Poor Copy.

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into the Wireless Section around 4:55 any afternoon. There's a mob standing around the inside of the door, poised and ready to go, with a disembodied voice calling out the time: "Four minutes...three minutes...two minutes...one minute...thirty seconds...ten seconds...five seconds...one cannot be standing right outside the section door at the deadline. They'd be killed in the rish.

There's one thing about a Wireless Section party. We don't have to tell everyone we had one. Ever since our "farewell party" on Feb. 28, people have been asking us how we enjoyed it. Well, we publicly say here that it was swell.

The entertainment committee did a good job getting presents for everyone. For example, Norm. Harmon (who slept like a baby all the way to Aylmer) was given a baby's comforter. Dottie Bate got a rat trap (we wonder why). And your scribe will never be forgiven for the present our O/C, P/L Mesbitt, received. It was a pair of steel heel plates. We didn't do it, sir, so help me.

Bill Hisey looked like he was going in for the "paint up and beautify" campaign in a birmay. He was covered with lipstick from lose to chin (reading from north to south) and from ear to ear (reading from east to west).

LAW Polinkas, they tell me, forgot her inhibitions, if any. We'd really like to know, Polly, what was that we heard about a phone booth?

Cther things we'd like to know: What was Eva Bartlett's reply to the smart lad who said, as he danced past with her, "It took a dance to get you in my arms"? Why does Marg Ball want to stay out of this colyum, even insisting to us that "he's only a friend"? Has Danny Danielson mastered the second lesson yet of his new correspondence course on Falmistry? How much practice did it take for Sgt. Sherlock to learn to land on the floor so flat and bounce up so quickly? Is Don Adams thinking of buying his new shirts with detachable collars?

The advance guard, who were taking the resents, the phonograph and loudspeaker, etc., to the dance, got off to a flying start ahead of the bus and waved a sarcastic farewell to us as we stood freezing to death on the roadway. But when we reached the hogback bridge—there they were, waiting for us. Don Hayes feels that the Rub-

ber Controller has a personal grudge against him. Don't feel too badly, Don. It's happened to better men than you. Anyway, didn't we all pitch in and help you carry your parcels? That's right, we didn't.

Incidentally, the Wireless Section is different nowadays, since flying has died down so much. Danny and Don Adams are having a whale of a time tearing down the radios they've worked on so long--and Denver is having quite a rost.

Our condolences to newcomer Freddie Hartledge. His posting came through a few days ago--to Goose Bay. Let it be a lesson to you, my boy.

There's quite an epidemic around the Wem shop of radio building. Hal Brock, one of the later additions, was the first to start, and he's really making a nice job of it. Danny was the first to finish—and his radio worked. Adams will hate us for this, but his didn't work (Adams is our radio EXPRT), and we haven't seen him working on it lately. Given up, Don? Cpl. Poapst has also been infected with the fever. We wonder if he'll ever get anything besides Denver?

Heard around the section: "Doesn't that Waterston guy ever buy cigarettes? It isn't safe to open a pack even if you think you're alone."...."Oh, it's only Ev. She's always fifteen minutes early; either quarter to nine or quarter to two."

