Sgt. Bill Loper is an expectant uncle. The blessed event is expected to take place this month.

The Lord's Prayer in the Tongue of natives of this region will be found on the main bulletin board. Censorship restrictions prevent us from publishing it. It was written for us by E. K. Aino, Dispensary Orderly.

From Williamseit, Mass., home of Cpl. Joseph C. Coderre, Hq., comes the story of the Major travelling through a restricted zone in a GI truck, driven by a buck private. Challenged by sentries, the Major would reply:

"One American Major, a load of fertilizer and one buck private."

After hearing this reply several times, the buck private asked the Major if they would be stopped again.

"I guess so," the Major answered.

"Well, Major," said the private, "the next time we are stopped would you mind giving me priority over the fertilizer?"


Baseball today: Bender's Bat Boys vs 8th Rocs.

OFFICIAL


This issue censored by

Official, A. C.

Thought for the day

"Distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful." --Nietzsche


You can get your own mail only at our P. Postal laws direct that mail be given to the addressee only.

A Scottish Lady's Air Raid Recipe is submitted by Pfc. Floyd M. Campbell, who received it from his wife in Denver, Colo.

"When the air raid warning sounds, I take a bible from the shelf and read the 23rd Psalm where it says, 'Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Then put up a woe prayer. Then I take a wee dram of whisky to steady ma nerves. Then I get into bed and pull up the covers. And then I tell Hitler to go to Hell.'"

Ohio State had the best football team in the US last season. Cpl. Don Emory, of Massillon, Ohio, wants it to be known. Ohio State was picked by the member papers of the Associated Press. Second was Georgia and third was Wisconsin. No Texas team showed in the first ten. Why all?
SOUTH PACIFIC: Sanananda Point in New Guinea has been captured by Allied troops and the Japs have been forced to a small section in that area.

NORTH AFRICA: The British 8th Army advance continues and has passed Misirata, thirty miles to a village called Zlitem, and south to Beni Ulid. Allied planes heavily bombed the island of Lampedusa and places in Sicily. Activity in Tunisia was limited to land patrols because of heavy rains. Allied bombers were active and continued to attack enemy communications.

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CPL. R. H. HIX, HQ., SUBMITS A POEM RECEIVED FROM HOME:

ON THE ROAD

Every New Year tells us,
As its dawn appears,
We are only tourists.
Up the trail of years;
Years with all their turnings
And their traffic signs,
Now and then imposing
Violation fines;
Years of changing wonder--
Vale, and slope and crest--
Up into the reaches
Of Hope's visioned best.
Every New Year tells us
"Put away your fears,
Happiness is waiting
Up the trail of years."

---Clarence Edward Flynn

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BURMA: The RAF again attacked in Burma. The objective of air and ground forces is the peninsula of Mayau.

LONDON: Berlin was struck by 8,000 pound bombs in raids reported yesterday. The RAF mined enemy waters and struck at enemy locomotives on French railways. Two ships were sunk by the RAF off the French coast. All planes returned safely.

RUSSIA: Moscow reports the siege of Stalingrad practically over, as the two Red Armies have joined. The Leningrad offensive by the Russians continues successfully.

MAJOR S.S. BELL, M.C., SUBMITS SOME VERSES BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR:

LINES TO A MOSQUITO

Wee, winged, buzzin' beastie,
To suck men's blood you are always hasty.
I doubt but what you find it tasty
To fill yourself so full.

'Tis not so much your song I mind--
Confined as it is to your male kind,
Your wife it is that bites, I find--
So human.

Of parasites she's full, the more the merrier,
Injecting bugs of dread malaria,
Maybe mixed up with some Filaria,
An odious woman.

Every night when I lie beneath my net,
Steeped in insomnia and sweat,
Consoled in this, my little pet,
You cannot bite me now.

At dawn 'tis said you take your flight
Not out of mind though may be sight,
'Neath the writing table to renew the fight
With my poor ankles.

'Tis not the irritation that I mind,
Nor scratching the bump that you leave behind,

Accursed mosquito!