

THE I.T.S FORMAL

May we give you two versions of the Dance held at the I.T.S. Drill Hall on April 14th. One of the young ladies who was present at the dance has given us her version, and an airman has depicted his feelings of the jamboree, so read them and take your choice.

By Marjory Cook -

Turn backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight ! That's just what happened - for just as in the good old days of "when you and I were young Maggie," at 7.30 with the setting sun, we trooped forth in our gayest and best. For the past week, this dance had been the topic of conversation, and everyone who was anyone was going to the "sob session" to weep a sad farewell on the remaining (and willing) shoulders of our remaining crew-cuts. The time set for the floor show was 8.30, and at 8.30 it was. On with the show, and what a show ! Where does Kingston hide its talent ? The army will never tell you. One airman said, these must be the girls who stay home every night with Momma, but confidentially -- don't believe everything you hear. Any-who it was super entertainment, even if we did have to give up the spot light for the first part of the evening. The Six H.T. Orchestra (who else but?) announced dancing in no uncertain terms, and by that time everyone knew everyone else (if you didn't my sympathies) And we didn't need a Grand March, but we had it any way, because after all it was a Drill Hall, and you know how the kids just love to drill (Ugh-Ugh- - or is that the way you spell it ?) After three dances, some yelled "Chocolate Cake" and the rush was on. What ! Lunch so soon ? Horrors ! The dance was practically over, so we thought then - but by 2.00 A.M. - w-e-l-l- or have you an iron constitution ? Lunch was worth fighting for, and believe me we had to fight. It seemed like New Year's all over again - Paper hats, coloured streamers, prizes, wonderful music, chocolate cake (we really had more to eat than that) Novelty dances and more prizes - - what a lovely way to spend an evening, and the C.O. was right, we mustn't say goodbye, said he with a tear in his eye - at least not yet - parting is such sweet sorrow, though this wasn't really the last dance, but the beginning of a series of last dances until we become accustomed to the idea of no I.T.S., no love, no nothing at all.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

By an Airman -

Having heard much trumpet blowing, and drum beating about "the most sensational Ball" - formal - ever to be held at No. 5 of Belleville for that matter, I polished up everything from steel

clefts, to tie pin, and went to see the kill .

Kill is right, for if I hadn't rough ridden in many an open wagon, six-shooting rodeo out West, I would never have survived that Buffalo stampede.

There was one guy who looked like a divinity student (Div. from "Dive" not Divinity) struggling with a mawl, two chins taller than himself, whose ^{mother} must have been frightened by a howling, screeching dive bomber. I manoevered into position to hear an airman recently arrived from the canteen ask a cute young thing for a dance, she apparently allergic to individuals who indulge in the pleasure of the grape replied, "You look like a poor airman to me." He responded, "Why my face is my fortune", and being no slouch the gal came back with, "Well, you'll have to show me more collateral." The airman was struggling for reply, and unable to watch his painful expression I meandered off.

Saw a stunning blonde, and exclaimed, "That's what I call a golden opportunity", asked her to dance. I didn't count on the Navy which was standing near by - one of those guys got her - what do they have that we cannot get in a hurry ?

My next dance was with a cross between a Maltese poodle and a Pack-horse. Wish she had removed her horse shoes - any way I'll be unfit for P.T. for a month - happy thought.

The last Waltz was with beauty itself, but as as beauty is only skin deep, I had to skin her - pleasant task. What a wonderful evening. I should have stayed in bed.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

After the Dance, On Parade -

"A guy can make a day's pay picking up all those empty bottles."

"That breath corrodes."

"Left in files, I mean turn, I mean columns of bunches, I mean ----"

"A fine lot of bodies."

"and us back to bed." - You said it, Bud !

F/O Cuttriss, "This building has been incorrectly labelled, 'Drill Hall'. From now on it is going to be called what it looks like now, 'Cuttriss' Cotton Club."