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What a Life!



Seen from afar he pleased
her eye,
At closer quarters . . .
MY, OH, MY!
You can avoid his fate,
my friend.
You must *perspire*,
but don't offend!

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY
FROM HEAD TO TOE
—IT STOPS B.O.

R.C.A.F. (W.D.) and Barrie Girls' Softball



Back Row (L to R)—Smith, Turner, A/S/O Hargan, Mann, Lucas, Axford, A/S/O Dunbar, Carnagie, Leask, Drinkwater, Martynuk.
Centre Row—Louise Gourette, Lavilla Bell, Alice Frailek, Georgina Brown, F/O McKinley, Jack Stanwyck, Sgt.-Major Brown, Frances Duvalle, Viola Perry, S/O Reed.
Front Row—LAC Glunz, Cpl. Mallett (coach), Evelyn LeGear, Beatrice Burridge, Geo. Gill, Paul Gourette.

The Realm of Sport By
CPL. McKAY, T. N.

The R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Softball team played its final game in Barrie with the Barrie Girls team on the evening of September 22. This was an exhibition game and one of the highlights of the Barrie Annual Fair. The Airforce girls won and the score was 7-4. While it has been very difficult to keep our team together, we have enjoyed the games with the Barrie Girls very much, have found them very keen and enthusiastic and good sports. Our team has changed continually from game to game, due among other things, to postings. Much of the credit for keeping the team together is due the Captain, LAW Martynuk, who has pitched for us all season, and the catcher, LAW Smith—these two have appeared at every game and practice and are chiefly responsible for maintaining such a fine team spirit throughout the season—they, together with LAW Mann, from Leamington, Ontario, AW1 Lucas from Kingsville and LAW Axford from Riverside, have been the mainstay of the Airforce team throughout the season.

We wound up the season with four Western girls added to the team. They are AW2 Turner from Victoria, B.C., AW1 Drinkwater from Glenboro, Manitoba, AW1 Leask from Fenton, Sask., and AW1 Carnegie from Congress, Sask. The Western girls as usual have maintained their reputation of being excellent sports and have been a welcome addition to our team.

FLYERS WIN CAMP BORDEN SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

The R.C.A.F. Soccer team met A-22 Army Medical Corps in a two game-goals-to-count-series. First game was played at Ralston Field with the Flyers blanking the Army, 2-0; the goals being scored by Brand and Drummond. During this game the Medical Corps team suffered a severe setback when their star goalie was injured and had to be removed from the game.

The second game was played on the Air Force pitch and proved to be a much better game than the first, with the Army displaying a good passing attack. The game ended in a 1-1 tie. The 2-goal lead from the previous game proved to be enough for the Flyers to win the Championship. This concludes an eight team league that has shown some very well played games.

BOWLING NEWS

Monday night saw the opening of the newly decorated Bowling Alleys. Plans are underway for the formation of a House League. The Station Band has already started with a four team loop. Any section or flight desiring to form a team for the forthcoming league should start making their plans and watch D.R.O. for further announcements. It is hoped that a large number of entries will be tendered and that another good bowling season will be had at No. 1 S.F.T.S.

—RCAF—

DRILL HALL NOTES

Plans are under discussion for the winter's Drill Hall sports—basketball, volleyball, badminton, boxing, borden ball, etc. It is also hoped that the Station basketball team will be formed again this year. It is recalled that last year's team was successful in winning the Camp Borden Championship. We wonder if there are enough basketball players of high calibre on the station to form another club who will be in the hunt for the 1942-43 championship? Watch D.R.O.

—RCAF—

HOCKEY

No. 1 Training Command is entering a Senior Hockey Team in the "A" Series of the Ontario Hockey Association.

This team will have its headquarters at the Maple Leaf Gardens at Toronto.

It is stressed that only the names of highly qualified players be submitted, as there are many outstanding players at the present time at Units of No. 1 Training Command.

Will personnel interested, and qualified, report immediately to F/O E. T. McKinley at Station Headquarters.

—RCAF—

WINS BARRIE GOLF TITLE

Congratulations are in order to WO1 Howard B. Smith of Armament Section for winning the championship of Barrie Golf Club this season. With this honor goes the Wadsworth Cup, a traditional trophy which has been in competition for many years. WO1 Smith defeated J. G. Currie, Barrie barrister, in the final match on the 37th hole.

A Visit to Melbourne's Chinatown

The time is about 10.30 p.m., any night of the week. The scene is scarce a stone's throw from Melbourne's brilliantly lit main thoroughfare.

One turns and walks a few hundred yards along a dimly lit, narrow street, and is practically a stranger in a strange land. Dark figures, standing on the corners of the lanes, and in the dim doorways, are chattering away in Chinese. Only occasionally, from pedestrians passing through, or a wandering supper party seeking something new in life, does one hear the English tongue spoken. The predominant sound is the peculiar shuffling sound of the Chinese, as they cross the streets or lanes in their apparently aimless manner.

A friend of mine was down from up north, and, in common with many other people, associated the Chinese with knifings, stranglings, and other dark deeds. To disprove this to him, I decided to show him the Chinese behind the darkened doors of Little Bourke Street. I knew all the Fan Tan schools well along there, and had access to most of them.

We knock upon a weatherbeaten door, which looks, to all appearances, as though it has not been opened for years. However, it opens readily, and "Charlie's" leatherlike, inscrutable face is just discernible in the gloom. I have never found out his real name. However, he always looked pleased when I passed and gave him "Night, Charlie," and always replied with his "Lo, drink cup of tea." Tonight he looks closely at my companion. I explain that my friend wishes to "watch fan tan play," as he has never seen it before. Charlie nods assent, turns, and conducts us up a dark, rickety flight of stairs to a large, bare room above. Here there is a long deal table in the centre of the room. The players are seated along each side of the table. The "master" of the game is seated at the head of the table, with a long, slender, pointed stick in his hand. With this he selects chips, in fours, from a heap in the centre of the table. I have never mastered the game fully, but

the wagering, I understand, is as to whether there are three, two, one, or no chips left after the last four have been raked away. I have always been more interested in the intent players and onlookers than in the actual game.

No sooner had we entered than "Charlie" asked us, "Likee cup of tea?" which I declined courteously, saying that I had just had one. A pot of tea and half a dozen or so small china bowls are always in attendance on the table side of the room. I have no doubt that the tea would be really good, but I don't fancy drinking from the community bowls. On a table next to this one are also a dozen or so bamboo pipes, about two feet six in length, and one inch in diameter, and, if one is in the know, one can obtain a tiny pellet of opium and retire to a room with one of these pipes, to enjoy the heavenly sleep.

We move over to the table, and join the ring of spectators around the game. There are over 10 to 12 players, and some of the "rolls" on the table would contain £20 to £30. They play in silence, only broken occasionally by a few quick words in Chinese. What always intrigued me was the utter lack of expression on their thin, bony inscrutable faces. I have watched them for an hour at a time, and have never yet seen a face register any sign of either joy or disappointment in win or loss, great or small.

We watch the game for 10 minutes or a quarter of an hour and then leave. My friend heaves a sigh of relief when again in the street, and remarks, "I still don't like the look of some of those guys standing around with their hands in their sleeves."

To me the Chinaman appears as one of our best citizens. He is hardworking, industrious and thrifty. He keeps to himself. His vices seldom go beyond the bounds of a game of fan tan or dominoes, and an occasional pipe of opium. He discourages Europeans to join in his vices with him.

NEWS AND NONSENSE FROM NO. 15 MAINTENANCE CRASH HANGAR

If you were to walk into fifteen Hangar at any time you would hear the clicking and clanking of wrenches on the metallic structure of the aircraft. "Busy?" We are always busy. Some one wrecks them and we fix them, to rocket the serviceability up to an astounding percentage. Under the guidance of "Sarg" Glennie, our most handsome and noble rigger, and the tractor our parts are secured pronto, then the rest is up to our noble crew which consists of Cpl. Jack Lingwood, "Jackie"; Cpl. Narbonne, who likes the crash crew business, Cpl. Cox, LAC Nichols, our maestro who takes an active part in our station orchestra; LAC Pepper Martyn, an old hand at the game; LAC Lightfoot, "Lighty" to you.

AC1 "Axe Handle" Snache has secured a position in the Component Section, AC2 Raymond, who says, "She's a great country where I come from!" AC2 Feldman, new to us, doesn't know the ropes as yet but when he does he claims he'll tie us all in knots. AC1 Barton, we are sorry to report, is spending a few days in the hospital recuperating. "Married life must be great."

LAC "Gussie" Roberts says he is going to remuster to a rigger fitter. "I like it," he says. LAC Skinner waits until his forty-eight then he starts cutting corners, but the trouble is he always gets caught, then he starts sweating over whether he is going to get his forty-eight cancelled or not.

LAC Mauch, "Tiny the Iron Man" says sometimes the noise around would drive a dog off a gut wagon.

AC1 "Biff" Boll is the proud and haugh-

ty lad you see waving the great baton high, wide and handsome in front of our station band. Sergeant Major McCorkindale said it was a great honour? ? ?

LAC Eagles, a good lad, says, "I have pa'ns that jingle, jingle jangle," but he seems to get what he wants. He also blows his own horn—who else would do it for him?

LAC Vince Reinhardt, or should I say the Invincible Vince, has been blessed with an heir, a baby girl. Now you have something to keep your hands full Vince. We hope you don't have too many route marches between the gay hours of 2300 and 0400 hours.

LAC Brewer, who was retained in the hospital for a while is now convalescing at home. Hope you're better soon, fellow worker.

LAC Porter, among the missing at Camp, turned up at last and is at Edenvale. He says the walking in is swell.

LAC Trudeau has trouble with his boots. "It's either my feet that are too big or these boots that are too small." A real problem! So we'll let him figure that out for himself.

LAC Archer has returned from farm leave. He claims everything is "under control." The only thing he didn't like was getting barley straw down his back. He said, "It bites." He took his boots off before he came back so as it wouldn't bring back fond memories to the other boys in the hangar. So with the assistance of Cpl. "Doc" Savage life goes on in fifteen hangar. That's all for now. CPL. COX.

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