A FIGHT BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Computing Angle-American relations in the ring is sportamens' diplomacy. Captain Bunbury, Reyal Navy, and Colonel Haw, U.S. Army, lend official sanction to a few fistic fireworks that spare nebedy. BANG....a shiner for the referee. Oh dear, now what? Very funny says the Navy. Even to the Yanks its terrific.

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Private Groken cenks the Navy man on the chin and there's a really wild party in the centre of the ring. Down goes the hope of the Navy and a dismy Referee steps in to step the fight. Step what fight? Mr. Ambers argues long and loud, but what's one man's epimion against the British Navy! He's trying hard(and he deesn't like the idea of another sock on the jaw ) - so he brings the beys teggther again. If that's the way they want it all right;

This time Referee Ambers reckons he'll stay down - he hepes. Start counting mister!

"There you are, what did I tell you"? Yes, Mr. Ambers. You were right!