

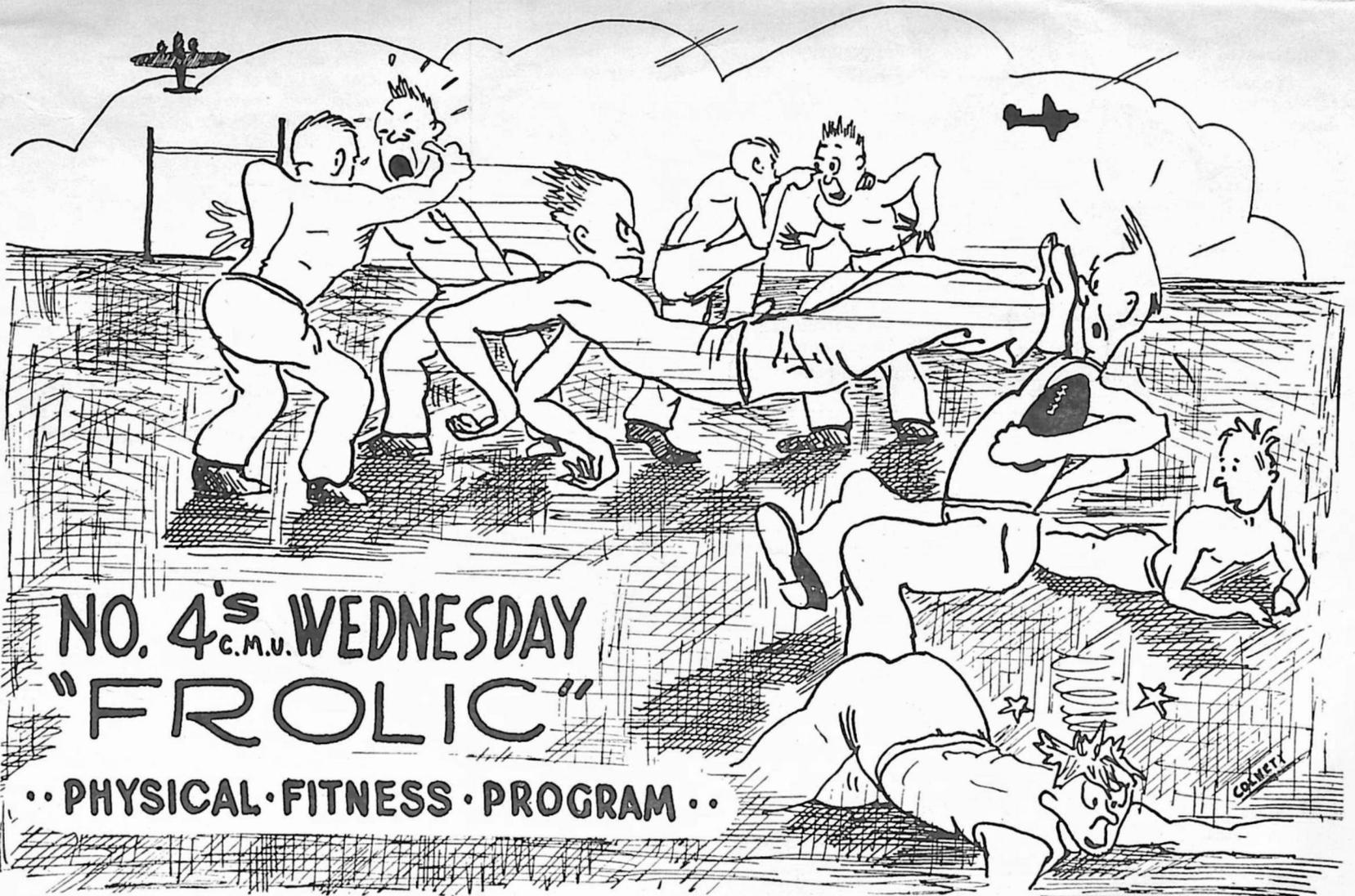


RAMBLER

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CALGARY, ALBERTA

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RAMBLER

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Guest Editorial

By Sgt. R. P. Prittie

The second World War against tyranny and oppression has been raging now for almost five years. During this time, as in every armed conflict, many of the finest young men our nation has ever produced have given their lives. But do they know why? Do those who face the enemy now and who will have to face him in the future know why? They know that the way of life that we knew before this war was infinitely better, whatever the short-comings, than life would be in a world under Nazi domination. But there existed, and still exists among our people, particularly the young people, a general disinterested attitude in the political life of the country.

We were generally interested more in the superficial pleasures that our way of life offered; sports, parties, sipping "cokes" at the corner drug store with our girl friends and dancing to the juke box music. While such pastimes are very pleasant, it must be remembered that the men who fought for, and obtained the democratic freedoms that we now enjoy, were serious-minded men who were vitally interested in their country's welfare.

If our democratic rights are to be preserved and improved upon in order that we may know a fuller and more abundant life, we must take a keen interest in our country's future. Possibly the way the average citizen can best participate in our political life is by going to the polls and exercising his franchise at every opportunity. Far too many of us take a cynical attitude towards political parties and politicians. Those who take such an outlook and neglect to vote at elections have no right to complain; it may be that their own lack of interest helped to elect the government which they don't sanction. It follows that we should all use our franchise at every opportunity and vote intelligently.

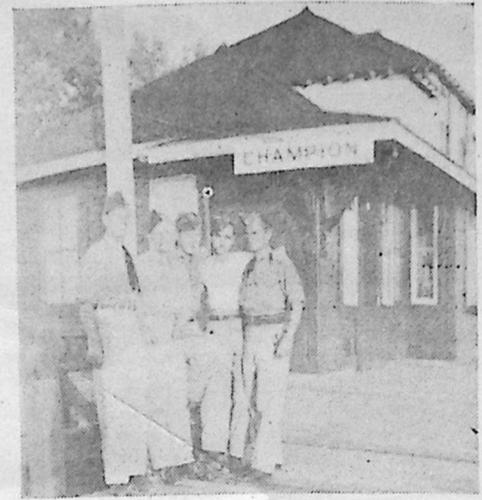
The Canada that we hope for can only be the result of the public spirit and public interest of our citizens.

It will be noted that in this issue there are several efforts devoted to hospital slants, staff, and equipment. This is due to the Ed. (maybe his name is above in this issue) having spent several weeks in No. 10 R.D. hospital, and having been told by the staff (a bunch of great people) that the institution had never been acknowledged in the publications of local stations whose personnel they care for. This, in view of the cheerfulness and kindness of the staff, we hope to correct with our recognition herein.

The Commanding Officer wishes to extend his sincere thanks to all personnel of this unit for the excellent way in which they responded to the recent Sixth Victory Loan Campaign. Without a doubt, the showing that was made was one of the best in the Command. With at least one-third of the personnel having been posted since the previous Drive, we succeeded in reaching double the former quota in less than the first week of the campaign. The Victory Loan Committee take this opportunity to back the Commanding Officer up in his expression of gratitude, as their efforts would have been useless without the co-operation of the unit as a whole.

A. P. FORSTER, F/O, Chairman.

Sgt. Hammond and his Gangsters snapped while erecting obstruction lights at the railway station at Champion, Alta.



Reading from left to right: Sgt. Hammond, Lac. Colquhoun, Lac. Claus, Lac. Flynn, Lac. Cummings.

Editor, the RAMBLER:

Since my first contribution to the RAMBLER made the press last month, I will try again. Having spent the past thirty-three days in Belcher Hospital, I have very little to report on the "Nut Gang" and their activities at No. 2 A.G.T.S.—but I believe that I am at liberty to report that "All's well" with my trustworthy crew.

I wish to express my thanks to all who are responsible for visits of Unit members to comrades who are unfortunate enough to be in hospital. Also I wish to add a suggestion that on these visits the current edition of the RAMBLER be included with the much-appreciated gifts from the Unit. At present No. 4 C.M.U. is represented at Belcher Hospital by Sgt. Werry, Cpl. Ritchie, Cpl. Saunders and myself.

I sincerely hope that I may report from back on the job at No. 2 A.G.T.S. by the time the next RAMBLER goes to press.

Cpl. Travers.

Dear Sir: Ottawa, March 20th, 1944.

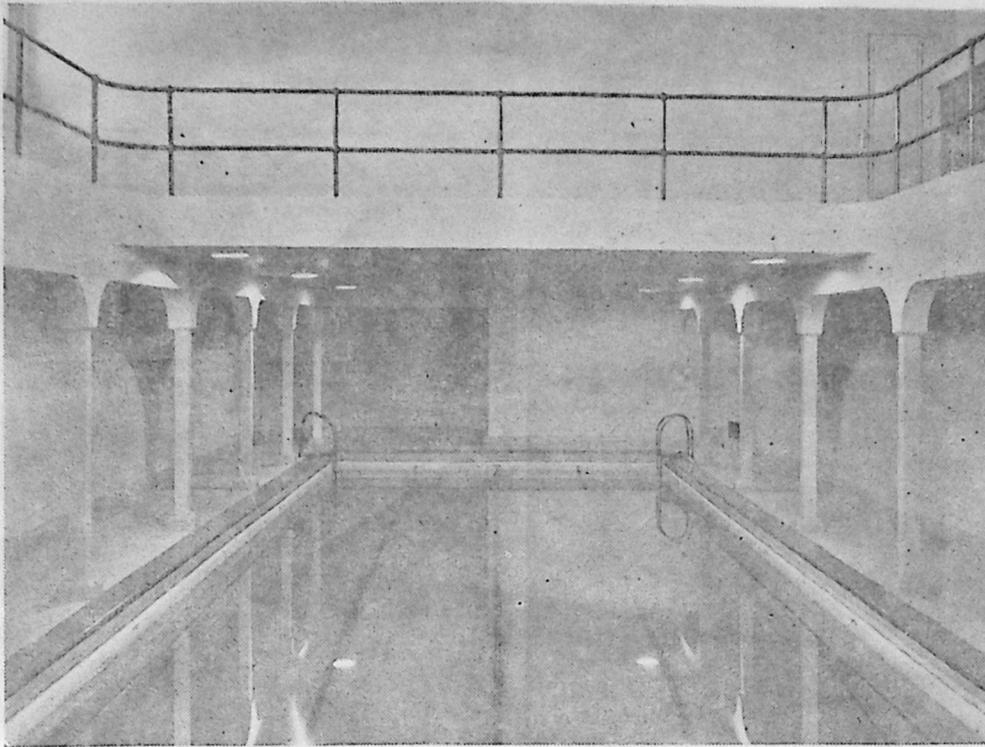
We have had a number of requests from editors of service newspapers for material having to do with the rehabilitation programme. Because there seems to be a definite need for material of this kind, we have prepared the attached series of ten instalments in question-and-answer form. These instalments have been discussed with the various Departments of National Defence, and I am in a position to say that they have approved the material contained therein.

The three Departments of National Defence have approved also the sending out of this material to service newspapers for whatever action the editors of those papers care to take. This action is within your province entirely. The material is supplied to you only as a service and for whatever use you care to make of it. If used, we have no objection to some of the longer instalments being split, nor do we have any objection to one or more instalments being coupled. Our only suggestion is that the first instalment should not appear before the week beginning April 3rd. This will enable all service newspapers, who wish to use the feature, to start simultaneously.

If you decide to publish this material, we would appreciate receiving a copy of your paper carrying it. Yours very truly,

E. B. REID,

P.R. 14792. Superintendent of Publicity.



We wonder if this swimming pool at one of the Air Stations in this command is as cool and refreshing as it looks to ye perspiring Editor

Orderly Room

These thumb-nail sketches of the boys who work—yep, that's the word—in the Orderly Room do not necessarily constitute accurate biographies, but are intended to show the personnel that, though we do a thankless job yet we have a heluva lot of fun doing it.

F/S "It's in the Book" F. Barclay presides with a lofty countenance over the Unit Orderly Room. His job is no easy task, but you never have to worry over Frank getting things done. Though he may be a stickler for details, "It's in the Book" Barclay rules with a fine sense of humor.

Sgt. "Subversive Talk" L. W. Bullard is second in command. Although there isn't very much of him, he gets his bit done each day. Les has been very prominent in matters relating to recreation — pounding leather at Macleod forgotten lately.

Sgt. D. C. "Bunny" (to the girls and old-timers of the Unit) Menzies is the tall, lanky N.C.O. i/c Central Registry. Is kept on the bit by F/O M. W. "Adjutant" McDonald. Don is very active in many Unit affairs—at present he is a member of the Recreation Committee of the N.C.O.'s ball team and seems generally connected with any doings of the Unit (elbow bending not excluded).

Cpl. G. F. "Dick" Ireland is the dream boy of the O.R. One never knows whether Dick is dreaming or awake. Possibly this is due to the fact that he hails from Winnipeg. Anyway, just get Dick in the right mood and he adds his caustic comments to the routine of this madhouse—or maybe it's the short pipe he has acquired lately.

Lac. J. O. Y. "Oscar" "Movements" Goulet, comes from the vicinity of Moose Jaw. It is his responsibility to see to all correspondence regarding the movements of crews of the skilled tradesmen of No. 4 C.M.U. throughout the Command. His greatest headache comes from that SUPERBLY run estimating and costing O.R. His only request to them is PLEASE do not change the personnel of the itinerary once it has been made out.

Lac. E. J. M. "Jean" Riopel is the quietest member of the O.R. staff and hails from Quebec. The boys that are out on different jobs have "Jean" to thank for the efficient handling of all personal mail. His cheerful countenance is an added attraction to the O.R.

Lac. P. P. "Pat" Spence is the oldest member of the O.R. staff, also an Irishman, and was once the long lost man of No. 4 C.M.U. Nobody quite seemed to be able to keep up to Pat, and his only statement is that he was landscaper i/c at Mossbank. Well . . . Pat is the only one in the O.R. who can afford to operate a motor car and a familiar cry when the clock arrives at Work Ceases is, "What time are you going tonight, Pat?"

AC1 G. I. "Jud" Olive seems to be the bad boy of the O.R., as he is always sitting in the corner doing his life's work. Naturally, I mean the D.R.O.'s. He is an accomplished fancy ice skater, and is a golf and tennis enthusiast. Most of his spare time he haunts the Calgary Glencoe Club. "It's in the Book" Barclay calls Jud his problem boy and Jud's antics at times worry the Flight. Don't take it to heart, Jud, Frank doesn't really worry about anything.

AC1 J. R. "Jim" Frisken (comments censored due to modesty). I'm the guy that works on records, and I'm the guy responsible for this article. 'Nuff said!

Did You Know That-

Roy (the Kid) Miller, former corporal clerk engineer in C.I.'s office is now a pilot officer air gunner. He is now up at No. 2 A.G.T.S. taking all the commando training, Harvard step tests and "book larnin" required of young officers before they go Overseas. Roy was up to see us a short time ago and asked us to say "hello" to all those he did not see personally.

F/S Frank Barclay has become an equestrian par excellence. For those interested, riding lessons are available. Be at the Bowness Park merry-go-round any Saturday night. (Advt.)

Cpl. Max MacDonald, of the Aerodrome and Ground Services, was a member of the New Westminster Adanaes team when they won the Canadian Box Lacrosse championship in 1939.

Sgt. Shard, our new, young and handsome "discip", has caused flutters in some W.D. hearts.

The Wednesday afternoon duty fitness games are leaving some of the personnel unfit for the remainder of the week. Among those who have been seen limping around are Sergeants McLean, Menzies and Prittie. After a vigorous game of soccer football, Cpl. Jock Hogarth could walk, that being more than any of the "young bloods" could do.

Lac. Blomfield, one of our capable tin-smiths, is "seconding" as a landscape artist these days.

F/S Alf Dance and Sgt. Ted Collier were seen digging ditches down at No. 3 the other day. We always figured that the boys would find their right spot one of these days.

Sgt. Bill Service, one of our former "discips", is now the leader of the drum and bugle band at No. 3 Manning Depot.

The Province of Saskatchewan will hold an election on June 15th.

The picture "Fighting Seabees" now showing at a Calgary theatre, should be of

special interest to C. & M.-ers as it is based on the work of Construction Battalions (hence Seabees), our equivalents in the U.S. Navy.

L.A.W. Marion Mitchell and Cpl. Lee Finlay, of our feminine forces, were seen (and heard) more than anyone else at the recent boxing tournament at No. 2 Wireless School.

Some of the boys are learning the hard way that you can't beat the ponies. Sgt. Don Menzies, Cols. Dick Ireland and Chet Wright will verify this report.

Our new adjutant, F/O McDonald (more darn McDonalds around here), is giving Cpl. "Tiny" Hartnell a close run as the biggest man in the Unit. For bigness the other way it is still a close race between Sgt. Ab. Ruller and Lac. "Spat" Spatari.

For a man with a not-so-long leg length. F/O Forster can take pretty big strides. Ask any of the boys (especially those who had been playing Borden Ball) who were on a recent route march with him.

PLEASE PASS THE APPLES

When every pool in Eden was a mirror
That unto Eve her dainty charm proclaimed,
She went undraped without a single fear, or
Thought that she had need to be ashamed.

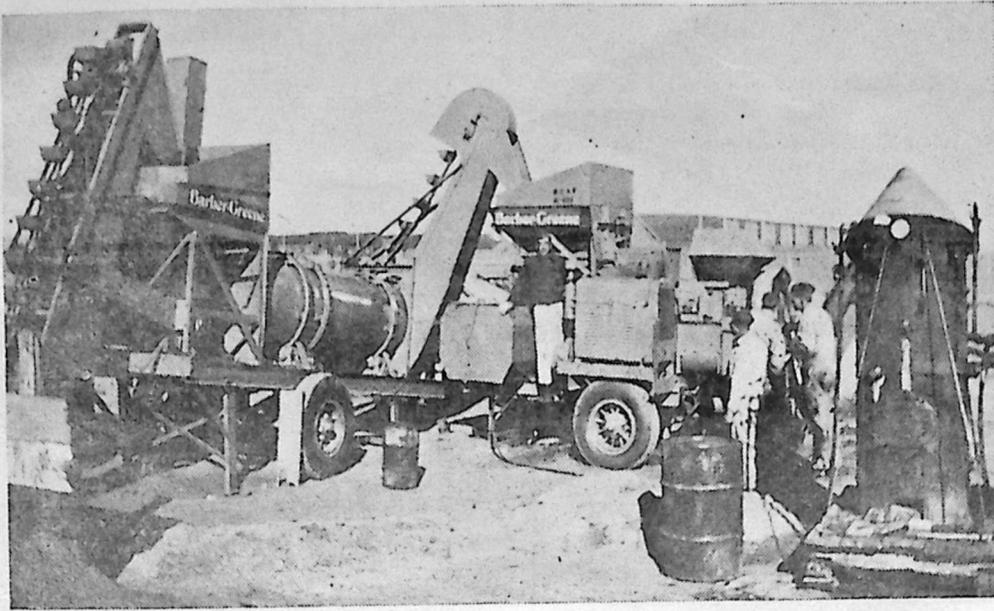
'Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple
That she became inclined to be a prude,
And found that evermore she'd have to
grapple

With the much debated problem of the
nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention,
Her time and all her money, to her clothes,
And that was the beginning of convention,
And Modesty as well, I do suppose.

Reactions come about in fashions recent;
Now, girls conceal so little from the men,
It would seem, in the name of all that's
decent,

Someone ought to pass the apples 'round
again!



One of No. 4 C.M.U.'s heavier pieces of equipment, the Barber-Greene Asphalt plant, consists of two separate units, the Asphalt Mixer and the Aggregate Drier, each driven by a separate gasoline power unit. In operation, the drier is set in position so that by bucket conveyor, aggregate heated to various temperatures (depending on the type of asphalt used) is fed by chute into the mixer. While aggregate is passing through the mixer, heated asphalt is added and mixed thoroughly in a pug mill. From here it is loaded on trucks by a conveyor belt. A steam boiler is also included in the plant for the purpose of heating the 300-gallon asphalt tank. The rated capacity of this plant is 20 tons per hour.

The above picture shows the first operation at No. 34 S.F.T.S. in October, 1943. At present it is engaged in extensive runway repair operation with Cpl. Hanna in charge of the operation of the Unit.

Command Notes

By Cpl. Brian Dickens

"Variety is the spice of life."

Having belaboured for some time under the impression that the better known writers make extensive use of quotations in their work, your reporter decided to get off on the right foot—though it may not be according to C.A.P. 90—by introducing one at the very beginning.

In case anyone is interested, this particular pearl of wisdom was unearthed after much feverish research amongst the classics. Unfortunately however, while selecting such a quotation and providing ourselves with what we considered to be an original introduction, we failed to consider that it should be relevant to the subject on hand. Apparently this one is not, and we can only suggest, rather weakly, perhaps, that a touch of "variety" in our columns will serve this purpose.

So this month, instead of writing a continuous article we are subdividing our news under various headings. In short, it will be just what its name implies—"Notes."

Postings: It would appear that "D.A.P.S." has been working overtime during these last few weeks. Recently we at Command bid farewell to "The Major"—or to give him his official title, W.O.2 Murphy—who was posted to Eastern Air Command. He will be stationed at Moncton, New Brunswick, where we imagine there would be ample scope for his job of keeping Air Force personnel warm!

Shortly after Murphy left Cpls. Ball and Thorsell arrived on posting to Command from No. 4 C.M.U. The latter, however, immediately returned to his former unit on temporary duty, while Ball was attached to the Ford Building. Don't take that last statement too literally!

Now we understand that the position has been reversed. Cpl. Ball is on temporary

duty at No. 4 C.M.U. and Thorsell is at the Ford Building. Complicated, isn't it! But what intrigues us even more is the fact that the date on which Cpl. Ball returned to No. 4 C.M.U. practically coincided with the start of No. 4 Command's Drill Course. We are just curious, that's all. And anyway, Charlie, you made an excellent right marker on that first day out.

One last item of interest concerning postings is the recent addition of Cpl. Bill Potter to the C.M.U. strength at Command. Bill is a draftsman and a new arrival to No. 4 C.M.U. Apparently he only spent a few days at the Unit's headquarters before being sent up here. With all due apologies to Sgt. Kurnarsky, yours truly suggests that Cpl. Potter must be a good man, too!

Drill Course: As we have previously mentioned, No. 4 Command held a drill course recently which lasted for a period of three weeks. Many and varied were the incidents of interest during that course, and we are still wondering what prompted a certain L.A.C., when sizing a squad, to give the command, "Tallest on the short in three ranks size."

Then there was the over-polite corporal who, having given a wrong command, couldn't remember the counter order, "As you were" instead said quite sorrowfully, "I beg your pardon, fellows."

Pay Parade: Finally we have some news which we feel would almost be suitable for Ripley's "Believe It or Not" column. At a recent pay parade for the C.M.U. personnel at Command everyone was late. Yes, it is a fact. However, we might add here, that the Accounts Officer, F/O Forster, was on hand a full fifteen minutes ahead of the time scheduled in D.R.O.'s. There is always some explanation to such startling events, isn't there.

In conclusion we would like to extend our very best wishes to F/Sgt. Trevor Jones who is in charge of the Drafting Room at Command. He is getting married next month.

SPORTS

By "Chet"

Fastball is the game to watch these days and to date the Officers and N.C.O.'s have been able to get back at the Airmen for some of the defeats they took at hockey. In all, three games have been played, with the Officers and N.C.O.'s under Sgt. "Ted" Collier, defeating the Airmen, under Lac. Urquhart, in two of the three. The Airmen got off to a good start on Sunday, May 6th, taking their "bosses" into camp to the tune of 14 to 3. On Wednesday, May 10th, at the weekly sports day, the Officers and N.C.O.'s eked out a 6 to 5 decision. The third game, the following Sunday, gave the Officers and N.C.O.'s their second win. Score 9-4. Ireland to Collier has been the winning battery, while the Airmen have had Laing, Hooper and Stannard pitching to Peck. S/L Manning has umpired all three games and the only time we saw him hesitate on a decision was when that aeroplane came over a little too low and we were too busy watching the plane ourselves to know whether he was mistaken or not.

Some new equipment has been purchased from the canteen fund for the ball-players and with the good material we have seen on the field we are expecting nothing less than a first and second place from the two teams which have been entered in a league with Currie Army.

Wednesday afternoon sports periods are enjoyed by everyone on the Unit. The sick, lame and lazy enjoy the fast and furious game of horseshoes. The ball-players get in a good game of softball, and the rest of the Unit usually play Borden-ball. This sometimes deteriorates into a good game of rugby, but one thing is certain, and that is, that everyone on this section of the field gets lots of exercise. No bones have been broken yet, but it is not uncommon to see some of the boys nursing sore shoulders and arms on Thursday morning, and the M.O. is always certain of a few cases of sore muscles.

Lac. Hamilton has again won for No. 4 C.M.U. This time it was at Claresholm on May 11th. He won by one fall over Cpl. G. L. Stewart in a 15-minute bout. Hamilton is certainly showing off that C.M.U. dressing gown to good advantage around the country. He has yet to lose a wrestling match.

A horseshoe tournament is now in full swing and two new horseshoe pitches have been constructed. The favorites in the tournament are McKay and James and Bullard and Williamson. We would pick Bullard and Williamson to win the event, but if they prove as unreliable as some of the horses we were betting last week anything can happen.

Lac. Trudel won the Table Tennis tournament that has just been completed. He found little opposition on the Unit and won every game with a good margin.

HATCHED

Lac. Authier, a son—Ronald Albert.
Lac. McMahon, a son—Gary Gordon.
Lac. Purvis, a son—Frederick Dennis.
Cpl. Morash, a son—Ronald Albert.



Above are two of our former curvacious W.D.'s and one not so curvacious flight-sergeant, namely, Evan T. (Doc.) Donaldson. F/S Donaldson has been "temporarily detained" at No. 2 I.T.S., Regina, for the past few months as foreman of works.

Norine Church, formerly an equipment stalwart, is now a corporal P.T.I. at No. 1 B. & G.S., Jarvis, Ont., and L.A.W. Ethel Schmaus is at No. 11 E.D. in Calgary. 'Tis rumored that she is going to take the final plunge this summer with a corporal from the same station.

Ethel has proved so photogenic that her picture has been reproduced in the Toronto Star Weekly and the Camp paper of No. 3 S.F.T.S. at Currie, The Foothills Flier. Obvious, isn't it?

Hospital Notes

M.O.'s

Frown down their nose.

In general, Sisters
Are better'n Mist'ers.

It's slow drying off
If, while gargling, you coff.

Bottles and bed pans
Discourage arrogance.

Jaundice's pallor
Is extremely yallor.

While your nose is sprayed
Your dignity's mislaid.

I like nurses
Who, ladylike, curses.

Mistammoncarb, orally,
Is nauseating, thorally.

What I wish is
For self-drying dishes.

When your tonsils they paint
Nonchalant is what you ain't.

Gals who are prim
Seldom see him.

—A. W.

In Memoriam

We extend deepest sympathy to our Cpl. Travers in the loss of his brother, F/O Travers, who was killed in action over Madgeburg, Germany, on January 21, 1944.

The Canteen

By Lac. George Hill

Painstakingly designed by well-meaning architects, whose minute plans were faithfully executed by skilled tradesmen, a barrack block arose. Where—on the blue prints—men were destined to sleep and dream peacefully of wife, mistress or lover, the hand of fate intervened and decreed a series of improvised offices — and a Canteen. The frontal approach to this building retains its original design, but confounds the stranger with its glaring plaque whose legend reads, No. 4 C. & M. U. Upon crossing the threshold, facing you down a corridor, numerous "shingles" inform you of the occupants of each respective office. Past the C.O.'s and Adjutant's, the timid airman usually treads softly, eyes askance, for he is well aware that from these "disciplinary action" is meted out for various misdemeanors. Farther down on the left the corridor is flanked by the Orderly Room, tenderly brooded over by F/S Barclay, and on the right the "Play Room" (Engineering Staff Only). Beyond, a right turn is made, then a sharp left, whereupon a door confronts you labelled "Airmen's Canteen." Here the weary Airman can doff his cap, sit comfortably to relax, if he's able to elude the systematic prowls of the "discips."

The Canteen is, all in all, a conglomeration of sights and sounds. Its painted baby-blue walls and harmonizing multi-colored drapes, its soft indirect lighting, are suggestive of an infants' nursery in some large church orphanage. Adorning the walls are samples of art, admired only by F/L James, F/L Swanston and the artists. These "oils", by a small stretch of the imagination, transport you to some private gallery or art exhibition. When "Cossack" MacDonald is at the keyboard of the piano, the atmosphere is reminiscent of a music conservatory. How quickly the smooth rhythm changes when John Dillman accompanies with the accordion! With clashing syncopation and stamping time-keeping feet, they desecrate both music and room to the base level of a Harlem or East-side speak-easy. Until recently, when the dust-gathering, moth-eaten bearskin rugs were on the floor, it was easy to imagine yourself at a country shooting club. Discreetly these nondescript rugs have been tossed to their rightful place, the discard, revealing now more of the highly polished floor that can hardly restrain the nimble feet of Sgt. Peach from giving his version of how a buxom negress dances a rumba, conga or hot tango.

During the past winter months the Canteen was used as a lecture hall for the Airmen's edification by Lecturer-extraordinary (no less) F/S Barclay. Skilfully did he hurl his ironic epithets at his docile hearers. However, of all the multiple uses of the Canteen, the most tangible to the "boys" are the break periods and nightly sessions, the latter at which it takes on the appearance of a Canadianized "Pub". At "break off", morning and afternoon, without fail there's always a mad scramble for that coffee or "coke" before Cpl. "Jock", guttural and impatient, yells "All right, boys, 10.15!" At this signal the N.C.O.'s—Calgary style—"stampede" in to sip coffee, gossip, "plot against the men" and drag on rank pipes and distortedly made "roll-your-own" cigarettes. When night falls, being of higher caste, the N.C.O.'s repair to their own lounge to carouse, squabble and fight, and give vent generally to ill-temperers by kicking over a

piece or two of furniture. The Airmen's Canteen, however, tranquil, misty with blue smoke, a little "jive" wafting from the radio, and "Old John Barleycorn" Labrie as bartender, is all the atmospheric prerequisite needed by the "boys" for a good "binge." Cheerfully, always flushed in color wrinkled and smiling, John slings up the foaming beer to each and all. Among his nocturnal customers is Jack Phipps who, with characteristic furrowed brow, after having downed two glasses, bids all to listen as he tells of his famous ancestor, the Admiral of the same name, who helped Wolfe lick the French at Quebec.

Perhaps the greatest night of debauchery in the Canteen was witnessed when the "Stag" was held a few weeks ago. There was music singing, "dancing", crackers and pickles. Calgary's finest beer—weak and insipid stuff to the Ontario connoisseur—flowed in abundance to satisfy many a craving, avid thirst. Despite the torture of swirling heads and bilious stomachs next day, all agreed that events such as this, during which troubles might be drowned in a glass of "bitters", should be more frequent in the Airmen's Canteen and that a great lesson had been learned by all—Airmen could be compared to the little "pig-gies" of the nursery rhyme. One, you remember went to town, one stayed home, one ate roast beef, one had none. These, however, were much wiser than the final Airman who, hoggishly enough, consumed too much beer at the "Stag", emulating the last little "piggy"—knowing your nursery rhymes you're familiar with what he did—all the way home from the AIRMEN'S CANTEEN.

Our W-DEES

The W.D.'s have been behaving so well lately that I have to rely on my imagination to concoct this so-called column. Even Lee is beginning to agree that a woman's place is in the home. (Well, what's the matter with you wolves?)

Marion and Lee even slip out evenings now to practice their horseback riding. I guess they are trying to show up "Buck" Barclay. Speaking of Frank, he was heard saying, "I hope that the styles for men change before the war is over because I'm going to look awfully silly in a red check coat and green 'rolled' pants. Come to think of it, I guess it wouldn't boost the sales of biscuits any.

I guess the war will soon be over—the W.D.'s are "re-wardrobing" themselves. Lee is a bit pessimistic, though, she'd only borrow 25c to put down on her pre-war coat. Marion got all decked out in civies on Saturday, smiled sweetly and saluted a handsome P/O. (Incidentally it wasn't returned and it says in the book . . .).

Our W.D.'s wonder why it is they don't swoon at the sight of No. 4's Glamour Boys, Pete and Nick, when all the gir's from No. 3 do. Maybe they're more level-headed or else just used to that "smooth" technique Pete and Nick have achieved.

I don't know whether the Equipment Officer knows anything about this or not, but one of the Sergeants of this Unit told us that he had to give Dot a photo of a certain dispatcher in order to get a pair of boots. She must have quite a photo album by now.



The fair young damsel above is Miss Margaret Tidball who has the dubious honor of being the only civilian girl in the midst of hundreds of C.M.U. wolves.

To Margaret and all the boys from the Unit who offered themselves as blood donors when Cpl. Bolton's daughter was ill recently, Cpl. and Mrs. Bolton wish to extend their heartfelt thanks.

How Come?

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch and Rye.
The cows drink water by the ton
And at eighteen are mostly done.
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for noggs, then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live, and sinless die;
But sinful, gin-ful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three-score years and ten.

Bed Patients' Lament

Oh, sing of a better mouse trap
And the hordes that would flock to the door
Of its fortunate inventor—
Just sing—and you'd make me sore!

A thousand good traps for the rodents
Abound—and for me that's sufficient—
But show me one lone, single, bed pan
That's anywhere near to efficient.
Bed pans teeter and totter
While your fever grows hotter
And your confidence grows more deficient!

These utensils are built to assist you—
Their failure in this is deplorable—
They humiliate and resist you,
A rising pulse rate's inexorable.
To mount is a feat full
Of struggles deceitful,
To dismount's a struggle more horrible!

So sing of a better mouse trap
And I'd murder you 'ere you began—
'Twere better time spent, if you're going to
invent,
On a non-splash, self-balancing bed pan!
—A. W.

"Rememberitis"

(With apologies to No. 10 R.D. Hospital Staff)

Of all the diseases an ill Fate releases
The worst of them all is the "Flu"
M.O.'s try to conceal it, but YOU have to
feel it

And it's not "pharyngitis" to you—
Nor yet "tonsilitis", and still less
"bronchitis"
(Terms medical, for your deception),
You hear them with woe, and in ignorance
go
To the hospital's boding reception.

First you quiver in bed, knowing that, in
your head
At least fifty sirens are whirled,
Your rattling wheezes give birth to vast
sneezes,
You sense you're not long for this world—
Your arid throat gasps and your bronchials
rasp,
Your backache surpasses endurance,
And dimly you wonder just what in the
thunder
Your wife'll do with your insurance.

Then Cpl. O'Brien confirms that you're
dying
By reverently sneaking your raiment,
And you make a weak prayer, as you realize
there,
That Old Nick's about due for his pay-
ment!

In this misery vile you perceive a sweet
smile
As Miss Nesbitt asks, "How are you
feeling?"
And with one foot in Hell you reply, "Pretty
well,"
You can't tell HER your soul is con-
gealing.

Here Corp. Betty shows up with a glass
and a cup—
Evil potions, with terrible power,
Which tear out your larynx, and rip loose
your pharynx,
And sunder your gizzard down lower!
Solemn exit for Betty (you're cold and
you're sweaty
And glad to be left in death's throes)
When up slow-marches Phyllis (Lord of
Mercy, please kill us!)
And sprays kerosene in your nose!

Then Gladys appears to augment frantic
fears
By noting your last temperature,
And 'ere you can repulse her, she's taken
you're pulse, sir,
You swear this is final, for sure!
Still another assailant arrives with in-
halant,—
It's Merle—"You must cover your head"—
And from fumes made in Hades you're saved
by more ladies,
They're Berg and Cox moving your bed!

And Dorothy hovers and twitches bed covers
While Stewart assists her to worry—
And Marion at night carries on the grim
fight,
And you fib "feeling fine" to Miss Murray;
And the M.O. comes 'round with a mien so
profound
(Though you try in your fright not to
mind him)
It is easily seen that his sad features mean
That the Grim Reaper stands right behind
him!

So you sink down for days through an
aspirin haze
Of burning and freezing and curses,
From which sudden you rise (to your utter
surprise)

And commence to admire the nurses!
Your shivering ceases, your wild pulse
decreases,
You feel a strange longing for food,
And the M.O.'s grave face shows a little
less trace
Of his former funereal mood.

You sputter and choke on a tentative smoke
(From the Padre, or Red Cross—for
free!)

Your anticipation becomes pure elation
When you're granted, at last, B.R.P.!
Sole remaining privation is gnawing starv-
ation,

You whine for a meal like a pup,
And you wobble and puff, but you gorge and
you stuff,
Then your "Blues" come, and, Brother,
you're up!

You are glad, by and large, you aren't
chummy with Marge—

She's the operating room queen—
And you learn how to duck or you're sure
to get stuck

With Sarge Escott's dishwashing routine.
You are much more serene with Sgt. Irene
(This gal doesn't do any "joeing")
And you bandy wise-cracks with Jenny and
Mac

And Wolfe—then comes news that
"You're going!"

The most dangerous effect is in hale
retrospect,

The experience loses its horror—
Your memories laugh with kind Hospital
Staff,

And the M.O.'s a blythe health restorer!
But one ominous threat you must never
forget,

M.O.'s, diagnostically, "Itis" you—
The next time you fear that St. Peter is near
Just forget "Itis", chum, you've got Flu!

And yet, if it's mild, you know, not TOO
severe,
I wouldn't mind flu—in hospital—next year.
—A. W.

I SHOULD BEE AN ANT!

How doth the busy little bee
Contend HE'S making money?
He works like hell from spring to fall
Then some man steals his honey!
(It stands to reason that his plan
Is recommended most by man).

Then also note the slaving ants—
The sluggard's best example—
They build their teeming hills up high
For some big oaf to trample!
(When all their labour's lost so soon
What sluggard shouldn't sleep 'til noon?)

This brings us to the case of me,
I loaf—since I'm a man—
And steal the honey of the bee
When he's made all he can.
(So I'm a thief, and withal lazy?
OKAY, chum—but those bugs are Crazy!)
A. W.

Corporal: "Could I get a forty-eight, sir,
to help my wife with the spring cleaning?"
C.O.: "No, I'm afraid not . . ."
Corporal: "Thank you, sir, I knew I could
rely on you."

THE INTERNATIONAL VOWEL OR "WOT HOW"

Millions these days are worrying about the English-speaking peoples sticking together. I am worrying about the English language itself sticking together, and what should be done about repairing it before it falls apart so badly that a Canuck will need the services of a paid interpreter each time he meets an Aussie, a Newsie, an American, or (strangest of all) an Englishman, in order to conduct a conversation. Primarily, we've got to start driving nails through those vowels to hold them down somewhere, or the Tower of Babel incident must be considered mere over-the-teacups conversation compared to meetings such as outlined above.

I have no criticisms against the speech of those others of the Empire, or of lower North America, who also profess to speak English—in fact, they are probably right. Maybe they do. Englishmen, for instance, have had several more centuries, as a nation, in which to study the language than has Canada. But what astounds me is that, of mornings, I get out my kit and shave, but the Aussie on my right "shives", and the Newsie beyond him scrapes 'em off part way between "A" and "I", while the Englishman on my left whacks off his whiskers in probably another degree of the variations of sounds between those two vowels! Not to mention that I use a razor, while the other lads (with an identical implement) refer to it respectively as a "rizah", a "roizah" or a "raazah!" This does not include what a southern Yank may do to an unoffending "A", for, granting that he removes any harshness in his variation, the result defies spelling. But that "A" has to be pinned down somewhere, even if we have to change the spelling and write it with an "I", or even "OI"! A man should be able to recognize an "A" on sight, and greet it accordingly.

We still manage to keep within shouting distance on the "E", so much so that we need not discuss it. But the double "E" is another question. Canadians chop off the two "E's" with their bare quota of sound, while our lingual brothers seem, at times, suddenly to recall a soft "I" they have left lying around somewhere, and substitute it for the two "E's"; or, having pronounced them, linger lovingly until they trail off into an "uh" sound on the after end. The reason? Rillih, I don't know—reeuhly! But something should be done about this pair of letters. I for one have no objection to saying that I "feeuhl" up to the mark—but I don't want my companion to reply that he, also, "fihls" splendidly.

This brings us to "I"—and if I ever heard a poor defenseless vowel so ruthlessly pushed about by a variety of disagreeing tongues, may Oi hoid moy fice from the loit forever! While, if you have followed me, you may point out that this latter course would be generally approved, let it be understood I am dealing here only with conditions involving vowels. But to get back—the "I" is dragged in by some of our down-under friends and English brethren to pinch-hit for "A"—Oi hite to sigh it, but it's true! And it is seldom left to do a job by itself, its brother "O" is usually herded along, stealing some of "I's" limelight. If I were this letter, I would positively refuse to do "A's" work; would insist on performing my own, and would tell "O" where to go or I'd quit! Still, on the other hand, if I have been mispronouncing "I" all these years, and it really is "OI" or should be spelled with an "A", I'm quite willing to change. But let it be unanimous—let's mike it roit!

Now to "O"—hard to touch on in less

than a thousand words. To the majority of non-American English-speaking peoples, there really is no such letter—or, if there is, they're afraid to let it out by itself. It always has to drag "U" or "W" along right on its tail. I don't see why, unless it's because you can say "OU" with your mouth slacked off in an at-ease position, whereas it really calls for the Cupids bow stance and almost total sobriety (no hearsay, this last), to unloose a Canadian "O". So, hearing some other Britisher say "Ow, now", we know it is safe to construe it as meaning "Oh, no"; but supposing your eighteen-year-old Canadian daughter is in the next room with an Airman and drops such a remark, how are you going to interpret that? However, "O" is either "O" (round-mouth attack, as in blowing a smoke ring), or "OU" or "OW" (relaxed system) and should be made to do its own work or have a recognized and steady helper. I'm willing to follow any established rule, but I want to be certain as to whether my daughter is merely replying in the simple negative or has inadvertently just sat down on a tack. That's fair, isn't it?

The "U" seems to be the most successful, dignified and business-like of the international English vowels. I mention it here as an example—if we are all agreed that "U" (either short or long) can be, and is pronounced in only one way, what's keeping us apart on the others?

Then there is the side issue of the letter "R", which need not be laboured over—it would be taking an unfair advantage, since North Americans—other than "Hawvawd" graduates or those hailing from the "Lowah Saouth"—can prove their point in this regard. It must be admitted either that there is an "R" sound, or that there isn't. Does anyone suggest that there isn't? I hoped so.—Let's hear you say "marry". Well, there you are! Once start a word like that, and you've already jumped and simply have to pull the rip-cord. No matter how quickly that "R" following a vowel is clicked out, you can't fool a soul! You had to pronounce it. Therefore, if "R" is certain to land you a nasty left-hook in "carry", why show your abject fear of the letter by pronouncing "care" as "ca-ah"—Better to fight back—even as the Scotsman who not only appreciates his "R" but hates to relinquish one once he gets it in his mouth, where it multiplies quicker than rabbits in a hutch! This, of course, is the other extreme. Alternately, however, if there is going to be some form of studied division of the "R" words—to be pronounced in some, in others to skulk behind a puny "ah"—by all means let's standardize 'em. English is so complicated now that a few more rules won't hurt—and let's stop blaming the Jutes, Anglos, Britons, Normans, Romans, Piets, Scots Danes (no checking on chronological order, please) and the hosts of others who threw their letter into the alphabetical soup which finally boiled down into the English language. Most of those old boys are dead, anyway, and as incapable of defending themselves as are our abused vowels.

Only one thing more. Nothing concerning the language, but a point of great importance to the writer. It has to do with the Old Country and Down-under radio speakers of the more weighty and dignified type who, when they have ended a sentence, refortify their lungs with an inhalation as audibly forceful as the passing of a heavy rasp over sandpaper. What I want to know is: is this un-American trick necessary over (or under) there to keep audience interest during the short period necessary for the speaker to grab himself enough breath for another oratorical blast? Or are announcers required to be in advanced stages of asthma

before they may be engaged? I had a slight cold once, and here in Canada they refused to let me speak over the radio—Tut—I really mean over the wireless! In case that cold should come back and develop, I should be glad to have the answer to my query. A man must always look to the future, and I like travelling.

Let me repeat that I do not consider that Canadians are necessarily correct in their version of these pronunciations of the same letters in the same language. But internationally these vowels, at least, have got to be cornered, their proper function and work outlined to them with revised spelling if considered necessary, and severe disciplinary action taken if they deviate from the rules as laid down to them.

The other night I asked an Aussie pal to pass the ale. He looked puzzled for a moment, then smiled pityingly and said, "Ow, it's the ILE you want", and proceeded to pass the ale. But all that valuable time was wasted while he was translating a simple vowel into Australian. Truly, a state of affairs which English-speaking peoples should not tolerate for another day!

A. W.

Equipment "Quips"

By Sgt. R. P. Prittie

Lac. Ed. Trudel, a former crony of yours truly at No. 11 Equipment Depot, is now with us on T.D. from No. 3 Manning Depot. It is too bad that No. 4 T.C. couldn't have waited until after the table tennis tournament before sending Ed. down here. Eliminating yours truly in the finals didn't help him one bit when he wanted a "48". Lac. Waldo White, another of our T.D. (temporarily detained, as Cpl. Dickens would say) personnel, has departed. We shall miss the aroma of the three for 5c "El Stinkos" Whitey used to smoke.

On a recent Wednesday afternoon F/L Turner, like the yeomen of Old England, was seen venturing forth with his bows and arrows to practice a little archery. Quite a contrast to the Army lads, who not more than a hundred yards away, were practicing with all the implements of modern warfare such as trench mortars, anti-tank guns and light field pieces.

One afternoon recently a loud knocking noise was heard in the Section. Thinking there might be a woodpecker trying to undermine the building, we investigated only to find that Lac. Harris, another of our many T.D.-ers, was having a drill test upon the parade (?) ground. We'll be looking for those beers just as soon as No. 4 I.T.S. send us a copy of their June 1st D.R.O.

For those who claim that work is not carried on in the Equipment Section, we wish to inform them that we have absolute proof of it now in pictures, thanks to No. 3's Photography Section.

IMPORTANT NOTICE! WARNING!!
When in the presence of Sgt. Al Smith or Cpl. Chet Wright, do not mention the word stocktaking. Either are apt to become violent at the mention of the ghastly word.