

AIR FORCE SLANG.

A girl's best friend has been variously described as her mother, her legs, or even her Berlei, but there is no doubt that AN AIRMAN'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS SACK. We know even best friends must part, but, for the time being, HIT THE SACK is almost as popular as HOME'S THE CAPER.

Just as officers rank according to seniority of promotion, so airmen are graded according to SACKING HOURS.

"What's your SACKING SCORE, Bill?"

"Oh, about 415 hours, Jack."

"Gee, only another 35 to go for a Winco!"

Every hut has its SACKER, and we don't mean the airmen's tent lines only. The sergeants, too, BACK THE ATTACK FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SACK. As yet we are not required to indicate SACKING HOURS on the regulation bed-cards, but we understand that an unofficial score is being kept and it might be possible to publish the results of the competition in the next issue of the "Gen."

Sorry, playmates, we could write so much more on this fascinating subject, but it's time for the SACK. You'll understand, won't you? As a friend of mine said when he came home at six in the morning: "It's the best war I've ever been in!"

NORFOLK NONSENSE.

Erk (to librarian)- "Have you a book entitled "Home's the Caper."?"

Librarian - "The Fiction Department is in the far corner."

It was probably the same chap we overheard in the course of selling a dog called Wilco to the smart new arrival. He described her in glowing terms as being useful, obedient and well-bred.

"Actually she's part sheep and part bull-dog," he claimed.

"Which part is bull?" asked the new arrival.

"The part about her being useful and obedient!" was the reply.

Did you hear about the airman who called out: "Shut the door, Bill. Anyone would think you lived in a tent!"