

Five Pins See Action

Men's Five Pin Bowling League went into action Monday night with the highest three game total taken by Budd's team, and the highest single by CNRA No. 1. Single high score was 1213, and Budd's scored 3122 with games of 1024, 1154 and 944.

Hero of the opener was Jack Mitchell, of the high team, who bowled a high of 287 in a single game. This score was closely followed by Larry Disher, of the Moose, and McLean of the Firemen, both scoring 286. Ed Musselam of Bud's turned in a high three-game total of 730, with games of 226, 271 and 193.

Low single game was 60 and low three games totalled 333.

Results:

"A" League

Bud's	3
Thom Sheet Metal	3
Bulger's	3
Manson's	3
Sport Shop	2
CNRA No. 1	2
Rupert Butchers	2
Short Circuits	2
Home Oil	1
Misfits	1
Firemen	1
Moose	1

"B" League

Kalen Industries	4
Royal Fish	4
Hot Shots	3
Northwest Const.	3
F.R. Amusements	3
Paramounts	2
Canadian Legion	2
Jaycees	1
Coastal Painters	1
Bulky Market	1
CNRA No. 2	0
Jets	0

Next week's schedule:
Coastal Painters vs Paramounts; Northwest Const. vs Royal Fish; Bulky Market vs Canadian Legion; CNRA No. 2 vs F.R. Amusements; Jets vs Jaycees; Hot Shots vs Kalen Industries.
Rupert Butchers vs Misfits; Short Circuits vs CNRA No. 1; Manson's vs Bulger's; Firemen vs Moose; Sport Shop vs Bud's; Home Oil vs Thom Sheet Metal.



DISPUTED END—A new court battle on the international football horizon involves husky Neill Armstrong, Winnipeg Blue Bombers' classy end. Philadelphia Eagles of United States National Football League seek a restraining injunction against Armstrong on grounds they picked up their option on his 1950 contract. (CP PHOTO)

Fain Named Batting King

CHICAGO (CP)—Ferris Fain, Philadelphia's left-hand-hitting first sacker, today was unofficially crowned as the Athletics' first American League batting champion in 18 years with a .344 percentage. The first A's star to win the title since Jimmy Fox did in 1933, with .356, Fain finished 18 points ahead of Chicago's versatile Minnie Minoso, the Cuban Negro rookie-of-the-year candidate who had .326.

HERE and NOW

By LARRY STANWOOD

ANOTHER RECORD has been established in Prince Rupert. A new item yesterday told us that so far we have never had as much sunshine in any year. That is a healthy indication.

Sunshine is a wonderful element. It contains health giving food value, and is especially appreciated here where "canned sunshine" ups our living costs considerably.

Sunshine also is an effective germ killer. It is a stimulant to growth. Great for summer sports. Wonderful for holiday time and an advertisement to tourists for any place. Oh, there is no end to the benefits of sunshine.

But there is another side to sunshine, a harsh, bitter, cruel side. When it turns against man—then begins the trouble. It can turn into a killer.

I SHALL NEVER forget my most practical lesson. I was motoring alone through some out-of-the-way territory in southwestern California, commercially known in that area as the "badlands." The yellow dusty road wound tortuously through the rolling grey hills. It was still early morning, but hot—the air stifling.

What I had feared for some time came true. The car's motor was heating and steam issued from the hood. I stopped to investigate and found the radiator dry, the engine block fairly glowing.

Lots of time, I told myself. Just camp by the roadside and someone will come along with a helping hand. But after two hours I

had my doubts. I examined the road for tracks to determine the extent of traffic. What I found made me no happier. It was evident no other vehicle had been along for days. Probably none would come for again that long.

I had to have water, or I was marooned. The nearest point of civilization of which I knew was more than 30 miles away. I had a couple of cold drinks—about two mouthfuls—left in my thermos. Lips already parched, I swallowed this and took my lunch bucket in quest for water. Even if I had to carry it drop by drop, I vowed I would get some water into the radiator of the car. I set out cross-country, looking for a possible stream or water hole.

THE SUN WAS a white ball of fire smoldering in the pale blue sky, its incandescent rays stabbing at the rolling hills—and at me—with fingers of flame. The thin grass crinkled under my feet and was brown and lifeless; even the earth seemed to have turned brown from the heartless, blazing sun.

The air was close and stifling, sultry and terribly depressing. There was no wind, not even a movement of air to relieve the monotony of just plain heat.

I topped a knoll and looked around, studying intently the area for any sign of water. I saw it. Not more than a mile, I thought it would be to that clump of shrubby growth which followed the contour of a ravine. There must be a little stream there.

At first, I hurried, but soon I cut my pace in half. The hills were parched and every crack in the dry, hard earth cried for water as I did. Through the intense glare of sunshine, distant heatwaves I saw, shimmering and undulating over the hot earth.

I heard a hissing sound, then a rustle, and before me a small snake slithered over the dead



BARILKO REPLACEMENT—Three candidates for the Toronto Maple Leaf hockey defence post left vacant by the disappearance of the Toronto Maple Leafs' Barilko listen to coach Joe Primeau. Left to right, Hugh Eilton, Frank Mathers and Horton are up from farm team Pittsburgh Hornets in the American Hockey League. Primeau said one of the three possibly will make the team, now training at St. Catharines, Ont.

grass toward a pile of rocks. The hard, reddish granite sent back a glare that made my eyes ache. Other rocks were there now as I approached the ravine, and each seemed to multiply the heat. I could feel my lips cracking in the searing atmosphere and I redoubled my efforts to reach the sparkling rivulet I felt so strongly was just ahead.

I clutched by lunch bucket in which I would carry the water to the car and rushed forward. Yes, there it was. A very tiny stream lapped over rocks and fed a valley of luscious green a thousand feet below. But the source of the water was only a hundred feet away. I had made it.

BUT THERE IS still another kind of sunshine, and it never turns against you. It is the sunshine of a human smile. When you're greeted with a happy face, you know you have a friend.

Rookie Hurler Cuffed Giants

NEW YORK (CP)—Brooklyn Dodger's and New York's miracle Giants are deadlocked in the National League post-season tie-play-off and are crashing head-on today with each manager shooting the works.

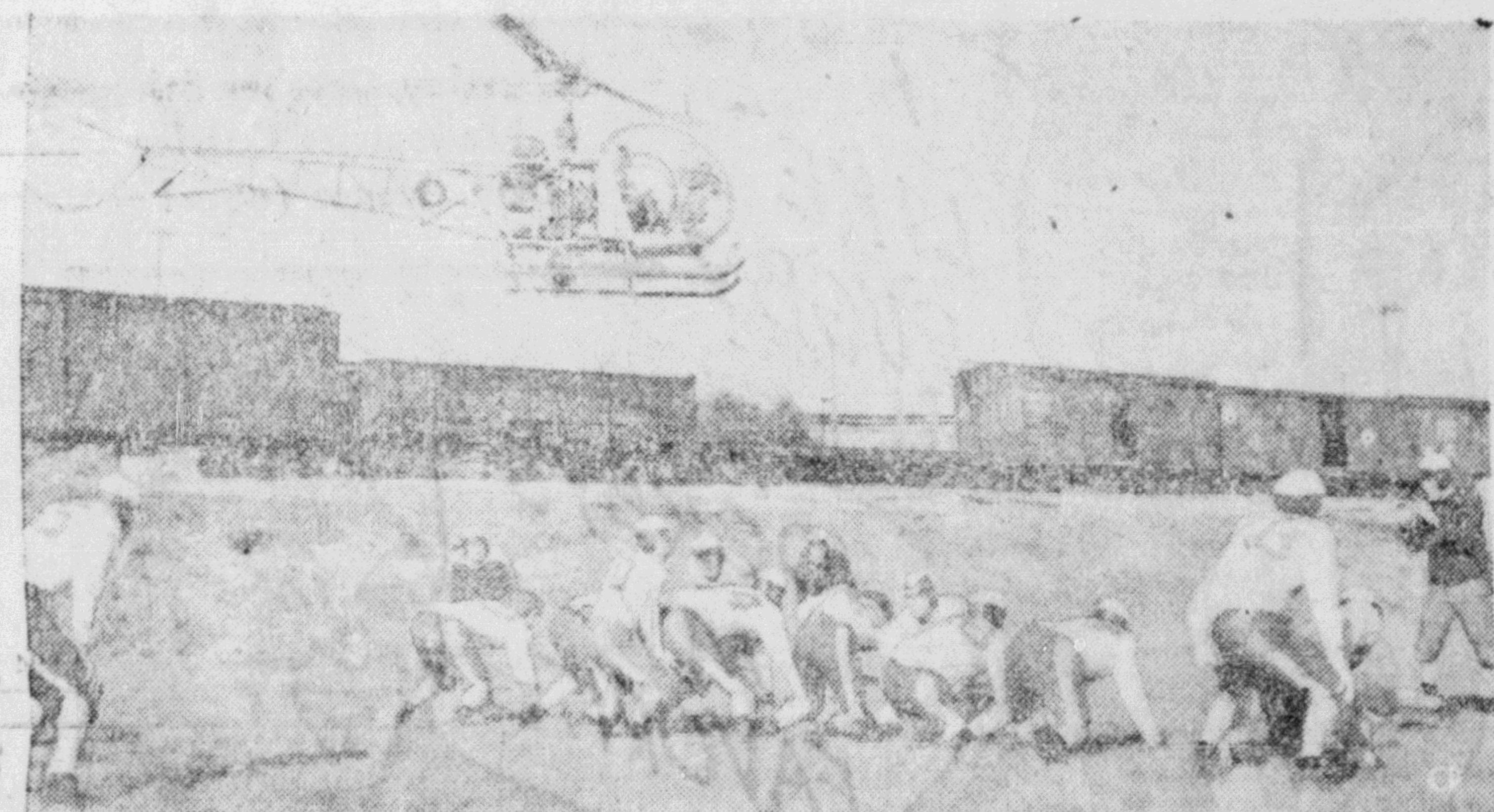
Stan Maglie of the Giants and Don Newcombe of the Dodgers

are the opposing pitchers.

Maglie pitched a masterpiece yesterday, leading his team to a 6½ to 5 shut-out victory over the New York Yankees in the first game of the American League World Series. Clem Labine, batting lead-off for the Giants yesterday, was hit by a pitch and broke his leg. Labine, 25-year-old, pitched a masterpiece throughout. He showed poise and coolness despite Big League experience only a little more than a month.

Wake Island, about 1,900 miles from Hawaii in the Pacific Ocean, is only a 100-mile area.

About 83 percent of the land area of the island is in sugar cane.



ON TOP OF FLAY—Coach Johnny Sawatzky of the RCN team at Shearwater base, Halifax, takes no chances on missing any of the inside play as he puts the squad through a practice. From his helicopter quarter-deck coach Sawatzky provides a new twist in Canadian football. (CP from National Defence)



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