

!! Musical Meals !!
♪ do ♯
? Melody in B -
Messhall?

Good morning, good morning, another new day is dawning -- What! Morning so soon? Half a grapefruit, cereal, 3 rashers of bacon and 2 eggs fried sunnyside up, toast, honey and coffee. With plenty of cream. I can dream can't I? Can't get out of this mood -- "If music be the food of love --, play on" Can't get over this feeling; I've got a feeling I'm falling. Aircraft Rec. the first period and I could hardly recognize my own face in the mirror. Oh well. Butter please. Move it over, move it over, move it right over here. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Maybe it isn't soothing I need. Round and round I go, down and down I go, Like a leaf -- Leaves come tumbling down round my head. Some of them are brown and some are red, beautiful to see and reminding me of . Coffee! That old black magic. Or is it tea? Tea for two or two hundred....

As time goes by;

A long morning but at last it's dinner time. Never a day goes by that I don't think of you; and hope that maybe just once I can get near the first of the line. But somebody else is taking my place and here I am as usual practically outside. However I can listen to Dinah Shore, Benny Goodman, Glen Miller and Artie Shaw. And more Dinah. I could pun that but I won't, thank you very much. Yesterday's Gardenias -- the smell of the place. You leave me breathless; after one deep breath you've had a full course meal.

What's new? New potatoes rolled in butter with parsley. There are such things, but I get the neck of the chicken. Did I say "chicken"? Ma, I miss your apple pie. Ma, I miss your stew. Sweet Stew, it's you. And like any good Air Bomber, you hit the spot. Oh it's started all over again and I'm dreaming out loud!

Murder, he said-- if you don't clean up your plate. The anvil chorus supplied by clattering plates, knives, forks, and spoons. Make it spaghetti with meatballs and Parmesan cheese. I miss my Swiss. Once upon time I turned up my nose at lamb and mint sauce, but I'd gambol for a lamb any time these days.

A cup of coffee a sandwich and you. And you and you and you. And the Orderly Officer, the little man who wasn't there! Or was he? Carrots: you are my sunshine, but

Oh Love, is the sun still 3 to 1?
Page 4.

not my only sunshine. Imagine a song, You are my vitamin C, you will help me to see (by night).

Can't eat that meat; If I do I'll have blues in the night, deep purple blues. While down and down I go, round and round I go. So rare-- the old gray mare ain't what she used to be. Comin in on a wing and a prayer.

Here I go, now you know why I'm leaving. For it all comes back to me now. S/o J.F.

This is the Air Force, Mr. Jones!!

"But, Sir, do you always use Lux?" we asked furtively glancing at the amazing sight before us. "Well not always, but for this occasion, yes," was the rejoinder.

We didn't know what to make of it. Here as the C.G.I. diligently washing one pair of window drapes and one pair of slightly used socks in a rather large bath tub.

We hastily withdrew and wended our way towards the West Barracks. We almost tripped over the S.A.O. and 50 airmen who seemed to be doing P.T. on the spacious lawns. It must have been "Follow the Leader" they were playing, as they followed one another around, bending to the ground in succession; I suppose by numbers. Well, can you believe it, they were straightening every blade of grass to an upright position. Some were combing the fine golden locks of the dandelions; some were neatly piling the sand around the ant-hills; still others were painting the spots of bare ground green. The whole thing was fantastic. We thought they were wacky.

Not hesitating for a moment for fear we would be thought one of them, we made our way into the barracks. Well whadaya know! Here was WO2 Inman with Sgts. Hamilton, Ferguson, and Atwell down on their knees with cans of Timmo diligently polishing every nail in the floor. The floor looked like glossy beaver coat studded with diamonds. Trainees were busy with levels setting the mattresses straight on the bunks; some were using compasses to see that the kit bags were hanging at the proper angle; still others were hanging from the ceiling, the walls, the windows, the lights, the doors, some even dangling in sheer space washing, dusting, polishing every square inch of space. "Whatever has come over this school" we cried out.

Five hundred pairs of eyes fixed themselves upon me. I stood rooted to the spot.

"Why you stupid ----" roared the Sgt. Mjr. "Haven't you heard? The D.I.G. is coming."

"Oh" we muttered, half apologetically, "So that's why everyone seems abnormal."

Two days later there was a great calm. We found F/O. Waugh, the House Officer, at the Officers Quarters, in his bed with ice packs about his head, and an orderly in constant attendance. "Yes sir, I'll do it right away sir," he screamed, incessantly.