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MAIL DAY IN ICELAND.

The most popular ship that sails into Iceland is the vessel with a good cargo of mail. Willing hands set to work to unload the mail bags containing letters and parcels for the American troops stationed there. Sackloads of welcome sentiment from the States.

The sorting room in the Military Post Office get down to the job. Good news travels fast and a lot of news-hungry doughboys are on their toes for messages from home. Here comes Corporal Joseph Gagliardo to receive his mail.

Nissen-hut Avenue never did look exactly pretty; but when Joe comes striding home with the goods, there are roses round the door. "Knock, knock, who's there?" "Joe, with an armload of parcels". Come in friend, you're just the feller they've been waiting for.

Well Joe, you always were a nice sort of guy - but today there's something about you that'll make you realise what a lot of friends you've got! Well, blow me down, ~~as~~ it's not all candy and cookies in Iceland. When a gale comes sailing down from the Arctic, even the Nissen huts afford meagre protection. Sweeping down at 85 miles an hour, it rips the sheet iron huts to pieces. Yes, Mail Day counts for a lot in this tough little island up North.