

(Cont'd from front Page)

"hair short so the grey hairs I got worrying about grub, won't show." He said if they could get the meat the boys would have it twice a day."

"He said it doesn't help the Kitchen staff, especially the Chefs after spending four or five hours getting food ready in heat and steam, to have so many grousing about the food. It's our privilege to grouse, but let's consider them a bit. And if seconds, particularly of meat, are not there it usually means that they are trying to see that everybody gets some. When there is M.I.K. (More in Kitchen) they are only too glad to fill up the plates again, they don't want food left. That there are the sugar, butter and milk rations too, there is nothing for extras at all. If one takes more than one's share then someone else does without, and of course he is blamed for the scarcity."

"Do you know Joe, those fellows in the kitchen are just slugging for us. They want to do their part to beat Hitler, and the Service puts them here to do this job. Many of them would like to be in Aircrow, but some are past the age-limit, the Sergeant tells me one of the Chefs has six sons on Active Service, others can't make it because of physical reasons, but they are just as good as we are, and doing a vital job too. What they need is a little more consideration, and not so many kicks."

"Oh, yes there was another thing he told me about extra messing worth remembering. He said a little more care with the dishes and less souvenir hunting among the silverware would leave more money for Catsup and Chili Sauce."

"Take it for what it's worth Joe."

NOTICE TO CRAPSHOOTERS Corporal May of the Service Police, the ruthless menace of this indoor past-time has been posted to No. 1 Training Command.

Congratulations to LAC McElligott on his recent engagement, we are sorry though that it got him in wrong with the RCAF. We hope that it doesn't indicate C.B. for life, sometimes it does.

Congratulations to the Station Corporals who are getting a New Mess, and we understand it is to be second to none. Has that anything to do with <sup>the</sup> number of new corporals we see around here?

FUMBLINGS FROM THE POSTAL STAFF

The Postal Staff decided to pool its gray matter and give vent to a literary masterpiece for posterity's sake. This immediately evoked the supplication of all standing by, 'The Lord help our Children.'

Actually it is but a hidden desire to see our name in print, exclusion of the usual police court columns dealing with inebriated individuals, and to refute that ugly rumour that morons and postal clerks are synonymous. Not that we had taken offense. Only the president of the International Order of Morons took exception to that fact and demanded an apology, which he has here and now (because guess who is a potential member of that illustrious organization?) So this is to prove to all and sundry that we too can read, write and chisel 48 hour passes.

The real reason for this literary gem is to ask, plead, implore and beg you noble creatures to kindly refrain from asking us the most tedious question which can come to our ears, to quote "Any mail for me today?" unquote. No matter where we be, or what we are doing those sweet words, with the tenderness of a Sergeant-Major's whisper fall on our ears.

Yes, be we munching some of Miss Mitchell's delightful, digestable delicacies (that should be good for a steak) or browsing in the library to find a book with sufficient pictures to make it interesting, or even dancing with a beautiful belle de Belleville! whispering sweet nothings in her ear, and telling her all about the possibilities of becoming Commanding Officer of I.T.S. someday, when some ingenious creature, in a voice that reminds you of a street car going round a corner, exclaims, 'Why there's my mailman - Any --- today?' Ugh!!! Of course we can't blame him for trying to further his social standing by thus acknowledging that he is an acquaintance of ours.

But apparently this embryo pilot is unaware that about a month ago the postal staff, with the sanction of the powers that be, had declared open season for all individuals who dared mention that subject outside of office hours. Were it not for our altruistic nature we would have enough pelts to delight a trapper's heart. But our patience is waning so beware. If you want to remain more than a fond memory to your friends you know how to conduct yourself. This advice is offered gratis from the Postal Staff. So be careful lest you become a statistic.

IAC Wise, H.

Believe it or not but our Basketball team has won two games in the League, and only lost one, without a basket ball. The other team had one