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FRIENDS, GIVE US YOUR EARS

"Say, Joe do you know whom I picked up the other night?"

"No, and what the H--- do I care."

"There you go, that's just the trouble with some of your guys, expect everything, and don't give a D--- as to what goes on."

"What on earth is eating you anyway? Come give it to papa, I'll suffer."

"Well it's this way Joe. I picked up Sgt. Hughes, you know from the Mess, say he's some guy - was in the last War, and has been all over the world, India, Mesopotamia, etc. He was telling me that its some job mixing grub these days. Do you know on mornings for Fried Eggs or Griddle Cakes they (the chefs) are sizzling with those things for us for two hours, starting at 6 o'clock. They have to stand over ranges that practically singe your eyebrows off because they can't get the right kind of coal."

"Say that must be some job"

"It sure is. You should have heard him when I asked if they used egg powder for scrambled eggs—I am convinced it is not, so would you be. They are having some fun with rations right now too. They can only get three kinds of vegetables, turnips, carrots, and cabbage, and what a job trying to spread them over the week and one variety. He tells me that the Beef they are getting is pretty light stuff, mostly bone, and doesn't go far. You ought to hear him tell about the stuff they called meat in Mesopotamia. Here he stopped and pointed to his head and said, "That's why I keep my

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