

106 "SAME OLD BILL, EH MABLE!"

All feelin aside, Mable, it certinly will be good to get my food seperated agen. These fellos would pour your coffee over your dinner if there was any room. When you come up to the kitchin the first K.P. sticks a piece of meat in the bottom of your mess kit. Thats a sort of a foundashun. Then a spoonful of loose potadoes hit it like a soft nose bullet an thats the last you see of your meat. The next fello covers that with a quart of gravy an sticks a pickle in the top with his thum like inlaid work. The last one levels it off with a piece of bread slammed on like a cover. Angus says its a wise man that knows his own dinner unless hes got a good memory.

Ive learned to put down an awful lot of food, tho, in less time than it takes to chew it. You got to be fast if you want any seconds. Some of these fellos must store up there food like squirrels cause there finished an back in the line before its moved ten places. Theres always some smart alex that washes up his mess kit an pretends hes just come up from the picket line. We got a mess sargent tho that makes Shylock Homes look like a night watchman. He could tell yesterdays greece from todays if you scoured your mess kit with sandpaper.

The Fritzes are more balled up on there money than the French. These fellos dont even know what the stuffs worth themselves. They have two kinds of money, fennigs an marks. I dont know