained at the Air Ministry as Director of A.S.R.S. for nearly a year and during that time was responsible for laying the foundations of its present-day efficiency and traditions. It was in November, 1941, that he arrived in South Africa and after forming the Air Sea Rescue organisation in the Union, he became A.O.C. of 25 Group.

At the beginning of August, Air Commodore Croke is relinquishing his command to take up a new appointment. On Tuesday 22nd July, the Station paraded for his farewell inspection. Accompanying him, was Brigadier G. H. Willmott, C.B.E., the new A.O.C.

After the parade, Air Commodore Croke gave the following message to B.O.N.

I should like to be allowed to say "adieu" to all the members of B.O.N. and to wish you all the very, very best of good luck wherever you may go.

I saw 48 Air School start and I have watched its growth with very great interest. I have also seen the interest you all take in local and Service Sport and I should like to congratulate all the teams who have done so well.

I am sure that lot of us will meet again and until then—good luck and good hunting.

I. D. CROKE,
Air Commodore.



Capt. CLARK, Air Commodore I. D. CROKE, Brigadier WILLMOTT, Lt. MERVIN, (25 Group), Wt. Cdr. P. W. SAUL, Major CHATFIELD, Major BARNWOOD

THE NEW A.O.C.

At the A.O.C.'s parade, the Station had the privilege of meeting the new Air Officer Commanding, 25 Group, Brigadier G. H. Willmott, C.B.E.

To those who have served under him in the past, the Brigadier's reputation as a man of action and good thinking is well known. In 1914, at the age of sixteen, he got himself into the B.A.F. and served in the Middle East. Two years later he returned to South Africa and in 1923 joined the South African Air Force. From that time onwards, his progress has been rapid and after distinguishing himself in the Abyssinian campaign as Senior Air Staff Officer, he was given the command of the No. 3 Bomber Wing in the Middle East. Under his direction, the Wing achieved several notable successes.

When he returned to the Union, it was to take up the important appointment of Deputy Director of the Air Force. It is from this post that Brigadier Willmott assumes his new duties as A.O.C.

Before leaving the Station the new Air Officer Commanding gave the following message for readers of B.O.N.

I feel that it is a great honour to have been selected to take over the Command of 25 Group from Air Commodore Croke.

This Group has the reputation of producing navigators, bomb aimers and gunners of a high standard and I hope that with your support, it will continue to do so.

48 Air School is the first stage of the training in 25 Group and the final success of the pupils depends to a large extent upon the foundation laid at your Air School.

In view of this, it will always be a pleasure for me to take a keen interest in all your activities and I look forward to seeing you at the various Air Schools at which you will be stationed after leaving here.

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When the letter is sent, please send the B.O.N. form to the Mayor of Coventry.

Dear Mr. Mayor:

I have been very interested in the progress of the
theatrical tour and the success of the tour, and I am
very glad to hear that the tour is going well.

I am sending this cheque in addition to my
contribution of 10/- to the tour.

May I ask if you could advise me when the
tour will be in Coventry, so that I may be able to
see it.

I would also like to know the approximate
date of the tour, so that I may be able to
arrange to see it.

I am sure that the tour will be a great success.

Yours faithfully,
Henry Smith
Mayor of Coventry.

The form should be sent to the Mayor of Coventry.

MAKING YOUR FIRST THEATRE VISIT A PLEASURE OF THE YEAR

Last month's B.O.N. told of the manner in which we were disposing of our profits. In accordance with the result of the Statute vote, £100 was divided equally between the cities of London and Coventry for the relief of air raid victims.

The above airgraph was received by the C.O. just as we were going to press and in our next issue, we hope to be able to tell you that the other £50 has been safely received by the Lord Mayor of London.

The C.O. is presented to Field Marshal Smuts

On Thursday, 29th July, our C.O. had the honour of being presented to Field Marshal Smuts at the occasion of the 42 Air School's "Wings" Parade at the Crusaders' Sports Ground, Port Elizabeth.

It was hoped that we would have been able to have given you a photograph of this occasion and although the necessary arrangements were made, B.O.N. regrets that the conditions which existed at the time prevented this intention from being carried out.

The parade, which was held in public, was the highlight of the first day of Port Elizabeth's "Liberty Cavalcade."

It was the first time in the history of the Air Force that South Africa's Prime Minister has presented brevets to air crew cadets on completion of their training and the parade was a spectacle that did full justice to the occasion.

This great honour which was given to 42 Air School is also shared by us, as the navigators and bomb-aimers who had their brevets pinned on their uniforms by Field Marshal Smuts were former pupils of 48 Air School.

STATION DANCE BAND RAISES £400 FOR CHARITIES

Playing at dances and concerts in towns, which were organised by various voluntary associations to air war funds, the Station dance band has helped to raise the magnificent sum of approximately £400 in six weeks.

B.O.N. congratulates the band on its efforts. Most of its members are leaving the Station soon and a new combination is now being formed under the direction of Lt. Harry.

Walter Woodhead

ENTERTAINMENT

B.O.N.'s criticism "that organised entertainment at Woodbrook has waned," which was made in our last issue, seems to have produced results. For less than a week later, a station entertainments committee was formed.

In the short time of its existence, the committee has achieved a fair amount and the Editor, as chairman, expresses his sincere appreciation of the ready and full co-operation given him by its members: F.O. Pardon, Hughes (Secretary), P.D. Harvey, W.G. Harvey, L.A.C. D. Davies, L.A.C. Resdie, L.A.C. Beeror and L.A.C. Bishop.

As an organising entertainment is a full job in its own and cannot be run in conjunction with other part-time work, the Editor will be handing over the chairmanship during the course of the next week.

The following activities have, or are, taking place under the auspices of the committee.

AIRMEN'S DANCE

This was held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, 16th July. The S.A.W.A.S. and U.No-Me Club gallantly came to our aid and supplied approximately 80 charming young ladies as partners. The Station Dance Band kindly gave their services and played in the manner which has earned them their well deserved popularity.

The evening was voted a huge success by all whom attended and judging by the huge numbers who had to be turned away, it seems that there is a definite need for regular dances in the camp.

DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Wing Commander Bale. Chairman: Lt. Moyle (S.A.A.F.).

Last month B.O.N. pointed out that "Sunday evenings have always been the Serviceman's problem." We are glad that the newly formed debating society wisely decided to hold its meetings on Sunday evenings and the large attendance which was seen at the first debate is proof that such recreational activities are welcome.

The subject under discussion was "That Industries and Transport be State-controlled after the War." The main speakers were L.A.C.'s Bell, West (proposers), and L.A.C.'s Brooker, Brodie (opponents). After a very interesting evening the motion was lost by 11 votes. The C.O. kindly took the chair at this inaugural meeting.

The Society holds its meetings in the W.A.A.F. canteen and on 1st August the subject for debate should provide a lively evening for all whom attend. It is—"That the German leaders only and not the German people be punished after this war."

GRAMAPHONE SOCIETY

By a stroke of bad luck, the first concert petered out during the performance. The radio gram, which had been loaned from the Sergeant's Mess, developed Grammie trouble and refused to be coaxed into further action. L.A.C. East is to be congratulated on arranging a well-balanced programme and at the next musical evening everything should be running smoothly.

SMOKING CONCERT

Mrs. Waddell, the Commandant, and other members of the S.A.W.A.S., recently came to Woodbrook and provided a most enjoyable evening in the Recreation Hall. About 100 people attended the "Smoker" and B.O.N., on their behalf, takes this opportunity of thanking the ladies for their splendid effort.



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Last month we announced that Pilot Officer Prase's cousin, L.A.C. Din was now a pupil at Woodstock. This news caused quite a stir on the Station and no less than six people from different squadrons approached the Editor to say that L.A.C. Din is in their flight!

Since our last issue, L.A.C. Din has been as active as ever in his own inimitable manner.

Recently he indulged in the dubious privilege of speaking his thoughts to the Station Police. For the next seven days, he will only be able to survey the pitiable beauty of East London by moonlight from within the four walls of the camp. In order to steel himself to the rigours of getting up at Reveille, L.A.C. Din hit upon the bright idea of smoking a cigarette immediately he opened his eyes each morning. It was rather unfortunate that one day, the cigarette somehow got lost in his bedclothes

and when he returned from his ablutions his mattress was sending out smoke signals, which were interpreted by the Station Warrant Officer rather differently than L.A.C. Din's explanation.

It appears that our reference to Nottingham must have made L.A.C. Din think—because he now favours King William's Town at the week-ends.

There is no doubt that the other members of his flight feel honoured at having such a distinguished fellow pupil because it was with reverence in his voice that one of his companions told B.O.N. of our star pupil's many talents.

L.A.C. Din is a first-class musician, and is equally adept at the organ as with a trumpet. It is to be regretted that the Station dance band has to be deprived of his services, as he left his instrument at home.

In the sporting sphere, his prowess also commands our respect. He has played rugby for the Harlequins and, as leading such an all-round sportsman, was considered by many to be the coming lightweight boxing champion.

One night in his last, convalescent confinement "the mills" and one pupil was such enough to claim a school record of 4 min. 32 sec. in L.A.C. Din's presence. The pupil in question immediately received the generous offer of being coached by L.A.C. Din to beat his school record of 4 min. 26 sec. No wonder it is rumoured that Denis Shore has asked L.A.C. Din for his autograph!

As much as he would have liked, our friend was unable to participate in the recent Inter-Fortress athletics championships as the time required for training would have interfered with his studies for his exams, which he



L.A.C. Din

GEN ON DIM—Continued

had to sit during the same work.

But L.A.C. Din's greatest success is with the ladies. How they all fall for his fatal charm! Ladies, do you appreciate that you have the wonderful opportunity of enjoying the company of one whom has been the gallant escort of Vivian Leigh?

It was therefore with great interest that members of his flight went to the recent Station dance at the Recreation Hall. Betts had been made as to whom would be the lucky lady of his choice but much to everybody's dismay, the thought of the approaching course, must have been too great, as at the last moment, L.A.C. Din decided to study instead.

At the end of their course, his flight held a dinner in town which was a great success. This was only made possible by the fact that the hotel manager is a great personal friend of L.A.C. Din.

And now the course is completed, speculation is rife as to the examination results. L.A.C. Din modestly refuses to estimate by how many marks he will top the rest of the squadron, whilst his instructors walk around with happy smiles thinking of the promotion that is due to them for turning out such a star pupil.

At long last the results are published. What is this?—No, it can't be!—The C.E.S. must have made a mistake!—L.A.C. Din has failed!

Why, that's impossible! How could a pupil, with such outstanding abilities that he can safely go out five nights a week, fall on such easy papers?

But, unfortunately, it is the truth—the hard truth. So don't shout it, or even mention it in a normal tone of voice—just whisper it—

L.A.C. DIN HAS FAILED HIS EXAMS!

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Capt. Denis Storey, the noted Olympic and Empire Games athlete, writes on a subject of paramount importance to all air Gens.

KEEPING FIT

"Man is Not Lost" . . . familiar to all of us in A.P. 1234 and the "Astro" Manual, yes, this may be so in certain cases but in this tough, modern air-war, I, any definitely, that without 100 per cent. physical fitness, the airman is lost. No matter how capable and skilled he may be as a pilot, navigator, gunner, etc., he is at a great disadvantage if he is not physically fit.

It is quite impossible to overstate this fact. We all know that we now possess superior aircraft and armament but we must also realise that we have gone over to the offensive everywhere and that great tasks lie ahead of our airmen: they will have to smash the defences of Europe and the Far East, and this will entail terrific endurance on the part of the crews of every plane; there will be long hazardous flights over enemy held territory and waters, with a hard fight at the end of the trip and then the severe trip home . . . All this goes to show that only the very fittest men can endure this body and mental strain for long. It is therefore the duty of every airman under training to build up a strong foundation of physical fitness during his training. It is not only a duty to his country—it is a duty to himself, and he will never regret having done so.

This standard of efficiency can be attained through the medium of sport and physical training which, is obtainable at most of the flying schools. I have taken a keen interest in this vital part of the airman's training whilst undergoing my course at 48 Air School and am amazed at the extraordinary amount of this training that is afforded to the men with the limited playing fields at Woodbrook, but one thing that strikes me most is the absence of a gymnasium at "48"—it is a great pity. For if a Gym. were available it would solve many of the problems which are presented at Woodbrook through the inclement weather at East London and the shortage of playing fields.

A "Gym." with wall bars, a rope ladder and a few vaulting horses or beams can work "miracles"—regardless of the weather, airmen can have 45 minutes "P.T." every day (which is ample to condition them for the tasks ahead) and at least 300 men can be "put through" their paces every day in the "Gym." without any congestion whatsoever. I sincerely hope that the day is not too far distant when 48 possess their own "Gym."

I cannot speak too highly of the value of this, as I have found that sick parades are reduced considerably, appetites improve out of all knowledge, weight picks up and, above all, intricate and difficult problems in the lecture rooms seem 50 per cent. easier for the simple reason that a healthy and alert body has an amazing and telling effect on the brain—which becomes alert and also improves the powers of absorbing and retaining knowledge. I could go on and on but better "peek up"; but before I do so, I would like to express something which has impressed me beyond all words at 48 Air School—I refer to the wonderful spirit that exists between the R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. I was in a "mixed" flight, 60 per cent. R.A.F., 40 per cent. R.A.A.F., and we had a topping course, working and joking together and exchanging views and really obtaining one another about England and South Africa—it was indeed a pleasure which will live in my memory for many years to come.

DENIS V. SHORE.

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will show in a listing paper after this war! Only time can supply the answer—but one thing is certain: the foundations of permanent peace depends upon how much John Colton of my acquaintance knows about his counterparts in other countries. The League Training Scheme is providing the United Nations with trained officers. At the same time it has given British and South African the opportunity of getting to know each other better. The many friendships that have been formed will stand us in good stead in days to come. In this article, an R.A.F. pilot relates some of his experiences in South Africa.

FROM A NOTEBOOK

Mr. van Laster is, without doubt, the most interesting man I have ever met. Even Colonel Blomke would be outpied by him. To any author, of any calibre, he would present enough "matter" to cover two or three years. But van Laster would never tolerate a newspaper man within an ace's bay of his house. To him company is an end in itself.

Had I not known his type, I might never have spoken to him a second time. We Britishers are reserved by nature and find it difficult to talk about ourselves and our family history—let us the world know that is the step to the privacy of his home. He was true to type and I reacted accordingly and feared, that being a "predilection's son" was a virtue! Strongly enough, I was rather hurt that he had not commented on my uniform. But here again he acted according to his own dictum—"never accept a man for what he is supposed to be but what he really is." Thus I was no R.A.F. pilot but rather another stranger on his road and until I was accepted on the basis he did not refer to my uniform.

Since I first met him—a chance meeting—I have visited his house many times and my admiration for him increases. It was on my third visit that he referred to my uniform. We had finished our supper and pipes had been lit when he recalled a story his grandson had heard in Durban.

It appears that two cadets were "doing" the up-country and early one morning were walking between Ladysmith and Pietermaritzburg. Very soon after they were on the road, a car drove up alongside them and they were invited to "jump in" by a lady and a gentleman. This they did with alacrity and gratitude. They were politely asked where they were bound for. Hearing that they were "free lances" the lady turned to her husband.

"Fred, why don't you ask them to the wedding?"

Fred promptly replied:

"Lord, no—these fellows are not interested in weddings—yet."

"Don't be silly, Fred—these will be a marvellous breakfast. What about it, boys?"

The idea of a morning spent in Church did not appeal to them—but the thought of a breakfast gripped them.

"Thank you. Yes—yes,—we should like to attend the wedding."

"Mind you—it is rather posh. The bride is one of the prettiest and richest daughters in Pietermaritzburg."

And thus it was they attended the wedding.

During the service they sat admiring the bride and heard the vicar droning—until he lifted his head and said:

"If anyone has any cause or just implication why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony—he is to declare it, or for

FROM A NOTEBOOK—Continued

ever held his peace."

It was then that one of the strains got up and in a dramatic voice, said: "I have—the bridegroom is Mr. W. F. _____, of Strange Avenue, Havant, Hampshire. He is my next door neighbour, is married and has two children."

YAR LAUTON loves to relate such stories but he is never better than when memories become the open door to his past. The one key to those memories was the association of ideas. A candle being lit reminded him of candle and song-making day in his old home as the well. By now I have a vivid idea of that life on the wild— and I love the names of its towns, villages and farmsteads. The Tostens (spring), viel (a hollow), agrest (strawfield), Kloof (a ravine) recall natural features.

Hartbeest—Wildbeest (chamois), Tigge Kloof, Jackalpan, Leipards-viel are some of the places called after natural life. Biblical names, historical figures and European towns are also common. Others, so ran L. said, were an indication of the Dutchman's chivalry, for some names are the combination of husband and wife's name—Stellen-Bosch; Gouff-Robert; and Swellendam.

Of those far off days ran L. recalls with great enthusiasm the coming of the Snoots. He was the travelling shopkeeper, whose more often than not bartered his goods. It was he, who with several cape carts laden with goods left each place as East London and Port Elizabeth for a trek to these isolated homesteads. During several day's stay he would tell of outside affairs, of scandals, of adventures. To the children he brought sweets—sweets which they desired and ardently awaited. To the women he brought coloured cloth which became Sunday best dresses. From him the men would buy implements and odds and ends.

The coming of the snoots was uncertain—but the date for the Nachtmaal was definite. For weeks beforehand the children were disciplined by threats of no Nachtmaal. A day or two before the Sunday appointed for the communion the family would travel in their cape carts, provisioned for five or six days. Not only was this a religious festival it was also social and the young men found it a grand opportunity for selecting "lady friends." Family histories were exchanged, births and deaths recorded, marriages arranged.

Should any young man feel some one to his liking his courtship would follow a definite pattern. In May or June, when farm work was less heavy, he would approach his parents for permission to court "Ruth." Having received such permission the youth would await—impatiently—for the coming of the snoots, or, if within range of a town would proceed there to buy a gaudily coloured saddle cloth. This he would place on the best horse the farm could produce. This horse was a Kap spieker (Bland player!)—as it paced, so it would move its head as if keeping time. If Ruth's people saw the horse and saw the gaudily coloured saddle cloth they would be in no doubt of the rider's suitor. The young man would be invited in for Kaffie and is an atmosphere of strangeness and giddiness the talk would be small and lame. In the evening the whole family would retire leaving the couple together. His stay would be determined by the time the small candle would take to burn out. On his next visit he would be given a longer candle to burn. This would be repeated until he was given a small candle. The very acceptance of this would mean betrothal and later discussions would be opened on the marriage arrangements.

That was van Lauden's experience. He recounted it with a different tone of voice to the one he used when telling me of other stories of his life.

I shall always remember with gratitude, his kindness and hospitality towards me. He invited me into his house—and there I found South Africa. D. D. D.

ICARUS, 1943

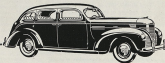
*A legend runs that once on Crete's lone Isle
A youth, by fate constrained in bondage vile,
Aspired on wings to chase the æthereal light,
When the magic principles of Night
Were hidden from the earth-bound mind of man.
This childlike youth, without a pre-flight plan,
Unversed in Newton's laws, and knowing naught
Of aerodynamics or mechanics, sought
To break the bonds of darkness, and essay
A solo flight to Greece, where freedom lay.
To him the cunning Daedalus gave aid,
And with the small resources of his trade
Constructed pinions with no mean ability:
(Divided gave him lateral stability)
And, lacking more effective manure,
With wax attached them to the fountains
The task complete, they prayed for holy doves,
And fabled with quarts of Chios wine.
The take-off was achieved without mishap;
They flitted, without the aid of prop or flap;
And, working at their captors—(from a height)
With gay bewilder, soon were lost from sight.
Bold Icarus, with his new-found power due,
Soared upwards, knowing not the impending fate:
Closed through the clouds, the distant stars peered;
(His comrades kept a wary altitude).
The Olympian Gods were driven to distraction
By this intrusion on their sphere of action,
And bade the sun-god his fiery might
Forthwith, to end this man's presumptuous flight.
Under those rays the wick was soon thin;
He dropped a wing—then fell: he stalled, spun in,
And as he reached his terminal velocity
He earned his folly with futile ferocity:
Why was I ever airborne? O Gods, Why?
The silent waves below gave no reply.*

A.J.W.

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One of Woodbrooks' "old hands" has just successfully completed his course. Before leaving the Station, he thought that it might be of good idea to pass on some "tips" to those who follow.

"PUKKA GEN"

Nobody appreciates a few friendly tips more than the "ork," newly arrived at an R.A.F. station, more particularly when he finds himself in a strange town, in a new country—even in a different hemisphere, concerning which, after only a short time, he discovers his education has been sadly neglected.

Finding oneself in the practically unique position of a s.t. Navigator whose stay at Woodbrooks, due to a series of accidents and minor ailments has been prolonged, I feel that, by virtue (sic) of my six months experience of the locality, I am qualified to pass on some items of "grift" which should prove useful to the newcomer.

Regarding the camp, were I to describe it as "cosy," the pointer—that he might be prompted to "clump down," acting under the impression that cosiness is too hesitant for war soldiery. Suffice it to say that this is a happy camp where rigidity of discipline is moderated so that even the most leather-necked amongst us have "no complaints." So long as the newcomer quickly acquiesces himself with any special idiosyncrasies of his Squadron Commander, whether it be that he insists on feeble transparency of windows, geometrical accuracy of maps, loose kit-bags, etc., or even strict punctuality in visiting the nocturnal canteen at 00.30 hours, then ordinary, normal, commonsensical behaviour should produce his ever finding himself on the "locks"—(unpleasant circumstance of which all airmen should take pains to steer clear).

Two nights a week the puppi stays in camp to "bird" conspicuously, but on other working days he is free from 08.30 hours till midnight.

Work on Saturday finishes at 12.30 and a pass book that time until midnight Sunday may be obtained for each weekend except the second in every month when there is a Church Parade.

Messing arrangements on the camp are constantly improving and so long as it is realised that facilities for preparing and serving "swell" are limited by the lack of articles not manufactured in the Union, and that the culinary specialists are now coping with numbers far in excess of those for which the camp was originally planned, then there will be no cause to find fault.

Sport, in all its branches, is encouraged and ample opportunities are afforded to cadets to display their abilities, whether they be mediocre or brilliant, and space and equipment are readily available to anyone who is keen to do a spot of training. So high is the standard of excellence to which all these of our representative soccer teams have attained, that the weekly exhibition produced every Saturday on the Recreation Ground is by way of becoming a major social function in the town, as witness the large numbers of supporters, both civilian and service men, regularly in attendance.

The camp can boast of a concert party whose efforts to entertain the public of East London have been much appreciated and, at the same time, have been the means of raising quite considerable sums of money for such

"PUKKA GEN"—Continued

worthy war charities as the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Thus, anyone gifted in the art of terpsichore, histrionics or vocalization (dancing, acting or singing, to name) will get every encouragement to exhibit his talent. The Station debating society and discussion group is also ready to welcome all who are interested. The Station Dance Orchestra is "wired" and any instrumentalist, wishing to keep in practice, will be welcomed by our happy band of musicians.

The people of East London are eager to make us feel at home and their hospitality is most generous. Through the medium of the Y.M.C.A. social contacts may be made which will elicit invitations for week-ends which are always enjoyable and the seeds may be sown for friendships which will last long after one leaves the country and even after the war has ended. Your host will be most interested to hear about your Service experiences, as well as any news you can give him about the home country. So long as you avoid entering into arguments or politics and refrain under any circumstances from discussing South African social problems, you can "shoot lines" to your heart's content.

East London will give you a very happy time and successful completion of your course here will be doubly assured if you heed this final cautionary word:

"If you must drink, stick to beer."

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OUT WEST WITH ANDY—HARDLY!

A Tale of Woodbrook Passion

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Marmaduke Dale, known as Andy, breaks the Colend (Jasper) record from the City Hall in a well known election, arriving half-a-minute before opening time. He saves the nation and is greeted by

Dean Wood, a well known local character, called FFI by all her friends. The two are getting along nicely when suddenly the doors burst open and in strode

Jasper Belfrage, who has sworn to kill Andy because of FFI's affection for him. But Andy drives his gun first . . .

NOW READ ON

"Booth, Jasper," hissed Andy (his mother had been scared by a snake) in such try terms that the bartender had to put his three little "see, speak and hear to evil" monkeys behind the bar.

"Aw, not again," whined Jasper. "I had some bad eggs for breakfast and have been doin' nothin' else but that all morning."

"Hold on, stranger," ordered Two-Gun Wright the town marshall. His fair, curly hair shining in the moonlight (I know it wasn't night, but that's the only time his curly hair does show up). "We don't usually allow fat-cuffs or shootin' in this here city, specially so now we're under Fortress Command. What's your grudge against Jasper?"

"He stole his girl's big blonde of soda and sells the bubbles to spirit-level manufacturers; also he persuaded my sister to elope with him to Fort Elizabeth, swart off with her money and left her in the lurch 'holding the baby,'" accused Andy.

"What was your sister's name?" asked the marshall.

"Eskimo Nell," replied Andy, his voice breaking with emotion as he mentioned the name of the woman who was later to be known as the Mother of the North, and of a few in the East and West, too.

While this conversation had been going on Jasper had been looking for an opportunity to strike, and he now considered the time ripe to give Andy a kick in the pants. "What's that behind your ear?" he menacingly asked our hero. As Andy put his hand up to feel out Jasper suddenly whipped out an ancient fowling piece, popularly said to be the weapon stolen from Sitting Bull's wigwag the night he married Standing Cow when he had other things on his mind. It was the gun which fired the first shot during Errol Flynn's

ALWAYS
ON
TOP
AMBROSIA
TEA

OUT WEST WITH ANDY—HARDLY I—Continued.

last stand at Center Creek. Hastily striking a match (caution in court: Lion match dances cockpit to 244, a dozen), he applied it to the powder train and pointed the weapon at Andy. A second later there was a deafening explosion. Rusty six-inch rails, grape shot and a golf ball "Blutch" Silverman lost a few weeks ago shot forth from the tangle. The glass of milk in Birkett's hand was smashed, leaving him with the stove still in his mouth, the "See no Evil" monkey's dread of cold weather was adequately if surprisingly removed, while the golf ball struck a cow a mile away, being cut out in one.

"You didn't have a clue, Jasper," sneered Andy, reaching for the gun at his hip. Jasper took a cushion from a chair and went down on to his knees to slide the ramrod.

"Oh spare that man's life," a voice said from the doorway. It was a melodiously soft voice, like a kid soring through a bar of steel, and belonged to none other than "Smiley" MacFarlane. Everyone liked him, because he once been like those, a hard-bitten, hard-drinking desperado. Miraculously he had seen the light and had changed to a gentle, quiet-spoken sober lad. (Since going to Peru we regret to say that the light has become very dim, in fact it's nearly gone out. Still, he tried.)

The words touched Andy nearly as much as "Luffy" Xanxy does on a Thursday before pay day, and his hand halted with the gun half-drawn from its sheath.

A further interruption came from just outside the doorway, as the sound of hooves could be heard. Two soundings, biting, kicking spurs came through the door, which proved to be two Chinese horsemen, Foo Fong and Waa Hing. The sidewalk outside was covered in rice, where they had been knocking the stuffing out of each other. After dragging them apart, the marshal found they were fighting over a piece of gold one had found on the Orient Beach.

There was immediate pandemonium in the room as it became known that gold had been found, and even "Slim" Barnett did not wait to collect the turkey he had won with his well-earned solo. Andy drew Fifi to him and what with her ample bosom and his rummy chest, he had to shoot before she could bear him, they were that far away.

"Wait for me, honey chick, I'll be back by Dingdong day with a stake, and we'll have a chat about things," he yelled.

"Oh, give me something to remember you by," implored Fifi. Andy hesitated a moment, but decided he hadn't sufficient time. So he cut off a lock of her hair and put it next to his heart, but had to remove it as it tickled his palette.

The bar-room was quickly cleared of everyone, until only Jasper and Fifi remained. Fifi looked at Jasper and paled as she saw the dirty dog staring towards her with a look in his eyes that boded of only one thing—

(To be continued)

(Read "A fight for her honour" in our next. Only the author knows what happens and he goes about with a lapped foot on his pen).

WRITE TO THE EDITOR ABOUT IT!

What are your reactions when you return from leave?

L.A.C. Slim says that the Editor must have been dropped on his head when he was young, as nobody with any sense would ever suggest that people go home! Moreover, some one must have succeeded where L.A.C. Slim failed, for a paper has supplied an answer to our question. Incidentally, he said you

NICE PEOPLE

There was a cool wind blowing as I handed in my white card and began hurrying up the muddy path to the hut site. It was good to be in camp again and the prospect of slipping down between the hairy blankets seemed very inviting.

A full moon, glowing on the cookhouse roof, added a romantic touch to that noble edifice, and the sound of music and loud shouting, issuing from the Sergeants' Mess, assured me that at least one aspect of camp life was normal. Lights still glowed in a few huts and lay on the paths in silver rectangles, through which towel-showered figures occasionally fitted, with hurried steps, towards the ablutions.

Sometimes, camp life was not so bad. Camradeship was its keynote, I thought. It was "team spirit" all over again, with "esprit de corps" applied to daily life. "If you play the game with them, they'll play the game with you," I thought again.

Suddenly I opened the hut door and closed it with equal care. Around me lay the boys I had lived with and learned to like and respect—boys with whom I had grieved for christenings in the woods near Bridgnorth; with whom I had washed down my ribs in the porcelain bath at Whitley Bay; and with whom I had tipped smartly over the wall in the early hours at Heston Park. They were all definitely "good types," "the mean of the country," etc., and I felt an inward glow as finding myself among them. They're a fine crowd, I thought again.

With cautious feet I sat down on my bed to remove my shoes . . . but suddenly, without warning, the whole delicately balanced issue collapsed beneath me and I found myself lying on the floor in a pile of blankets from which my knotted pyjamas protruded with mocking measure. Momentarily dazed, I lay there listening to girlish voices that even the hairy blankets failed to muffle. A fine lot! I thought again!

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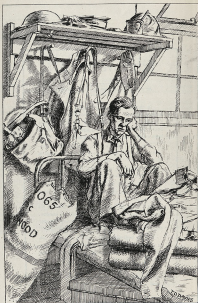
An Artist's Impression of Life at Woodbrook

In this issue we are privileged to present an unique feature. We believe that this is the first time in the history of the Royal Air Force, or the South African Air Force, that a pictorial record has been made of life at a Service training school.

This series of drawings were specially commissioned by B.O.N. and were drawn by a pupil at 48 Air School. The artist is Leading Aircraftman T.O. Davies who is under training at Woodbrook for aircrew duties.

L.A.C. Davies was an art teacher before the war, and received his training at the Royal College of Art, London. In 1937 he became an Associate of the College (A.R.C.A.) and in 1938 secured his teacher's diploma from the University of London. The same year he had the honour of having a copper plate etching accepted by the Royal Academy.

At the beginning of the war he gave up his job as a teacher and was then employed by the Home Office as a camouflage artist until he joined the R.A.F.



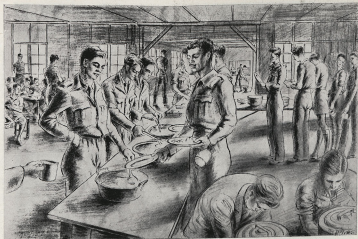
"Dear Mother, we arrived at Woodlark very early in the morning and so we sat on our beds and waited until we could get breakfast". . .



" . . . we got up at 6.30 every morning ". . .



"... we have lectures in many different subjects and have lots of practice at Mass."



"... with the fresh air and plenty of exercise we get we are always ready for food—and here you see us getting our 'Scoff'..."



"... this is the T.M.C.A. but where I write to you is the mess堂..."



"... people in East London are very hospitable and I have received many invitations to go out. Here you see on returning to camp at night (our bus is in the background). I am half out of this picture and behind me, waiting to show his pass, is my pal Jack, who is in the S.A.A.F."

B.O.N. was asked by a poet to provide a theme for a poem. We suggested a description of the impressions of an Intelligence Officer on an operational night. This poem was handed in the next day.

WAITING

*The moon is clear, and in the darkness shy,
Affairs with gold and jewels in the night.
The ground seems hard the cold green winging fly
To seek the silent shelter of their nest.*

*Softly the day has died, the sun has set,
With sherry patios having slices of red,
While here they jaded and languid, tried to forget,
Just for awhile, the task that lay ahead.*

*Briefing was done and silence was no more
The gramophone jurred out, some called for beer
And around around in groups, or at the door,
All anxious for the matter to appear.*

*Some smoked in silence, others chatted loud
Or sang in jest, their boyish faces bright,
As eager voices rose from every crowd,
And echoed in the darkness of the night.*

*The lights that the guard's hand carried
Reminded him of home and yet he knew
Far from his drift-sights, Brownings at his feet
And lacking fighters pausing from the blue.*

*Now they are gone . . . and I can close the door
Leaving these wined by shorts here and there,
Some without with the later on the floor,
Some piled in shaggy heaps upon a chair.*

*The final thundering dies and silence reigns
The gramophone is mute, the lights sleep,
The room itself seems hushed to hear the planes
That now go purring eastwards 'er the deep.*

*Now we shall have no more, all will be still
Save where some far-off watcher hears the roar
As outboard giants drive across the Ail
And harp, swelling musical, from the shore.*

*Parting the clouds, they leave the coast behind
With lights now dimmed or vanishing from view,
And I must only wait and hope to find
As morning sun comes up, some credence.*

*Perhaps I'll see them thinking into night,
Then circling high above their mother's dove
As glistering birds catch the early light
And sink one glides towards me, safely home.*

G.C.W.

P/O Binder reports on the . . .

OFFICERS' MESS

The month started off with a bang. Through the good services of Capt. MacMillan, the Mess obtained very recent signed photograph of Field Marshal Smuts which had been inscribed "with all good wishes to Officers' Mess."

Shortly afterwards, the Mess had to part with the billiard table which was loaned to us on the billiard room was here until P/O Perton "Powder Puff" Hughes hit upon the brainwave of purchasing a set of table tennis. P/O's and Second Lieuts. who previously had thought bowls an old man's game soon showed more enthusiasm in the art of rolling a perfect wood than they had ever displayed for the three ball game. It is now firmly established as a favorite Mess pastime. Many have become quite expert—the C.O., Major Sherwood (it's an old family tradition), Arnold "Man about Town" Levy, Jack Houston, Ted Harvey, P/Lt. "Ticky" Duncall and the two who are amongst the champions.

Another notable addition to the Mess was the purchase of a piano. Kennedy-Newble admires the life on the piano—he thinks it's a lark.

In the middle of the month we were very pleased to see Best Bracey among us again. Best is now well on the road to recovery and already is going about planning big ideas for next season's server.

The highlight of the month has been the Mess dinner for 41 Air School Officers. This took place on Wednesday, 21st July, and started off with "mushrooms," followed by a formal Mess dinner. We were all very pleased to have this opportunity of entertaining our neighbours and we hope that they all enjoyed a pleasant evening. After dinner, things developed along the right lines . . . Dave Horneham walked around giving everybody the victory sign . . . "Red" showed that as a darts player he makes a good ballist designer . . . Bailey was building stocks and shares in his caps . . . The two Kees (Blaney and Roberts) looked dazed at the novelty of spending an evening in the Mess . . . and so a good time was had by all.

MAINLY PERSONAL

We take this opportunity of welcoming the newcomers to the Mess and we wish Rex Mayne the best of luck in his new job at Port Elizabeth.

Heartiest congratulations to P/Lt. "Chick" Edge and Capt. H. G. Lomborg on their promotions to Squadron Leader and Major, respectively. The good news came through just as B.O.N. was going to press.

P/O BINDER ASKS SOME QUESTIONS

P/O Anderson: why is the supply of sports goods under shortages? Would a lady in a certain sports shop be the answer?

Why did P/O Knight decide to digress himself on here? It's one way of starting a second front.

Is it Wright to say that the more time we are trained on phosphates and nitrate?

Why did Dave Ransome have to be removed after playing Rigger? Was it only due to the game or was it the after effects of "Ja huge"?

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SERGEANTS' MESS

The Mess presented a very gay scene on a recent evening when the Sergeants were hosts to many officers and friends at a dance. Functions of a similar nature previously organised by the Sergeants proved well for the success of the effort and it seemed only too soon when the last dance of the evening was announced. An added attraction was the music supplied by the Station Dance Orchestra which was indeed an outstanding feature of a memorable evening's entertainment. The new Corporal's Dining Hall, which was the main venue of activities, had been tastefully decorated under the able direction of "Tuck" Gordon, who is to be congratulated on the splendid transformation he effected with the materials available. In the Mess itself, the facilities in the ante room, extended for the abundance of thirty dancers while the branch office in the hall did not appreciably suffer as a result. We were both privileged and pleased to welcome Colonel Inglesby, the Major and Mayors of East London, and Wing Commander and Mrs. Dale.

The running supper, which was up to F/Sgt. "Dicks" Bird's usual high standard, was well patronised and the many comments on all sides were ample tribute to the planning of the well filled service tables.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Pilot Officers McCarthy, Rickett, Mills, Edge and Petrie, on their promotion to commissioned rank. All were extremely popular members of our Mess and the Bridge School (McCarthy and Colbourn methods a speciality) will now require some reorganisation.

We also wish to extend our congrats. to erstwhile F/Sgt. Tayke of the R.N.Z.A.F., who has now also joined the commissioned ranks—no wonder the Officers' Mess can now field some good teams!

Our Mess is still in its teething stages and many are the improvements that have been carried out in the last month or so. The new lighting, flooring, furnishing, and so on, have added much to the general comfort and appearance of our ante-room and there has been much favourable comment from our visitors and guests whom we have been privileged to entertain in recent weeks.

Organised "evenings" in town are much in favour among the permanent staff at the present time, and several acts of spending an afternoon was indulged in on a recent Sunday when a happy band led by F/Sgt. Dr. Toti and Archer ably supported by Sgt. "Digger" Dorman, spent several hours on that mighty creek, the Buffalo. Although hands were blistered, and backs ached, all bodies were in pretty good shape when day was ended and bar takings benefited accordingly.

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 position of the author is to be given, although not necessarily for publication.

The purchase of S.O.N. is not confined to 48 Air School personnel and there is no objection to copies being sent overseas.

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LONELINESS

To walk and work with pleasure reminds me much,
The words and smile are real, the laughter kind
The tale well told—yet, is there not a sense
Of distance not quite spanned, within your mind?

To talk with friends and know the warm rich glow
Of sympathy with joy and pain for each,
Enriches each good day—but are you left
Half waiting something more—just out of reach?

And do you seek a reason for this thing,
This strange elusive gap, forever there,
This sudden blankness, even at the height
Of fellowship you know to be sincere?

The perfect language turned to every need
Is spoken, made, and understood by two,
The home grown phrase, the subtle tone, the smallest smile
Will hold infinity of meaning—just for you.

So life today, though filled and giving much,
Still whispers "Wait!" in countless secret ways.
We'll speak our language, lose our loneliness,
And laugh together in the better days.

E.P.M.

EAST LONDON'S ACE HOTEL THE WINDSOR RIGHT ON THE SEA FRONT

THE BEST IN ACCOMMODATION AND CATERING

WEEKLY DINNER
DANCES

FOR RESERVATIONS
PHONE 4576

This article was written by a South African Pupil Air Observer. Whilst it is not our policy to include anything of a controversial nature in a Service magazine, this objective outline is published in B.O.N. as it is one of the surprisingly few contributions received from our L.A.A.P. pupils. We hope that it will encourage other South African members of the Station to become contributors. B.O.N. also wishes to point out that the opinions expressed in this article are entirely those of the author. The article is printed exactly as received.

THE CLASH OF CULTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA

Siyayagali! Where are we heading? This is the question as the excited lips of millions of coloured South Africans. And without exaggeration it must be on the lips of any South African. Where is the colour bar taking us? The problem besets South Africa at every juncture and has been the bone of much contention—in fact it would be no exaggeration to say that every social problem in South Africa to-day is in some way connected with the colour bar.

Naturally the problem has not been neglected by social scientists, and comparatively recently from America has come a theory which at once illuminates the problem, and shows the only path of salvation to those who are called upon to face the issue.

It is the theory of cultural conflicts. Brought up so closely as is this theory with sociological concepts it is necessary before outlining its nature, to define some of the terms used.

The first point—what is culture? Sociologically culture constitutes for the human group a set of habitual modes of response, or patterns of behaviour, based on the experience of past generations, more or less well adapted to the surrounding conditions, and transmitted as social tradition to the succeeding generations. Culture is the complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, customs and any capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society. A sociologist therefore implies very much more by this word than does the "man-in-the-street"—poor misguided body!

Each human group it must be appreciated, has its own type of culture and these cultures may be poles apart in nature. Consider as an example the cultures of the South Eastern Bantu before they had come into contact with the European, and compare it with the culture of the European at the same period. It must not be thought that because the Bantu were considered primitive or savage, that their peoples had no culture. On the contrary, the Bantu had a well organized and highly integrated culture, suited to his peculiar conditions, and quite sufficient to regulate the behaviour of the members of the group. A code of taboos, a system of social status, the law of the chief, the magic of the witchdoctors and their belief in the spirits of their ancestors seemed to keep the members in conformity with the requirements for the maximum well-being of all members.

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THE CLASH OF CULTURES—Continued

When European and Hindu first came into contact what resulted? The first natural consequence was a very bloody war. Physical conflict continued for many years and at last the European, by virtue of his more developed weapons broke the military power of the tribal organization. Then began the more intricate battle—that of culture. By virtue of his more complex economical organization and technological advance the European was relatively more wealthy (in the economic sense). He had more varied goods and more of them. In comparison with the Hindu then the European was economically ascendant.

Partly because of the economic threat and partly because of association (e.g., black with evil as in "black" magic), and unconscious sexual jealousy, there arose in the European the colour prejudice which soon became a deeply ingrained part of his cultural background. In such circumstances the European could never accept into his group of intimates the Hindu. And this is where the concept of cultural conflict comes in.

Normally, when two cultures come into conflict, sooner or later accommodation takes place and one group is assimilated by the other. From this fusion a new culture arises. An example of this is the cultural assimilation of the Norman invaders of England by the Anglo-Saxons. Another more significant example is the assimilation of the Aryan invaders of North India by the Hindus. Assimilation implies that the one group was accepted in cultural participation with the other. What has happened in North Africa? And in America for that matter?

By reason of the economic ascendancy and resulting social prestige of the European, the Hindu have aspirations towards being accepted into this group. This tendency is confirmed by the observation of some American social scientists, who discovered that amongst the Negroes in the "South" the lighter coloured Negroes are the more desirable to the men, and usually marry well. In general "light is right" and "black is black." In the negro upper class, for example, were to be found 45 per cent. of all light skins but only 12 per cent. of the dark skins. These differences are statistically significant.

The general tendency of the Hindu then has been to reject their own culture and, as it were, to make a bid to be accepted by the European groups. By the reason of the prejudice, however, the Hindu can never be accepted.

The Hindu then has to face up to the necessity of adjusting himself to the new situation. Now, as American sociologists, has outlined four types of personality that can result from this adjustment to the new social situation.

(1) THE INTELLECTUAL RECLUSE.

This personality type is represented by the teachers, the clerics, the doctor, the man of letters and others who have acquired sufficient of European ways to separate themselves from the others of his caste. He therefore lives alone and aloof within his small circle of intellectual contacts.

(2) THE CULTURAL REVERT.

This individual rejects completely European culture and attempts to retain the original native culture. Usually this type of reaction is limited to the older members. "The fine old Zulu gentleman" is an exemplification of this type.

(3) THE MARGINAL MAN.

This unfortunate belongs to the problem today. Having rejected his own

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THE CLASH OF CULTURES—Continued

cultural standards and being rejected by the European, the *Morita* falls, as it were, "in the gap between." He becomes in fact, a man living on the margin of both cultures but within neither. Having no integrated culture,—no morals, laws, customs and other social habits, he presents a problem to those concerned with law and order. By far the greater majority falls in this type of personality classification today. It is for this reason that in Durban the juvenile delinquency rate is 118 per 1,000 for Natives, but only 24 per 1,000 for Europeans—the illegitimacy rate is 200 per 1,000 for natives, but only 100 per 1,000 for Europeans—the venereal disease infection estimated at 300-400 per 1,000 for natives, against an estimated European incidence of 100 per 1,000.

It should be obvious that until some form of acculturation has taken place all the attempts to alleviate these pressing social problems are doomed to failure.

(4) THE RACIALIST.

This fellow, to my mind, is the most disturbing of all the personality types and a problem of the future. As yet there are only a few of this group in South Africa but a recent newspaper report of a clash in Detroit suggests that he is a little more numerous in America. He is the individual who totally rejects European ways and becomes what is called antagonistically acculturated. He hates everything "White" and builds up a racialistic culture of his own. With numbers come organization and with organization comes a leader. A leader is merely a person who can verbalize the aims of a group, and is the source of a pyramid of unity. The implication of this is perfectly obvious. With unity pressure can be brought to bear upon the economically ascendant class and unless policy changes—drifts in view of the roiled nature of prejudices—a repetition of the French Revolution seems inevitable.

Such, then, are the results of the Euro-African culture conflict. It is self-evident that the intellectual racism, the cultural revert and the marginal man are passing phases. The policy of segregation is an idle dream and a pernicious one. If anything, instead of slowing off the end day of reckoning it will hasten the racial awakening and its logical results. The only true solution is the admission of the *Bantu* into the same social group with full co-operative group-membership status—not immediately but gradually—admitting only those that reach a certain level of acculturation to the European standard.

But let it be understood, the process of acculturation is a slow one taking at least three generations. If the *Bantu* in their present "marginal man" state were suddenly given full citizen status the consequences would be disastrous. Not appreciating European morals, laws and ways of thinking anarchy would reign. Conditions similar to those that followed the American Civil War would exist. But, by reason of the ancestral preponderance of the blacks in this country, conditions would be far more severe.

Rooted prejudice is the stumbling block, however, and so integral a part of the "white" culture has it become, that to ask the European to jettison it, would be analogous to asking him to jettison his unconscious sexual repressions. It is a psychological impossibility. This is true not only for South Africa but for the whole world and from this point of view the next century can only present the gloomy prospect of one of bitter racial reckoning. Who knows but that it may be the beginning of the ordination of the world—that idle fancy we talk about so much.

"SOCIOCRACY"

B.O.N. has received for review a copy of Joe Davis' "The Correct Approach to the Fair Sex."

On glancing through it, we thought that some of the matter seemed familiar and we were amazed to find that his "advice" has been taken direct from A.P.(134)!

Here are some extracts from the book and we have inserted the relevant references in A.P. (134).

Perhaps, if the exam papers had been set on these lines, L.A.C. One would have passed with ease!

L.A.C. DIM'S NEW BOOK

Meeting a Girl (JL 56)

If the line of bearing between two moving objects remains unchanged and their distance apart diminishes, the objects will meet.

For the Incapacitated in Love (JL 2)

Time is precious, particularly during war, and the beginner is strongly recommended not to waste a single opportunity for learning and practicing.

Honest Answering Thieves (JL 1)

An Navigator in the Royal Air Force must keep well-informed on all useful developments in technique. It should, however, be realised that the Air Navigator is expected to take an active part in acquiring information himself, and he should always be willing to pass on to others the benefits of his own experience, whether or not this has been to his credit.

The Girl You Met the Night Before (JL 20 (B))

A careful scrutiny is often necessary before identification is possible.

The Girl's Mother (JL 2)

The Air Navigator must be able to evaluate the various hazards which may be met so that appropriate action may be taken whenever feasible to avoid unnecessary danger.

The Talkative Girl (JL 6)

The movement of the air is, of course, quite beyond the control of the Navigator, but suitable action must be taken in order to allow for it.

The Temperamental Type (JL 3)

Constant practice enables the Air Navigator to recognise without delay the many variable factors and to make the necessary observations and calculations almost automatically.

The Kiss (JL 8)

Where an air is concerned it may be said that practice makes perfect. Unless he practices his art at all times, he will find at a loss in less favourable circumstances.

Shooting a Line (JL 55)

The wind effect may only be known approximately, the magnitude depends upon the time elapsing since a fix was last obtained.

Dating Girls (JL 52 (a) and (b), 54)

The place names must be prominent and well known, reference never being made to insignificant and unfamiliar natural features, or names. The place must not be so extensive as to give rise to ambiguity. An imaginary position is of great practical value.

This depends upon Miller's "New Order" - it made doubly interesting by the fact that the vessel was found in a Nazi aircraft when it was taken prisoner of war.

Ten Little Grumblers

Ten little grumblers sat down to dine,

One initiated Guckles, then there were nine.

Nine little grumblers got hold of a bright idea,

One of them was spotted, only eight got clear.

Eight little grumblers wrote something on the wall,

One was discovered, leaving seven now in all.

Seven little grumblers were asked how they liked their fare,

One answered "It's far gone," then only six were there.

Six little grumblers complained of the Nazi leader,

One called him a heavy hand, leaving them five need's.

Five little grumblers sat down round an upright grand,

One started playing Mendelssohn, then they were a four-man band.

Four little grumblers wrote words about Leg,

One was too resistant, so they started him wrong.

Three little grumblers said the Argon might not much

But Bromberg was listening, and snuffed him for luck.

The last one was careless, dropped this poem on the floor,

They took him off to Breckers Hall, where they were his mate now.

STOP PRESS

W.A.A.F. CANTEN CLOSED

Is it Sabotage?

On Monday, 2nd August, when Airwoman (Mrs.) Lewison walked into the W.A.A.F. canteen, little did she suspect the danger that awaited her.

Suddenly, without any warning, the floor gave way and she was plunged into the depths. Interviewed by B.O.N., Mrs. Lewison said, "I stepped in—and through."

WATCH FOR A FULL REPORT OF THE INQUIRY IN
NEXT MONTH'S B.O.N.

For the benefit of new-comers to Woodbrook we are repeating our last month's

QUIZ

Q. What type of contributions are required by B.O.N.?
A. Any, serious and humorous articles and stories are well-come—especially news about station personnel—is good—poems, (gendered) jokes 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, flight and squadron on it.

Q. To whom do I hand in my A. To any of the following—
(1) The Editor, whose office is at "E" Station Block.
(2) Your flight representative.
(3) Your squadron commander.
(4) Any member of the Pageant Committee.

Q. Can I send a copy of B.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 seems 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 B.O.N. as scheduled.



The best
"drop"
of all

LIMOSIN
BRANDY

SPORTS NEWS

June and July have bristled with activities in all branches of sport. The Soccer team weathered its many storms and ultimately gained the title of Cape Eastern District Champions, thanks to a brilliant display at Queensdown. In the Rugby world "A," with many games in hand, are widely placed in the league table, and the Hockey lads and ladies have by no means disgraced themselves.

In addition, two boxing tournaments, in the organisation of which Sgt. Black played a big part, resulted in the Club being represented by some really good talent.

There there is the newly formed Badminton section, ably assisted by P.O. Andrews, which is making good progress over at Woodbrook. Squash, too, is ready to take its place amongst the sporting events of the Station as soon as those long awaited courts become a reality.

The mere presence of that world famous athlete, Capt. Denis Moore, on our patch, though he has given athletics a new lease of life. He centred on where Lt. Phipps left off, and our thanks are due almost entirely to him for the wonderful display put up by our representatives at the recent Inter-Portsmouth Meeting.

Several of our lads have been in the news lately. Percy and Phipps, both ex-Corcoran, gained man-of-the-match honours by being selected to represent Western Province against Transvaal at Johannesburg. Similarly, our Nabors have given brilliant displays while representing 4th Air School at Pretoria, and now we await the selection of the Air Force Soccer team to tour Rhodesia during September. It is not unlikely that further honours may come our way.

SOCCER

INTER-SQUADRON LEAGUE

This league, comprising 11 teams, is taking shape after a period of rathered inactivity due to U.S. grounds. After playing each other twice, the top-eight go into the final to contest the issue on the Knock-Out principle.

League Positions Up to and including 35.7.43

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points For	Against	Log Points
4-1-B	...	4	4	0	12	3	8
1-B	...	5	4	0	15	7	8
1-B	...	3	2	0	9	2	5
1-A	...	4	3	0	9	4	5
Off. Place	...	5	2	0	10	11	5
3-1-A	...	4	2	0	6	4	4
2-A	...	4	3	0	8	12	4
2-B	...	4	1	0	8	9	2
3-H.Q.	...	4	2	0	7	7	2
4-A	...	3	0	0	4	14	1
Squad. Place	...	4	0	0	4	18	1

LEAGUE AND CUP COMPETITIONS

Air Force Challenge Cup

The Station team are now Champions of the Cape Eastern District, and play 6th Air School (Bloemfontein), Orange Free State Champions, in the quarter-finals of the Competition Proper. This match takes place at Port London on August 7th, and if we succeed, our opponents in the Semi-final will be the winners of the Cape Western's "Jackies" tournament.

It's a long road to the final in a competition of this nature, but even if we fall by the wayside, we have at least entered the list of six, which is in itself no mean achievement for a unit less than a year old.

12 GROUP CUP

In this competition we entered the Eastern District final by a narrow and not altogether deserved 1-0 margin over 4th Air School. Wright scored after 28 minutes play, but somehow the team could not adjust themselves to the windy conditions and did not give an inspiring display.

We now meet 4th Air School (Port Alfred) in the final.

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'TALES of MANHATTAN'

Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Cesar Romero, Gail Patrick, Roland Young, Marion Martin, Elia Lashette, Victor Franzen, George Sanders and James Gleason.

SPORTS—Continued

EAST LONDON KNOCK-OUT CUP

A clear 4-3 victory over City put us in this Cup final and we now meet our local rivals from Colindale who ousted Wilsons to the tune of 3-1.

FRONTIER CHALLENGE CUP

In the semi-final a strong combined team, comprising the best players for City and Wilsons represented East London. It looked a good thing for the locals but our boys simply went home and romped home 6-3. We meet Queensdown in the final on August 14th, which will give the boys from 47 an opportunity to avenge the defeat they sustained in the Air Force Cup.

LOCAL LEAGUE SOCCER—RESULTS

May 29th

48 "A"	3 (Parlier 1, Seiber)	Wilsons	2
48 "B"	1 (Dodo)	City	7
48 "C"	1 (Hail)	48 "A"	7

June 5th

48 Air School	48 Air School	1 (Forster)	2
48 "B"	3 (Wright, Kerr)	48 "A"	2
City	48 "C"	48 "C"	0

June 12th—25 Group Challenge Cup

48 "A"	7 (Wason 3, Forster 1, Cans, Seiber)	48 "A"	0
48 "B"	4 (Bullen 3, Moore, Banks)	48 "B"	0
48 "C"	5 (Hadden 3)	Wilsons	3

June 19th

48 "A"	4 (Cans 2, Forster, Seiber)	48 "C"	2 (W.C. Bole, Thaddeus)
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June 26th—East London Knock-Out Cup Semi-Final

48 "A"	4 (Cans 4)	City	0
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June 19th—Air Force Cup—Semi-Final Replay

48 Air School	1 (Wright)	48 Air School	0
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July 3rd—Frontier Challenge Cup—Semi-Final

48 Air School	4 (Thornley, Carr 1, Wright, Wason)	East London	0
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The gate record for the season was smashed to witness our third semi-final in 8 days. The visitors had chosen the best possible XI in the town as our opponents, the forward line including two famous internationals in Wason and Seiber. Right from the kick-off the score looked as if they meant business. Inside three minutes Thornley had opened the score and six minutes later, with the crowd scarcely realising what had happened, we led 3-0. Goals continued to be chipped up in our favour and half-time arrived with the score 6-0. East London's rearranged their team, and with Lipin at centre half and Williams in the forward line, the results had the desired effect, and although 48 continued to play brilliantly, the score sheet remained unaltered.

48 "C"	5 (Hail 2, A.Rond, Mason Hadden)	48 "B"	8
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July 10th

48 "A"	5 (Wason 3, Cans 2, Forster)	48 "C"	8
48 "B"	3 (Pulley 2, Knowles 1, Banks)	48 "C"	1 (Moore)

July 12th—Air Force Cup—District Final at Queensdown

47 Air School	0	48 Air School	1 (Wason)
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This win has probably caused more carps in Service Football circles throughout the country than any other game. For two-and-a-half years Queensdown have succeeded as home against all opponents. We admit that we had all the luck going, and that 47 lacked the services of Hadden, but we are the better the better team was.

Jack Wason got our goal after 18 minutes, after a perfect move by Forster. We nearly got another immediately afterwards, and another, but the one goal proved sufficient to put 48 on the map and in the Competition Proper. Our opponents in the final round are 42 Air School (Blackheath).

SPORTS—Continued

RUGBY

INTER-SQUADRON LEAGUE

The trophy, kindly presented by Mr. Kahler through "B.O.N.", has been organised on the lines of a monthly competition. During June these games aroused tremendous interest and will undoubtedly prove their worth to the Seaborners as a happy foretelling ground for future.

No. 2 Squadron opened the proceedings with a somewhat scrappy victory over 4 Squadron mainly because "Chicks" flung their struggle through being part and parcel of a floating population. The winners met their Waterloo in the next round when a reorganised Permanent Staff side—supplemented (for the whippers is heavenly!) by one or two soccer stalwarts, put them out of the picture.

About this time No. 1 Squadron went down narrowly to No. 2 Squadron in one of the first games were this season. The final resulted in a win for 2 Squadron over the Permanent Staff (not so effectively organised this time) by 6 points to nil.

STATION RUGBY MATCHES

In June, 48 Air School Rugby sides struck a bad patch: a series of losses through injuries and injuries weakened our teams, and only now, at the start of July do we feel confident of proving an improvement.

48 "A"	5	Railway	13
48 "B"	3	41 "A"	13
48 "A"	0	41 "A"	30
48 "B"	9	Seaborn	8
48 "A"	14	Dale	7
48 "B"	0	Railway	27
48 "A"	10	Garrison	3
48 "B"	6	Railway Head	6
48 "C"	0	Old Collingwood "C"	6
48 "A"	3	44 A.S. Grubshaw	9
48 "B"	6	Garrison "A"	27
48 "C"	6	Old Collingwood	6
Combined Services "A"	11	Combined Civilian "A"	11
Combined Services "B"	9	Combined Civilian "B"	11
Combined Services "C"	11	Combined Civilian "C"	11
48 "A" and Garrison "A"	4	41 "A"	13
48 "B"	6	Old Collingwood "A"	25
48 "C"	6	Railway "A" and "B" Combined	12

EAST LONDON SENIOR RUGBY LEAGUE (to July 19th, 1943)

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points For	Points Against	League Points
Old Collingwood "A"	9	6	3	1	101	42	13
Railway	8	5	1	2	109	44	11
Garrison	8	5	4	—	102	97	11
48 "A"	4	3	1	—	39	45	6
48 "B"	7	3	3	1	80	47	7
48 "C"	6	—	5	—	26	104	1
Railway Head	5	—	3	1	16	58	1
Old Collingwood "B"	3	—	3	—	11	40	0

SPORTS—Continued

HOCKEY

RESULTS: (Men)

26th May	48 Air School	8	47 Air School	4
26th June	48 Air School	2	East London	1
2nd July	48 Air School	1	East London	2
4th July	48 Air School	8	42 Air School	1
17th July	48 Air School	0	47 Air School	4

RESULTS: (Ladies)

3th June	Air Schools, Mixed	1	Ardena	2
12th June	Air School 1, Mixed	2	East London Comb.	4
19th June	Air Schools, Mixed	1	Clydebank	3
7th July	Air Schools, Mixed	0	48 A.S. Officers' Mess	0
16th July	Air Schools, Mixed	0	48 A.S. Officers' Mess	1
15th July	Air Schools, Mixed	0	48 A.S. Officers' Mess	1
17th July	Air Schools, Mixed	1	Clydebank	1

Inter-Squadron League Table as at 16th July, 1943

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
No. 1 Squadron	4	4	0	0	11	2	8
No. 2 Squadron	4	2	1	1	11	4	5
No. 3 Squadron	3	3	1	0	11	18	5
No. 4 Squadron	5	0	5	0	2	20	0

The Hockey Section continues to thrive. The players are glad to have the use of the new field in front of Headquarters and on the days lengthen we hope to start London team matches in the evening.

The W.A.A.F.'s combined team, representing 41 and 48, is going strong. Practices are being held regularly once a week again, the pupils at Woodbrook Aerodrome and the team standard of play is improving rapidly as the season advances. The matches against Ardena and Clydebank demonstrated the improvement when the W.A.A.F. team played excellently.

The W.A.A.F.'s wanted some extra practice and decided to challenge the Officers' Mess. The Officers did not lose much about the game to play secretly at Woodbrook. Sorry, Corporal told! Next time we'll stage the game in front of Headquarters so that all may view these daisy showers. Luckily the Officers were able to enforce the girls away from the ball often enough to prevent their scoring—some of them using common-sense tactics to achieve that end. The P.M.C. as reserve forward made several flaking errors on the girls' goal, reported in the next by Captain Short, whose wife must have married him to go there with our W.A.A.F.'s. The C.D. playing in goal rubbed his wife's nose or she had not been warned that she was assisting. He turned defence into attack and latterly was away about the P.M.C. were not rubbing of hockey now! By the time falling light drew a veil over the field and it looked as though a draw was a fair reflection of the play.

The Inter-Squadron League has given a grand fillip to the Mess' Section and it is good to see so many of its teams out at the Race on a Sunday morning. So far, No. 2 Squadron are right on top with an undefeated record, but all the other Squadrons are out to change the face of the table before the end of the season.

We are looking forward to a win from Maiden Umpire early in August. We also hope to arrange additional fixtures with Grubshawton and Park Alfred and we hope to give a good amount of ourselves.

BOXING

The boxing was a big part in the Tournament held in the City Hall on June 1, 1943, being represented in each of the dozen Senior bouts figuring on the programme. Fortunately the evening was a huge success, more than £100 being raised for Talbot House and the N.E. Services Club, and as the whole war boys put up a grand show.

Mr. Black is to be congratulated on the performance of his team. A pen picture of the bouts follows:—
L.A.C. Edgington (48 A.S.). An experienced and seasoned boxer, lost his last bout in East London to L.A.C. Lovell (48 A.S.). Lovell a sturdy built lad, snuffed from the opening bell and in spite of Edgington's expert rigging managed to administer a fair amount of punishment.

Mid-way through the second round he felled his opponent, but here again, Edgington used the caveat as a breather.

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EAST LONDON

SPORTS—Continued

With victory in sight, Lovell attacked throughout the final round and gained a deserved victory by a narrow margin.

Hussars Horn Fire Services. A fit and ruthless fighter, completely outclassed L.A.C. Ewington (W A.S.), whose main asset was a commendable smother of pluck. The bout never reached great heights—few such standards were to be measured by anyone—but it was packed with action and there is still never fails to please the spectators.

L.A.C. Parker (H A.S.) had little or no difficulty in gaining the decision over L.A.C. Cody (W A.S.). Neither contender boasted that invincible stout heart or DIPNCE, but they seemed oblivious of all to rival a defect and attacked throughout with great gusto. The main difference was that the Colchester lad combined attack with strategy and this gained the decision.

L.A.C. McKillop (H A.S.) won on points against L.A.C. Barber (W A.S.) in a contest singularly devoid of thrills. Apart from repeating that the victory was easily McKillop's there is little to be said about the match.

L.A.C. Cotternden (W A.S.) stopped on time against L.A.C. Clark (W A.S.) and, in the first round, put up such a terrific onslaught that Clark took two long counts. In the second session Cotternden had things so much his own way, that it surprised no one when the referee intervened.

L.A.C. Solomon (W A.S.) gained a popular victory over A.B. Fines (S.A.M.F.), a Southpaw, who had been termed the "Naval Cyclone." Evidently Solomon's knowledge of matelotage terminology does not form part of ring make-up, because the ferocity of the sailor's peculiar onslaughts (spin, stab, and time and again sent to naught as the lad from 48 dodged, dodged or otherwise allowed fresh air to momentarily replace his lack.

Admittedly Solomon's found his opponent's style difficult to follow, but once he achieved that much the rest was easy and the verdict was well received.

Cadet Cox (Fire Services) who improves with every outing had an easy passage against L.A.C. Payne (H A.S.). Our lad stepped into the breach as a last minute substitute, without any training, and the contest appeared at the end of the 2nd round to save a game boy from unnecessary punishment.

L.A.C. Gries (W A.S.), a polished boxer, was much too good for L.A.C. Hall (W A.S.). The first round ended with Hall rising from a count of 8 and Gries retained his mastery by effectively that the referee stopped the bout midway through the 2nd session.

T. Jocky (Fire Services), found his much smaller opponent Cpl. Mayo (H A.S.) a tough nut to crack. As a disadvantage in height and weight Mayo insisted on carrying the fight as the Hercules and although he took a lot of punishment, he managed to scrape through by a narrow margin.

The bout between L.A.C. Luskier (W A.S.) and L.A.C. Giff (W A.S.) was a scrappy affair with both men obviously out of condition. Luskier won on points by a narrow margin.

L.A.C. Taylor (W A.S.) snatched from the opening bell in his bout with H. Townsend. The latter won the 2nd round—only by a narrow margin—and ended all points and the first round brought forth a wonderful grandstand finish which gave Taylor the verdict.

The last fight of the evening was one of the best. **L.A.C. Baumann (H A.S.)** School, another Southpaw, opposed L.C. de Rauck (W A.S.) School), a stylist with a big local reputation. In the first round de Rauck found the Southpaw a difficult man to attack and a lot of valuable strength was suddenly expended. Round two was more even, with Baumann riding easily in readiness for the last round and the wisdom of his tactics became obvious when he put all he knew into the final session to gain the victory, over a clever boxer who could stand the pace.

INTER-FORTRESS BOXING TOURNAMENT

Held at East London, July 22nd, 1943

L.L. Wyllie (P.F.) beat A.F.S. Cadet Oberon (E.L.) on points.

L.A.C. Young (P.E.) A pocket Hercules who packed a punch loaded with something resembling dynamite, required a round and a half to beat L.A.C. Cotternden (H A.S., East London) from the outset.

A.M. Both (P.E.) gained the verdict over L.A.C. Stacey (W A.S., East London), in a bout almost devoid of the glitzy action we see in the previous rounds.

A.M. Penny (P.E.), a rugged fighter, put paid to the chances of L.A.C. Marsh (W A.S., East London). This good Port Elizabeth star 4-2 beat with 2 corners to go.

L.A.C. Russell (P.E.) lost to Cpl. Greener (E.L.), the referee stopping the fight at the end of the second round. Greener attacked throughout and knocked his opponent through the ropes as the going went to terminate the round.

L.A.C. van Niekerk (P.E.) lost to Cpl. Groves, met his master in Cpl. Groves (H A.S., East London). The latter deservedly gained the prize for the most stylish display of the evening and is indeed the best of many fine exponents of the art we have had to see tonight.

Cpl. Muzillie (P.E.) lost a very even contest to L.A.C. Hickin (H A.S., East London).

SPORTS—Continued

Hobden replied he was stronger as a boxer and wisely refrained from working as close quarters. The interval arrived with P.E. 1 lead reduced to 4-3.

Pos. Kruger (P.E.), lost to L.A.C. Taylor (40 A.S., East London), the original decision being reversed, Taylor giving way height and reach won the first round. The second gave the Port Elizabeth man a better answer, gaining the upper hand but he threw the fight away in the last round by failing to attack when definitely an opportunity.

Pos. Aikens (P.E.) regained the lead for the visitors with a narrow victory over L.A.C. Solomon (40 A.S., East London). Aikens was a class boy and won the opening round. The 2nd round was a gem, with Solomon striking throughout. Aikens, however, was equal to every move and retained his superiority in his own game and skillful opponent.

A. M. Gabley (P.E.) carrying more weight made the cup a certainty for Port Elizabeth. Fortness by gaining the decision over L.A.C. Thomas (41 A.S., East London). Our boy gave a great display but was beaten by a superior opponent.

FORTRESS ATHLETIC MEETING

CROSS COUNTRY

This grueling six mile race attracted 21 starters and was won in good time by Cpl. Gee (P.E.), with Fineman Hargis (E.L.) though not a nominee, a good second.

ATHLETIC MEETING

BORDER RUGBY GROUND, Saturday, 10th July, 1940

This meeting, despite unfavourable conditions from a record breaking point of view, attracted a large crowd and proved an unqualified success. Great credit is due to Major Lambing and P.O. Russ-Hughes for their part as the committee responsible for the organisation.

The main attraction, of course, proved the appearance of Capt. Denis Store, an athlete boasting not only world experience but one of world championship class. Originally, Capt. Store intended attacking the visiting Border Bears, but a serious accident a week before the meeting prevented this and it was only with the utmost reluctance that the medical authorities allowed him to run.

The conditions, with a strong head wind blowing down the straight, spoilt the game.

1. P.O. Witherden (40 A.S. & E.L.) 2. Van Niekerk (P.E.)
3. Cpl. Gallagher (P.E.)

A grand race by the 40 boy who is a protégé of Denis Store. Heled from the gun and finished strongly to win by 15 yards. Time 1.1 min. 10.4 sec.

(Men) Throwing the Discus

1. Lt. Stoffberg (E.L., 41 A.S.) Distance 119 ft.
2. L.A.C. Edwards (E.L., 40 A.S.) Distance 112 ft.
3. Lt. Smith (P.E.) Distance 108 ft.

- (Women) 100 Yards Flat Scratch
1. Lt. (Mrs.) Scudgell-Clark (E.L.) Time 13 sec. 2. Cpl. (Miss) Cross (P.E.)
3. Sgt. Tenks (P.E.)

- (Men) 100 Yards Flat Scratch
1. Capt. Store (40 A.S., E.L.) Time 15.7 sec. 2. Hensenhager (P.E.)
3. Sgt. Lovick (41 A.S., E.L.)

- (Men) Long Jump
1. Gnr. Hensenhager (P.E.) Distance 19 ft. 4 in. 2. Lt. Stoffberg (41 A.S., E.L.)
3. Sgt. Lovick (41 A.S., E.L.)

- (Women) 80 Metres Hurdles
1. A. W. Jewell (P.E.) Time 15.3 sec. 2. Sgt. Tenks (P.E.)
3. A. W. Cross (P.E.)

- (Men) 1 Mile Flat
1. P.O. Witherden (40 A.S., E.L.) Time 4 min. 58.5 sec.
2. Fineman Hargis (E.L.) 3. Sgt. Cross (P.E.)

This event resulted into a dual between Hargis and Witherden. Once again the 40 boy showed the way to the field and was never really troubled by Hargis' challenge. A clear winner by 18 yards.

- (Men) Putting the Shot
1. Lt. Smith (P.E.) Distance 57 ft. 3 in. 2. Lt. Stoffberg (40 A.S., E.L.)
3. G. Smith (P.E.)

SPORTS—Continued

- (Women) 120 Yards Flat
1. Lt. (Mrs.) Scudgell-Clark (E.L.) Time 21.6 sec.
2. A. W. Newton (E.L.) 3. A. W. Cross (P.E.)

- (Men) 220 Yards Flat
1. Capt. Store (40 A.S., E.L.) Time 22.4 sec.
2. Cpl. de la Harpe (P.E.) 3. Sgt. Lovick (41 A.S., E.L.)

Capt. Store was offered no opposition and was easily by 8 yards. The time was excellent considering the conditions.

- (Men) 120 Yards Hurdles
1. Lt. Stoffberg (41 A.S., E.L.) Time 30.4 sec.
2. A. M. Bishop (P.E.) 3. L.A.C. Atwood (40 A.S., E.L.)

- (Women) High Jump
1. A. W. Guinness (E.L.) Height 4 ft. 3 in. 2. Pos. Burton (P.E.)
3. Sgt. Varner (E.L.)

- (Men) 440 Yards Scratch
1. Capt. Store (40 A.S., E.L.)
2. Lt. Stoffberg (41 A.S., E.L.) Time 31.3 sec.

- (Men) 220 Yards Low Hurdles
1. Lt. Stoffberg (41 A.S., E.L.) Time 31.3 sec.
2. L.A.C. Atwood (40 A.S., E.L.) 3. A. M. Bishop (P.E.)

- (Men) 440 Yards Flat (Men)
1. Cpl. Gee (E.L.) Time 18 min. 22.4 sec. 2. L.A.C. Mills (P.E.)

- (Men) High Jump
1. Lt. Stoffberg (41 A.S., E.L.) Height 5 ft. 2 in. 2. L.A.C. Bishop (P.E.)
3. Lt. Krupphar and L.A.C. Edwards (E.L.)

- Tug of War
1. Port Elizabeth. 2. 41 Air School, East London.
3. Port Elizabeth, 41 Points.

- RESULT OF INTER-FORTRESS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS
1. East London, 116 Points. 2. Port Elizabeth, 41 Points.

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"WHAT'S ON?"

COLOSSEUM THEATRE

August 9th—11th

Arthur Aubrey

in
"KING ARTHUR
WAS A GENTLEMAN"

August 12th—14th

Double Feature Programme
A film can't be missed!
The Official Film

"COASTAL COMMAND"

also

Gloria Jean, Donald O'Connor

"IT COMES UP LOVE"

August 16th—18th

Frank Lloyd has made a name for himself as a director of such outstanding films as "Hulley on the Beach" and "The Hurricane". His latest picture is another great story of the Sea—this time it is of the adventures of the crew of a schooner which made a hazardous trip around the Horn in 1813 to establish the American fur trade in the Pacific Northwest.
Franchot Tunes John Carol
Water Breasts Carol Bruce

"THIS WOMAN IS MINE"

August 19th—21st

Here's a very bright and witty comedy—if you like the American style of humour. Ginger Rogers finds that she hasn't enough money to pay her old love home and so she disguises herself as a twelve-year-old and gets someone to buy her a half-dozen dolls—the five cents.

Ginger Rogers Ray Milland
Robert Donkey

"THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR"

August 22nd—24th

Another thriller by Donald Harriman—creator of the "The Man" series.
Veronica Lake Brian Donlevy
Alan Ladd

"THE GLASS KEY"

August 25th—28th

Abbott and Costello in
"WHO DONE IT?"

TWENTIETH CENTURY THEATRE

August 9th—14th

Walt Disney's

"PINOCCHIO"

in

Photophone Technicolor.

You should not miss seeing this delightful film

August 16th—18th

Kitt Brothers

Tony Martin

Marjorie Weaver

in

"KENTUCKY MOONSHINE"

August 19th—21st

Walter Brennan Walter Huston

Anne Baxter

in

"SWAMP WATER"

August 22nd—24th

A Thrilling Story of North Africa.

Henry Fonda Maureen O'Hara

Thomas Mitchell

in

"THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT"

August 19th—September 1st

Programme to be announced

September 2nd—8th

Frederic March Veronica Lake

in

Thorne Smith's

"I MARRIED A WITCH"

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