

BUGS BUNNY'S COUSINS

This is a story about rabbits.

Rabbits, as anyone knows, are animals with long funny ears whose principal business is multiplying. Two times two is four times six is twenty four and so on--you know how it goes. Inflation.

But in the Navy all rabbits do not have long funny ears. In fact these rabbits have no ears at all. About the only thing they have in common with real rabbits is that they multiply. Naval rabbits usually start with the simpler arithmetic of adding and subtracting (A's and A's they call them at headquarters) but once they get started it takes logarithms and calculus to keep track of them. And that is what the story is all about.

When the welders and the joiners and the shipwrights and the electricians had cleared off the ship after our last boiler cleaning, the Captain heaved a big sigh of relief and, as we steamed out of the harbor, sent the following signal:

TO: C. Supt. (R) Capt (D) FROM: LEVIS
FOR MCD

THE CONTINUED SPIRIT OF CO-OPERATION AND ASSISTANCE
IN REPAIR WORK DURING THIS BOILER CLEANING PERIOD
WAS MUCH APPRECIATED. VMT.

191335z

The signal was circulated in the normal fashion and was contributing greatly to the peace and quietness ashore when suddenly someone smelled a rat. Or was it a rabbit? Yes Sir! No question about it. That VMT (very many thanks) "as thinly disguised code for "very many rabbits". A radar pip in mid-ocean at midnight could not have done more to shatter the peace and quietness.

Phones began to jangle. Secretaries dropped their cokes to rush to filing cabinets. Out came the LEVIS files. Up went the office temperature. In came the heads of departments. Round and round went the questionaires.

"How many rabbits did the LEVIS get?" "Who authorized them?" "Where are the reports?" "Whose department?" "How many D.5's were raised?" "Who inspected them?"

But no matter how the dockyard sleuths sleuthed there was nothing to find. The big rabbit warren at MCD (Main Caging Department) was examined and all rabbits were found present, correct and ready for inspection. The LEVIS simply had made off with no rabbits (an unheard thing-of on the LEVIS anyway). But some kind of a report had to be made. So this is the one that was sent:

COPY

File: Any old one will do.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

(Naval Service)

FROM: (Censored)

TO : (Censored)

Submitted:

With reference to your Minute II on signal 191335z ($\frac{1}{2}$) from "LEVIS" to C. Supt. (R) Captain (D) for MCD.; the following list of rabbits and bunnys (large and small) carried out on the above mentioned ship is forwarded.

1. One (1) in No. whisky still fitted (and tested) in C.O.'s bath tub.
2. Two (2) in No. wash basins, urinals and toilet bowls fitted (and tested) on bridge in accordance with the correspondence on N.S.H.Q.'s file regarding the subject "(Is that trip necessary)".
3. Deckhead of C.O.'s cabin insulated and panelled with mahogany, inlaid with teak. (Requested by Molson & Frontenac).

Signed (Censored)

ooOoh

WHAT'S COOKIN' -- By "Step" n' "Fetchit".

After the swell time everyone had painting ship last week, and a very tiddley job it is (not to mention a little spilt oil), the ship's company's attention turns to the good news heard on the radio during the past week. You can find any number of ratings down in the depth charge stowage, eagerly searching for their sea bags. One of the more enthusiastic types of the after mess, Able seaman Hutson (the Tug Boat Terror) said recently "I hear the war is all over", and was promptly the victim of a number of remarks such as, "Oh yeah", "who says so" etc., and he replied, "Well, it's all over the world".

Another "Tripple M" (Minesweeping Mess Moron!) can be found any morning in the wheelhouse spinning his "Pieces D'Amour" "Wheels" Wortman is the name. They call him "wheels" because every time he thinks you can hear the wheels turning in his head. When asked the secret of his success he replied "It's my long black eyelashes"!

The stokers have done it again! It seems that Stoker Petty Officer Dillon is planning to invest in oil stocks after the war, and is trying to get an idea of how an oil gusher will look.

Due to typical weather we regret that we were unable to commence our softball season, but we are looking forward to the first big game between the Communications and the Minesweeping Mess.

I noticed "Spam" of the famous trio "Spit, Spat and Spam" vigorously punching the bag on the upper deck recently. A word of advice: "Less wets and more whacks".

I wonder who gave our fair-haired steward the title of the "Golden Voiced Tenor". Don't you think he has been disillusioned long enough?

Our gunner's mate has taken to playing records at 0630 every morning with the purpose of waking the boys up a little earlier. Maybe R.C.N. Depot will see fit to supply us with a ship's Bugler!

After hearing B.B. Plante sing (or a reasonable facsimile) over the S.R.E., last week, one can understand that the only thing he has in common with "Der Bingle" is his craving for loud skirts.

Remember! MORE BONDS NOW, MEAN MORE BEERS LATER.

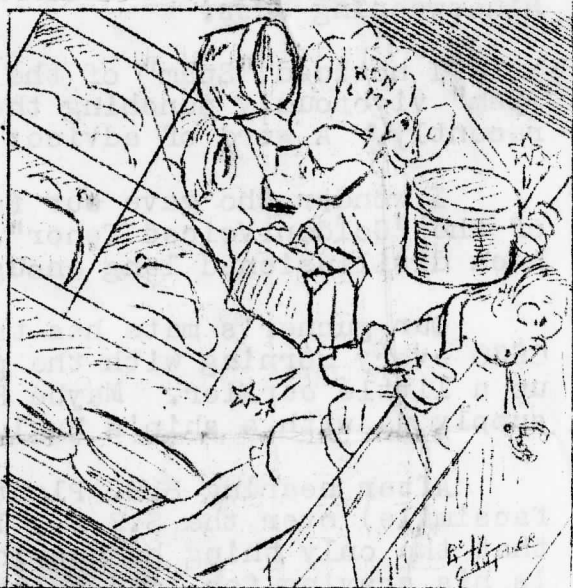
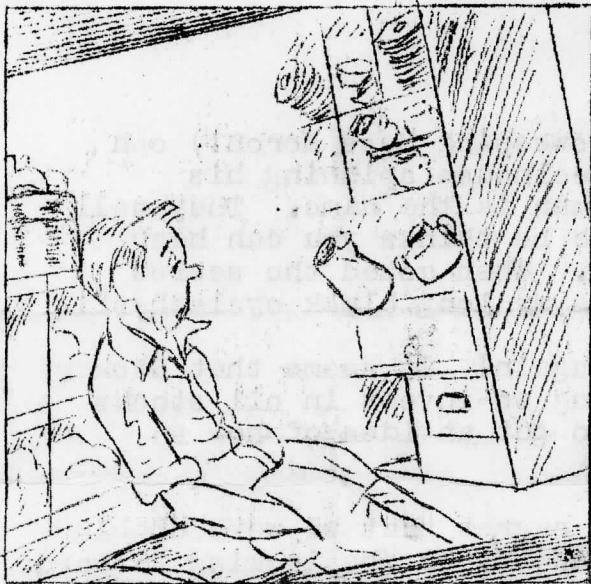
MORE ON THE VICTORY LOAN

Inter group standings as at P.M. 5th May were as follows:

"C	"	\$13,550.00
"LEVIS"		12,500.00
"E	"	12,100.00
"D	"	12,100.00
"P	"	12,000.00
"L	"	10,100.00

*We now have \$14,000
naturally were 1st now!*

Second place is not bad for ANY other ship but we cannot be satisfied until "LEVIS" heads the list--so come on you fellows who have not yet salted away a Bond or two--INVEST IN THE BEST--remember VBMFI!--Victory Bonds Mean Fine Investment.



Naw! A frigate don't roll. -- Not Much.
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FOR LONGER LIFE

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 and Gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then at twelve short years it croaks.
The modest sober bone dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.

All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and sinless die.
But sinful, Ginful, Rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten!

INCIDENTALLY.....

The Paymaster still has dozens of free tickets on the "Bond Raffle"--the tickets are absolutely free--believe it or not. If you haven't already claimed yours, do so Now--the draw cannot be held until all tickets have been claimed.

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THE MATLOE'S LAMENT OR DO WE TAKE A BEATING

Isn't life grand
Way back on the land,
Where walking presents no confusion--
While out on the sea it is commonly known
To have given a flying illusion.

We're tired of the life
With it's sorrow and strife,
The routine and the call to duty--
We would rather be back in a western shack
With our eye on Canadian Beauty.

The grub is O.K.,
Some squawk about pay,
But the way that we'd have it is clear--
We'd rather be stuck with Canadian Club
Or a mug of Ontario Beer.

When the weather is rough,
And the going gets tough.
And our stomach can't make up it's mind--
We could be on land with a baby so grand
Except for a paper we signed.

Now if you are single,
Your pockets may jingle
Or bulge with some fresh minted bills--
What good is money out here on the deep?
You can't spend it on women with frills.

Now if you have wed,
A large tear you may shed
For nothing is clearer than this--
Some other beau with your wife has retired
To an evening of heavenly bliss.

A sailor can't win,
It's a shame or a sin
The cards all against him are stacking--
All he can say at the end of the day
Is my oath, but do I take a jacking.

So pack up the guff,
And hoist up your chuff
To your 'mick as it swings from the clews--
You're not beat yet, Jack, just take up the slack
There's no use in crying the blues.

co0co2

THE LUCKY STRIKE -- HIT PARADE -- Saturday 5th May, 1945.

1. Candy.
2. I'm Beginning to See the Lite.
3. My Dreams are Getting Better All The Time.
4. Laura.
5. All of My Life.
6. Just A Prayer Away.
7. Dreams.
8. He's Home For A Little While.
9. A Little On The Lonely Side.

E x t r a s

1. Tico Tico.
2. Hallelujah.
3. Over There.
4. I Know That You Know.

ooOoo

AND A COUPLE SMILES FOR THE DAY

It Can't Happen Here!

Announcements over the public address systems ashore usually begin with the warning: "Attention all hands" and conclude with "That is all".

Sailors attending to their duties at an East Coast Port were startled recently by the following announcement:

"Attention all hands. The Wrens will report this afternoon on the parade ground for inspection at 1400. The Wrens will wear hats and ties. That is all".

ooOoo

It Could Happen Here:

A sailor came up before the Commanding Officer with a request for leave.

"My wife is going to be pregnant today," he explained.

Standing by was the First Lieutenant who tried to be helpful.

"He doesn't mean his wife is going to be pregnant, sir," the Jimmy volunteered. "He means she is going to be confined".

The Commanding Officer stroked his beard.

"Well, in either event," he said, he ought to be there.

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