

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

BOWLING

No. 1 S.F.T.S. is well represented in the Barrie Town League, having entered two teams.

The "A" team consisting of F/O McAsk-in, J., S/M Falls, A., F/Sgt Pearsall, A., LAC's Chomiski, A., Fulton, E., Bertrand, A., should go a long way and supply very tough opposition for the town teams.

The "B" team of F/Sgt Harding, S., F/Sgt Fitter, J., Sgt. LaBelle, M., LAC's Montgomery, VanSickle and Duguid will also supply very strong opposition in the minor loop and be in the money at playoff time.

So, if any of you folks are in town on a Monday or Tuesday night, drop into the local alleys and give the lads a bit of a cheer.

—RCAF—

BOXING

LAC Dunkleman, L., LAC Rowland, A. H., and AC Spraggett, J., brought honours to this station when they journeyed to the Army Area and competed in a boxing show staged in the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium on November 4.

In the 170-lb. class, Dunkleman (Course 66) defeated Pte. Cochrane of A-9 in a bout marked with a lot of action. Dunkleman took his worthy opponent in the first round by the T.K.O. route.

LAC Rowland (Servicing), weighing 135 lbs., had to enter the heavier class, as no allowance was made. A whirlwind of rights and lefts in the second round against Pte. Fontaine of A-9 gave the Air Force boy the bout by the T.K.O.

AC Spraggett, the smooth 135 pounder from Montreal, met Pte. White of the 2nd Army Tank Brigade in a fast three-round match. Jimmy outclassed his opponent right from the start and after weakening him in the first two rounds, came out for the third to win the fight by T.K.O.

The R.C.A.F. boxers were accompanied by LAC "Andy" Adamson, trainer, and J. M. Bampfield, of the Y.M.C.A.

—RCAF—

CAROL FOR OUR NOEL

(Continued from page fifteen)

to the Port of Batoun on the shores of the Black Sea, he then returned to Mesopotamia to complete some duties after which he returned to England.

The civil life of this gentleman is even more varied than his life as a soldier. 1923 found him sheep ranching in Western Australia, during 1924-25-26 he was Asst. General Manager of a gold mine in Korea, China. In 1927 he returned to England via Canada. In 1927-28-29 he managed an estate in Kenya Colony, British East Africa, returning again to England in 1929 to take a well deserved vacation. During this vacation he visited the United States and Canada, the latter, however, held his interest and he remained in this country and in 1932 he was made Manager and Secretary of "Fur Ranches Ltd." at Lindsay, Ont. He continued in this capacity until the outbreak of the present war. After the "call to the colors" was sounded in 1939 he made repeated attempts to enlist and was finally accepted and appointed to a commissioned rank with the R.C.A.F. in July, 1941.

We take our hats off to you Flying Officer Arnold and wish you every success in the future.

J. H. NEVILLE, Sgt.

BASKETBALL

The Station basketball team have had a few practices, and from all indications another squad of high calibre will be formed to represent No. 1 S.F.T.S. in the Camp Borden league, and perhaps come out on top with the championship again this year.

F/O Len Rogers has consented to coach this year's team and with F/L "Jake" Alexander, F/O Harvey Funkhouser and P/O Lorne Brand from last year's team to give their support, the coaching staff is well looked after.

Among those trying out for the team are: Harris, Rivoire, Mitchell, Consaul, Goldberg, Curtiss, Schleicher, Walton, Weiber, MacQueen, Lowry, Alcombrack and Swedlove.

A fast, well-balanced team will be formed worthy of your support, so come out and cheer the boys along.

—RCAF—

FORMER CATCHER MISSING

(Reprinted from The Barrie Examiner)
STAR CATCHER in the summer of 1941 with the Camp Borden R.C.A.F. baseball team Flight Sergeant Jimmy Matches is reported missing overseas. . . he was just 19 and was one of the Owen Sound district's most promising athletes. . . receiving his wings at Borden when he was 18 he proceeded overseas and topped his class in advanced training in Scotland. . . one of our last recollections of Jimmy Matches was at a final ball game in the late summer of 1941 at Borden. . . the Flyers were missing their catcher, who was "in the air" somewhere. . . they stalled for time while the Fort Garry Horse were howling to get the game going. . . eventually a plane zoomed in low over the field, somebody yelled "that's Jimmy," and in a few minutes the likeable youth, grinning sheepishly, came dashing onto the diamond, apologizing profusely about having been tied up in a final navigation test, and then proceeded to play the game of his life.

—RCAF—

WOMEN'S DIVISION SPORTS ACTIVITIES

BOWLING

The Women's Division are entering a team in the station bowling tournament and are intending to give the men's teams some stiff competition.

Comprised of Cpls. Lucas (captain), Back, Laws, Malott, Martynuk, Smith, and AW's Furnidge and Flack, the team's average is well in the 200's. They should put up a good show and are anxious to get into the fray.

—RCAF—

BASKETBALL

A basketball team is being organized which we hope will compete in inter-station games. At the moment it is still in the early stages of development, but a few more practices and it will be raring to go.

A complete set of uniforms is ready and waiting. Blue satin shorts and slacks with red jersey blouses, across the top "Pilots" in white lettering. A temptation even to those who can't play.

It is hoped that in addition to the station team several teams will be formed amongst ourselves with an eye to a busy winter season and some good games. Everyone interested come on out.

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THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY

(Continued from page five)

know its importance. They know that, each day, they have done something to help to win the war. In that knowledge they are happy. They are well content.

Let me take you to a fighter station during the season when cross-channel sweeps are being made. On the days when these are at their height, the squadrons take off three or four times. That means heavy work for the ground crews. It means constant and careful checking of engine and airframe. But these men do not complain. If the aircraft they service are in action—it is their fight. If their pilot does a victory roll as he comes in to a landing—it is their victory.

They have a peculiar sense of possession. It is their aircraft—their pilot—their crew—their war—their victory.

Let me tell you of another incident. Recently, one of our bomber squadrons was converted from twin-engine bombers to heavy, four-engined types. The aircrew had made the change in record time—just half the time previously taken by any other squadron. They completed their conversion, a very few days before the first thousand bomber raid on Cologne. But while the aircrew was completing its job, the ground crew had accomplished an even greater task. Faced with new aircraft there were hundreds of minor additions and modifications that had to be made. Fitters, riggers, engine mechanics, armourers, even clerks, all turned in. They worked night and day. They had as little as four hours' sleep one night. At times there were as many as thirty men working on one aircraft. But, when the Commander-in-Chief gave the order that sent another thousand bombers into the air; THAT squadron was ready. It sent out the largest number of aircraft it had ever done. It dropped four times the weight of bombs that it had ever dropped. Every aircraft functioned perfectly.

You didn't read about those ground crew in the stories that were headlined all over the world because:

THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY

But the men who flew the giant bombers knew what THEY had done. They did not spare their praise. And I can tell you, the Wing Commander of that squadron knows that he has the finest ground crew now serving the British Isles.

They serve with little praise; no medals;

no glory. Yet there is bravery where chance it falls.

Take for instance, the bravery of Flight Sergeant Lummis who was working with gasoline in a hangar at Trenton, Ontario. Suddenly, a full can of gasoline burst into flame. Calmly, Flight Sergeant Lummis carried it towards the doors of the hangar. Ahead of him was the expanse of the aerodrome; behind him, a hangar crammed with precious aircraft. The heat was intense; and Lummis, his hands and face burned, was forced to set down his blazing load. For an instant he looked back—saw that hangar filled with valuable planes. Again he picked it up, the searing hot flames licking over his face and chest, blistering his hands, and carried it hundreds of feet beyond the hangar—to safety. He nearly lost his life, but he saved many priceless aircraft. In time, Flight Sergeant Lummis was awarded the George Medal. And remember, decorations are hard to get in Canada.

This is the hour—(as I told you, it is two o'clock in the morning here) at which our bombers may be expected to arrive over the spot, in Germany, which has been designated; target for tonight.

At this very moment, German people may be dashing madly to the shelters as more than one thousand aircraft sound over their heads. Their night may be made hideous with the shriek of descending bombs; the bursting of incendiaries; the explosions of the anti-aircraft batteries.

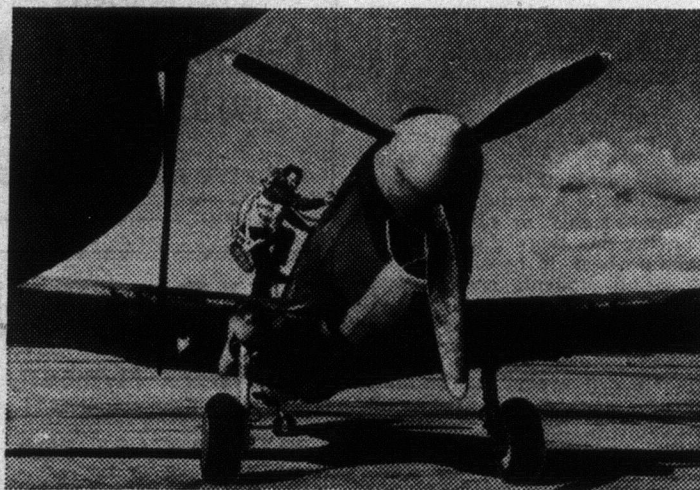
And if (at this very moment) a German war factory is disintegrating under the weight of heavy bombs; if a submarine base is heaving from its foundations;—give praise to the flying crew certainly. But save a few—or more than a few—of your words of praise for the ground crew—the men who make such gigantic raids possible.

Save some of your cheers for THEM.

Each time you read in your papers of a bombing attack; or of a vicious fighter battle; or the sinking of a submarine, remember the ground crew. Each time I leave an air station (usually at night) my heart goes out to these men; to whom I now pay tribute.

Let me assure their relatives that their efforts to win this war are as important as any other. They shall not go unrecognized. Let your prayers be for them too, for in so doing, you pray for the safety of them that fly. The ground crew pursue a noble calling, and:—

THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY!



CANADIAN JAP-SLAPPERS

Pilot of an R.C.A.F. Kittyhawk fighter climbs aboard his plane before going aloft on a patrol in Alaska. Canada's airmen, serving with those of the United States in the northern outpost, have already drawn Jap blood.

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