

SPORTS NEWS.

BASEBALL.

Championships have now become a habit with us: 1st, Seaford Area; 2nd, Canadian Championship of England; and now the Championship of the British Isles. Aside from boasting, that is some record for one season, and we are mightily proud of ourselves. To close the season properly, a suggestion has been made to play off with our mates of the Corps Championship in France, say Paris.

Now that the ball season is over, we can again turn our attention to the war.

They do say that "Dad" has a tempting offer from the C.E.T.C. Pierrot Troupe. His juggling turn in the 6th is worthy of note, and should make a top line turn. We'll all be on hand at the first night performance, "Dad."

Riley's error was quite excusable. The runner died on first, and no damage was done. Those four hits and the two perfect pegs across the diamond tell their own story. No apologies required, Jim.

Lieut.-Col. Fell was an interested spectator. The boys all appreciated his generous donation after the game. It made Saturday night's entertainment a success. Many thanks, sir.

Bishop (the enemy pitcher) must have known what was going to happen when he found that he was tossing to eight left-handed batters. Willy, our only right hand hitter, drew one walk, was hit by pitched balls twice, and connected for one splendid hit in five times up.

Gardner worked as hard as any of them on that third base coach line. Doesn't he dearly love an argument?

Godfrey, Gardner, and their close harmony Company, were on tour again on Sunday night.

We'll all be Mary Pickfords if this moving picture machine sticks around long enough. Wonder what the folks at home will say when they see us in the movies?

The outfield had an easy day. Proctor took care of the only outfield fly, and that was the third man out in the ninth.

Duncan and Watson did not have their usual hitting eye. We all have our off days.

McDougall caught a splendid game. His pegging to first and second was perfect. It takes a big leaguer to hold "Wylie" when he is twisting 'em. ♡

We deny the statement regarding the Rabbit trimming a London "Bobby" in the Strand.

Gardner, Rankin, Glover and Dodson, our spares, were not required.

Famous sayings, "The old dissy doe, Wiley." "Don't hurt anybody with that tremendous speed," by "Dad."

"Cap" had a busy afternoon. Keeping a box score and explaining the fine points of the game to a fair damsel at the same time takes a bit of doing.

We noticed our old friend and supporter, Major McQuaig, of the Forestry Corps at Tunbridge Wells, was well to the fore on the side lines.

"CAP."

BOXING.

C.E.T.C. Tournament—Arena, North Camp.

Wednesday Afternoon, September 26th.

What proved to be the best fights this year were staged by the Centre in the Arena, on Wednesday afternoon, September 26th, before a crowd of over 5000, every square inch inside this amphitheatre being taken up. The weather man, who up till the morning of the show had been nobody's friend, kicked through with a bunch of sunshine, and all was well. The crowd commenced to line up outside the various entrances as early as 12.30, and before the gates were opened at 1.30, queues some 400 yards in length had formed. Col. Fell, accompanied by the referees, Mr. Eugene Corri, editor of "Boxing," and Col. Mayes, C.A.G.S., entered the Arena sharp at 2 o'clock, amid howls of delight from the impatient crowd. The "good old band" was right on the job too, and during the intervals served up some real raggy airs.

Sergt. Alexander, our own hefty middleweight, met Sergt. Ponsford, the Marine (Aldershot) in a 15 2-minute round contest for the headliner, with Sergt. Joe Attwood and Gunner Russell, C.F.A., Witley, welterweight champion, Western Canada—a protégé of Tommy Burns—next in a 10 3-minute round go. Corpl. Goodson, our other nifty performer, went 10 rounds with Sergt. Stanton, 1st Canadian Reserve, which proved a very pretty set-to. In the six-round bouts Pte. Knox, the 1st Reserve heavy, hooked up with Pte. Clarkson, C.M.G.D., in a return scrap, and Sapper Gordon, 1st C.E.R.B., met Corpl. Devlin, the new whirlwind from Pennsylvania, 3rd C.E.R.B.

Sergt. Alexander—Sergt. Ponsford.

The pair were quickly at work, but Alexander clearly showed that his left ankle, which had been put out during training, was bothering him, by his failure to use his dangerous right hook. Things were about even up till about the tenth round, when Ponsford, with a punch in both hands, began to look like the winner. It was a great fight, keeping the crowd right on the edge of their seats throughout, Ponsford winning on points.

Sergt. Joe Attwood—Gunner Russell.

Russell, who had been looking for a chance at the wily Joe for a long time, and who was considered by many to be more or less of a dark horse, after the first round never had a chance. He is a good youngster, rather clever, but lacks a real punch. In the third round, Attwood, who had been using his left to good effect, got a couple in with his right to the Artilleryman's jaw, after which he commenced holding. Col. Mayes, who handled this go, warned him several times about this, and in the fifth was obliged to disqualify him, awarding the fight to the Machine Gunner.

Corpl. Goodson—Sergt. Stanton.

Goodson beat Stanton on points in the prettiest fight of the afternoon. Stanton, who was much the heftier of the two, started to rush the fighting about the fifth, but several straight lefts made him behave. Both the