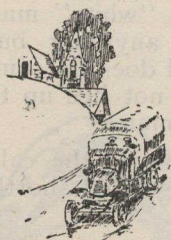


Workshop Wrinkles and Truck Tales



Our Room Orderly is the premier hot-air artist of the Canadian Army. He sure is a "mad-en."

A certain man in our unit, actually forgets which foot he dropped the form on. He sure is a "Hopper."

Why are we having so much trouble with Kelly Rads? Does Tommy know?

Who is the Tube expert who thinks he can play football?

Our Section for the past three months have not been contributing very much news to our magazine. Will someone awake from their slumbers?

Who is the fair one that the little Office Sergt. parades regularly on the Leas? Has Dimples anything to do with this?

We bade farewell to C.S.M. Smith.

Rumour says he was anxious to go to Carlisle.

S.-Sgt. McNish is favoured as the Controller's successor. We beg to tender him a hearty welcome.

Who is the Sergeant in the last Theatre Party who was disappointed in Mr. Wu's failure in the final act?

Did the Sergeants' Mess D.D. run dry on the night of June 14th. Was this the result of an Irish-Scotch celebration?

Were any of the noted Sergeants "Stony" Broke the morning after?

Will Sergeant Wilson keep up Smithy's reputation by blaming all his troubles on the unfortunate Light Car Section?

They say that men with softest jobs eat most.

What will our friend Fergy do, if the Food Controller started his system in Camp?

The Army Service Corps.

There's a handful of men in the Army
Who seldom shoulder a gun,
And it's little that's known about them,
When everything's said and done.

And they try to escape any notice
As they quietly slip off to war,
For they never expect a "Send-off"
In the Army Service Corps.

They don't aim at capturing prisoners,
Or at taking the enemy's flag,
But they serve in a humble vocation
For the sake of the grand old rag.

Amid the inferno of battle,
In spite of the cannon's roar,
They keep on quietly working
In the Army Service Corps.

When the foeman's heavy gunfire
Has scattered and smashed their supplies.

They take good grips on their "Upper
lips,"

And with a "Never-say-die" in their
eyes,

They hustle round and square things up,
And they put them in order once more.
For they don't know the meaning of
quitting,

In the Army Service Corps.

When their fellow-soldiers are resting,
Awaiting a new day's dawn,
They are desperately heaving and strain-
ing

With muscle, sinew and brawn;
For they must deliver the rations

Although they are weary and sore;
They are ripping good men who can
stick it,

In the Army Service Corps.

And when the war is over
And peace again doth reign,
This handful of men silently turn
Back to their homes again;

And they try to escape any notice
As they quietly slip ashore;
But it's a way they have of doing things,
In the Army Service Corps.