

Y'S CRACKS

NOVEMBER

HE'S THE BEST
LITTLE VICTORY BOND
SALESMAN WE'VE
GOT!



Nightingale/43

SPORTS ◊ HUMOR ◊ SECTION ACTIVITIES



Issued by kind permission of
W/C F. Belway, D.F.C., Commanding
Officer.

As the second issue of Y's Cracks goes to press the Atlantic is rolling in and spraying our face. It is obvious that our summer is over.

According to all information, reaching this office, the personnel at "Y" Depot may look forward to a series of entertainments unparalleled on any Air Force station. It is up to every staff member to acquaint himself with the various activities that are now getting underway.

Let's get behind the station entertainment, library, sports committee, and the Y.M.C.A. With our co-operation, they will provide us with a "bang up" fall and winter season.

Vol. 1 - No. 2. "Y's Cracks" is the official organ of No. 1 "Y" Depot, RCAF, Halifax, N.S. Issued every month. Contributions invited.

The Staff

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Sgt. Doris Breen, Cpl. Bob Musk, LAC
Bert Nightingale

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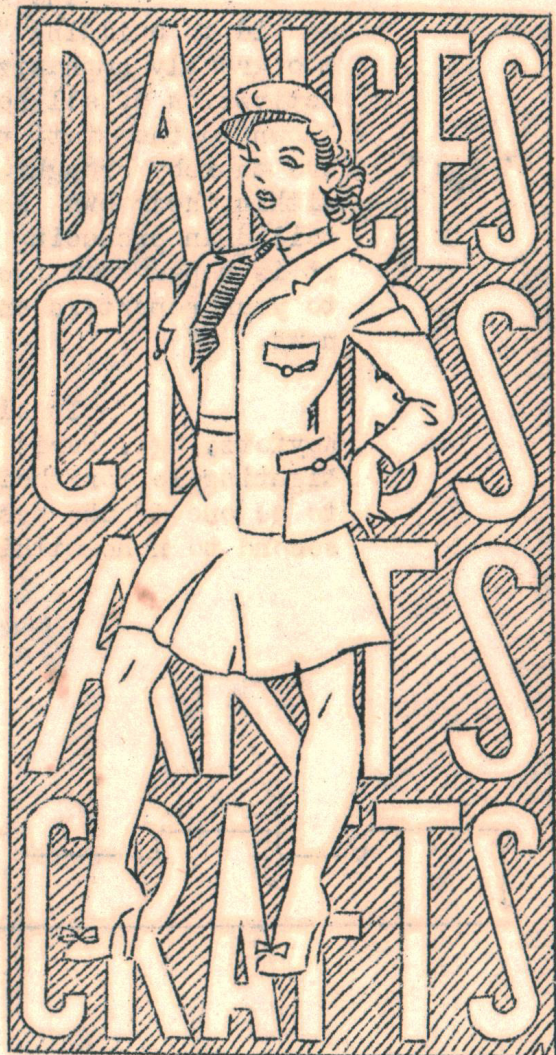
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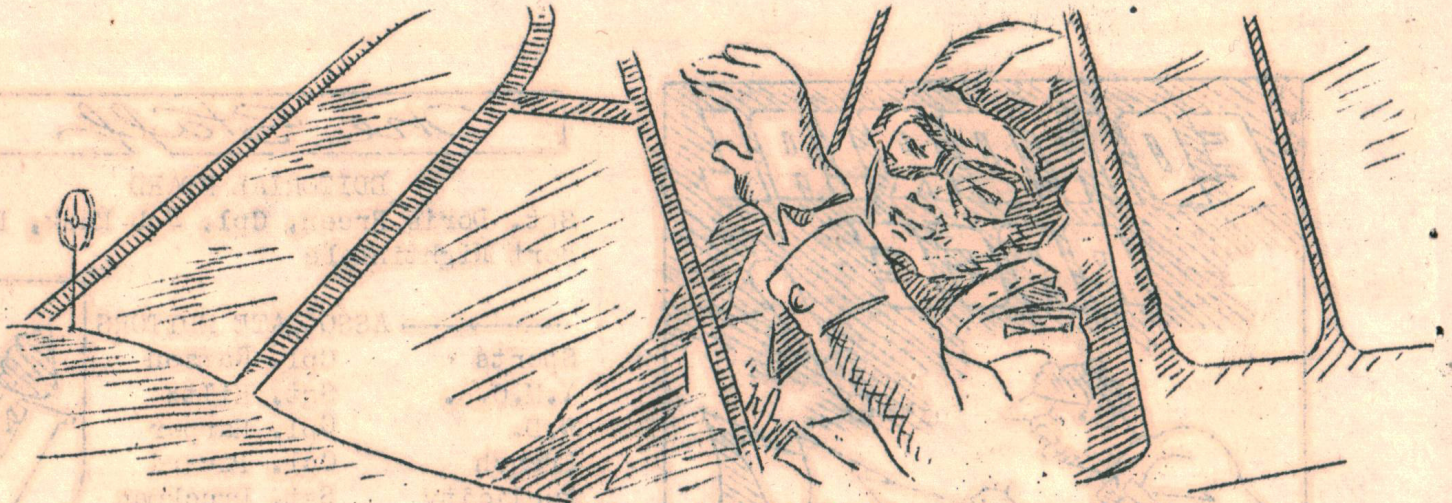
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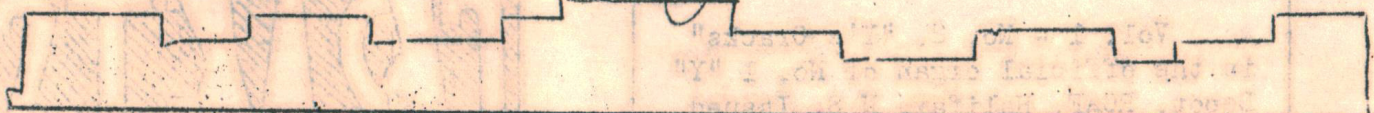


It is with much satisfaction and genuine pleasure that I take this opportunity to congratulate the members of the Station Magazine editorial staff on the splendid success of the first issue of "Y's" Cracks. It is indeed, another milestone in the rapid advance being made by this Depot.

The need and importance of such a magazine as an aid to building "esprit de corps" on a station cannot be too greatly emphasized. It is the medium through which the activities of all sections are brought into focus and made known to the station as a whole. Items of general interest are thereby brought to light where otherwise they would die within their own sections. The huge amount of work entailed in producing this magazine is fully appreciated, and it is hoped that the fullest co-operation will be extended to your reporters and editors in their search of the elusive news.

In closing, I would like to commend F/L Carl Keyfetz, Sgt. Doris Breen, Cpl. Bob Musk and LAC Bert Nightingale for their tireless efforts to produce what promises to be one of the best monthly magazines in the R.C.A.F., and second to none within the Command.

J. W. McInenly, S/L
(J.W. McInenly) S/L
Senior Administrative Officer



VICTORY LOAN

Under the able leadership of F.L. Pentland, president and Sgt. Druckman, secretary, the 5th Victory Loan campaign got underway on Oct. 18 and from early returns it would appear that 'Y' Depot will again go "Over the top" in spite of an increased objective.

The transients did exceedingly well and obtained their quota in practically "no-time" flat. Highlighting their performance is the single subscription of \$24,000 which amount still stands as an all-high in 'Y' Depot campaign history.

The objective for Staff is \$50,000- exceeding by far any objective or attainment in 'Y' Depot Victory Loan campaigns.

Featuring this Victory Loan campaign is the erection of a novel billboard, co-designed by IAC Ray, Gauvreau and Sgt. Druckman, which records the day-by-day progress in the intersection competition.

Sgt. Jean Brunet of Wing Records finds the job of selling bonds right up his alley, for in civilian life Jean is employed with an Insurance brokerage house. Mr Dick Irwin and Capt. Addison are doing a splendid job with the civilians and we understand their pep-talks lead the way directly to H qrs. Accounts. A beautiful job too is being done by F.L. Chetwynd.

A certain young man named Hal Durnam
Was well known for the beer he was yearnin'.
Oh, we'll never forget
When one week--on a bet--
All drinks stronger than coke he was spurnin'.

WHATS COOKIN

It seems as though some of the staff lads don't seem to enjoy the meals we cooks are putting out, but if you define the worst grouchers we find they are always up to No. 1 mess looking for that free meal every night about 9.30 or 10 o'clock.

(OVERHEARD BEHIND A STOCK POT)

"What do you think of 'Rigmortis' getting his walking papers, Fred?" says Len,

"Well, I don't know myself," Fred says, "At times I would sure like to be in his shoes but not with the record he had on 33 stations. Yet he will probably be more happy back in Canada draining stiffs instead of one of these pots.

It's 2320 I see Betty and Helen just rolled in to dive into some of that Waldorf late supper we got over from No. 2. So the Wolf ought to be prowling around this way anytime.

Strictly between you and me this Bill is some guy with the women. One look from him and they just seem to swoon into another world. And does he ever wear out shoe leather running between Barrack Blocks 4 and 22 to the mess hall.

— ODE TO A W.O. —
Because Adams one day had a jag on,
And his eye had no gleam but a bag on,
He collected some dough
By his resolute "No!"
And three weeks and a half on the waggon.

Who is the little WO2
Who wears the socks of Baby Blue?
Who? Oh! Who? Oh! Who???

ORDERLY ROOM

F/Sgt. Conroy is welcomed to the staff of the Station Orderly Room to resume F/Sgt. Bissillion's duties where he left off a while back, the day his aircrew came through.

Who has Sgt. Breen been stepping out with? Perhaps the Accounts Section can answer that.

When orders were given to remove pictures from the airmen's barracks poor Norm went around in a daze till he solved the problem of how she could be near him always, so what did he do but bring the picture of his one and only up to the office and place it on a filing cabinet for all to admire.

A W.D. Cpl. in our section does alright too with at least 4 to 5 airgraphs a week and a cable on her birthday from an Aussie "Over There". She prefers to send her letters airmail and then wonders why she is always broke before pay day. Maxie realized what a dull job "Duty Clerk" can be, so she endeavours to brighten up a certain boy's evening by coming back to entertain him... with her snap shot album.

Sir:

It was with some considerable disappointment that the Station Paper was greeted by the Fire Hall Personnel.

Every one concerned has been under the impression that the material submitted would be comparable with any, but the disjointed and meaningless article which appeared in Y's Cracks is an insult to our intelligence.

The fair procedure would have been to notify the section and explain that the copy was not the type which you thought was fit to publish.

You can be sure that a suitable article would have been submitted to show our willingness to co-operate. This you may recall was proved insofar as we were the first to send in a copy.

However, since co-operation seems to be a one-sided proposition, we regret to inform you that under the circumstances, our first entry must also be our last.

For the personnel of the Fire Section may I extend our sincerest hope for the future success of "Y's" Cracks.

Sgt. Pheifer, J.

Sir:

I have just finished reading the first issue of your paper. The fact that you are editor denotes that you are acquainted with many of the personnel on this station. That is exactly my trouble.

I have been at "Y" Depot for five months and during this time I have not met one W.D.

Is it true that all nice girls like to dance and go to shows? Are there no serious minded girls on the station? The backbone of our country is the farm. Surely, there are some women who would be just as interested in spending a quiet evening discussing the various phases of agriculture, as wasting their time in a stuffy picture show?

With best wishes, etc.

LAC F.D.C.

Buy them for
your Ma - or even
your Pa - but above all -
Buy Victory
Bonds!

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LIBRARY

Many new books are to be found on the library shelves these days, all well worth reading. They include books on just about everything.

Books on current history are popular and there are many to choose from. For example "Paris Underground," "Why Blame the Generals", "Inside Asia", "Mother Russia", "Coastal Command", "On the Air, on the land, and on the Sea".

To those who like lighter reading with a current background, "Sgt. Nicola", "C/O Postmaster", "The Ship" "Double Double", all are popular.

We have an up and coming technical library for those thinking of aircrew. A Hobby section is also being established and suggestions are welcome. The budding reference library for future "trade testers" will no doubt appeal to many.

We also have many pictorial books, some serious and some not so serious. "About to be a father" helped one sergeant through a trying time and by its well worn appearance it seems to have aided many others.

The "Who Done It" are plentiful and there are many well known authors represented.

Cpl. Holden.

Y.M.C.A.

Although the Y.M.C.A. office is located upstairs in the Drill Hall, its work spreads to every corner of the station. Whether it is a station dance or a small section party, you will always find a "Y" man in attendance.

What have you done to help the Victory Loan Drive?

YMCA (CON'T)

Bruce Runnals, who has been here for some time needs no introduction. Al Benson from Debert, and Chapri Chapman madly rush through a million last minute details, while Sgt. Hiltz ties up the loose ends at the office.

The most appreciated effort, we think, was Camp Sunshine, operated through the co-operation of the Station, Y.M.C.A., and Star and Chronicle.

All the movies on the station are routed through Y.M.C.A. circuits.

The Mother's Corner, which has filled a long felt need, is operating in full swing three days a week. The ladies who kindly give up their afternoons are from the "pre-fab" district just outside the gate.

MEDICAL SECTION

Sgt. (Hernia) Reid, the Little Commando of the Dispensary, is doing a good job of selling Victory Bonds. F/Sgt. Murphy has been accepted for aircrew and leaves the Depot Staff after nearly two and a half years. LAC Wiseman has also been accepted for aircrew and is now in training. LAW Davidson's greatest desire is to get overseas. Cpl. Clifford is again presiding in the hospital kitchen and turning out the goodies in her usual capable manner.

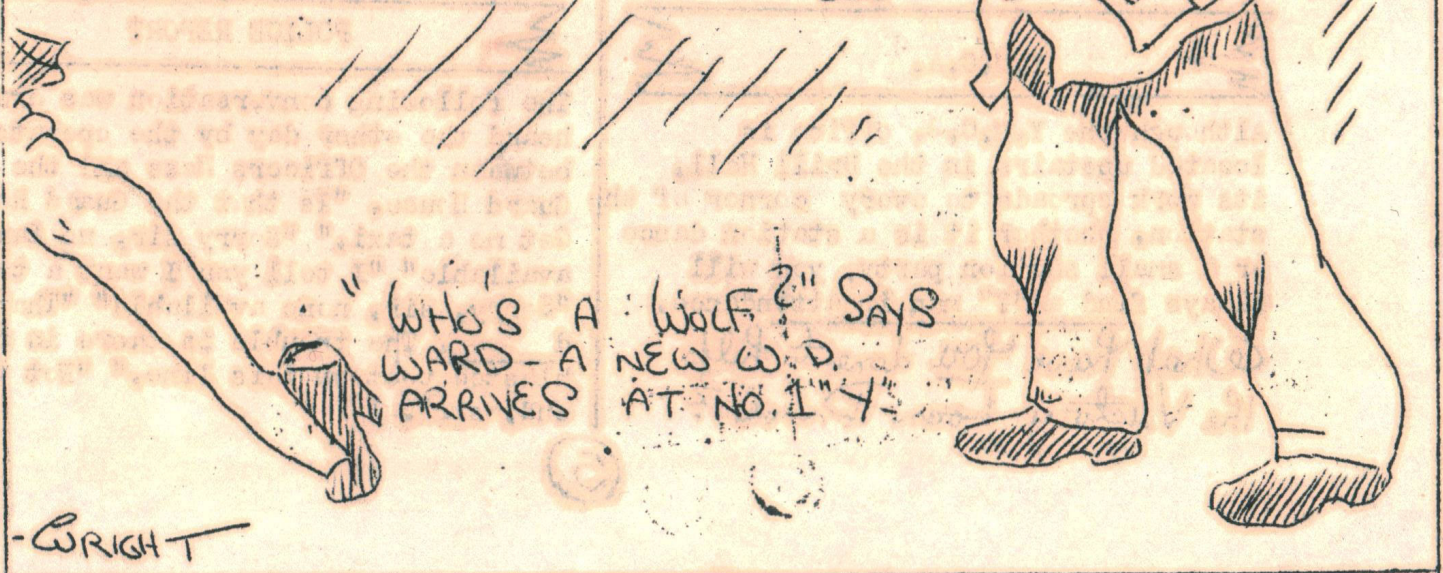
POLICE REPORT

The following conversation was overheard the other day by the operator between the Officers Mess and the Guard House. "Is that the Guard Room? Get me a taxi." "Sorry sir, no taxis available" "I tell you I want a taxi" "Sorry, sir, none available" "That be d _____. The trouble is there is a blasted toot on this line." "Not this end, sir".

(5)



A GROUP OF CARTOONS FROM Y DEPOT ARTISTS!





One of the largest squadron movements that these old eyes have witnessed has just been completed. No. 1 Squadron L.T.S. moved troops and equipment to their new theatre of operation with the ease and decorum of a four alarm fire.

Operations were under the capable guidance of Squadron Commander, Flight Lieut. King. The movement was spear-headed by Cpl. Dixon, in command of the advance party.

The job was completed under the most gruelling conditions. The 800 bombers (or was it 8?) were flown at low level under complete instrument conditions. Landing was accomplished with a zero ceiling by the use of the S.B.A. procedure. Sgt. Soberg and his crew of mechanics guided the a/c from the runway into the hangar. The gremlins having been duly extricated, the doors were closed.

Any reader wishing to meet the veterans of this action may do so by calling at the new Link Trainer Bldg., where pilots for more difficult operations in the future are under training.

Circuits and Pumps.

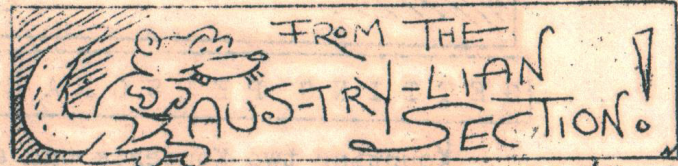
Sgt. Rowlatt has just returned from a refresher course at St. Thomas. It is rumoured he was one of the top men in his course.

A bouquet to Cpl. Dixon for his efficient handling of maintenance in the absence of Sgt. Rowlatt. He is always on the job with a smile--Keep it up, Dick!

F/O Fry is the latest addition to our (slap) happy family. Welcome! Mr. Fry.

LAC Coxon is off to St. Thomas for a "refresher". Take care, "Coxy".

What Sgt. is spending his spare time studying advanced aircraft design and what is he going to do with all the models he is building?



We two Aussie penguins would like to thank personnel of this station who assisted us in organising our small secti

The first morning we took up duties we had office space only. Oh! yes, and two chairs, no tables, in fact no nothing. Naturally our first visit was to No. 1 Equipment Store to procure office equipment, but alas, we were immediately confronted with the inevitable "Whose your inventory holder?" Eventually we did find a kind soul in S/Ldr. Calvert. Still, No. 1 Equipment Store, thanks for everything. Have you got any blotting paper yet? The next call took us to the B.P.O. so as to organise some sort of set-up with respect to Aussie A.28's, might I add the bug-bear of all Australia

Thanks are conveyed to F/Sgt. Snet-singer, IAC Vacchino and the rest of B.P.O. staff for their co-operation. Strange to say certain peculiarities of that name, Snet-singer, made it the easiest to remember at the inception. Then to Records, where was organised a runner service for Aussie Nominal Rolls and Intake Lists. Keep up the good work, Records. Say, incidently, you forgot to send up a Nominal Roll of Sergeants on the last embarkation. We really must not forget that swell Irishman, Major Murphy and also F/O Axcel, who among other things announces over parade, "There will be a dance at the Anzac Club tonight for Aussie and New Zealand personnel. Charming hostesses supplied."

For those students of geography or perhaps for Ripley's benefit this "Y" depot posting gives we two Aussies the distinction of having the most distant permanent posting, away from Australia, of any R.A.A.F. personnel.

THIS IS TH' BAND

GETTING PERSONAL ...!

Kounting two Konzerts and a kick, we katz kountered the Kentville kindness on our kibitz there. Kredit goes to Kōnduktor Manns for his klassay Kick-offs. The kurrent apple krop kaused much e'k's-cite-ment, as did the komely kissers of the kountry's kuties.

Mad- Major Marcy, the Moncton Monk messed up his marvelous monkey-suit, as did many on the muddy meander to mop up money for the Maritimes. Much moisture on the march made it more like a marathon swim of many moons ago.

Bad-boy Brooker boobed-out on a band trip beverage bout- and had to borrow a basin and bunk to bolster his bottle bravado. Now the B group B----- blows B flat bubbles after burning his bridges with a Bromo.

The Whites and their wards won the what-not at Wallop-O! The wilful waifs whacked their way through a whirlpool of wincing wictims wiping out all to wrest the wreath. Wrangling with the White boys were:-

Connor, Curr, Marchant
McKinnon, Freidman, Leach
and score-keeper Joylin
with a game to his credit.

STATION STUFF ...!

What do you think of the mirror up at the gate-- and do I look alright too?

Gosh the station's crowded-- must be a million here-- and they say half a million more are coming Frangerday night.

Somebody came on the station last night says he knows you-- would it be Braylen- or Fraddy-- maybe Shramig--anyway he says he knows you.

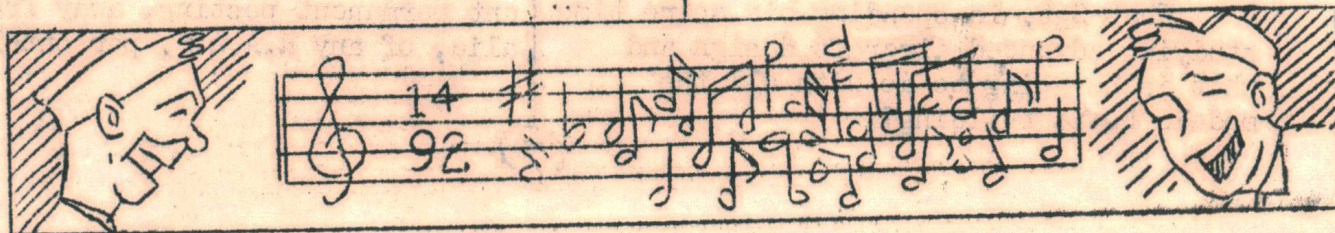
When are y' getting a 48 and why can't I get one either?

Did y' see DRO's last night-- well did you notice the thing about --well did you see if I was on it??

How long y' been on the station and wouldn't a posting west somewhere be wunnerful?

Have y' heard there's a draft Throonsday--that's the leventy-gast of Norctomber isn't it-- or was it Shibberday the fring-terth of Brag buary?

They say the whole station is moving- d'ya hear where -- won't it be swell -- I wonder when w'll be going?



WAGGIN'

SERIOUSLY THOUGH---

Band reporter Papernick was taken ill right after the first Y's Cracks meeting which resulted in a Band 'pass' in our first issue. Others recently away are:- First trumpet dance-band man, friend Jimmie Guthro, on leave from PEI after a pneumonia battle. . . . Bill Connor of trombone and pitching arm renown. . . . Fred Wildish, one of the solo cornets in the concert band.

Combine blank files, a new band-master, trips out of town and notice the change in the band's performances. But soon we'll be back up there in good standing with our fans.

Among the new ones - L.A.C. Barnes, organist, helping us with rehearsals while Sergt. Mann is on tour. L.A.C. Gagnier, flute and piccolo man from Montreal. L.A.C. Wigby, exchanged with Gordie Rowe who is expecting a little horn player soon. L.A.C. Heming on cornet and L.A.C. Miller, clarinet, bring our band to full strength for the first time in its short but exciting history. Thirty men now, plus the band master and popular Johnny Marcy, the drum major.

WANNA PLAY?

How'd ya like t' clean the Rec. Hall
Every day of the week?
Folding benches in a coverall-
Push and pile till you creak?

How'd ya like t' be the victim
Of a howling mob?
Bring us 'Joe' news- learn our system
But we always do the job.

How're-ya on a broom or mop, eh?
Every day before nine?
Like to sweep the butts thru' wax, eh?
And think the life is fine?

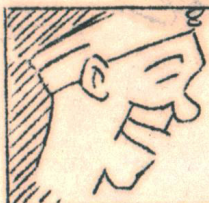
How're-ya feet on long route marches
Both transient and staff?
Drafts and ceremonies hard on y'arches?
Do it all and laugh?

How'd ya like to play some baseball
During after duty hours?
The C.O. says we're best of all
We're proud of those crests of ours.

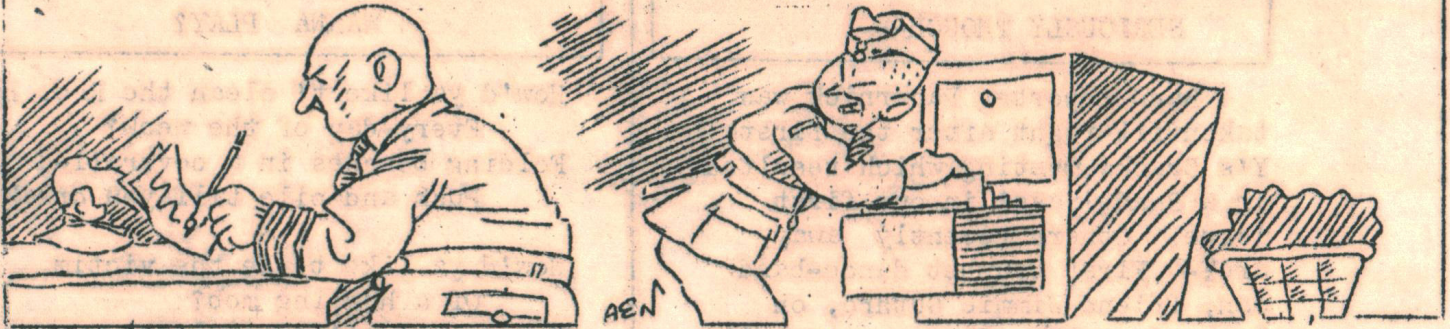
How'd ya like to play for dancing
Nearly every night?
Watch the world's ungainly prancing?
Uninspiring sight.

How'd ya like t' play on bandstands
Drill Halls and Arenas?
While one and all sit on their hands
And imitate hyenas.

How'd ya like t' ride C.N.?
Or Dodge-Truck?-oh it's grand
You WOULD! -you're just like we are,
'Y' Depot Air Force Band!



PILFERED FROM the CO'S FILES



Dear Mister **6.0.**

No, on second thought I will omit the "Dear". I have been trying to be a good wife to Roderick but you and your station are the despair of all my efforts. Somehow you just don't seem to appreciate all the wonderful things about Roddy.

First of all I must ask you to call off this thing called Duty Watch. I'm sure I need Roderick in the evenings much more than you do. If he can't get all his work done during his regular working hours then I'm going to have him resign from the RCAF. Halifax is no place for a poor defenseless girl like myself to be alone at nights--why, the wolves in this town don't even bother to wear sheep's clothing. A girl needs the protection of a big strong man like my Roddy. When I ask him why he has to be on this Duty Watch he says it is because he has to do Joe Jobs. I think that if you were a good C.O., you would make this man Joe do his own jobs.

And I don't see why those sergeants are allowed to boss around an LAC. A Leading Air Commodore should be able to do what he wants to do. I will thank you to inform them that if they don't leave poor Roddy alone, I will come down there myself and give them all a piece of my mind. The next time I see some of those stripes at the tailor shop I'm going to buy some for him so he will get to be a sergeant too. Why, even the officers know how smart he is because I notice when I walk down town with him that they always salute him.

I hope I haven't hurt your feelings Mister C.O. but I felt I just had to get it settled once and for all whether Roddy is married to me or to the Airforce.

Hopefully,

Mrs. R. Whittle

*above-mentioned
to be excused all
Duty watch parades*



One W.D. to another; "When we have heat we have no hot water, and when we have hot water we have no heat."

The cold in the barracks does not seem to worry some airwomen, as they remarked casually one cold night, "If we don't get some heat in here soon we will have to call on the airmen."

S/O Morton is back at "Y" Depot, as a Transient, May we take this opportunity to wish her "Bon voyage and good luck".

Some of us are wondering what the standing joke is between Cpls. Mickey Vigar and Joe Harper.

A certain Flight Lieutenant walked into the W.D. office one morning and asked if he could enlist in the Women's Division. The answer he received was "Yes Sir, we do need G.D.'s". When told what his duties would be he backed down. Unbeknown to the Corporal in the office the Flight Lieutenant was the former Adjutant of this Station. Yes Flight Lieutenant Ripley up to his old tricks again. Was Joe's face red, when she found out who the officer was? Well just ask her and see.

AWL Long of Wing Records is back on her feet again after spending the last few weeks in the hospital. AWL Long sticks to the story, "Sorry to disappoint you, but it was a cold".

LAW Green of the Orderly Room on her way to a tea, remarked very casually to the airwomen with her, "Gee, kids, I forgot my knife, fork and spoon."

DENTAL EXTRACTIONS

Things we hear about the Dental Clinic:

Capt. Mac. to patient, "If you have sufficient confidence to place your mouth in my hands, I will place my hands in your mouth".

Sgt. "Mike" representing the Dental Corps at the Victory Loan smoker didn't exactly abject to Mr. Eaton's remark "I think the Army should be treated like the W.D.'s".

An ACI walked into the Dental Clinic the other day with his clearance papers in his hand. An LAC standing by asked "What are you going to be doing at your next station?". "In charge of the Orderly Room, I guess", the AC answered very calmly. Rather disgusted the LAC asked "who's your C.O., a Corporal".

You can understand Sgt. MacIntyre's surprize when an airman mentioned that he had to cancel his pay parade to keep his dental appointment.

A Victory Bond today will save worry about tomorrow!

Grim - isn't it?

(name withheld for security reasons
- E D.).

It all started when several airmen from F.P.M.S. (3 to be precise) turned up at a nearby village over last week end. I picked up the trail of the three men as they were about to enter the local eatery.

Subjects ABC enter cafe

19:34 Subjects order steaks, pie and milk. Conversation lively. Discuss possibility of being looked out when they return to boarding house during night.

Play juke box. Chain smoking, minds seem preoccupied.

19:57 Pay check and leave.

Surprized to find subjects heading back to Halifax.

20:32 Subjects stop in front of large brick building.

Subject B trips over decorative stork on lawn.

20:33 (app.) Subjects ABC enter door at rear of building marked "Staff".

20:34 Catch sight of C being greeted by woman, likely Scandinavian stock. Subject C and woman are close friends.

I returned to the village. On the following night (sat.) I had all but forgotten what had transpired the night before. I was at the local dance, enjoying myself (in a rural sort of a way), when I walked subject A. Subject B wandered in and refused to recognize subject A. "Knowing" glances past between them, nothing more. Subject C arrived

22:32 Subject C calls over A. Worried.

C; "Have I any lipstick on me"

Note; Shade of red similar to that featured in Flam Glow brand.

A; "Where in hell did you get it"

B; "Shut up; Help me get it off"

A; Don't rub it off standing here on the dance floor".

B; Don't worry, I'll pretend I'm blowing my nose.

22:34 Spot blonde of last night sitting out dance.

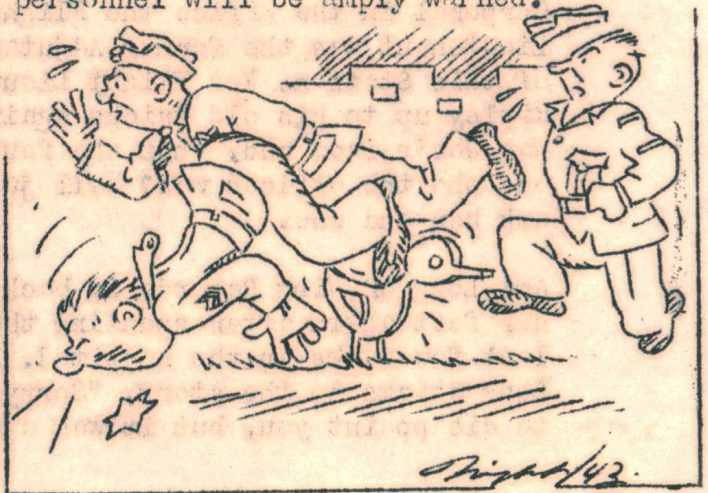
22:47 Find matching lipstick on lips of waitress in cafe. Make startling discovery. Cafe closing down during busiest time of the week. What has C got to do with it?

23:09 Return to dance (didn't have to pay second time). ABC enjoying company of three women.

23:15 Notice blonde is with two friends. Could they be the other two in last night's threesome? Apparent Subject C intends to ignore blond, Why?

23:57 Forced to terminate investigation, owing to an appointment of some importance.

These are the facts I will refrain from any comment at this time, because, I believe the men involved should be given an opportunity to explain their unconventional actions. These men will send in a full explanation before the next issue goes to press. Failing this, I will have no other alternative than exposing their names to that all W.D. personnel will be amply warned.



Life in a Post Office

In a money order wicket of a Post Office, the pressure of long lines sometimes become so great that you don't even get a chance to look at the customers. . . Every now and then, you get a day when the monotony is broken with a vengeance. Some strange epidemic seems to spread among the customers, which makes almost all of them witty, sarcastic or just plain stupid.

One recent day a skinny, pale woman who kept staring at me, as I wrote her out a money order, made a remark that startled me. "Pull your window all the way up, young man. I'm entitled to see your whole face."

"My whole face?" I stammered. "Exactly, your whole face," she said. "I will be a taxpayer when this war's over, also paying your salary, and I will have the right to see all that I am paying for, not half."

Next time it was a gentleman who wanted to cash a money order but who was not able to produce any identification. Sticking my head forward with almost my nose touching the bars, I said very slowly, "In order to cash a money order, sir, you must show your personal identification, something with your signature on it, so that it can be compared."

During the lull that followed, he dug into his pocket, and produced his brother's draft card. "Draft card," I uttered, surprised. "Why, your brother's supposed to carry that, not you." "He doesn't need it any more," said he. "He's overseas with the RCAF."

After examining the next customer, I said "You want to send \$10 to England?" "Right", came the reply.

After consulting my foreign exchange table, I said, "Is it alright to make it

out for \$9.99? That would be exactly £2, 9 shillings, 4 pence in English money.

He thought for a while, as the customers behind him craned their necks impatiently. "I don't know, he replied, "I'm supposed to send \$10 and no less."

"Well, what's a penny, more or less?" I complained, trying to keep my voice under control.

"A penny's a penny", he said. "Look pal, make it our for \$10 and keep the extra penny."

So I said, "Why not forget about the money order for now, and write and ask the people in England you are sending it to if they will accept the £2, 9 shillings, 4 pence, and you will save a penny."

By the time he disappeared, the next thing that got my wind up was the knocking of knuckles on the bars, and a voice saying, "How long are you in for, Bud? Need a good lawyer?" Before I had time to say anything, he shoved a money order in to be cashed, and said, "Take it easy., Bud, I was only kidding."

Thus the day ended.

Latest Flash! -- Stamps take a great licking! Yes, now is the time to post that Christmas parcel to your friend fighting over there, ----November 1st is the deadline!

Newcomer! -- Members of the Post Office are working together to show that sweet little W.D., Guite A., known as Amy, how to handle all kinds of males at the wickets. Amy is thinking seriously of remustering to apostal clerk(or just plain remustering).

A bomber takes a lot of Bonds!

CORPORAL'S CLUB

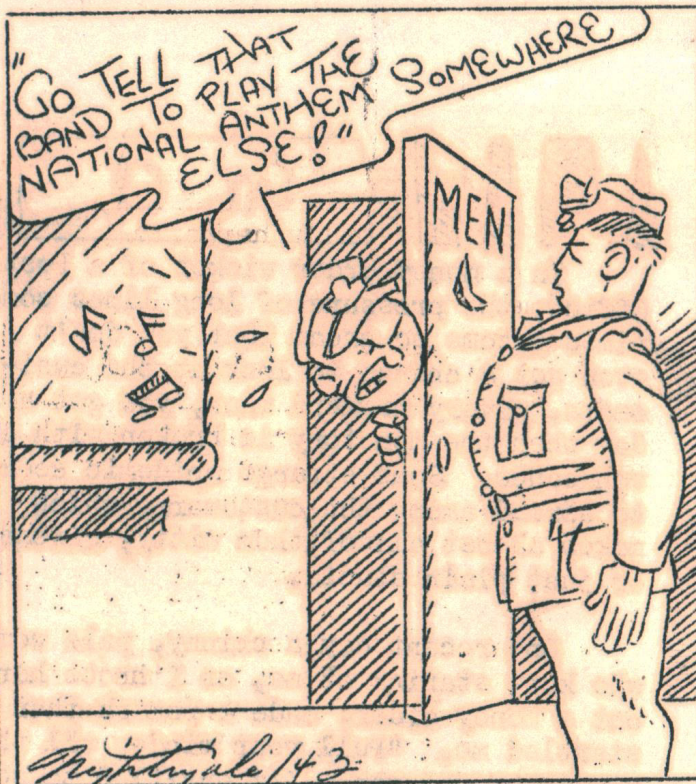
Three cheers for the corporals of No. 1 "Y" Depot, (including W.D. corporals of course.) They at last have found a place where they can relax with a coke or perhaps a W. D., put worries behind them and enjoy the freedom and comfort in the new Corporal's Club.

The Club consists of two lovely rooms, fireplace, believe it or not, and members waiting patiently for the first cold night. Easy chairs and chesterfields, soft lights, (indirect lighting,) various assortment of games, and the BAR, complete the lineup.

The opening night of the club was held October 13, with about 150 members present. Cpl. Thibodeau of F.P.M.S. is president for the coming season; Cpl. Parr of Accounts, vice-president, and Cpl. M. Harper of the Women's Division, secretary. Committee members are Cpl. Peters of the Service Police and Cpl. MacGregor of Central Warehouse. Cpl. Herring is Bar Corporal.

The gang were glad to welcome "The Rip" as he passed through this station to a posting "Elsewhere". Wonder if Service Police Les. Partridge ever regrets singing to him that little ditty that starts "You have a kind face". And also wonder whether another sergeant didn't stop, look, and listen before heaving a beer bottle out of the barrack window!

Weird story emanating from the Sergeants' Mess deals with a Flight from the Post Office who is known to Aceys and Air Commodores alike as "Unc" Jim. Seems that Unc had a date with a young lady of the district recently - and at the date was found to be wearing red toe-nail polish. What's the score, Unc? Any guy who can explain away a situation like this is good - but GOOD!



Davie Moir is back from a P.T. and Discip. course, and says he feels very fit and fresh. However, the latter is nothing new!

W.O.2 Neil Glaves is shortly due to go on the same course, and can be frequently seen taking hot showers to remove some of that surplus avoirdupois.

W.D.'s not admitted!

Good luck to Joe Lief (also P.T.I.) in his new posting.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

F/S Conroy; "Where is everybody"
F/S Heidman; "Who is she?" (In sneeze form).
Cpl. Rice; "Have a tino".
Cpl. Naish; "Listen you pineapple"
Miss Crowe; "Yeah-h-h"
Engleberg; "S h u t t h e d o o r"
Sgt. Hill; "!!! ??? 000 (Censored)"
Symbol Bill (Ross) "Hi ya, Gorgeous"
AWL Evans; "Hello-o Chicken"
LAC Howard "Schmaltz."
LAW Simpson; "Jumpin' Butterballs"

ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC It is finally happening! The record player is being repaired and by the time this appears, should be back in the Music Room, and in first class condition. Also the records are being catalogued; and the Entertainment Committee is arranging that an exchange of records be set-up among the Music Room, the W.D.'s Lounge in 3C, and the Overseas Officers' Mess. It is hoped that this will provide a frequent change of recordings.

There is now a Record Suggestion Book in the Music Room, and the Committee hopes to be able to act on as many as possible of your suggestions - both classical and popular.

MUSIC APPRECIATION GROUPS, to be held Sunday afternoons or evenings, will soon be under way. Squadron Leader Thompson has kindly offered to act as commentator, and the programs will consist of recordings of both classical and semiclassical music. This need not exclude Rhapsody in Blue, and if you have a favourite symphony, make your request for it in the suggestion book.

SECTION PARTIES Morale! Esprit de Corps! A section works together, so why not play together too? Get in touch with the Entertainment Committee, and have your Section a party!

The Hospital Staff organized a corn boil and weiner roast at the Northwest Arm: the W.D.'s had a party in their Canteen; and the M.T. Section got together in the Rec. Hall, at which everyone from F/O. McCluskey to the most recent addition to the M.T. Staff, enjoyed swinging and swaying to the canned music of the Juke Box. The Orderly Room and the Post Office Staffs had a combined "do", and a feature of the evening was a team of WO2 Muntean and Sgt. Breen officiating at bingo.

And when it comes to selecting the winner of the jitter-bug contest, it's a piece of cake for the C.O.

The Messing Staff deserves a plum for the food at these parties. In fact the cakes for the W.D.'s party had icing three inches high, and it was wizard!

GLEE CLUB With the arrival on the Station of LA C Barnes, an accomplished organist and conductor, hopes springs anew that a Station Glee Club will be forthcoming. Flight Lieutenant Haviland is organizing this, and is anxious to hear from all who like to sing. Of course, if you are too fierce, you may be weeded out. It will soon be time for the Christmas Concert, and singers are needed for this. F/L Haviland is also O/C Christmas Concert.

COMMUNITY CONCERTS The Entertainment Committee subscribed to a series of concerts to be held during the winter months, in the Nova Scotian Hotel ballroom. Ten tickets are available for each of these concerts, and if you would like to go, leave your name with the Secretary, Cpl. Vigar, at the Dental Clinic. The first of the series, Bruna Castagna, Contralto, was held in October, and judging by the demand for tickets, the concerts are going to be very popular with the Staff. The next concert is on November 2, and the artist is Emery Darcy, Tenor. On November 30, the artist is Helen Howe, Character Actress.

SMALL GAMES The Y.M.C.A. has supplies of checkers, chess, cards, cribbage boards, and puzzles available for the asking at the "Y" office in the Drill Hall, and in the Library. It is hoped to be able to form clubs for those interested.

SPORTS

SPORTS THROUGH A KEYHOLE

Most important thing in our schedule is the adaption and promotion of the new "Duty Fitness" project which has just begun to take shape at 'Y' Depot. The schedule, which was drawn up by F/O Stubbings and F/S McCutcheon has been standardized and divided into three groups especially for this station. As a result, one may take his training through its stages from calasthenics- football drills- cross-country hikes, and find each stage interesting and different. It has been time well spent by the P.T. staff putting this program into effect.

'Y' Depot commenced the fall season with a good start, in organized soccer and touch rugby for the first time on this station. Our soccer team played two games against the Navy and unfortunately came out on the lower end with 1-0 and 2-0 scores against the able tars. The boys have been practising hard though, and are keen on making up for the losses. Future games are to be played with the Fleet Air Arm and the Navy. It would be appreciated if a better turnout of station personnel attended the games to back up the spirit of the boys.

Touch rugby is a newer sport and to date has been confined only to this station. However its popularity has increased with each game played in the Station League. F.P.M.S. and the Band were well represented in their turnouts and it looks as if there is going to be a "nip and tuck" battle between these two teams for top honours in the league.

The officers and cooks were in there fighting but the latter find it a little difficult to man their

teams due to hours they work. Weather permitting the league should be over by the end of October.

Basketball is in its early stages now and the W.D.s are seen down in the Drill Hall "Basketing the Odd Ball". By now you should all know that Sgt. Dave Moir, the basketball coach is back from Trenton with new ideas; plus a "B" group. No doubt the presence of the two new P.T. & D. Corporals of hockey fame, Eddie Bush and Roy Conacher, of the Boston Bruins and Detroit Red Wings respectively, will be a warning to other teams of the Maritime hockey league. They are going to have no easy time with the Halifax R.C.A.F. The two boys are anxious to get settled but their main worry now is finding a place for their wives.

We hope that Sgts. Lou Bortnick and Joe Leif will meet with the greatest success on their new stations.

The Senior N.C.O.'s Mess is "getting there", but it's a bit drafty at times. Anyhow, they have the best theatre in Halifax--- combination picture and pub. Even a dull show seems interesting when viewed through a rosy glow!

We'd like to own a private business like the Snack Bar. \$1,600. profit in one month!

HEARD IN A BLACKOUT

"OH FREDDY-DON'T BE SO SILLY--"

NEWS

BOWLING

W.D. Bowling League

A bowling league for the W.D. personnel on the station has been formed under the following committee:— President, S/O Barr, Treasurer, Cpl. Kennedy, Secretary, Al Benson, YMCA.

The league operates every Thursday night on the station alleys, and prizes are given every night. The following have won prizes: Cpl. Harper, LAW Ellis, LAW Farley, LAW Maxwell, LAW Madden and Cpl. Banks.

Following is the team standing to date:

Teams	Points
Headquarters	6
Officers	6
Broken Records	5
Tee-Totallers	4
TNT's	3
DFC's	3
Champs	3
P & A's	2

Airmen's Bowling League

There are 16 sections represented in this league under:— President, WO2 Munteen, Secretary, Al Benson, YMCA, Treasurer, F/S Conroy.

The league operates every Monday and Wednesday evenings on the station alleys. Prizes are given every evening for the high single, the high triple, and also a hidden score. Many fine scores have been turned in to date. LAC Freedman of the Band holds the best high single of 315 and also the high triple of 650.

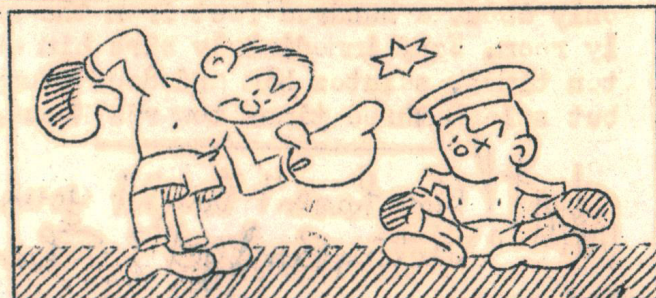
Standing of the teams to date follows:

Teams	G.	W.	L.	Pts.
FPMS	9	7	2	9
Ord. Room	9	6	3	9
Cooks	9	6	3	7
Records "B"	6	5	1	7
Band	6	4	2	6
Accounts	6	4	2	5
No. 3 Sqdn	9	3	6	5
Accommodation	9	4	5	5
Armament	9	3	6	6
Base Pay	6	3	3	4
SP's	6	2	4	3
Photo	6	1	5	1
Stores	3	1	2	1
Records "A"	3	1	2	1

F/O Stubbings, with the aid of the PTI staff, Flt/Sgt. Canzanna, the judges, Messers Ripley, Pentland, and Garrison, Referees F/O Axcell and F/S Fogel and seconds Roy Conacher and Ed Bush, put on a display of the manly art Oct. 21 that will long be remembered in the annals of 'Y' Depot.

The C.O. W/C Balway D.F.C. presented prizes to contestants from all services and to the winning team, F.P.M.S., of track and field renown. The band played thru' the stage settings and the intermissions.

Daigle of M.T. took a close boxing bout opener from Sailor Norton, and Pte. Hurst displayed fine form in a tumbling exhibition to open the fast stepping show that went from 8 till 11. Petty Officers Myers and Argue wrestled three falls to a draw next, and 'Y' Depot's Sgt. Leger and Cpl. Jean supplied the biggest bang for sport enthusiasts.



FORGETS

PERSONALITIES PREFERRED

Personalities are preferred in this column. Unfortunately, this department was born only on Saturday. Several targets we intended to bombard with type were found to be on 48's when an attempt was made to contact them on Sunday. The deadline was on Monday. Ah, the hang-nails of it;

Until the next issue then will you bear with us if we play our tune in swing time.

If we turn the clock back a few months we find an AC2 Tony Elias on staff at Wing Records. He has since been posted to a squadron at Moncton.

Your reporter and Tony were mates on the Goon Squad at Manning Pool, Toronto. When we finally convinced F/Lt. Wibberley that we could salute properly we were granted a 72 and then posted to "Y" Depot. We were shipped on April Fool's Day.

When we arrived at Halifax we were ordered by Sgt. Cully to report to Cpl. Sullivan (now a sergeant) for assignment. In company with two other acey deucys we presented ourselves to the orderly room.

"Where can we find Corp. Sullivan, Chum?" Tony asked in a breezy tone.

"Do I look like a corporal?"

"No," replies Tony, "You haven't got any hooks, However, I thought you might know something anyway."

At this point the man stands up. On the end of his sleeve we spy a coat of arms.

"Young man," he says "Warrant Officers are usually addressed as Sir."

Oh well, we remember the digger is only about a hundred feet from the orderly room. Tony immediately sirs him about ten times, salutes him and does everything but salaam three times towards Mecca.

What? You haven't bought your Victory Bond yet? - Shame!

The man was W.O.1 Reid (since posted) and he told us where to find Corp. Sullivan.

In civilian life Tony operated a butcher shop and two grocery stores in Campbellton, N.B. He was six feet tall and had a grin as wide as the distance between an AC2 and a flight sergeant.

This reporter and Tony were bunkmates in Block 15 when we first landed here. Tony slept in the upper bunk. One night Tony payed a visit to the wet canteen.

About two A.M. Tony woke me up. "Say Chum," he called down, what side of the bed do you want me to throw up on?"

That was Tony, always thinking of the other fellow.

WHAT TO DO IN YOUR SPARE-TIME

See LAC Dick Laberge (Wing Records) give his impersonation of Hitler.

Havä LAC Meyer (Mickey) Engleberg, same section, tell you of his visit to his darling cherie Therese and see what he did to his rival.

Be around when LAC Angus McGuinness, Postal Corp, recites "The Crenation of Sam McGrew", or the "Amerous Life of the Camel".

Coax Sgt. "Red" Stockes, discip. into singing the umpteen verses of the "Newfoundland Express."

SHAKESPEARE IN THE RAIN

On a dark foggy night recently an airman who shall remain nameless was headed for staff barracks and bed. He was in the best of spirits or vice versa. Suddenly he glimpsed a figure approaching in the mist.

"Why goest thou about without the sign of this profession?" demanded the airman.

"Speak knave, what trade art thou?"

"Why sir, I am the orderly officer," replied the stranger. For once the airman thanked God for the Halifax fog as he silently disappeared.

IN TYPE!

BARRACK BIOGRAPHY

By Bill Ross

One of the most colorful personalities this reporter ever contacted at "Y"

Depot was LAC Stan Coole. A holdover from Debert, Stan had already become legendary when he remustered from G.D. to motorcyclist and was sent overseas several drafts ago.

Stan needs no introduction to old-timers on the staff. He was as much a fixture here as rainy weather but twice as pleasant to take.

Nothing could wipe the smile off his face. He held every job from secretary to the C.O. to coal heaver, but whether in clover or just plain "Joe", Stan could always be depended on to play "A" group piano for the boys in the wet canteen each night.

Every veteran of "Y Depot has his favorite Stan Coole Story. Some of them sound "too good to be true". Here is one, however, that Stan admitted himself was the real McCoy.

Once Stan looked on the wine when it was red, Only it was whiskey instead of wine. After the fifth look it was not only red, but it was red, white and blue, and several other colors Stan claims he couldn't identify.

After the tenth drink Stan spied an oversized S.P. and thought it was a Halifax trolley. He tried to board it and take a seat. The destination turned out to be the digger.

Stan cooled off in durance vile the twenty-four hours required, according to K.R. Air, to sober up an airman until he is fit to stand before the C.O.

His appearance on the peg indicated he still needed more air -- and not K.R. Air.

The C.O. fixed a stern look on Stan and then blinked his eyes. This column is certainly no authority on what a C.O. thinks, but evidently he was amazed at what he saw standing before him.

The accused was still viewing all those beautiful colors and was "out of this world."

"What were you drinking?" inquired the C.O.

Stan smartened up for a moment.

"Corby's, sir, and I can highly recommend it," he replied.

THE AIRMAN'S MISTAKE

He kissed her in Public Garden,
The moon was shining bright.
She was a marble statue
And he was tight that night.

TRADE TEST BLUES

Private Jim Addicott of the Postal Corps is glad the trade tests are over. Several Clerks General in his barracks, 39E2, were studying for their "B" Group. For three weeks prior to the test the clerks asked each other so many questions and became embroiled in such endless arguments that sleep for the remainder of the block was as difficult as getting a 49 when a big draft is making up.

This is Jim's comment on trade tests after listening to all the sound and fury.

"Although I'm an army private I can enlist a man in the R.C.A.F., grant him a furlough according to Hoyle, pay him, give him a commission and fill out his discharge.

"I know what steps to take if he becomes insane, if he causes a disturbance, or if his wife has a baby, I can bury him without spending more money on his funeral than is allowed by P. and A.

"If I'm forced to live through another air force trade test I'll become leading man in a funeral myself." Jim concluded.

Corporal's Club

Officially opened Oct 27 by W/C Belway DFC, the new Corporals' Club has marked the beginning of an entirely new round of activities as far as the Junior NCO's of "Y" Depot are concerned.

In addition to W/C Belway, officers present included S/L McInenly, S.A.O., F/L Congdon, Adj., F/O Little of "Y" Depot and F/O Peiller of E.A.C., F/O Don Milne, Hon. Pres. of the organization and F/L Carl Keyfetz, of "Y" Depot.

M.C. for the evening was Cpl. Bob Musk, club executive, who introduced F/O Milne, who turned the meeting over to the C.O. After cutting a ribbon tied across the entrance to the Club proper, the C.O. led the way into the open fired sitting room, where further addresses were given by Cpl. Musk and Cpl. Thibodeau, club pres.

Vote of thanks was moved by Cpl. Thibodeau to W/C Belway and S/L McInenly for their co-operation and interest in the club. "Without the assistance of these gentlemen and others, including F/L Blackadar, this club could never have become a reality," the President said.

In his address W/C Belway said the corporals had in their club an establishment to be truly proud of.

Following the address those present broke up into informal groups about the refreshment booth, with W/C Belway being the first guest to take advantage of the club's bar.

Officiating at the bagpipes for entertainment during the evening was LAC Lyle Little, who "piped" the parade into the sitting room. LAW Hazel Simpson entertained with tap-dancing. Cpl. Kit Davidson of E.A.C. also exhibited her terpsichorean skill while WOI Blondell M.B.E. entertained vocally.

Want a Good Tip?

Buy Victory Bonds!

THE DRILL HALL DRIPS AN DRIPS AN DRIPS

Romeo McCutcheon did such a good job of sweeping up for the I.G., all his girl friends are convinced he will make a good wife.

The P.T.I. Cpl. has to strengthen up before the date is set--she is almost too much for him.

Many cracks at well known sweater girls. Two letters have been written to Santa already asking for one for Christmas- specially red ones.

The Librarians wonder why Pocket Editions were so popular the day of the I.G.'s parade.

Many of his friends are wondering why W.O.2 Murphy wears such a worried look these days. Air force rumour No. 3,076,948 has it that he was seen perusing the following advertisement in the Montreal Daily Star with avid curiosity;- "If G.E. Murphy who deserted his wife and baby twenty-five years ago, will return home, aforesaid baby will knock hell out of him".

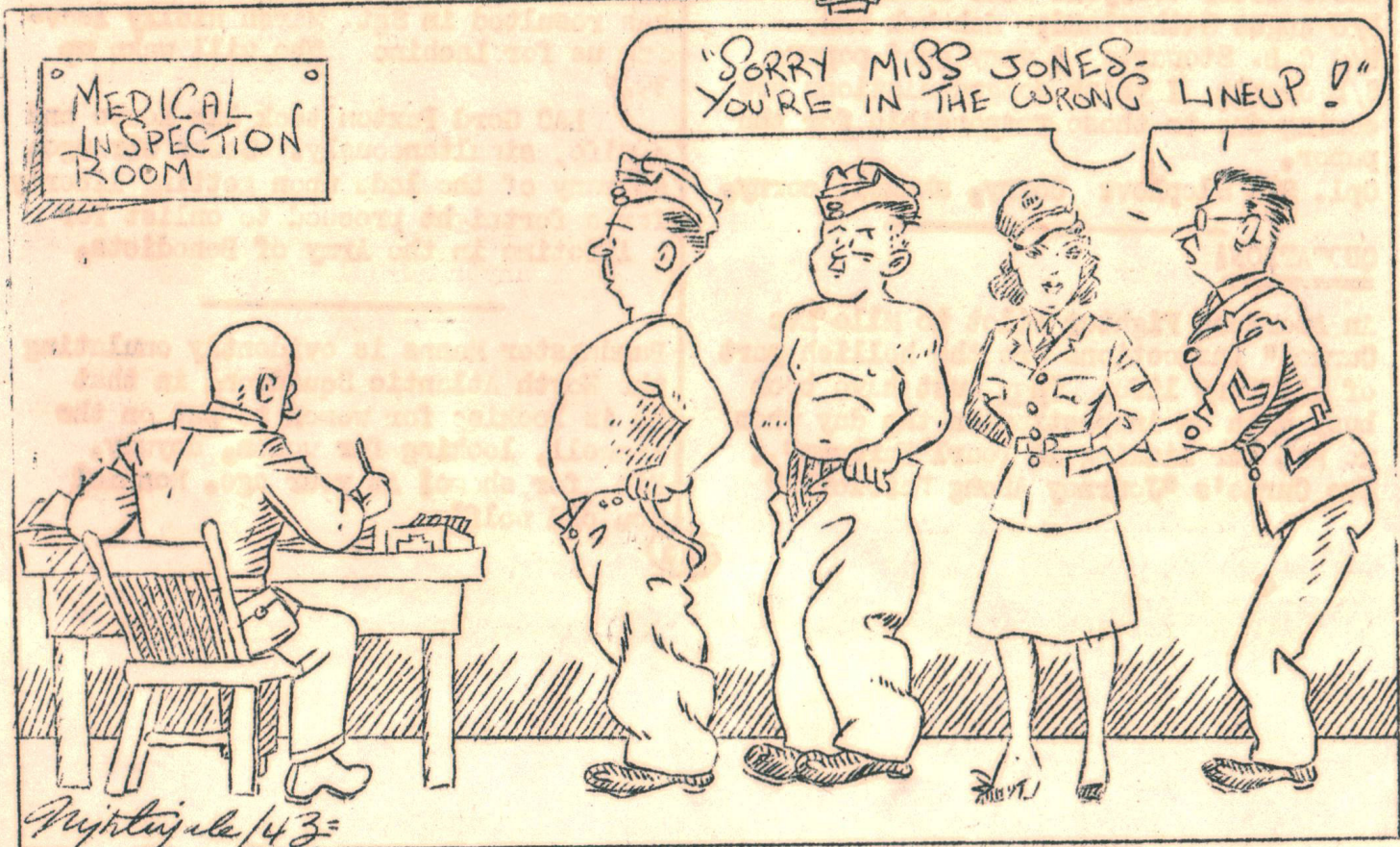
Does the name Casanova in the snack bar mean anything- or - does it?

And F/Lt Axcell in sports clothes got demoted to a Cpl. Was her face red?

Is it possible to fall for half a thousand officers-- just ask Cpl. Holden, she will tell you how it is done.

Buy them now--!

CLOWNING WITH 4'S CRACKS



Nightingale/43

OPINION DEPT.

What did you think of last month's edition of Y's Cracks? Here are a few replies to this question we popped at a few of the lads and lassies!

Sgt. Bill Eden: Very good. I enjoyed reading it.

Sgt. Len Bewes: Too bad you couldn't have the paper printed. That would have made it an all round good paper.

Cpl. Frank Burnett; I liked the drawings.

Cpl. Eddy Dutton: What are you guys trying to put out--Zippy Stories? I would not send that paper home to my folks any more than I would send home Stag Magazine.

Cpl. Bruce Thibadeau: Scrofulous, all the way through.

Cpl. Fred Cochrane; Why should I kick if the rest of the station liked it?

Unidentified bandsman; Why don't you get more sex into it? The guys that draw the pictures don't show enough leg on their women.

Cpl. Ted Peters; Dat's a good paper.

S/O Jean Martin: Very good-even if I was portrayed in an unflattering manner.

F/O Don Milne; It was good-except none of the officers saw it until about two weeks after everyone else did.

P/O Angus Sutherland; Heh heh heh.

W/C C.B. Stewart: A very good paper.

S/L Grant: I think congratulations are coming due to those responsible for the paper.

Cpl. Sid Slepkov: Corny, shmiel, corny.

QUOTATIONS

An American Fighter Pilot to Mlle Eve Curie, "Inspections are the hellish part of military life. They must have been busy with an inspection on the day when we got our licking in Pearl Harbour",. Eve Curie's "Journey Among Warriors."

Hither AND Yon

The mighty moguls of the Trade Test Board have come and gone. In their wake they left a few bruised hearts but many more jubilant joes. LAC's have sprouted like weeds. A new sense of power and responsibility is much in evidence. Indeed, one fresh-faced recently-married lad had his props affixed before the ink was dry on D.R.O.'s. And so, too, LAC'S Little, White, Noble, Davis, Vaccino, Anderson, Paxton, Wilson, Morris, Flavelle, and Sivkin, our congratulations and may their brawny arms bear soon the weight of stripes.

Fate's clammy hand has reached out and snatched from our midst the fairest flowers in our garden. Soon to leave us are IAN's McDowell and Matthews, and Cpls. Philo and Parish, and that you might say is the long and the short of it. Vayas Con Dios!

Cpl. Gord. Parr has taken a little trip, and on his return should be able to give us the lowdown on how warm beer tastes, not to mention what's what on Piccadilly.

The centrifugal force of aircrew plus his desire to navigate the skies has resulted in Sgt. Marsh Rielly leaving us for Lachine. Who will wake up 39A?

LAC Gord Paxton took his leave and a wife, simultaneously. Seems strange, so many of the lads upon getting liberty for a fortnight proceed to enlist for a lifetime in the Army of Benedicts.

Bandmaster Manns is evidently emulating the North Atlantic Squadron, in that he is looking for women to pat on the ---well, looking for women, anyway. Fie, for shame! At your age. Ronnie! You old wolf!

Accounts \$\$

Will the big lug from 39A stop forcing us to listen to that Spud Island band on the radio?

Sgt. Bill Leduc wears an air of great expectancy as November 15th approaches. He wonders if there is anything ambiguous about the following notices taken from the Halifax Herald, advertising a rummage sale.

"The ladies of St. Stephen's Church have discarded clothes of all kinds. Those interested will please call at the church basement on November 15th to inspect them".

Famous remarks by famous people.....

Flight Fowler in the Base Pay Office, "Keep it down to a shout".

Oley claims that his maps are more up to date than those outside the G.I.S. building.

That long drawn out banshee-like howl is "Wolf" Durnan on the prowl.

F/Sgt. snetsinger will rent his bunk cheap. He seldom uses it these nights.



CHICKEN DINNER

by Iva Necque

On rare occasions we sense universal jubilation among personnel at "Y" Depot. "Chicken Dinner" flashes around the camp by speedy grape-vine. But... when we eagerly scan our plate, after shoving aside a mass of mashed potatoes and turnips we find... the neck; Or we lift up a layer of rubbery skin only to realize that our much anticipated portion of fowl consists of a meagre amount of meat attached to a superfluity of bones. Strange to relate we are not alone in this -- all our friends complain of the same thing. One lad with tears in his eyes averred that his share came from that section of the bird nearest the tail.

Where are those succulent drumsticks of which we dream, and of which there must be many dozens in a camp of this size?

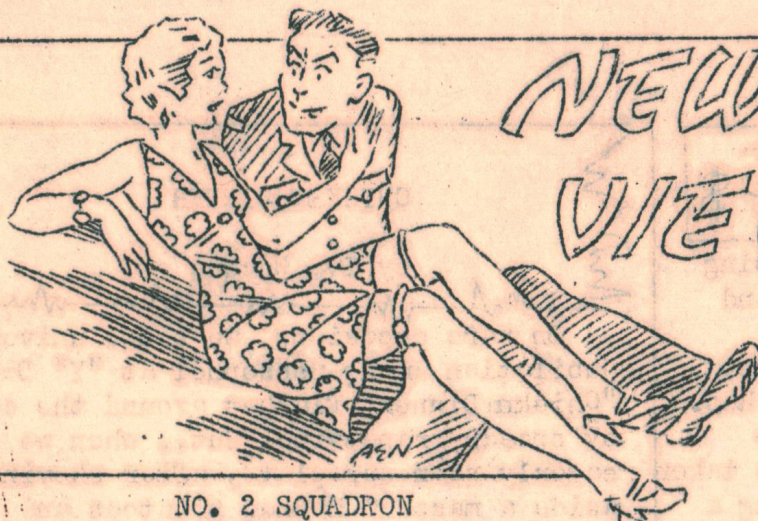
Could it be that..... or that.....? But no; Away with such unworthy thoughts. Our chefs are above reproach. They would not permit such a thing.

Nevertheless, the whereabouts of the drumsticks is still one of the unsolved mysteries of "Y" Depot..... Anyhow; we've got to admit the stuffing is top-hole.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

If man's thoughts are narrow, and the confines small,
And he sits therein, seeing naught but the wall,
How small and little and restricted his view,
How numerous his enemies, and his friends how few.
But if man's thoughts are broad, and without limitation,
And he moves about seeing God's creation,
How big and grand becomes his view,
How numerous his friends, and his enemies how few.

C.A. Hiseler.



NEWS AND VIEWS

By JACK FOGEL



NO. 2 SQUADRON

The O.C. Squadron FLt. T.J. Sullivan claims he's in tip-top condition. Who wouldn't be. Sir? after all those route marches.... F/Sgt. Edgar "Microphone" Murphy must have something on the ball. Whenever he gets on the "Mike" up go the windows in the W.D. barracks and you want to see the heads pop out. I can assure you, he doesn't recite "Little Red Riding Hood"..... LAC Bill "Ace-Deuce" Suffka, Aide-de-Camp to the Major, and ivory shooter par excellence is a real wit (half). He keeps the boys in stitches with his humour. He also manages to keep them out of cigarettes. F/Sgt. Norm "Nooner" Worrall the boy that just joined the ranks of the benedicts (if any of you gals don't know what I mean, he(s married) has his friends worried about his T.B. (Two bellies). A few less nooners and a bit more P.T. should take that buldge away Norm old pal..... Our Victory Loan Salesman F/Sgt. Jimmy "Buy a Bond" Scott wishes to thank the entire staff for contributing so generously to the Victory Loan. Anything for a pal Scotty. Even if we do go broke for the next six months..... F/Sgt. Doug McGimpsey became the pappa of a lovely 7 lb girl. Congratulations Doug..... The Squadron play bpy, F/Sgt. Ernie "Red" Stoddart claims that to be popular with the girls a fella has to do the wrong thing at the right time.

Buy a Bond - Today!

The veteran F/Sgt. Bert "Quintuplets" Rosa was happier than a lark last monday afternoon. The Major told Bert to take over for the afternoon. And believe me friends he really took over. At quitting time the boys were ready to chip in for a nice gab whip. F/Sgt. Elburn "Tubby" Britt (so help me folks that's his monicker) claims he hasn't been feeling right lately. After eating three courses he's not hungry any more..... My good friend F/Sgt. Al "Whacker" Watson doesn't intend to do anymore hunting this year he claims it's too expensive..... Our Squadron News Commentator F/O H.G. Mingay (Educational Officer) goes on the air every morning at 0830 hour. When F/O Mingay starts mentioning names like Znamenka, Krivoirog, and Zaporozhe, I give up the idea of becoming another "Kaltenborn"..... The clerk in our orderly room, LAC Harry "I'm the boss" Taylor say's he knew a farmer back home who walked into a Tavern with his wife and child and ordered two straight whiskies. "Hey, Paw", said the kid, "Aint Maw drinking?". That's the town for me Harry..... Now we come to the great leader of men (and follower of women) Cpl. Paul "Pic" Picard, N.C.O. in charge of the orderly room (he's all alone). Pic claims he put two inches of muscle on his arms since we started borrowing his typewriter. We always seem to forget to return it and he has to lug it up two flights of stairs.