

## --- EDITORIAL was

It was after a nightis "blitz" in the East End of London. An A.R.P. Warden saw a imaband, wife and their small boy, about seven years old, leaving the wreck of their former home and carrying with them the remandants of their few pitiful passessions. The little boy was struggling along with a large parcel and biting his lip hard. The warden said to him "And what's your job, Son?", and the boy replied "To carry my parcel and not to ony".

And, after all, that's a man size job for every one of us, and is worth striving for - each man to carry his own burden and not to mean, not to trouble others with vain complaints about what can't be cured, and must be endured. If we only think of the people of London, of warsaw, of Rotterdam, of all occupied, persecuted and oppressed countries, we will realize that our burden is not very heavy in comparison with the burdens being borne patiently by millions of others. True, we've been separated from those we love, but it has not yet been a long separation, and we know they are not starving but safe, not frightened but free, and we ourselves are clothed, fod, and paid, and ap fer at least have an excellent prospect of returning home in the future. So our burden is, in comparison with many others, really only a small package rather than a parcel. Don't let us as mon be put to shome by a small boy. "LET'S CARRY OUR PARCELS AND NOT CRY".

WEEKLY WHO!S ZOO:

WARRINGTON, John. . Born: 1911. Thought to be the son of visiting sailor and Queon Challotte of Tenga. Church: Anywhere he can find a pow Service: 21 years, including met-eoric rise to Corporal in school cadets.

Clubs: Y.W.C.A. League of Mothers (And prespective nothers) wayward Women's Workens (Aon. Tross.).

Education: Worst possible type. Hobbies: Camouflage. Entries in War Diary indicate that on three occasions a search party had to be sent out with two days iron rations to find No. 4 gun. Delving in crime. was called to the Bar in early youth and has hang around one ever since,

Promising legal career undermaned owing to "Waging a Beautiful Friend-

ship with judge's daughter.

Takes keen interest in scalife of the lower animals. Wrote one book, "Sealife of the Oyster" or "Night Life Among the Molluscs". Is now collecting information for new nevel to be called "The Perverted Rooster of Mala", or "The Dolighted Duck".
Vices: Talking his way out of ex-

tremely sticky situations.

Our "Miss-Fires" seem to have wall and truly "Miss-Fired" this week, there being no contributions to the column. So we'll fill in with the fellowing from 151 Bty.

"SIX LITTLE LIFU BOYS" "The Natives are a rapidly disappearing Race".

Six Little Lifu boys, Happiost alive, One departed AWL, Then there were five.

Five little Lifu boys, Working as of yore, one's "Fore" became "Malade", Then there were four.

Four Little Lifu Boys, Cheerful as could be, one got a dusky weach, Then there were three,

Timee little Lifu boys, Always on the run, OG talked "French" to them, Then there was one.

One little Lin boy, Swore he would not go, And so we still have here with us, Our one and only "Joo".