



# WAR!

## INSPECTIONS RAISE CONTROVERSY

### STORM OF PROTEST SWEEPS SQUADRON

Last week, by order of the High Command, a "White Paper" appeared on the Bulletin Board to the effect that Inspections would be the Order of the Day. Many a raised eyebrow and puzzled expression was produced by this latest edict. Could this be Combat?

Squadron reaction as divined by feelers sent out by the "PUTT-PUTT" Staff was almost unanimous in its disapproval and denunciation of the regulation. Letters of protest and ridicule began at once to pile up in our News Box. We print herewith two of these letters, one by a G.I. and the other by an officer, which give a cross-section of the general sentiments of the entire personnel.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the Editor:

A Little while back we left the States where time permits such luxuries as inspections and parades. Over here is a big job to be done. We have done our work, are doing it, and expect to do so for some time in the future.

But some arsenic has been poured on the custard pie of our existence. Somewhere the idea has arisen that we must have weekly inspections to keep us on the ball. Now, we enjoy having officers visit our humble abodes, but we should prefer it on an informal basis, without all the trappings of a basic training center. We are proud

of the homes we have made in the mud-flats of this lovely country and would be tickled to describe to our officers the obstacles we have overcome in making our tents a little bit American. They have faced with us common dangers, hardships, and problems, and should make a most appreciative audience.

Is all this fellowship to be lost and our officers to become again associated with such nasty things as drills, parades, and inspections; or is this just "conditioning treatment" for an early return to the States?

(Signed) Underdog.

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Another letter to the Editor on this subject appears on Pg.3.

Also, Pfc. CHARLIE McCARTHY speaks his mind in his brilliantly satiric column on Communications, deserted this week for Crusading.

#### ERRATA

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A typographical error ruined the Old Man's message last week. In the last sentence, the word "five" appeared for "fine". The last two sentences of the message should have read:

"Let me take this opportunity to express for all of us our sadness since misfortune played a turn. We bow to a group of fine gentlemen."

No excuse, Sir. We'll try to avoid a reoccurrence.

## THE 764TH PUTT-PUTT

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## EDITORIAL

When a subject arises that will cause such a wave of popular resentment, as the regulations concerning inspections has caused this past week, it's time for a paper - if it is truly to be considered the voice of the individual in a regimented society like the Army - to speak up. At the risk of becoming a remnant of the forgotten past, we have given full play to the viewpoint of the majority (the overwhelming majority) and go on record as being unalterably opposed to inspections in this - supposedly a combat area.

No one can deny that inspections such as we have are not of the severe type. And no one can deny that a neat appearance or an orderly tent is to be desired. But by the same token, neither can it be denied that to make an issue of such things in a combat zone - a zone in which garrison conveniences and facilities are unavailable, where everything we have must be fashioned thru' good old Yankee ingenuity and just plain common sense - is silly and preposterous.

Tents will be arranged in a certain way; shoes will be kept shined and in an orderly row under the bed; no dust, no dirt. Where is the logic behind all this in a land like Italy? If it's not raining, the dust is ankle deep; if it's not shining, the mud is knee-deep; and if the weather is ideal, the PX is out of shoe polish.

## CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

By  
CAPT. P.G. RASMUSSEN, GP. CHAPLAIN

### "YES-MEN"

"Yes-Men" are people who are quick to agree with others. They find it easier and simpler to avoid independent thinking and so agree with the opinions of those with whom they happen to be associated.

James Allison has aptly expressed this same thing in two short stanzas of verse:

"A two-toed sloth clung fast  
to a limb,  
While his two-toed mate was  
facing him;  
Motionless they hung and  
viewed the scene,  
The stately trees with leaves  
so green.

"Said the papa sloth, in his  
fur coat brown,  
'It seems that the whole  
world's upside down.'  
And his mate, from the under-  
side of the limb,  
Just nodded her head and  
agreed with him."

We may each of us think what we like, but it might be wise to check pretty closely on the type of person with whom we are agreeing. There are people who look at things and always find they are "upside down". That's why it is essential for us to practice independent thinking and not be "Yes-Men".

We are not children. We are grown men. If we weren't grown men before coming into the army, we have surely aged a bit since then. We were civilians once, living in clean, spotless homes in a clean land, wearing clean clothes. We were lawyers, teachers, medical students, salesmen, clerks, accountants, farmers, merchants, bankers, laborers. We came from all walks of life. We have wives; we have grown children. We all, we think, know how to take care of ourselves. Yet, we must stand at attention like children caught doing something wrong while someone checks our fingernails. BLITZKRIEG? Hell, no! BLITZ-CLOTH!

INSPECTION BITCHES (Continued)

Dear Editor:

"The time has come," the walrus said, "To talk of many things," and among them, added G.I. Joe, is this question of multi inspections in the 764th Squadron. Far be it for me to be prejudiced about the subject, but I remember back in the days of S.A.A.C., and preflight across the hill, that they gave us a better break to be prepared for. "No questions asked; no answers expected; gigs will be given, and tours will be walked." Why, hell, even hard-headed Andy Hecks, the toughest "Tac" officer that ever put a "mister" in a brace, wouldn't call an inspection an hour before he was ready to throw the book at you. Besides that he was allergic to mud, which it seems some of our inspecting officers dote on.

Please, dear editor, don't think I can't see the other side of the question. After all, when we don't fly combat missions we do have to make it as tough as possible for the troops so they don't get a chance to soften up.

(Signed) That Guy

SUBJECT: Early Closing of the EM Club  
TO: Editor, 764th Putt-Putt

1. We characters make the allowance that although we are not gentlemen (by Act of Congress, or otherwise) we, as lowly enlisted men are entitled to at least an explanation as to why our (?) club must close at 2000 hours.
2. Could it be that the small minority who have abused the privilege granted through the EM Club, must cause the majority to suffer?
3. Could it be that because a small minority of flying EM have imbedded too freely on nights before a mission, the ground men who are coming off the line must be deprived of a night-cap?
4. Undoubtedly the High Command will have reasons for the early closing of the club and, once again we reiterate, let us have an explanation! In spite of our not being gentlemen, we believe we should be treated as men and not as ASNs - remember, gentlemen, we EM are over here for the same reason as you!

DOG-FACE JOE

IT'S STILL THE SAME OLD  
STORY

By  
SIR RICHARD "COEUR DE LION"

Mud will come and mud will go.  
Green grass can't stay forever.  
Clouds will cloud the stars above.  
As winter ruins the heather.

We expect many changes in this  
world.

We expect them - and many more.  
And even - state the communiqué -  
There are changes in methods of  
war.

But change the army? Never!  
My lad.

Let never arise that question!  
Just like "There'll always be  
an England,"  
There'll always be an inspection.

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All the foregoing was received by us in our News Box. We're exceedingly sorry to have had to devote two entire pages to a serious subject. But popular reaction being as it is, we could not, with any justice to the Squadron, do otherwise.

AWARDS

In an impressive ceremony, held at Group Headquarters last Sunday, several members of this Squadron were awarded various decorations by Lt. Col. Hawes, Group Commanding Officer.

Lt. Arthur Marangelo received the Distinguished Flying Cross for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight against the enemy.

Our Squadron Commander was awarded the Soldier's Medal for great courage at the risk of his own life over and beyond the call of duty. With utter disregard for his own personal safety, Major Goree rushed into a burning plane and carried an unconscious man to safety.

T/Sgt. Edgar M. Jacobson and S/Sgt. Bernard J. Merwald were awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received. These men were forced to bail out of their badly damaged aircraft over Yugoslavia this past July, and up until four days ago, they were walking from one end of Yugoslavia to the other, suffering undue hardship. They were reported Missing in Action for an even 100 days.

# FOR YOUR INFO

# Sports

BY SGT. WEDLOCK

Looks like we're here to stay, similar to Red Voigt's daily soup. Some of you boys commented that we got a trifle off the course last week. So what? Have faith, take a pro, and five gets you ten that Eleanor will be here this week.

Let's stumble on from here. Have you noticed how young some of our new officers are? For a while there, we thought it was rather comical. The one navigator's B-4 bag broke open and six teething rings dropped out. Really stocking up, wasn't he? And they call that the prime of life!! For shame, General Hershey!!

Say, here's an item. Several of us have received letters from those lucky creatures who, having served their term at Torretta, are now convalescing in the States. From all indications it seems as though approximately nine out of each ten got hitched!! LT. GROSSBERG and LT. SMITH were two of the latest victims. Two toggeleers, by the way. Indicative??

Still no excitement. Halloween is practically in sight, in case it slipped your mind. So far nothing official has been announced but it's our guess that everyone will be restricted to his tent for the night. Come to think of it, something like that wouldn't surprise us at all. Seriously, the only benefit Halloween affords a G.I., is as a recollector. Really brings back memories, doesn't it? That's all for this time.

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We are glad to welcome a new department - ORDNANCE - to our paper. See page eight. Thanks for the many contributions. Don't be discouraged if you don't see your Opus this week. We are crowded for space, but we promise to print all printable contributions in due time.

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M.P. "Let me see your furlough pass."

Soldier: "Well to tell the truth, I haven't got it with me, but it looks exactly like any other furlough pass."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^

The past week was something more to our athletic endeavors, than the previous one. Our six-man touch tournament got under way with two games. LT. JUBACK'S team gave LT. GOODFRIEN D'S their first upset and ED. O'DOONNELL'S Mighty Midgets were swamped 7-6 by PAT MALONE's outstanding six. Of course Malone's team won through the performance of their brilliant star player BRUISER KENDRICK. After the event reporters from all the local papers rushed up to interview our football idol but all he had to say was, "Now I want to play the Staff Officers Team, get even, and my life will be complete. Seriously though, fellows, we've got the ball rolling on our tournament. Let's keep it going that way.

Our EM softball team didn't stand idle the past week. We took a game from the 767th Liberaiders by a forfeit which leave us with only three games to win in order to cop the Torretta Double Elimination Softball Tourney. Our next game will be with the 1051st Signal Co. and should we take that event we need only two games from 563rd Service Sqd. According to where I am sitting this windup to the softball season should be extremely interesting. Our boys are really playing ball in order to obtain the championship since quite a prize awaits the victors. They have really earned whatever they may get because of their loyalty in getting out to the games and the spirit and sportsmanship with which they played. Much thanks goes to some of the newcomers, JOHNNY FEISER for strengthening our infield and DAN HORGAN's and VINNIE FALCOME's excellent fielding.

Any fellows who are interested in participating in a double elimination ping pong tournament will please contact me as soon as possible. Once and for all let us determine who is the champ in this the most widely played game of the day.

Attention JAMES PATRICK FLAHERTY. Joviality is really worthwhile but when it reaches its lowest ebb and infringes upon sarcasm it is worth nothing. (I'll bet you are sorry now.)

## POOP FROM THE OFFICER'S LATRINE

This column's choice for the prize rumor-monger of the Squadron is Dingy Pollien. He's the guy who claims to have recommended the following missions to General Arnold: Gas load, 4500 gallons; bomb load, 1 100-pound practice bomb; the mission, bomb the subways in Berlin. He says the subways are only 105 feet wide and the wing span of a B-24 is about 110 feet, so you have to go through side-ways. However if you do get through and get back, you get credit for 48 missions. Then the last two are made up of two practice missions to Piana.

"Chin" WENZLIK is the only guy in the outfit that's happy when it rains. Our boy says it's at that time sunny Italy reminds him of his home state, sunny California - who are we to argue?

It was with keen enjoyment this writer saw some of the "Wheels" at work. Lt. I. BOOZER Lt. MACDIARMID with a stop watch while the Squadron Navigator tried to count off one minute. The upshot of the deal was that we found out "Mac" couldn't count up to sixty.

Our traveling ambassador BAMBINO NAHKUNST got back from Capri and managed to spend a few days in the Squadron before he stopped off at Vis to see if all was O.K. with Tito and the boys. Where he's going next no one knows. Could be CBI.

FLASH! The doughnut king has abdicated!!!

Capt. RUSSELL, the new Operations Officer, has nothing to do nights but sleep. It seems he took the lads over the well-known coals with his "papes" games. It's a tough day when you can't make a hundred bucks.

Lt. VINCE VINO is getting ready for a post-war career as an interior decorator. If his work on the Officer's Club is any indication of what's to come in the future, he can't miss. What's the matter with the touch football teams? At this writing there have only been two games among the officers and both games were between the same two teams.

We hear "STEVE" STEPHENS and his crew had an exciting time on their first mission. Their navigator passed out on the bomb run. Was it flak or lack of oxygen?

See you next week. Second from the left.

## THE BEACHHEAD

BY BEACHHEAD OPERATIONS OFFICER

We start out this week's column with a song dedicated to the Beachhead by one of the boys in the Squadron. Tune: The Bowery

The Beachhead, the Beachhead  
I never go there any more.  
I went into our groggery shop  
And drank and drank till I  
                        never could stop.  
I thought I could fight, but  
I soon hit the floor. A left  
                        and a right  
Knocked me clean through the  
                        door.  
I vowed as I went about  
                        battered and sore,  
That I'll never go there any  
                        more.  
The Beachhead, the Beachhead.  
I'll never go there any more.

We like the song that has been written and dedicated to the Beachhead. But in all justice to Wild Bill Bennett and Dynamite Dan Horgan we wish to state here that the Beachhead is one of the best run enlisted men's club in this theatre as far as fights and rough house tactics are concerned. It is this writer's belief that since the Beachhead opened there have only been a couple of fights that even got close to starting and they were stopped in a hurry. So once again we say that Wild Bill and Dynamite Dan deserve a lot of credit for the swell way they conduct our club.

Here is the scoop of the week: CHARACTER FLAHERTY has been grounded after completing 224 missions in the Beachhead, most of which were doubles. Flaherty agrees that his nerves were getting pretty well shot especially when so many missions were double ones. But he says it still burns him up because he was told if he gets 300 missions in he could go home for good. Now he is afraid he will be sent home on DS and will have to come back here to the Beachhead to complete his missions. We think, Flaherty, that once you get home you won't have to worry about coming back because anyone who has 224 missions in the Beachhead deserves to stay in the States if and when he gets there.

Since the World Series ended and the Cards won there have been a lot of smiling faces seen around the Beachhead. Likewise a lot of long faces. We are told that Dynamite Horgan cleaned up on the Series - much to this writer's sorrow.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The staff wishes it to be understood that this "Letters to the Editor" column is not and can not be used as a means of maliciously slandering or libeling any individual because of one's own petty prejudices. We cannot, in fairness to the individuals concerned, print stuff of this sort. However, inasmuch as the editor of this paper is the subject of the ridicule and scorn of the embittered writer, by not printing it, he could have been accused of using his position to squelch anything detrimental to his own interests. He chooses not to answer - not to dignify the distorted and perverted remarks of a very small and perverted mind, by any defense of his conduct, or his luck at being selected to journey to Capri at the expense of the writer who didn't get the opportunity.

Ye Editor hopes that it was not a combat man who wrote the following letter.

### BITTER-SWEET

To Lt. George Washington Sklansky and his little hatchetmen:

Greetings, O Mighty Wielders of the axe! Please accept our hearty congratulations on being chosen to sojourn to the beautiful Isle of Capri. Your recent outstanding accomplishments will set an inspiring example for our more inexperienced first pilots. The excellent conduct of your enlisted men under your capable guidance of that most respected and intelligent engineer and instructor, S/Sgt. Barefield, deserves the highest commendation. The coolness of your entire crew under conditions of terrific strain leaves no question in our minds as to how and why you were selected to fill the responsible position of Flight Leader. There is no doubt that our fearless crews will follow you unhesitatingly to the most dreaded of targets, yea, even unto Pianosa!

We sincerely hope that the peace and quiet of gentle repose will mend your shattered nerves and return you to us equipped to lead us on to greater glory and achievement.

In order that you may more fully enjoy your little holiday, we are taking up a little collection amongst your many admirers and intend to present to you ten sharp little hatchets as a token of our esteem and appreciation.

So chop away, my hearties! There's always more where that comes from!

ANONYMOUS (naturally)

## MEET YOUR BUDDY

WHO IS THIS GUY, MOODY?

A new day has dawned. We have passed by all those much-decorated arms to sing the praises of a popular man with only one miserable stripe, PFC GEORGE W. MOODY.

George hails from Eufala, Ala. His parents, Mr. And Mrs. J.M. Moody live in that city at 140 W. Barbour Street. The Fourth of July 1922 must have been particularly noisy in Eufala; for trying to drown out the firecrackers was George, who had arrived the day before. Of his boyhood little is known and George ain't talking.

We do know two of his weaknesses - blackjack and eyetie women. Alabama gals can take comfort from the fact that he promises not to bring one back with him. Of course he didn't say he wouldn't settle in Italy but if you ask us, Eufala girls are going to get the benefit of what George has learned of Latin love-making.

We have been trying to decide who is best understood by the Gook Moody or Jackson. Now we vote for Moody. There is something very persuasive about the way George says "Capisce?" to the K.P.s while he looks at his toe as if he were thinking of burying it where it would do the most good. They always "capisce". George doesn't need a dictionary.

George went to Cook's and Baker's School at Montgomery, Ala. But claims he wasn't responsible for the caliche bricks that were served to us the other morning for cornbread. He joined our outfit at Wendover over a year ago. The first time we drew K.P. at Hammer Field we saw George leap five feet straight up from a standing start so we were not surprised to find him on flying status at the Beachhead. Incidentally, he is said to be the middleweight champ of that worthy establishment, but George insists he is a peace-loving man.

George surprised us by admitting that he was bucking for corporal. Good luck, fellah!! Don't burn the beans.

## DEPARTMENT DOINGS

## ARMAMENT'S

GRAVY

TRAIN

BY CPL. PAUL DEWEY

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.

His ass thou shalt not slaughter.

But thank the Lord it isn't a sin to covet thy neighbor's daughter.

By the rapidity with which these recent stand-by inspections have been rolling around we are beginning to wonder if this outfit is just another group of U.S.O. Commandos. Oh well, we guess they're sending everything to the men overseas. Of course, inspections have their good points too. The other day HARRY RUSSO swept under his bed for the first time in months and found his long lost set of false teeth. It's a good thing that you carry a set of spares, HARRY.

Fashion Note: They are wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

REMO BACCHI received the following telegram the other day: "Baby arrived, features mine, fixtures yours".

CLYDE BATES is an ex-farmer and of late he has been madder than h-- about the crop failures when he goes to town to sow his wild oats.

Any upper turret operator who wishes to check out on the emergency removal of his turret should contact S/Sgt. BAREFIELD of crew 9. The only requirement for this course of study is the ownership of your own B-24 and fire axe. Our last spare upper turret was used to replace BAREFIELD's handi-work in ship No. 5; also "Turrets"

WEINSTEIN was unable to take his usual three-day pass.

This week we extend our deepest sympathies to the poor A.M.s who are having to walk to and from the line while Armament's Gravy Train is in the motor pool for repairs.

## COMMUNICATIONS

BY PFC MCCARTHY

Since leaving the United States, many things have been denied our mode of living. We can recall clean barracks, all the sanitary conveniences, beds with springs, sheets and pillow cases, a choice of foods, and many others. We have tried to imitate these conditions in Italy insofar as possible. Our friends in the States used to send sympathy with each letter, listing the enviable advantages of a garrison soldier.

And now! Now we are sharing some of the benefits of garrison life. For many months we had been living without the very necessary guidance of inspections, now we are assured one of the delightful tours every week. With pride we now write our friends, telling them we no longer need their sympathy.

After the last "Peeping Tom Parade" came through our tents we knew our life would thereafter be set out in a neat and orderly pattern. Tent #45 inmates are sleeping tonight with an added ounce of security for it was pointed out for it was pointed out that the supporting pole was resting eight inches from the true geometrical center. This was irrefutably proven by red tape measurement. Another tent was "gigged" because a pair of shoes were not standing with heels together and at a 45° angle. Since all the men were in a position of attention, no one could point out that the shoes were unoccupied. A few things such as dust on the electric light cord, dandruff in combs, and unclean toenails were passed over with merely a slight reprimand.

We look forward to many more of these morale boosters as the enemy becomes increasingly weaker. When we attain the exalted status of full garrison soldiers, then Germany will have been defeated.

# DEPARTMENT DOINGS

## NEWS OF THE SCREWS

BY THE GREMLIN

The Fifth Cylinder, it is rumored, ran an exceedingly high cylinder head temperature in the mess hall one morning last week. Will McCOY please put down his paint brush long enough to check the cylinders instrument, or would a change of plugs remedy this situation?

After drowning five sailors to acquire a Woolknit cap, M/Sgt. LOSS lost same in a one-sided conflict with Major Joyce...

What is Dr. Hipps' favorite dish? Ask him if he likes it with whipped cream...

SKY WHELLER, the boys think, runs a close second to Maj. Hoople.

The Grimlin discovered that the Mad Inspector HUBBARD nose the secret of success.

Oh yes! Don't forget the Big Fire Sale at Mermelstein's Dept. Store? We're sure he'll have the latest in sizes and colors and at wholesale prices - especially sizes.

### JOKE OF THE WEEK:

Mech: I hear you have to come to attention and salute when speaking to an officer.

Jughead: Who wants to speak to officers, anyway?

Would someone ask Jughead how his airplane is coming along?

Yours truly bids adieu, hoping that you never discover his identity.

Sincerely, The Grimlin

P.S. M/Sgt. DOODY read the book "How to Win Friends and Influence People", or is it the rumor of new B-29 cadre going back to the States.

How come MARTINEZ does not award us the "Oatmeal Cluster" as he promised? We have all been very faithful for the last nine months.

## ORDNANCE BOMB JOCKEYS

BY "DAVE"

This Dept. was asked to contribute a column in our Sq. paper, so here goes.

First come "BLACK JACK" BARBER, our Section head. He comes from Jonesboro, Ark. When his work is finished for the day he has but two thoughts, Black Jack and Rome. We understand the card game, and we wonder if the picture he showed us could account for Rome.

Our Asst. Section heads, "POKER ALPER", and "BEACHHEAD" PELLETIER come next. S/Sgt ALPER comes from a community called Brooklyn. The Dodgers reside there also. S/Sgt. PELLETIER hails from the state of Maine. Oh, yes Maine is on the map, just ask HASKEL. Bombs, fuzes and their distribution is Piker's job, while ammunition is Beachhead's forte.

Now the lesser lights, the crew chiefs. Sgt. BALLARD, our Moon Shine Specialist, from Sweetwater, Ala. Just give him the ingredients and he will do his stuff. One drink of his stuff and the war don't mean a thing. He still thinks he is dodging them thar revenoors every time he hears a gun go off.

Our next one is "SHEIK" KNAPIK the idol of Toledo, Ohio. He can bitch and gripe more than any ten men but it don't mean anything. He has several loves, but his sack comes first. We hear that now he is old enough to vote, marriage is in his mind. Could be the gal from Minn. Or anyone of the other forty-seven. You will hear more of him.

Sgt. GRECELIUS, our representative, comes from Lemay, Mo. (one hundred and fifty population counting the horses). He is a nice quiet guy, does his work, but there is one thing we would like to know. What the hell was he doing hugging the Desert Lily?

Sgt. CIURA, better known as SNAFU, who hails from Chicago, Ill., is our next victim. Whenever you hear a little guy yell, "Next!" on that paper or what book are you reading, that's he. He doesn't say much so therefore we can't write much about

(Continued on page 9)



## DEPARTMENT DOINGS

### MEDICS

BY PFC HYMAN GREENBERG

We would like to mention the fact that our Pro Station has been completed and is ready for your patronage. We want you to take advantage of this opportunity when the occasion for it should occur. One of our men will be able to accommodate you any hour of the day or night. Pro kits and condoms may be obtained from the orderly room, gate entrance to the area and dispensary. Let us see if we can't keep our venereal rate below the line.

M/Sgt. HARRY RUSSO was recently discharged from the hospital because of his eyes. He awoke from his sleep during the night to find a black out. He was given temporary treatment at the dispensary and then driven to the hospital in Cerignola.

Sgt. JOE POSKA and Cpl. STAN KICMAL can stop sweating as everything came out alright.

Our C.O. was awakened one night last week by GEORGE W. MOODY of the mess hall, who claims the stove in his tent blew up and caused his burns. All one had to do was take a good look at him to know what really happened.

Have you noticed the improvement in our chow the past week? "RED" VOIGHT, the mess Sgt. Returned from cooking school. You should go more often, Harold. You may get some of your old customers back to the mess hall who have been dining out.

Lately our dispensary looks more like a gymnasium with all the rub downs we have been giving. We can refer you to M/Sgts. JONES and O'LEARY. Could it be because they enjoy our hot packs these cool days. If we get too many of these complaints, we will recommend some PT for you fellows.

PFC BARRETT, our ambulance driver, has been grounded indefinitely because of his reckless low altitude driving and buzzing too many tents in the area.

Just curious to know how T/Sgt. BARBER of Ordnance, made out with that lovely senorita with whom he was seen riding in a carriage while in Rome.

Sgt. STAN ZAMORSKI has been discharged from the hospital due to a flak wound received a few weeks ago during a mission.

There are only a few fellows left to complete their "shot" records. So why not come in on the next notice and keep it clean until the next four months when they will be due again.

Our tip for the week.

Keep your mess kits nice and clean,  
So you can see the white of your eyes.  
This alone, if you stay on the boom,  
Will keep you from getting the GIs.

*(Continued from page 8)*

him. However if he dislikes the eyetie women as much as he says, why does he trot to town all dolled up every Sunday morning.

Sgt. DAVIDSON is our next victim and also the reporter of this section. He hails from Newburgh, N.Y. He is a quiet and resourceful fellow from whom you don't hear much about. He claims to not have any special love but every time he comes back from town you would think he was down to Macy's Dept. Store—lingerie, blouses, skirts for someone about 25 and I know his daughter is only 14. He has a son who is a S/2/C on an LST boat somewhere in the North Atlantic. So much for him at the present.

Sgt. CROY, our tall clerk who labors over that intricate machine known as a typewriter, comes from Duncan, Okla., the garden spot of somewhere or other. His ambition is to have Q.M. or Lt. Mormelstein invent a "Sack" that will enable all of him to get in without knocking his teeth out with his knees every night. Please, oh, please won't someone give him a pair of pants long enough?

# ONE ACT PLAY

SCENE: Mermelberg and Hagelstein's  
Klassy-Kut Kollege Klothes Emporium.

TIME: The present

CHARACTERS: According to the Irwin-  
Harris Table of Allowances.

(Off-stage is heard off-key harmony. The tune is the German Christmas carol "Oh, Tannenbaum." We hear the words "Oh, Mermelberg! Oh, Hagelstein! Our shirts and pants are better!" when a customer enters. It is Wedlock. He is garbed in suntans in which there appears to be too much Wedlock. With a typical store-keeper's gesture of hand-washing without soap, they advance upon him.)

Wedlock: These ###\*!! Suntans got caught in the rain. Every time I breathe I go snap, crackle, pop!! I'm breaking out all over. I want some ODs.

Mermelberg: Van, turn on the OD light.

Hagelstein: What can we do you for?

Wedlock: A shirt 32 long and overcoat 42 short, etc, etc.

Mermelberg (calling): Shirt 32 long!

Van (with pencil): Shirt too long!

Mermelberg (calling): Overcoat 42 short!

Van: Too short! (He reaches blindly into several bins, throws clothing at Wedlock, who staggers out.)

Wedlock: If it rains before I reach the Medics, I'll give them to Doc Koenig for "Hype".

(At this time another customer enters. It looks like Hersh in a uniform designed for Chaloupek.)

Hersh: ###\*!! Wait till Mike gets here!

(Mermelberg looks out and sees a winding column of GIs, their ill fitting clothing fluttering in the breeze. He lets out an anguished howl): Ayrabs! Lemme out of here. I'm the senior partner!

Hagelstein: One side please. (He races him to the back door but Mermelberg wins by a nose.)

(Van ushes the astonished Hersh out the door, thriftily extinguishes the OD light, hangs out the "Closed for the day" sign and disappears. We hear again the soft strains of "Oh, Mermelberg, Oh, Hagelsteing" as the curtain slowly falls.)

# POET'S HAVEN

## G.I.

Sitting on my G.I. bed  
My G.I. hat upon my head  
My G.I. pants, my G.I. shoes,  
Everything free, nothing to lose,  
G.I. razor, G.I. comb.  
G.I. wish that I were home.

2.

They issue everything we need,  
Paper to write on, books to read.  
They issue food to make one grow,  
G.I. want a long furlough.

3.

Your belt, your shoes, your G.I.  
tie  
Everything free, nothing to buy.  
You eat your food from G.I. plates  
Buy your needs at G.I. rates.

4.

It's G.I. this and G.I. that,  
G.I. haircut, G.I. hat.  
Why can't they take that  
government issue  
And wipe it off with G.I. tissue.

## ODE TO MY SACK

It may not be a beauty-rest;  
It may look like a rodent's nest;  
But it's the place that I like best  
My sack.

I know not of a better way  
To pass the time, both night  
and day,  
To hide from work and rest from  
play  
Than in my sack.

There I dream of days of yore  
Or what the future has in store  
But never of this goddamned war  
In my sack.

When Japs and Huns are out to route  
And the army wants me mustered out,  
They'll find me there, without  
a doubt  
In my sack.

In my sack.

When I'm far from war and strife  
I'll try to find a wealthy wife  
And spend what's left to me of life  
In my sack.

Sgt. ART FOLEY