

## Editorials

### Sir Dudley Pound . . .

Sixty-six year old Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, who died in London Thursday morning after having resigned early this month as First Sea Lord owing to ill-health, directed the Royal Navy through four of the most critical war years and was credited with shaping more than any other the course of Britain's modern aggressive naval policy. Undoubtedly, he had a great deal to do with the formulation and adoption of measures to cope with the submarine menace and other weapons of the enemy at sea which in succession proved distressing and perplexing. His name will go down as one of the principal figures of this war as did those of Jellicoe and Beatty in the last.

Pound is worthily succeeded as First Sea Lord by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham who has already been responsible for glorious achievements in this war more of which we shall learn anon.

### The City Ambulance . . .

The city ambulance has gone to pot. Discussion with members of the city fire department, who drive it on its errands of mercy, has brought to light the condition that some day soon it is going to wheeze and clatter to a final stop. And when it does, they say, it cannot be accused of committing an act of treachery for the signs of its decrepitude have been seen for a long time.

It has done yeoman service for a number of years, considering that it was an improvised job in the first place, but now, according to its drivers neither their solicitous ministrations nor the attentions of an expert car doctor can bring it back to adequacy and, earlier in the week, it was their firm, perhaps wise, resolve not to take it out again. However, they were persuaded to do nothing drastic until the possibility of getting a new ambulance was scouted.

There is something appealing in the picture of an old fire horse snorting at the reins until it dies in harness but there is no appeal in the picture of an ambulance coughing its last on the road while, because of the delay, its human occupant expires with it.

The statistically safe occupation of home-guard soldiering rates the precaution of a fine dependable ambulance. It is up to those in authority to see that those in hazardous industrial occupations have an equal degree of protection.

## Sport Chat

### COAST BOXER REAL BATTLER

Vancouver Welter Knocks Down Royal Navy Champ for First Time but Loses Bout.

LONDON, Oct. 23 (C)—Sitting disconsolate and a trifle groggy in his dressing room, Gordie Woodhouse brightened considerably when the champion of the Royal Navy admitted he had just been knocked down for the first time in his 320-fight career.

It was bound to make the Vancouver corporal feel better because he was the welterweight boxer who did the knocking—although he got himself knocked right out a few minutes later.

Flattened in the third round of a scheduled eight-round contest at London's Queensberry Club, the Canadian Army stalwart considered it a grand sporting gesture when his adversary, Petty Officer Rag Hoblyn, entered the room to congratulate him.

"That's the first time I've ever been off my feet," Reg confided. "And that right you hit me is the hardest I've ever experienced. I thought a battle-ship had plowed into me."

As a matter of fact, the sun-tanned Canadian of 135 pounds chopped Reg to the canvas three times in the second round and there wasn't a gambler in the roaring crowd who would take a bet on the navy titlist lasting out the third.

Made One Mistake—Gordie sized up the tough tar in the opening round during which he made only one mistake. A blow to the head forced the rubber guard from his mouth and when he bent to pick it up, Reg socked him. Not that the blow really hurt, but Gordie confessed later he might

Elliott of Hamilton second. With two laps to go Elliott crossed the finish line ahead of McLean thinking he had won and by the time he started out after McLean again when the officials told him he had another lap, it was too late.

If the war hadn't come along, Sgt. Gord Bortolussi of Powell River, probably would have come overseas anyway—but to an Olympics instead of the battle arena. The wire-legged sprint star has been knocking off the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds and less regularly. His 10.2 for the 100 and 22.8 for the 220 at the army meet were made against a strong wind. The Gore brothers from St. Johns, Antigua, B.W.I., Sgt. L. E. and Sigm. C. W., both broke the army record in finishing one-two in the 16-pound shot put. The sergeant put the shot 42 feet, 4 3/4 inches to win. The old mark was 40 feet, 2 1/4 inches, set by Pte. N. MacRitchie Aug. 1, 1942, at Halifax.

The only American in the meet, Pte. W. L. St. John of Pomona, Calif., won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 10 1/4 inches, a quarter-inch better than the old record. Capt. Earl Anderson of Digby, N.S., was second and those who knew him at McGill University were surprised to see him jumping. He was a shot-putter at McGill.

The three-mile race provided one of the strangest events of the championships. The race was won by Cpl. A. T. McLean of Athens, Ont., with Cpl. G.

have been kayoed right then and there.

The second round was a minute old when the tall, strong Vancouverite flashed a right that dropped Hoblyn for an eight-count. Groggy, he went down twice more for nine counts and was staggering around the ring at the bell.

Then, the unexpected that makes boxing matches the attraction they are in Britain popped from nowhere on a right that caught Gordie flush on the jaw. He took a count of seven as the third round opened and was an easy mark for another right that laid him out for the count.

In Britain almost a year, Gordie just completed a grueling army physical training course and this was his first fight in nearly three months. Since landing, the 23-year-old kid who held the B. C. Welter-crown for five years has been in the ring a dozen times and emerged a victor in all but three.

"I'm in great shape," said Gordie, looking in vain for facial cuts and fast recovering from the fight. But my timing is out. I'm not fighting again until I get it back.

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### "Y" Dance Draws Usual Big Crowd

The weekly dance of the Young Men's Christian Association War Services in the Empress Hall this week was the usual successful affair. Excellent music was provided by the Prince Rupert area orchestra under the leadership of Corp. Gerry Hutchinson. Mervin Thomas was master of ceremonies. The hall was crowded for the affair which was in progress from 8:30 to 11 p.m.

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## WHEN GRANDMA WORE A BUSTLE . . .

and bicycles built for two were in style, dresses were full and flowing, and an inch or two of shrinkage or stretch made not a bit of difference to Grandma.

Styles have changed, however, and present day cleaners must work to size tolerances that could not have been obtained with a washtub and a flat iron. Needless to say, this has brought many new finishing

problems to the cleaner . . . problems which are now definitely solved by the "FLEXFORM."

The "FLEXFORM" gives us the means of accurately restoring every dress to its correct size and shape. Flexformed dresses hang beautifully . . . neither too long nor too short, too tight nor too loose and with the hemline precisely level.

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