

MEN OR MICE ?

Phew-w-w-w ! We had P.T. this morning. I don't just know what these ominous initials stand for, but from my angle, at least, it seems like "Prehistoric Torture" or "Potential Tyranny". But anyhow, it's plenty tough. Right now both feet would feel like misshapen blocks of petrified putty, were it not for the many aches and pains that extend in varying waves, streaks and stabs up thru the other weary parts of my tortured anatomy.

After the roll is called and that gloating monster is satisfied that all his miserable victims are where they wish they weren't (As Pat would say), things get under way. First of all our souls are bowed beneath a tornado of withering sarcasm, from which we gather that our gym singlets range in colour from a dirty, dark, dusky grey, through other shades, to a drab, doleful, disgusting brown. When this tirade has blown itself out, and we are properly subdued, our hearts imbed themselves still deeper in the unyielding soles of our running shoes, as we are told "with a jump" to right turr, O Joy!! Double March... High Knee Raising. Begin... Duck walk... groan-n-" Frog Hop.. (one more hop and my legs will fall off at my knees, I swear it) Or your stomachs down... On your feet up... On your backs down... (Can't he make up his mind anyhow ?) Push ups... Phew-w-w !!

And so it goes on, for hours on end it seems. And all the while the cavorting tyrant is driving his weary victims to ever increasing efforts. The fiendish gleam of an awful madness glows in his eyes as ever and anon he lashes with his tongue at some near-collapsing wretch, whose legs dare to show their weakness. Awful, isn't it ? And this is the Twentieth Century in a civilized country.

Sometimes we have games. Games they say, "GAMES". After our "gares" the other aches are still there with the addition of various bruises and abrasions inflicted by sawed-off broom handles, elbows, hips, knees and heads.

On occasion Cuttriss & Co. claim they will make new men out of us in spite of ourselves (an improvement on nature you know). That is if they don't kill us in the process. Personally, I'd place my dough on the undertaker.

Wun Hu Nose

"FORTY" EIGHT"

The sweetest sound to airmen, N.C.O's and officers alike is, "Forty-Eight". It inspires our dreams, instils hope and cheer into every monotonous hour, and sometimes there are many of them. We live for it, fight for it, and continually strive for possession of it, it is the Fifth Freedom. Life would be impossible if there were no Forty-Eights. In fact, for many it is more important than the war, and there should be an international agreement whereby the war should stop for two days every two weeks, so the boys could take a Forty-Eight. If the Powers-that-be wish to inflict real torture on a poor airman, and some like to do so, all they need to do is cancel a Forty-Eight. The meanest, lowest reprisal a Discip. can exact is a Forty-Eight for some slight misdemeanour.

Then on the other hand if one would bring laughter and joy to some down hearted and despondent airman or officer—we get that way sometimes— just tell them that they can have a Fort-Eight. There is nothing a normal member of the R.C.A.F. will not do for a Forty-Eight: he will work his fingers to the bone, or risk his very life. This Forty-Eight is not only a perfect number, but it is also a magic one, it seems to contain occult powers. It can transform an airman's life in a moment, changing him from a disgruntled pessimist to a gay and jovial optimist. It is the greatest builder of morale I know, and nothing destroys morale quicker than, "There is no Forty-Eight". For that reason every member of the R.C.A.F. in training should get his regular Forty-Eight, and only a major offense should interfere with it. And if ye officers, and N.C.O's would be popular and well served then be generous with your Forty-Eights.

When this war is over, the Battle of Belleville is passed, and the thrill of Forty-Eights has been relegated into cherished memories, we shall be back in civilian life living in apartments, houses, and streets designated "Forty-Eight". No doubt there will be a few who will succumb to the strain and stress of Service life, and who will spend the rest of their lives suffering delusions of a "Cancelled Forty-Eight". But the rest of us are going to strive and sweat until every person shall have only a five day week, at the end which will be a "FORTY-EIGHT".

We Would Like to Know - who is that certain Postal Clerk who drools as he dances every Tuesday at the Trianon Ballroom ?