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THE LATRINE GAZETTE

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Your Daily News From the E T O

Special Edition

Somewhere in England

Friday Sept 29

FAMOUS CORRESPONDENT TELLS ALL FIRST HAND WORLD WIDE SCOOP FOR OUR READERS.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

JOURNEY----By G.W. Canary. Your famous correspondent equipped with two of our ace camera men set out on a venture to Bonnie Scotland loaded down with tools of their trade, cameras, etc. The first lap of our trip was very uneventful but in the second lap, complications set in but bad. The three of us had to stand all nite long on the comic opera trains that are big as a minute. What a mite that was-----12 hours standing on a pair of hot dogs and I do mean hot! Seems as if every body and thair brothers were going to Edinburgh for a 7 day leave. Upon disembarking from the train, we found the fair city of Edinburgh just crawling with G Is. So, Chuck, Ish and I held a huddle in the stream of the surging crowds of madden travelers. With the vote of the majority, we decide to push onward to the land of no G Is. To our great glee and luck, we found not a G I in the restful town of Aberdeen. Being worldly wise, we found a room in a hotel. It boasted the name of hotel in bold letters, but I call it more or less a boarding house of large dimensions. We ate a very enjoyable non-G I meal and set out to look the town over. But being deaden from the hellish al-mite train ride, not mentioning the fact of being thirsty as all hell, we breezed into the nearest bar, down stairs from the hotel. I forgot to mention that we had a bit of trouble finding a place to stay until we inquired at the local news rag. There in, we flashed Chuck's press cards and at once they thought we were correspondents for the army. Course, we didn't try to change this opinion and let it go at that. They sent us to a place where mostly news hawks lived and that's the joint we staked our claims. As I said, we drank until we felt half alive again, then gave the town the once over. I'm not kidding when I say, this town looks just like a typical American town in the mid-west. Main street and all. The Scottish people are frãndly as all h

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NEWS PAPER PEOPLE TAKE US TO HEART AND TREAT US LIKE KINGS. NEVER THINK  
THAT SCOTTISH PEOPLE ARE RIGHT! BY Canary. Later the afternoon of the

ay, we were taking around the news paper and introduced to all depts. Seems like every one had a bottle and twisted our arms to make us to drink. My arms are black and blue from such twistings. The editor told us the place was ours to roam and make our down town Hdq. So, we parked our camera there because it was centerly located. From the news hawks, we gathered information to what to see in Aberdeen and surroundings. Each time we wanted to go any place, we had to use bodily force to tear away from these lovable people. It was a rare sight to see Yanks on the streets and I with out doubt state that not more than 50 G Is were in the town at one time. The people love Americans and break our with the heart warming smiles when ever encountered on the streets. The kids go wild over Americans and have the "Gum-Chum" habit. They mob you, yelling for gum. Course we came well prepared for this sort of thing and freely handed out the gum. The kids hung out around our hotel, waiting for us each morning to way lay us for the had to get gum. Being dead from the loss of sleep, we just messed around the first nite, going from one bar to another-----seems like we did this every nite and all day long too. I never in my life had so much to drink. England was never like this. Truly, Scotland is different from England as day and night. You can actually feel the difference. After making all the rounds and I do mean rounds, we headed to the hotel with the intentions of hitting the pad and pounding the pillow for some well needed sleep. No sooner that we hit the door, two scribes grabbed us by the arms and shoved us into the lounge. There in, a party was in full swing and what a party. The scotch flowed like water until one felt limp as water. Each time my glass emptyed below the rim, some guys would dash over and fill it up again. With all the drinking of the afternoon and early part of the evening, I was begining to feel dam good and rosey. This party lasted until my eyes failed to stay opened.

OWNERS OF HOTEL TREATED US LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY. By Canary. Think

I could sleep late each morning. I was dead wrong. The 2nd morning  
men who were in the joint, woke me up at 930 by bhoving a dead soldier in  
my bed, a quart size and that dam cold bottle woke me up but quick. Break-  
fast was served at 930 am sharp and every one had to get up or else. The  
food was dam good and best of all---non G I. After eating, we shaved  
etc and dashed down the bar as the doors swung open at 1030. There in, we  
had a eye opener for the day. We picked up the speed graphic camera atk  
the paper and set out to make street shots of the town. So we trooped  
up and down the main drag, looking for likly things to shoot with the  
shutter boxes. I carried a high speed candid job and Chuck toted the large  
one. Just off the main stem, the thoughtful Scottish people had a park  
dotted with flower gardens etc. Also, the old men played checkers. Playing  
checkers is nothing unusual but the equipment itself was. The checker boards  
were bout 0 ft. by 10 ft. and the checker pieces were lagge as plages. In  
order to mve each piece, one had to use a long handle to shove 'em with.  
It was very interesting and we took a no. of shots. We took some close ups  
of a very beautiful college and other interesting buildings. Then too, we  
took a flash job of our favorite bar and some at the nitely parties in the  
hotel. At these shin digs, I chewed the gums with the scribes on every  
thing to soup and nuts. Said people very much dislike the English and of  
course my line of thought fell right into this. I spent many interesting  
hours of chewing the fat about politics and world wide views of the post  
war world. Glad to say, that I picked up a lot of new ideas and of course  
learned something new every day. Ish and Chuck some times, took off in  
quest of females of which there were more than a abundance. I broaden my  
scope of knowledge and taste for scotch etc. Then too, I gathered more  
characters for my sbories and all of that sort of thing. Some times, when  
the booze ran low, I bought more for I couldn't always drink theirs.