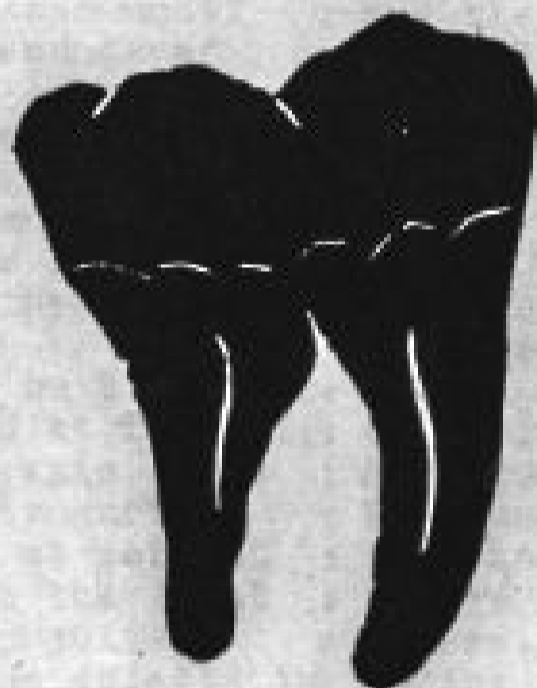


— THE —  
**MOLAR**



PUBLISHED BY  
**No. 1 Coy., C.D.C.**  
**ITALY**

**NOT TO BE SENT OUT  
OF THE COUNTRY**

**BY PERMISSION OF THE  
OFFICER COMMANDING**

Astellia

Friday, 6 Oct

CANDID CAIRO COMMENTS

You asked for it. I warn you.  
 Early one morning three of us;  
 Capt. H.T. Oliver, Capt. M. Clamer  
 and myself were turned out in the  
 dirty streets of Avelline with a  
 hand off "Get". No Transport, No  
 Stations, NO WEEKS RESERVATIONS in a  
 luxurious hotel in Italy's Riviera,  
 Nelfi, just opphans.  
 As a moral moral booster we carried  
 out the rits of an old and ancient  
 ceremony and dubbed ourselves  
 Knights of the Road, with our slogan  
 "See, we met Rome. Distant fields  
 looked greener; one does get  
 rowned off in Italy.  
 We set off over the high seas until  
 we reached the stamping grounds of  
 the Snider's dental corps cowboys,  
 Algiers. We called at the Sphinx  
 but it was closed for repairs after  
 the Dental Corps alterations of  
 last summer. Capt. Oliver lost  
 himself at the Kabash so that delay-  
 ed us a little.  
 Early next morning we set out across  
 the Sahara desert, lunched at Tripoli,  
 then afternoon tea at Bengazie. One  
 does get hungry and thirsty during  
 desert travel. Refreshed we set out  
 over the Libyan Desert; in the light  
 of the full moon we saw ourselves  
 approaching large grotesque objects in  
 the sand, with the river running close  
 by and realized they were the tombs of  
 the old and ancient kings of Egypt.  
 Early of travel we shook the sand from  
 our shoes, and headed down the road to  
 the nearest town. As we approached  
 we saw big bold words glistening in  
 the moonlight: "Out of Bounds to Can-  
 adians, Cairo". There we were but  
 not for long.  
 We made for Shephards Hotel but they  
 had misplaced our reservations so we  
 found ourselves a nest in the Grande  
 Hotel. Before retiring we enjoyed a  
 light cap and a snack, which consist-  
 ed of a few steins of good old Canad-  
 ian Beer as an appetizer for a chicken  
 dinner with all the trimmings. The  
 setting was a beautiful reef garden  
 overlooking the bright city of Cairo,  
 all lit up like a Christmas Tree.  
 The streets were full of happy,  
 merry-makers all enjoying Cairo's  
 pace-time night life. We listened to  
 the strains of a famous Cairo orch.  
 The floor was something words cannot  
 describe. A description of the

wiggle, rythem roll and reaction of  
 those gorgeous Egyptian dancing girls  
 would turn up the pages of the Molar.  
 No, we didn't take them home.  
 The next day we hired camels and did  
 up the pyramids, sphinx, and any old  
 bones that turned up. I lack com-  
 plete notes of the names; dates,  
 biographies, and history of the old  
 boys. We next trace the history of  
 that famous jingle:  
 The amereus urge of the camel,  
 Is not what everyone thinks,  
 During his passionate trial  
 He endeavours to bugger the sphinx,  
 The sphinx's rectal celum  
 is blocked by the sands of the Nile,  
 Hence the hump on the camel  
 and the sphinx's inscrutable smile.  
 That afternoon and evening we were  
 the guests of Maj. Shillington, CDC  
 RCAF. He took us for a swim at the  
 Guisa Sports Club where we swam and  
 soaked up some of Canada's and Scot-  
 land's better know exports. Major  
 Shillington showed us a true CDC  
 Welcome. He wishes to be remembered  
 to his friends of 1 Coy and asked if  
 we could spare him a bike for D.A.  
 Service.  
 We spend some time at the Cairo Bas-  
 zars and bought some very beautiful  
 things at reasonable prices. We  
 toured, wine'd and dined like lords  
 during our stay. Three of the most  
 interesting and enjoyable days I have  
 spent since I left Canada. Cairo  
 is a beautiful modern city comparable  
 to a Canadian city.  
 We had transport arranged for Jerusa-  
 lem but time was getting short and  
 I didn't think visiting the biblical  
 highlights of Jer. would look well  
 on a 28.  
 We left Cairo early Thursday morning  
 and spent that night in Ionia. We  
 arrived next morning in Europe and  
 seen realized where we were with the  
 hearty welcome "Cigarette Jehunie",  
 arriving at 11 Base H.Q. at 10.55  
 A.M. Friday, five minutes early.  
 If any of you are interested in fer-  
 getting the grind and having a real  
 time we suggest Cairo. All you need  
 in a weeks leave and a rabbit's feet.  
 Does anyone want to borrow my  
 rabbit's feet?

KEN WALLLEY

P.S. Has anyone any relatives or  
 friends in Moscow?

THE SICK LIST

Cpt. G.W. Helden, out of hospital is now reported spending a few days sick leave in Riccione. Pte. Nick Senyk was in hosp for a few days but it back in the field once more.

to report, but Cpl Al Bauldry def cook and battlemasher at H.Q. in hospital. Come back soon we forgive you.

welcome the return of Pte Moby, our carpenter to H.Q. It rumoured there will be more ravans to make----

lab mourns the loss of "Simen tree" McLaren this week. Yes, finally made it and it won't long before he will be enjoying Good Old Canadian Beer.

was the lucky one in this Coy to be picked for the P.O.W. port to Canada. It is rumoured a large quantity of stimulant was administered to revive when he heard the news. A very happy man, he assured the war he would have everything in readiness for us when we arrive the land of the free. Could mean his breathals? We refer to the last weeks Molar. Mac has always taken a keen interest in activities of the Coy and will be missed by all in mere ways than Ben Voyage.

the hint of fall in the air the Div at rest comes the of softball. Capt. Kulyk, player of 1 Coy's 9 assures Molar that we have a team and to none and the Div Championship is in the bag. Complete will be published in next Molar. Fitzie, we call upon to act as Sports Editor.

akes years of experience for men to make real fools of selves.

From the Sat. Eve. Post)

The Orderly Room wishes to thank all detachments for the prompt manner in sending in their Daily Returns. Thanks a lot.

Major Bill Murray, formerly of No. 1 Coy is now farming in this area with 3rd Gen. Hosp. All No. 1's are invited ever daily for tea and he promises 100% nurses on display. Take your pick!

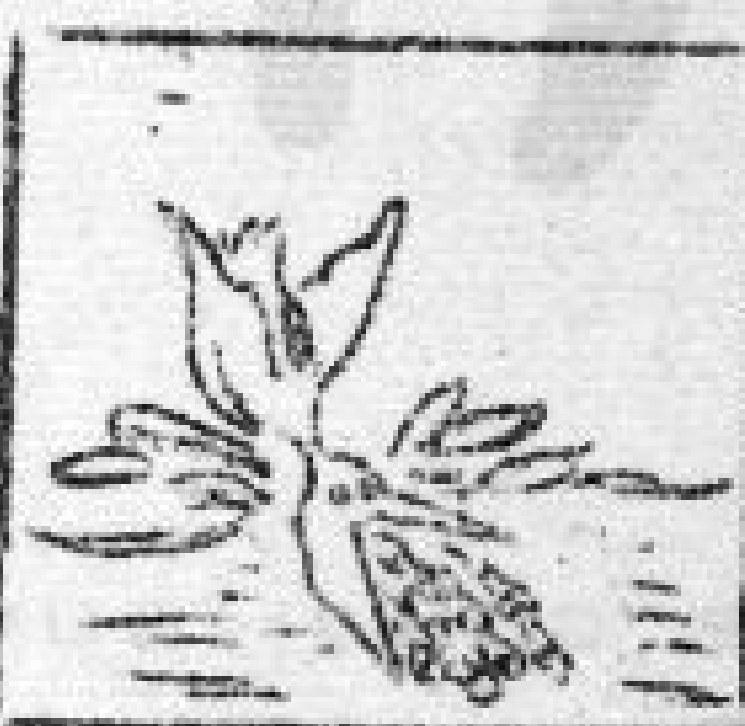
Medical Arts Bldg. has nothing on Gee MacLeod who is now sporting a really modern dental clinic with chair that goes up and down, cuspidor a delight to spit in, and waste receptacles. Rumour has it Mac must have been waiting some of his grateful friends.

The latest confusing issue of the week is why Maj. Dave MacDonald put on such a blitz for leave to distant parts to renew a platonic friendship with one countess when all week a delicious, delightful, delovely CWAE has been so peacefully reposing just out of touch due to a two foot wall barrier. Whats the matter Mac, no balconies?

Capt. Punch Gemerey's smiling face has been reported associating with multi brass hats at a recent Service Corps Dinner. Rumour has it that he received the G.O.C. of much of his hard earned Lire. Arrivederci!

Major Harry Smith, a real old timer of the Coy and once of R.C.R. Commandes fame is doing his stuff punching hard with the Seaferths. He boasts that soon he will shake us with the most modern, two storey dental clinic that 7000 feet of lumber can build complete with fart-sack.

Capt. Art Irwin is now pitching for the 48th, and states that he and the Minister of Defence hobnobbed on his recent visit and have planned really comfortable No. 1 Coy. Billets for nesting on the tree lined fringes of the Road to Mandalay. Merry Christmas!



ITALIANS keep a careful eye on their stepping daughters. When a certain Canadian called for Maria, whom he had invited to a dance, he found he was expected to escort her mamma and four aunts as well. "What's the idea?" he asked Maria. "Canadians are trustworthy," she assured him. "Five chaperons are enough."

*Auto Prints!*