

Get Those Ration Books In: The W.P.T.B. has requested us to turn in the names of any persons who have not turned in their ration books, together with the reason. So, TURN THOSE BOOKS IN IMMEDIATELY.

-oOo-

Polish up your balancing technique and tie up your shoe laces, boys, because you'll soon be tripping the light fantastic with a tray clutched in both hands -- the new cafeteria is progressing rapidly and will be open in the near future.

-oOo-

For Theater Goers: Despite the later opening hours, the Commissary schedule remains the same - - 6:45 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. week days, and, 9:00 a.m. till 9:00 p.m. Sundays. Be wise, get your smokes early.

-oOo-

Mr. Barney Woodard, our Superintendent, dropped in on one of his periodical visits last week, during which time he was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bird.

-oOo-

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bird, George and Johnny, are spending several days at Mr. J. A. Nicol's residence at Port Arthur.

-oOo-

We regret to report that our Thespian, canine and music connoisseur has been transferred to the Red Lake District. All kinds of luck, Claude, and success in your new venture.

-oOo-

In and about Terrace Bay: No, no, Folks! It's not Haley's comet, it's not a flash of lightening, it's not a jet; it's Bilous, our genial attache! Dick carries our diplomatic papers between the Upper and Lower Camps. Beware if you see him galloping about on the loose - - this intrepid courier is probably rushing up the late edition comics to I'il Abner fans.

-oOo-

Well, folks, Shirley is retiring as D.C.'s stormy petrel and Camillia Henderssen (Popularly known as 'Kenny') makes her debut this week as maid of honour to Chatter Box.

-oOo-

Chatter Box

We're pulling out the old 'welcome' mat again. This week, for Doreen Dixon of Marathon and Celina Sarazin of Toronto who, we are sure, will feel at home in no time.

-oOo-

Now that the smoke has blown away, we can emerge with a few soft-ball facts. Mainly, our gals want to get organized and rolling while summer holds out, so we have set a date, time and place to get together and talk things over. Wednesday, May 21st, at 8:00 p.m. in the Staff Lounge. We would appreciate representations from the Upper Camp and Office Staff who have expressed a desire to participate. Hydro is fielding two teams and are anxious to challenge us. Come on gals, let us look to our laurels.

-oOo-

Kilroy almost wasn't here. An unfortunate accident befell our little bear cub when he pulled a post down on himself, causing a serious head injury. Perhaps we should offer condolences to Bruce, cause Fuzzy Wuzzy Wuzza almost Wuzzn't. (Ed.Note: I can't bear this any more.)

-oOo-

We have heard of Indians biting the dust, but imagine our surprise on seeing a young lady stretched out flat on her tummy chewing sand. Mystified? So were we, but it was quite simple -- Freda and Carm were pushing mightily on the back of a car stuck in the sand, bingo, the car zoomed off leaving our friend in a reclining position. Picking herself up, she hazily muttered "My, but that spinach was good".

-oOo-

Don't be surprised if you hear the patter of little feet around camp as one of the girls sent away for a pair of shoes - - size 8. Evidently the clerk didn't believe any gal could or should have such big feet - - sent her size 8, but, children's size!

-oOo-