

ISSUE 4

***** YEE LOYAL STAFF MEMBERS *****

Managing Editors: Don Schneider

Apple Bonker

Departmental Chiefs:

Dream Sheet D.B.

Random Thoughts... Simon Barsinister, & Rain In The Face

Poetry & Stuff ... Don Diego

Round Corner ... Apple Bonker

Graphics..... D.B. & J Balldock (in exile)

Distribution.... College Book Store, Chester's Drawers,
Tape Head Co. , Cosmic Aeroplane,
Aquarian Imports, Cat's cradle leather.

Contributing correspondents :

J. Balldock (in exile)

D.B.

Russ Larsen (for occasional laughs)

Captain Marvel (purple caped crusader)

Emile Bronte

Boris Badenov

Super Spade

John Wayne

John Brown's Body (inspiration)

Special friends and advisors:

Steve Jones, Jordan Greenglass, Larry Ficks

Joe Redburn, Sandy Gilmore, Franz Westreich,

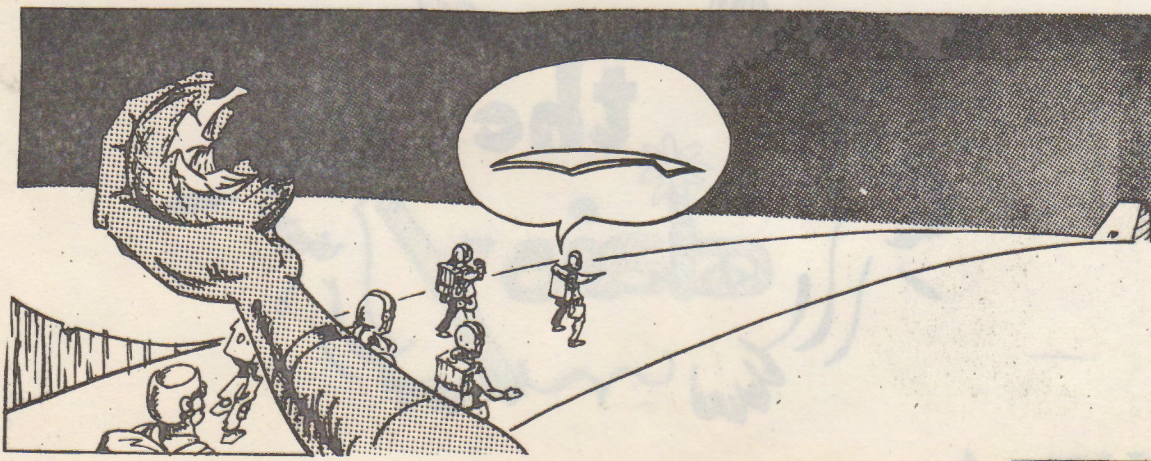
Wm. Lockhart. Bill Paul, Sen. Wm Saxbe, John Harvey,

John Catalinotto, S.O.S., A.S.U. , Len Leeman .

Boob list

U. of U. Chronicle for all of their support?

et introibo ad altare Dei



Reality is only the most popular phantasy
—Vladimir Kippie!

THE ROUND CORNER ?

Q. Do you know the difference between the boy scouts and the Army ???

A. The Boy Scouts have adult leadership.....

Definition : Army (Amerikan) - The inept, forcing the un-willing, to do the un-necessary

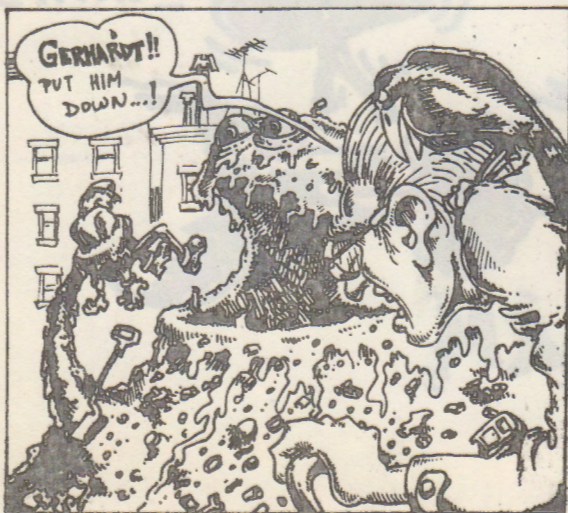
----- Citizen Soldier -----

The Shadow knows most

A warm round of applause goes to Army psychology from the Salt of Dugway, the E.M. This is for the simpleton type reasoning behind giving a man an article 15 for not cutting his hair to look like a backwoods farmer going through a cure for scalp mange, or for not attending a formation to salute the sunrise (45 minutes late), while a man AWOL for 29 days, and one absent from his duty station for a Year, receives little or no punishment.

At a recent formation, a high ranking civillian employee of the Defense department was given permission to speak to the Company and ask for volunteers for a classified, dangerous mission. The C.O. called the Company to attention and presented the civillian who shouted to the mass, I need three volunteers for a difficult mission I don't know why, but I have been instructed to select one officer and two enlisted men. It was in the early morning hours and too dark to discern rank on the individual soldier's uniform. The civillian barked out, asking, " Do any of you men have jungle experience or had Guerilla training ? At this point someone emerged from the formation exclaiming, Sir, I once worked in a zoo ! The Civillian then shouted excellent now all I need are the two enlisted men...

Twas surely a rotten shame the N.C.O. Club's planned luau for E-6's and above couldn't come off last month, it seems they couldn't find enough long straws that would reach the bottom of the cesspool. Next year maybe they will be able to special order enough to go around.



I heard of a touching scene from a friend who had recently returned from Nam. It seems his outfit was beating bush and took a pasting, and on the way back they paused a few miles from base camp to pay tribute to their fallen comrades. A full twenty-one gun salute to their C.O. the only irregularity was that their C.O. wasn't one of their fallen comrades, until after the salute, nice tribute, anyway.

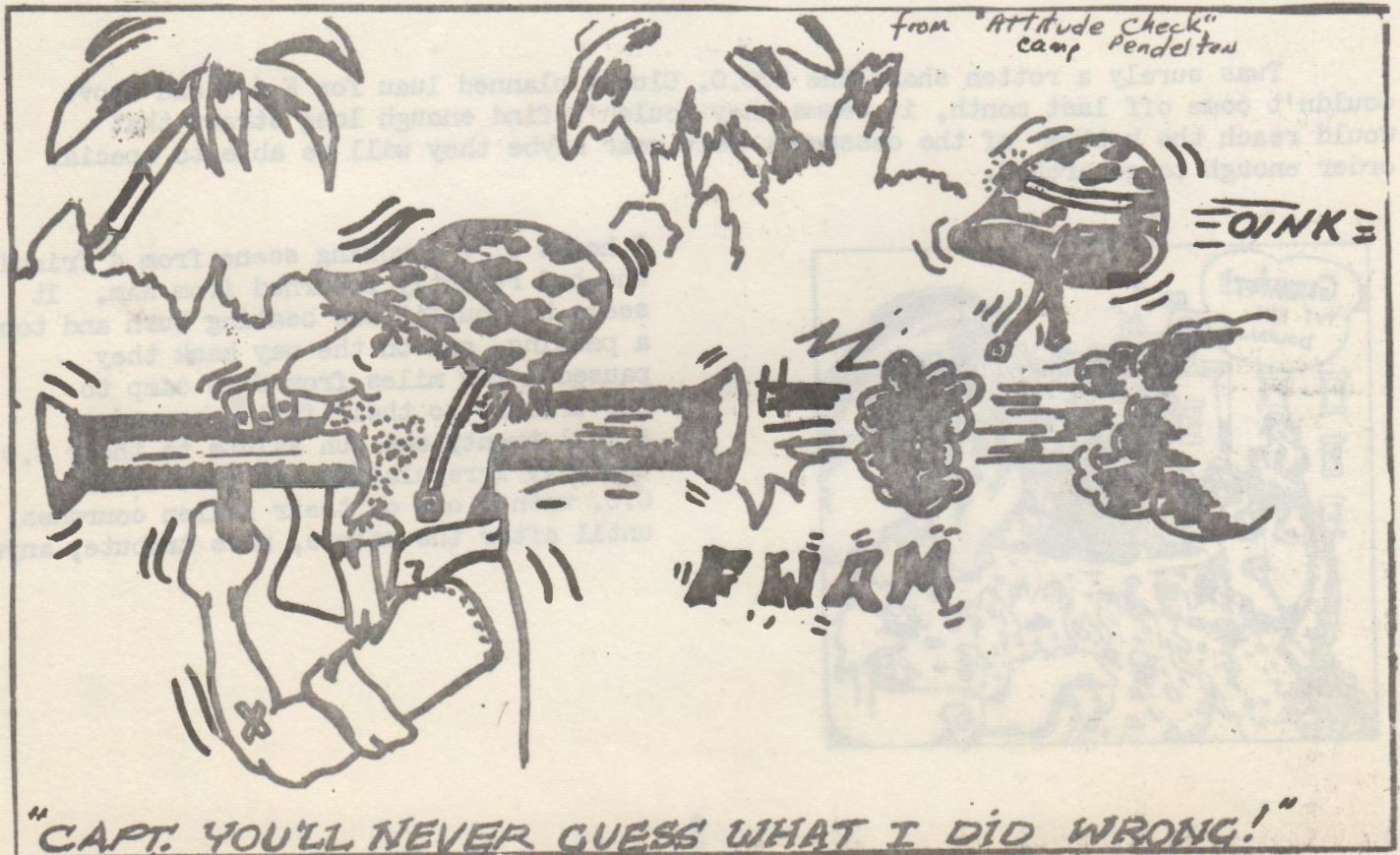


The Father of our land, the patriot of patriots. He sacrificed for this great land of ours, becoming our first commander in chief, and as his predecessors today, he took on the task willingly, refusing a salary generously offered by Congress of the equivalence of forty-eight thousand dollars. Instead, George the honest the raper of innocent cherrie trees agreed to allow Congress to cover his expenses as commander -in-chief. The expenses ran to a total of nearly four-hundred eighty thousand dollars. The account ledgers included items such as transportation for Dear Martha to join Georgie at valley forge, and monthly trips for Georgie back home to see Martha. Believe it Charlae, the ledgers are part of the national archives. We can all rest assured that our benevolent benefactors in the Pentagon are merely keeping up the finest of American Military traditions. Living like stuffed hogs at the expense of the enlisted man.

The level of strontium 90 is not very high. It is just a bit higher than last year, And that was just a little bit higher than the year before when there was barely enough to go around for everybody.

Eve Merriam

from "Attitude Check" camp Pendleton



THE ROUND CORNER CONTD. ?

The number of restrictions placed on leaves in headquarters Company are becoming greater, and are being enforced by someone who is not affected by their own rath. They are judging for the E.M. what is best for him by a set of standards , which are not representative of his own. The E.M. adhere (somewhat) to these standards only because of the lowly position he finds himself in on the Military social ladder. This in itself is the functioning policy of the army. After all the Armed Forces is a system devised by geniuses to be carried out by Morons..

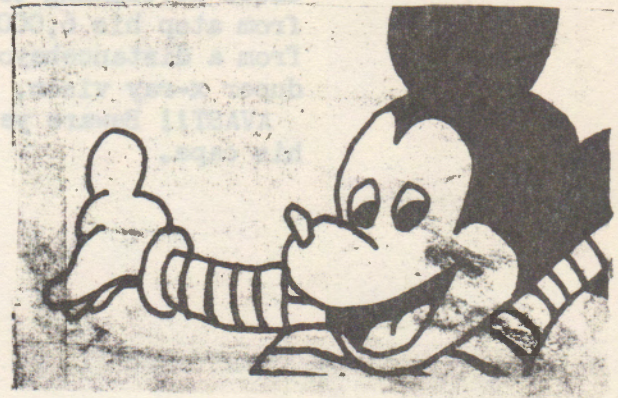
The philosophy behind the promotions in IHHC is based not on the man's intelligence or his efficiency, or attitude. Rather it is based on who the individual may be friendly with. For instance, the company clerks will for the most part , be promoted before science and engineering personell. To me it seems strange that a man with a high school diploma or two years of college should be promoted before a man with a masters degree in Chemistry Chemical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, or Biology. Sp5 promotions are a big Dugway farce. For Example: a man named Van Tricht was promoted 3 days prior to his E.T.S. date Jucewitz was promoted 2 weeks before, Parham was promoted 9 days prior to E.T.S. , and John Gerber was promoted the day after his E.T.S. date

The members of the Daisy staff extend a get well message to the members of the Promotion board .

APPLEBONKER
EDITORIAL STAFF

The Daisy has friends across the states and we want to take this opportunity to mention one of the most loyal. Any Daisy fans in the vicinity of Columbus Ohio, on leave or on the run , stop and say hello to Franz Westreich, owner of Mr. Ted Inc. Men's wear. Franz has been extremely helpful with advice and ideas. He operates a men's store catering to Daisy type people at least stop and say hello. Franz is a store house of knowledge and wisdom and a true friend of the movement. His store is located in the Northern Lights shopping Center. Franz is a veteran of Nazi oppression and has a truly enlightening insight on the politics of today

Editor



THE ROUND CORNER

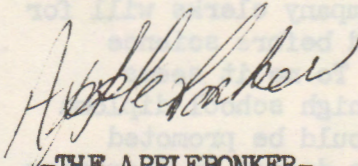
not again?????

THE APPLE BONKETH

This issue Simon Barsinister is going to initiate the Applebonker award. The lucky recipient of the award is the PURPLE CAPED CRUSADER.

The Purple Caped Crusader is the god of the bacon masters, the self-appointed defender of the populous of Dugway, in carrying out his never-ending, glorious crusade against the forces of crime and evil(DUD). In the course of his fine efforts he has cracked many a tough case. For instance, he has collected a survey of littering cases pertaining to people 6 years and under. He hasspied from atop his 6,000 foot ivory tower, speeding tricycles from a distance beyond the 3 mile limit, with his super-duper x-ray vison.

AVAST!! Beware ye criminals, the purple bird flappeth his cape.



-THE APPLEBONKER-
Editorial Staff

The following article is a factual account of the feeble attempts to keep Dugway's E.M. happy. Names have not been changed so as to embarrass the guilty.

My first concern is with the commissary. The meats after sitting for 2-3 days are opened and painted with fresh blood, then repackaged for wholesale consumers. The meats are not ransid, but loses all of it's taste. I have noticed that the civilians are a clanish bunch. The ~~Butcher~~ holds the choicest meats under the counter and sells them to his privileged Mormon freinds. To top this off, the meats are 20-30¢ cheaper on civilian payday than on military payday.

Speaking of payday. The bank is open later on civilian payday, and early on military payday. The bank is opened from 11:00 to 5:00 on civilian paydays and on military payday the hours are 8:00 to 4:00. The only trouble with this is that E.M. have to be to work at 7:30 and don't get off until 4:30 in the afternoon.

This brings to mind another Dugway farce, the business hours. The PX has very flakey hours. It's hours are from 11:00 to 6:00 except on wednesday, then they are from 11:00 to 5:00. This means that the wife can't do her shopping until 11:00. If she has a job to support her PFC husband, she almost has to rely on hubby to take care of it. On the other hand the husband has a job from 7:30 to 4:30 every day, so he only has a very limited time in which to do any kind of business. The nco club has the worst hours of any place of business on post.

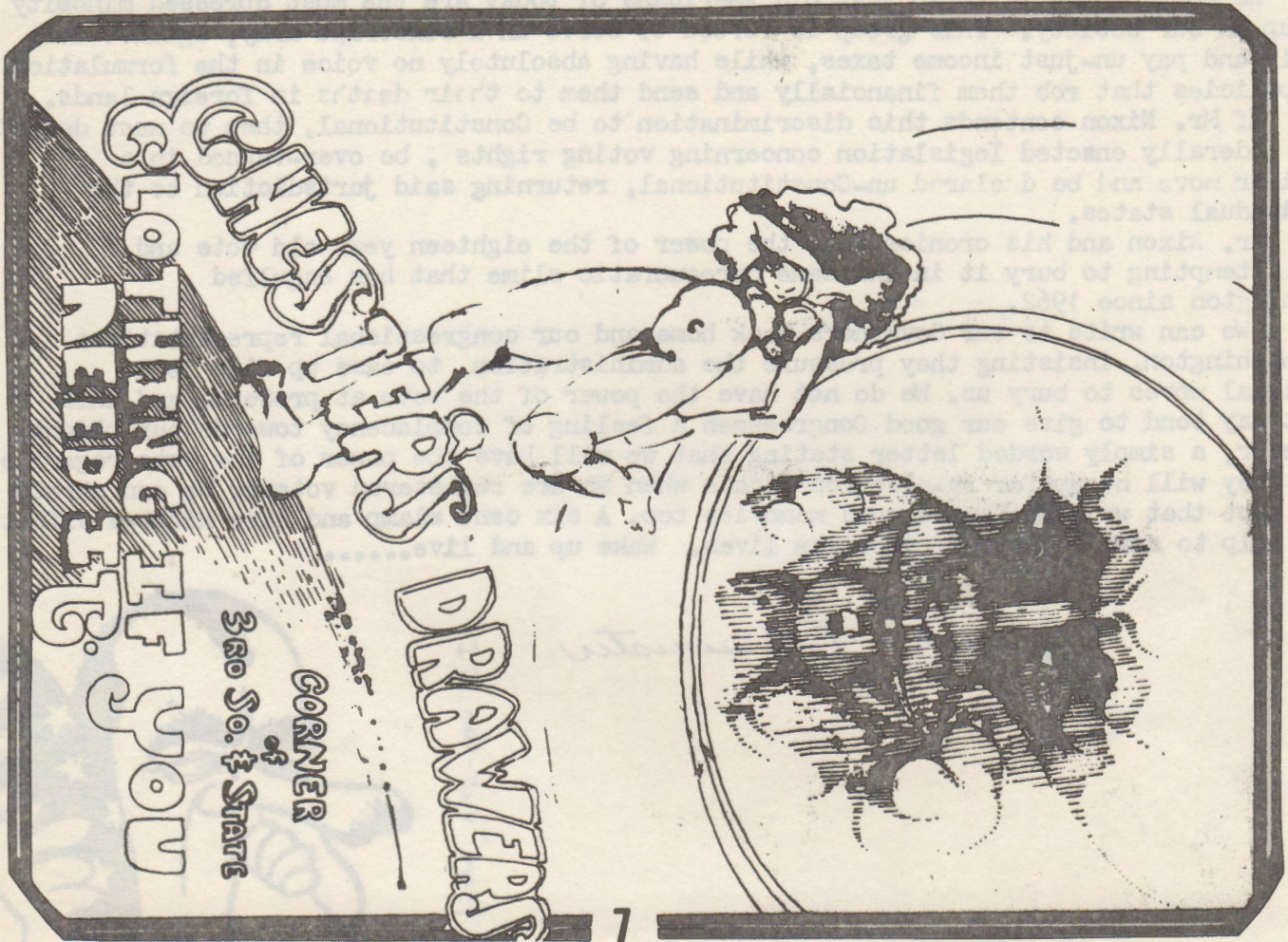
The kitchen closes at 8:00 and so does the delivery service. If you plan on having a party, with delivery service, you have to have to have dinner before 8:00. I think that you will agree that this is bad planning for a dinner party.

Next the post craftshop's hours are geared to the civilian housewife. The craftshop is open for 4 hours on sunday and closed on mondays and tuesdays, when most of Dugway's populous is at home. The purple caped crusader has been carrying out an austeriy program. For instance, you are only allowed to pour 9 molds/week. These very same molds cost the craftshop nothing, for you are the one paying to use the slip. There are other cases which I won't go into. The Caped Crusader on the other hand allows brand new, thick carpeting to be put in the hospital, which gives the doctor no privacy when he is examining a patient. This is only because the doors won't close past the carpeting.

The Applebonker extends a fine healthy YUK to Dugway's capitalists.

Applebonker

-THE APPLEBONKER-
EDITORIAL STAFF



We have been slapped in the mouth again by the Nixon Administration, the only difference this time is that we have been given advance notice, and may have a fighting chance to slap back.

Congress passed legislation granting 18 year olds the right to vote, and Mr Nixon signed the bill into law with "definite reservations". His mealy mouthed attempt to pacify with this gesture, only mirrors sell outs of the past. Nixon realized the implications behind the passage of the bill, and has already set his jackels out to destroy the law before the November elections. He released the number three dog in his kennel with the aim of destroying the 18 year old vote in the courts. Attorney General Mitchel's memorandum to the Governors of the fifty states, demanding they reply to his office by August third with their intentions of compliance was the double cross. With this move the Administration plans to forego a lengthy battle through the judicial system to test the Constitutionality of the measure. Any state refusing to adhere to the legislation would be liable to suit in Federal court by the Justice Department, thus creating an early defeat in the supreme Court on grounds of Constitutionality.

The Governor of the State of Texas has jumped the gun and headed the list of back-stabbing administration puppets. Mr. Nixon, in his "Reservations", contends the Constitution has empowered the individual states with right to determine voter qualifications, and thus contends the federal Government does not have the power to guarantee the eighteen year old the right to vote. Yet the Federal Government has in the past, enacted legislation to protect the rights of voters, and over-ruled individual state laws concerning voter qualifications, justifying the legislation as protection for minority groups from discrimination.

We contend the 18 to 20 year old Americans of today are the most oppressed minority group in our society. This group is forced to serve in a conscript army, against it's will, and pay un-just income taxes, while having absolutely no voice in the formulation of policies that rob them financially and send them to their deaths in foreign lands.

If Mr. Nixon contends this discrimination to be Constitutional, then we must demand all federally enacted legislation concerning voting rights, be over-turned in a similar move and be declared un-Constitutional, returning said jurisdiction to the individual states.

Mr. Nixon and his cronies fear the power of the eighteen year old vote and are attempting to bury it in the same bureaucratic slime that has engulfed Washington since 1962.

We can write to our Governors back home and our congressional representatives in Washington, insisting they pressure the administration to ease up with it's judicial moves to bury us. We do not have the power of the vote at present, and this fact may tend to give our good Congressmen a feeling of complacency towards our plight, however, a simply worded letter stating that we will have the power of the vote regardless, and they will be up for re-election again when we are registered voters. We can stress the fact that we have Damned good memories too. A six cent stamp and five minutes effort may help to save a thousand American lives. Wake up and live.....

Simon Barinister

Cartoon from "Viet-Nam G.I."



My kind of place....

Recently I've spent some leisure time at the Dugway Hospital. I take my hat off to all to all of you Hospital enlisted men. At times one can be quite sure of finding tragedy, sickness, disease, etc. at a hospital, an I'm quite sure the Dugway Hospital is no exception. As far as the personnel and the environment of the hospital, I just eat my heart out for not being fortunate enough to work there. For instance, Call your Doctor Sir, you get a strange look and from then on you call him by his first name or jusy Doc. Saluting an officer or a nurse from the hospital is always a grin and bear it situation.

At the ever popular Headquarters Company, We Enlisted Men are constantly dealt the maximum amount of harrassment, and continually reminded we are soldiers twenty-four hours a day, Eight days a week.

On the other hand when at the Hospital I almost feel like a real person, weather I am ill or just visiting a friend. I look forward to continually being served; and serving you all at the Hospital Detachment. I highly reccomend a visit to the Dugway Hospital, it's the best morale booster on post. Oh yea, the Nurses are out-a-sight.. Sick Call For All....

We do agree with you Joe, It's almost enjoyable working in an army outfit where the Officers and N.C.O.'s don't hassle you constantly. The officers treat the E.M. like human beings instead of cattle, and for this reason, things operate pretty smoothly, that's why the Hospital looks so good to you compared to the detention center across from the craft shop. We wish you could move down with us Joe, and bring all the good people with you leaving H.H.C. to the E6's and above, who rightfully deserve it.....

CLASSIFIED ADDS

Used DRUM SET for sale. Gene Krupa model, 2 tom- toms, snare, floor Bass, cymbal(14"), hi- hat. Sacrificing for \$165. Call Sp. 4 Romano(daytime) at 522- 2944 Mon.-Fri. or dig them any-time at 5347 D West Knight.

Caped Crusader supposedly said,
Morituri te Salutamus!

A VISIT FROM OL' SAINT NARK

(LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS)

December 26, 1969

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the pad there was nothing much happening, a real bummer, dad. Our hookas were hung by the fireside with care and a thick pungent smoke was filling the air.

Now Ma in her headset had just popped a cap was laid up in bed and starting to rap. The children were loaded with bennies and reds and visions of sugar cubes danced in their heads

From out in the lawn we heard a great crash pulled open the window and threw out the stash. Then pow in an instant I heard it again. We thought maybe someone had called in the MEN!

I looked to the lawn and what should appear but a groovy balloon with some far---out gear. The driver was tall with a Fu Man Chu beard and a zebra skin vest, man was he weird!

A small hash pipe was jammed 'tween his teeth and the smoke it incircled his head like a wreath.

Then he kicked down the door and said, "Freeze it's a bust!" And my ol' lady mumbled, "Wow who can you trust?" But then he assured us it was only a gag and sat down beside us and opened his bag.

His threads were all tarnished from ashes and smoke but fired up a number and offered a toke.

He was pale and anemic if not underfed and his eyes were like pinwheels that spun in his head. What a bundle of junk he had flung on his back. He looked like a pusher when he opened his pack.

We offered some acid, his answer was no. We could see he was skinny from shovelling snow.

Then he laid out his presents down next to the tree a kilo of gold and some L.S.D. Some uppers for Ma and some downers for me. He was surely St. Nark we had to agree.

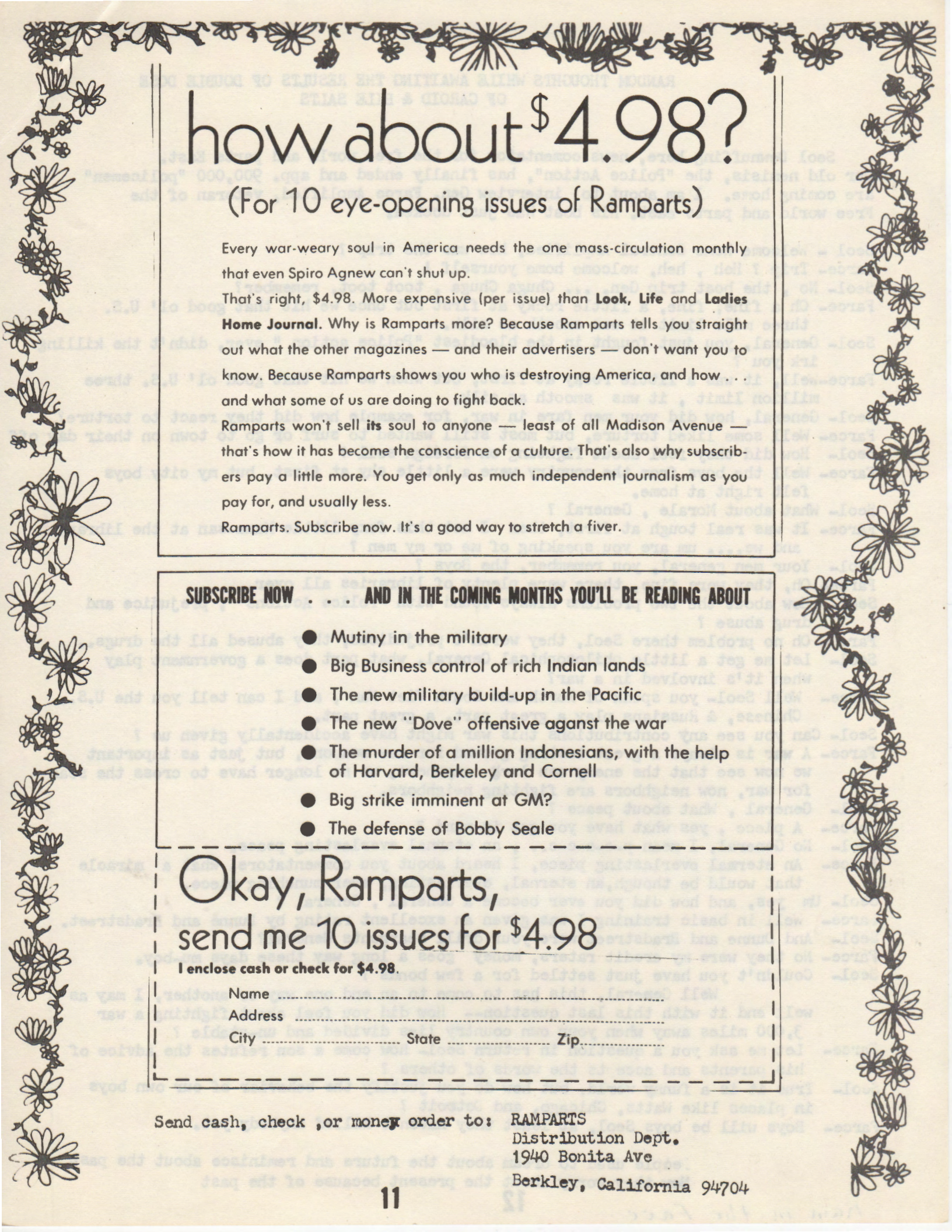
"So sorry I'm late, but man am I beat. I'm really exaustd from dodging the HEAT. I was high over Reno way up in the blue, when they started to tail me in a B-52. It was aerial combat with a flying pig, but I made it to Frisco to finish my gig."

Then laying a finger aside his nose he sniffed six rails of coke and a cap of No-Doze.

He ran to his craft, not a reindeer and sleigh, but a giant balloon that went up and away. And we heard him exclaim as he flew in the night "Stay stoned'till next year, you're all out of sight!"

John Rock





how about \$4.98?

(For 10 eye-opening issues of Ramparts)

Every war-weary soul in America needs the one mass-circulation monthly that even Spiro Agnew can't shut up.

That's right, \$4.98. More expensive (per issue) than **Look**, **Life** and **Ladies Home Journal**. Why is Ramparts more? Because Ramparts tells you straight out what the other magazines — and their advertisers — don't want you to know. Because Ramparts shows you who is destroying America, and how . . . and what some of us are doing to fight back.

Ramparts won't sell its soul to anyone — least of all Madison Avenue — that's how it has become the conscience of a culture. That's also why subscribers pay a little more. You get only as much independent journalism as you pay for, and usually less.

Ramparts. Subscribe now. It's a good way to stretch a fiver.

SUBSCRIBE NOW . . . AND IN THE COMING MONTHS YOU'LL BE READING ABOUT

- Mutiny in the military
- Big Business control of rich Indian lands
- The new military build-up in the Pacific
- The new "Dove" offensive against the war
- The murder of a million Indonesians, with the help of Harvard, Berkeley and Cornell
- Big strike imminent at GM?
- The defense of Bobby Seale

Okay, Ramparts,
send me 10 issues for \$4.98

I enclose cash or check for \$4.98.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Send cash, check, or money order to: RAMPARTS
Distribution Dept.
1940 Bonita Ave
Berkley, California 94704

RANDOM THOUGHTS WHILE AWAITING THE RESULTS OF DOUBLE DOSE
OF CAROID & BILE SALTS

Seol Denuffing here, news comentator for the free world and parts East. Our old nemisis, the "Police Action", has finally ended and app. 900,000 "policemen" are coming home. I am about to interview Gen. Farce Amplified, veteran of the Free world and parts east. His boat has just docked.

Seol - Welcome home General Amplified, how was the trip ?

Farce- Trip ? Heh , heh, welcome home yourself !

Seol- No , the boat trip Gen. ... Chuga Chuga , toot toot, remember?

Farce- Oh a fine, fine, a little rocky at first but once we hit that good ol' U.S. three mile limit it was smooth as silk.

Seol- General, you just fought in the bloodiest "Police action " ever, didn't the killing irk you ?

Farce-Well, it was a little rocky at first, but when we hit that good ol' U.S. three million limit , it was smooth as silk.

Seol- General, how did your men fare in war, for example how did they react to torture?

Farce- Well some liked torture, but most still wanted to surf or go to town on their day off

Seol- How did they feel about fighting on foreign soil ?

Farce- Well the boys from the country were a little shy at first, but my city boys felt right at home.

Seol- What about Morale , General ?

Farce- It was real tough at first, then I met this foxy little Mama-san at the library and we.... um are you speaking of me or my men ?

Seol- Your men general, you remember, the Boys ?

Farce- Oh, they were fine, there were plenty of libraries all over.

Seol- How about the two problems always found with "Police Actions" , prejudice and drug abuse ?

Farce- Oh no problem there Seol, they weren't prejudiced, they abused all the drugs..

Seol- Let me get a little philosophical General, what part does a government play when it's involved in a war?

Farce- Well Seol- you speak of North and South Viet Nam , and I can tell you the U.S., Chinese, & Russians play a great part, a great part.

Seol- Can you see any contributions this war might have accidentally given us ?

Farce- A war is always a great testing ground for new weapons, but just as important we now see that the enemy can lurk anywhere, we no longer have to cross the seas for war, now neighbors are fighting neighbors.

Seol- General , What about peace ?

Farce- A piece , yes what have you got in mind ?

Seol- No General, I mean p-e-a-c-e.. , an eternal everlasting peace.

Farce- An eternal everlasting piece, I heard about you commentators, what a miracle that would be though,an eternal, everlasting, ever munching piece.

Seol- Um yes, and how did you ever become a General , General ?

Farce- Well in basic training I was given an excellent rating by Dunne and Bradstreet.

Seol- And Dunne and Bradstreet were your drill seargents General?

Farce- No they were my credit raters, money goes a long way these days mu-boy.

Seol- Couldn't you have just settled for a few bonds ?

Well General, this has to come to an end one way or another, I may as well end it with this last question-- How did you feel about fighting a war 3,000 miles away when your own country lies divided and un-stable ?

Farce- Let me ask you a question in return Seol- how come a son refutes the advice of his parents and accepts the words of others ?

Seol- True it is a funny world, but how do you justify the behavior of our own boys in places like Watts, Chicago, and Detroit ?

Farce- Boys will be boys Seol, at least they haven't killed anybody yet.

People used to dream about the future and reminisce about the past
Now they worry about the present because of the past

TOO HASTY A WITHDRAWAL
AT THIS TIME COULD RESULT
IN TURNING VIETNAM
INTO A
BLOOD BATH!



from "Viet Nam GI"

The red persuasion of the flames
Poured in on him and he came out
From his blind dungeon, routed by
A furnace coughing in his face.
His eyes held neither hope nor fear,
But swam in animal surprise;
He grew a coat of boiling hair
Before our eyes.

A popcorn sack
Split wide and crashed. A seat sighed down
Upon it's hinge. The usher's light
Surprised the dark where boys-with-girls
Kissed, murmuring.

He slowly burned
And burning crawled and crawling died.

The scream was censored. What was left
Were less lugubrious events:
A close up of Mount Erebus,
And babies kissing presidents...

Adrien Stoutenburg

CPS cartoon *from "Attitude Check"
Camp Pendleton



Mariette
Flanagan CPS

'Only one thing will get these hands . . . !'

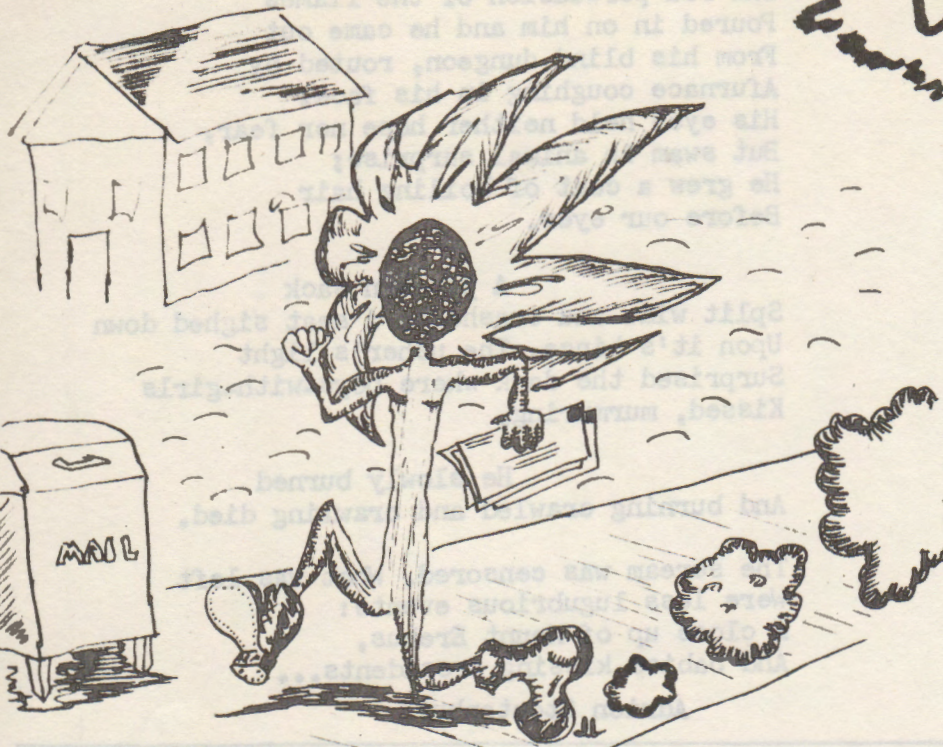
SMOKE

I sit in a chair and read the newspapers.

Millions of men go to war, acres of them are buried, guns and
ships broken, cities burned, villages sent up in smoke
and children where cows are killed off amid hoarse
barbecues
vanish like finger-rings of smoke in a north wind

I sit in a chair and read the newspapers...

DREAM SHEET



Please Write!

That's right friends!

Do you think you know something that should be aired? Air it in the Daisy. Grips, questions, criticism, comments - all are welcome. We'd love to hear from you so drop us a line. Write on!!!

with their freshly trimmed broom that they would ultimately shave it off completely. Hats off to the Hitler's of H.H.C. (never mind, put your hat back on before they see your hair.)

Anyway, before I go, I'd like to thank the editor for giving me the opportunity to mouth off to the general public at Dugway, and say farewell to all the folks who gave the Daisy the support it received; Also a fond farewell to the Service station, the water sprinklers, the M.P.'s, SFC L.L. and of course, the Animal Family.

Also thanx to Amerika where we can & do get away with stuff like this.....

D.B.

We of the staff are sorry to lose D.B. and hope we hear from him in exile. It will be interesting to say the least, to hear his opinion of life in the Amerikan Army in Germany,...

THE CHICANO* IN UTAH



A Conference for everyone --
from school--church--business--government--agency

University of Utah, Salt Lake City

Sept. 11-12, 1970 -- Friday evening and Saturday

Cost -- meals, housing, literature you buy

Sponsored by:

Church in Society Committee of
Cooperating Christian Churches
Minorities Studies Center, U. of U.

To make us aware of the distinct culture of Spanish heritage
people in the Southwest.

To acquaint us with the problems of the Chicano, especially in Utah.

To plan for action on problems, with election year in mind.

Leaders who will speak:

Dr. Juan Aragon - Director, Cultural Awareness Center,
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque
(ask anyone who heard him here last November)

Dr. Ernesto Galarza - Social Studies Professor, San Jose State College
and Notre Dame University. Author and Elder Statesman
of the Mexican-American Movement.
(Started life as a migrant worker.)

The Rev. Antonio Medina - Southwest Field Representative of the
United Presbyterian Health, Education, and Welfare
Association, Los Angeles. Leader, La Nueva Raza.

Many Utah leaders involved in local problems, in panels and discussions

Films: "I Am Joaquin"

"Mexican Americans: The Invisible Minority"

Literature to purchase; book, film, and speaker lists for your programs

Dramatic skits about Utah by a young Utah Chicano group

Acquaintance with our Chicano students and their concerns (demands?)

*A Chicano is a "Spanish American" or "Mexican American" - one of Spanish
speaking heritage who has a non-Anglo self-image.

A second, detailed announcement, including housing and meal arrangements
and registration material will be sent out about Sept. 2. Meanwhile,
save the dates.

For additional flyers or information, call Mrs. Edna Barbero -- 278-4301
or Campus Christian Center - 364-4357

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS.....

In past issues of the Daisy appeared a notice to the effect that the Daisy could not be reproduced without the written permission of the Editor. The notice also stated that this publication could not be distributed on a military installation without the consent of the installation Commander. We want to explain to you here the reason for that notice. We mean that the Daisy should not be reproduced or xeroxed in entirety for distribution. Any articles contained in the Daisy may be copied by anyone interested in doing so, without anyone's prior consent, but the entire paper should not be reproduced as a whole. Distribution refers to the transfer of more than one copy from person to person. To protect yourself from a bust, bring only one copy on post if you bring any. The paper is your personal property and cannot legally be taken from you. If anyone asks for your paper by all means give it to him if you are finished with it, as it then becomes his personal property and responsibility. If a pig asks you for your own personal property, your personal copy of the Daisy, Tell him to haul his fat worthless carcass to Salt Lake City, to either the Cosmic Aeroplane, the College book store, or the University of Utah Student Union building, and let him pay a dime for it like anyone else. If you show your military I.D. your copy is free, only civilians and milli pigs have to shell out the dime. I hope this clears up any questions about the notice concerning distribution and copying.

Milli Pigs

We have refrained from attacking any one particular outfit or individual before this because we felt we could get the truth to the G.I.'s of Dugway and the Civies out in the real world without stepping on innocent toes. Sorry pigs but any criticism you receive you will justly deserve. A pig followed several enlisted men into their apartment in Salt Lake City and placed their pad under surveillance for an entire weekend in an effort to dig up something to bust these brothers. Needless to say the piggie blew it and was unable to find anything to report to the bacon master on his return.

The same individual has been observed following enlisted men on post during his off duty hours looking for a bust. Reports have it he spends his week ends clocking motorists out for Sunday drives so he'll know who to hassle the following monday. In the same world they have different names for pigs who follow guys around at night. One thing we can say for sure... this is real career material. I have heard a rumor that the re-up NCO refuses to give our Editor his re-up talk. Get on the stick sarge he's got less than 120 days. That's one re-up talk I'd like to sit in on.....

Who's Parnelli Jones of the Hospital ????



Mark Twain ! Whose hero Now ???

In time of war a minister is praying to a packed and emotion filled church. The burden of his supplication is, that an ever merciful and benignant father of us all would watch over our noble young soldiers, and aid, and comfort, and encourage them in their patriotic work; bless them, shield them in the day of battle, and the hour of peril, bear them in his mighty hand, make them strong and confident, invincible in the bloody onset; help them to crush the foe, grant to them and to their flag imperishable honor and glory.... Suddenly, an aged stranger enters the church, walks down the aisle, and takes the minister's place. He reveals himself as a messenger from the throne, and gives the un-spoken true meaning of the minister's prayer.

According to his friend and biographer Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain felt that "The War Prayer" was too explosive to be published during his lifetime. "I have told the whole truth in that", he told a friend, "and only dead men can tell the truth in this world. It can be published after I am dead."

from "The War Prayer"

..... O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their un-offending widows with un-availing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it - for our sakes who adore thee, Lord, blast their hopes blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet !

We ask it, in the spirit of love, and Who is the ever faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts...

AMEN

Johnny and I

Poets are luckier than most people.
A poet doesn't need legs,
because his mind moves;
A poet doesn't need hair or nose or sexual organs
or any number of extraneous things--
his poetry is self-sustaining;
A good poet doesn't necessarily need eyes or ears
or even a face
(a poet can remain faceless);
All a poet needs is two fingers out of ten
or a mouth,
But my two fingers were attached to my arms
and I lost my voice
in the War.

Jesse Winchester

reprinted from POEMS OF THE PEOPLE #5 (Box 324, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858)



RE OPENING
IN SEPTEMBER



SHOPS

ART EXHIBITS
HARD ROCK
GUERRILLA THEATER

(No Mill Club)