

News and Views from the Instrument Section

Once again we are mustering blood donors for the Red Cross Blood Bank. Everyone steps forward except two. And they, in my opinion, could use a good transfusion themselves, so we'll let them off this time. Our biggest surprise, though, was Sgt. Vic Kennedy, who was first to step forward. Gosh, he flatters himself, thinks yours truly, as his total amount of blood doesn't exceed 300 c.c.'s--and everyone knows good donors give 450. So we had better keep our eyes on him.

The next morning we were all lined up, waiting our turn and kidding each other as to how bad the whole thing was, when Vic Kennedy is called up for his donation. In he walks, carefree and full of life, then five minutes later we see a nurse holding his hand and helping him onto a bed. Honest, fellows, I think they pumped him dry!! He had to fight with "rigor mortis" to keep himself from stiffening. The look on his face would have put dead men to shame.

Cpl. Stan Walker is still beating his gums; he's adopted a new policy and only does Jim and Ed for every other check in- of every one that comes along. As you can see, this paper has a little effect on some fellows even if they are a "little" off the bias. Oh well, we live and learn, and as everyone knows, we can't all be perfect.

Our gigolo, LAC Bertrand, seems a little quieter this weekend. Could it be that he has finally met the right girl, or is it because he lost all his money playing cards? I wonder.

LAC Nelson has taken to weight lifting. I wonder why. Could it be that he wants to get even with me for flooring him, or is it just that he wants to develop his body? In either case, it won't do him any good.

LAC "Collis" Collins, the nightingale of our section, has finally decided to have a haircut. It was either that or a violin. It's not that he hasn't the money, fellows but he's so busy watching his girl friend shift gears that he has become completely decrepit.

Our congratulations go to LAC Dubois on his winning of the badminton championship for the singles, doubles and mixed doubles. Good show, Dubois. We knew you could do it.

Congratulations should also be extended to myself for finally winning a gin rummy game off Sgt. Rogul. It only cost me \$35 to learn. Cheap at the price, isn't it, fellows?

I have been sweeping the Instrument shop and can't find any more dirt at the moment but with the staff we have there, anything's liable to happen.

Late flash! It is rumored that LAC Robie Robinson intends to start a milk run after the war. And to think that I was a bottle baby.

H. Arnold, Cpl.

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#5 Hangar Gang

We hear that the girls in Ottawa are moaning this week. Could it be that Moncreiff is on Duty Watch?

Flash! Johnnie Ross has gone and done it! Yes, he's gone overboard. That little wife of his must be dynamite, 'cause ever since he came back, he's only back in body. Congratulations, Johnnie, we all wish you the best of luck.

Cpl. Sutherland hasn't been looking too well lately. I wonder why. Could it be that he's having blonde trouble? Or is it that I.D.?

Latest interest of Lachance, the Charles Boyer of No. 5 Hangar, is "red" -- especially corporals with red hair. I wonder who she can be. How's your French coming, Christmas?

Willie the Worn has had all the fenders repaired on his tank, and will now take on all comers--street cars, busses and milk trucks.

Sgt. Goodfellow, D.P.C. and Chocolate Bar, still walks around the hangar as though he were still sanitary engineer on Digby's.

Our new C.O. of Repair Squadron will be able to hitch-hike in grand style after his recent successful operation down at Rockcliffe. The old thumb is back in working order.

Cas Marlowe is now going on a liquid diet (milk, but strictly). Fifteen-draft Marlowe, he's knowed as these days. I always like a man who can hold his liquor.

Ringler, our famous Barrack Joe, seems to think that hockey nets should be at least six feet wider. That also applies to Turcott and the Chi Kid--never mind, fellows, just keep punchin' and we'll come out on top yet.

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JOKE

LAC: "I only take experienced girls home."
Gal: "I'm not experienced."
LAC: "You're not home yet, either."