
Fun From
the E T O

THE LATRINE GAZETTE
Daily News

Worm's Eye View
of G I Life

Vol 7 No 1

Thrusday, Jan. 4, 1945

THE CANARY JR'S. MARRIED 2~~3~~ MONTHS TODAY. LONG TIME NO SHE.

BIG RED CAGER TEAM DROPS A GAME #2-54

(G-N) Jan. 3rd. The world famous Red quintet traveled to another base to go down in defeat. In the first few minutes of the cager tilt, the Reds darted out in front through the deadly eye of Heddleston. Don looped one tally in after another. He could not keep this pace up very long and the other team made their bid for the game by cutting loose with the point making. Ralph Miller couldn't get going with the clicking and because of his tempermental character, blew up through his blind madness. He failed to find the basket through out the whole game. Roger Peters came through with several big time loops but the Reds didn't sink enough baskets. In the last period the opponents broke loose again and the Reds couldn't stop 'em. It was a very dishearted team that silently traveled back to the home school. Canary kept official time and Day acted as referee.

G I JOE AND THE CIVILIAN

The average civilian has no conception of war in the sense that the average G I knows it. And it is very hard for him to be at all adequate in his sympathies, for he cannot even conceive of the deprivations entailed. The newspapers help little, for they are concerned with the large side of the picture instead of each soldier as an individual.

The irony of it all is that the soldier writing home, will conceal the truth of his misery and homesickness, the suffering and death he sees, for he does not want his loved ones to know of it. Yet he wants the civilian in general to appreciate what he is enduring. It is an impossible situation and cannot be solved readily. People are not patient with psychological maladjustment, for they can not understand it and it is the mental problem that will take the longest to resolve.

HERE AND THERE & ETC.

Upon return from the cager tilt last night, Canary found a stack of mail so placed upon his bunk. As follows---3 from Peanuts, 1 from Srs. card (Xmas) from Joe&family, card from Sis, and a package from Aunt Mary containing, Mass book and '45 calander. Nothing in the way of mail today.

Journal didn't come out on time this week but a special edition is forth comeing this Sat. full of all types of cager results of the Big Reds and the S-2 Morons. Readers are more or less howling for a edition but quick.

Just 23 months ago, two happy poeple took the vows of Holy Wed lock. Said people sure wish the hell that they were toghhar right now and not just a kidding.

The editor of the Gazette wished to express at this time, thanks to the many ardent readers who so thoughtfully screamed such lovely packages this way. Not to mention the wild compliments on the gazette.

UNBOTTLED CORN WITH KICK

All the big time News syndicates yearly come out with a All-American football line oop. Here is the (G-N candidates for the '44 All-American team---End the Flash; tackle-Tarzan; guard-The Green Hornet; center-Popeye; tackle-Doc Savage; guard-Doc Strange; end-The Bat Man; quarterback-Mandrake The Magician; Right half-Capt. Marvel; left half-Superman; fullback-John Kimbrough.

Then there was the Pfc who found a petite French miss that he would like to have for his wife--but he doesn't know what his wife would do with her.

The Morons of this base (s-2 family) are putting on a anti-cussing league and the offender pays 3p enee (5¢) for each cuss word. Canary hasn't paid as of yet. Fund goes to the buying of food in the local Aero club.

That just about winds up this edition of the Gazette and nod oubt youse think it's bout time. Remember the Gazette is a copyright feature

VOL 7 NO 5

JANUARY 13, 1945

MORE STUFF AND NON-SENSE FROM YOUR OVER-SEAS CORRESPONDENT---NUTS

MORE ABOUT SOLDIERS & CIVILIANS

(G-N) JAN 13--A NEW CLANNISHNESS IS IN THE MAKING AND IT WILL LAST A LONG TIME. IT BEGINS WITH A GROWING SUSPICION OF THOSE WHO FOUGHT WITH WORDS OR WAR BONDS OR EVEN LATHES. THE NONCOMBATANTS ARE CONSIDERED SCORNFULLY AS A BUNCH OF MIDDLE-AGED MATRONS WATCHING A FOOTBALL GAME. BUT THE BREACH BETWEEN THE CIVILIAN AND THE SOLDIER IS WIDENED MOST BY THE CONSTANT AWARENESS OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MUFTI AND UNIFORM. THE APPARENT SIMPLICITY OF THE MILITARY LIFE, ITS REGIMENTATION, WILL LEAVE A LASTING IMPRESSION. MORE SPECIFICALLY, IT WILL BLOCK A SMOOTH READJUSTMENT TO THE WAYS OF THE NORMAL COMMUNITY. THE STAMP OF THE ARMY WILL NEVER BE COMPLETELY REMOVED. SOLDIERS LIVE IN A DICTATORSHIP AND, WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT, THEY GET ACCUSTOMED TO ITS WAYS. OBJECTIVES ARE MADE SIMPLE. A MINIMUM OF DECISIONS IS LEFT OPEN TO THE MEN. UNIFORMITY, RIGHT DOWN TO THE LACING OF THEIR BOOTS, IS MADE AN INHERENT PART OF THEIR BEINGS. THEY ARE GIVEN ONE CLEAR AND WORTHY AIM, DEFINED BY REGULATIONS. IN BATTLE ITSELF, LIFE NARROWS DOWN TO ITS SIMPLEST END--- SURVIVAL.

NATURALLY WE WANT TO LEAVE THIS ALL BEHIND AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. THE UNIVERSAL DREAM IS OF THE DAY WHEN IT'S OVER. BUT THE OLD NEEDS ARE REPLACED BY NEW ONES FROM AWAY FROM HOME, AND THESE WILL NOT BE COMPLETELY SATISFIED BY THE EFFORTS TO RETURN TO THE OLD PREWAR PATTERNS. INCREASINGLY, THE WAYS OF CIVILIAN LIFE WILL BECOME ADEQUATE.

WITH PATIENCE AND HELP FROM THE HOME FRONT, G I JOE CAN SLIP BACK INTO THE NORMAL WAY OF LIFE. IT WILL TAKE A LITTLE TIME TO RIFT THIS BRIDGE BUT G I JOE WILL BE A EAGER STUDENT TO LEARN THE OLD WAYS OF LIFE. PERHAPS, THE OLD WAYS WILL CHANGE, IT WILL HAVE TO IN ORDER TO PREVENT DRIFTING BACK INTO WARS.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE WEEK

(G-N) JAN 13--MANY PEOPLE MAY NOT REMEMBER THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON WHICH COMMENCED ON THE 18TH OF APRIL IN THE YEAR OF 1776, BUT IT IS DOUBTFUL THAT THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD WILL FORGET THE SAME DATE IN THE YEAR 1923, FOR IT WAS ON THIS DATE THAT THIS WEEK'S CHARACTER WAS BORN.

THE "CATASTROPHE" TOOK PLACE IN THE TOWN OF NEW ROSS INDIANS (SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S.A.) MR & MRS CLYDE E. MILLER WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HEAR THAT THEY WERE THE PROUD PARENTS OF TWINS. (THE PARENTS WERE AT A MOVIE AT THE TIME) THE GIRL WAS CALLED REAH AND THE CUTE LITTLE ODD CREATURE (NOTICEABLE EVEN THEN) WAS HANDLED RALPH.

AFTER COMPLETING A NUMBER OF YEARS IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HE ATTENDED HIGH SCHOOL IN LADOGA, IND. THE YOUNG LAD STARRED ON THE SCHOOL BASKET BALL, BASEBALL AND TRACK TEAMS FOR 3 YEARS HE WAS PICKED FOR THE COUNTY BASKET BALL TEAM. (RUMORED THE ONLY TEAM IN THE COUNTY) HE REMAINED UNDEAFTED IN RUNNING THE 2:20 ON THE TRACK TEAM BUT LOST OUT IN THE COUNTY FINALS.

GRADUATED IN 1941, HE TOOK ON A JOB AS STOCK CHASER WITH THE R. R. DONNELLY & SONS PRINTING CO. UNTIL HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE ARMED FORCES, HE SO HELD THIS JOB.

UNDEL CALLED IN FEB. 1943 AND RALPH TOOK BASIC TRAINING IN FLA. SOME HOW, (????) HE WAS SENT TO THE INTELLIGENCE SCHOOL IN UTAH.

RALPH'S FAVORITE SPORTS ARE BASKET BALL, SWIMMING AND PING PONG. HE HAS QUITE A TALENT FOR MUSIC AND HELD DOWN NO. 2 CHAIR IN THE SCHOOL BAND WHILE BLOWING A SAXAPHONE. HIS LOVELY SISTER IS NOW IN HER JUNIOR YEAR AT NURSE'S CADET SCHOOL IN INDIANAPOLIS. RALPH IS NOTED FOR BEING LATE FOR EVERYTHING AND ALWAYS MISPLACING ITEMS. HE HOPES TO ATTEND COLLEGE AFTER THE WAR.

MAIL BOX SCORE TO DATE-----NUTS

(G-N) JAN 13--ACCORDING TO THE BOOKS AND RECORDS OF THE GAZETTE'S FILING & RESEARCH DEPT.---THE FOLLOWING MAIL WAS RECEIVED BY THE CITY DESK AS OF JAN 12. TEN (10) LETTERS FROM PEANUTS AND ONE EACH FROM THE CANARYS RS. THIS MAIL WAS THE FIRST SO RECEIVED IN THE PAST FIVE (5) DAYS. IT IS GOOD TO LATCH ON TO MAIL LIKE THIS BUT MUCH BETTER IF RECEIVED DAILY INSTEAD OF AT ONCE.

IN THE BOOKS FOR TODAY, A BIG BLANK AND THAT'S NOT GOOD. HOPING FOR MORE OF SAME TOMORROW.

ANSWERS TO THE MAIL & STUFF

(G-N) JAN 13.--THE EDITOR OF YOUR DAILY TISSUE ISSUE IS MORE THAN PLEASED AT THE FINE JOYFUL XMAS LETTERS SO RECEIVED AS OF JAN 12. IT WARMED THE GAZETTE'S HEART TO KNOW THAT THE HOME FRONT SO HAD FUN AND ENJOYED THE CHRISTMAS SPIRITS. IN THIS WAY, YOU THE PEOPLE HAVE SHOVED UP THE MORALE OF ONE EACH GI JOE. THANKING YOU THE GAZETTE REMAINS.

FAMOUS E-T-O-ING PULLS C. Q.

(G-N) JAN 13, LOCAL BOY WHO MADE GOOD DOOD IT AGAIN. CPL CANARY OF THE PRESS FAME PULLED THE HIGH HONOR OF C. Q. LAST NIGHT AND DID IT WITH ONLY THE GUSTO OF THE FAMOUS CANARY FAMILY. FOR CENTURIES THE CANARY FAMILY HAS WORE THE UNIFORMS OF THEIR COUNTRY. IN THE PROUD TRADITIONS OF HIS FAMILY OF SOLDIERS (ONE UNCLE HUNG FOR HORSE THEIFING--DON'T TALK ABOUT THAT) THE LITTLE CPL UPHOLDS THE HONOR OF THE HOUSE OF CANARY.

JOURNAL HITS THE STREETS JAN 14.

(G-N) JAN 13. THE STABLE MATE OF THE GAZETTE AND IN THE STRING OF THE (G-N) PRESS ASSOCIATION, THE JOURNAL HITS THE READERS SMACK IN THE EYES AS OF JAN 14TH. IT IS STATED THAT THE JOURNAL IS REALLY HOT STUFF THIS WEEK WITH POTENT NEWS. BAZETTE WILL PUBLISH A REVIEW OF IT IN NEXT EDITKON.

LAUGH COLUMN---???????????

(ED. NOTE--ALL HUMOR CONTAINED HERE IN IS STRICTLY HOME MADE STUFF FORM THE GAZETTE'S HUMOR GAG MAN.)

SING IN BUTCHER SHOP---LADIES, PLEASE DO NOT BRING YOUR FAT CANS AROUND HERE ON SATURDAY.

SILLY DITTY---MR. B. "HONEY, WHAT TIME IS IT" AS HE ROLLED OVER TO THE CREATURE IN BED WITH HIM.
MRS. B. "IT IS 4 AM".
MR. B. "YE GADS" AS HE JUMPED OUT OF BED, "I PROMISED MY WIFE IW OULD BE HOME BY 12".

FAMOUS LAST WORDS---ELSIE THE COW---
"ALL THAT I AM I XOWE TO UDDERS".

HOW ABOUT THE JERK (L F) WHO BECAME SUSPICIOUS WHEN HIS GAL SAID THAT SHE ATE HER BREAKFAST WITH GUSTO.

A CABLE RECEIVED BY A GI HAD HIM WORRIED FOR A WHILE---"NOT GETTING MUCH BETTER, COME HOME AT ONCE."
HIS BUDDIE STOPPED HIS WORRIES BY READING IT CORRECTLY."NOT GETTING MUCH, BETTER COME HOME".

UBANGI WOMEN SASS--IN TIME LIKE THESE WE MUST KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

ANOTHER CABLE---TWINS ARRIVED THIS WEEK---MORE BY MAIL". GI HOSBAND CABLED BACK--"OVERJOYED REGARDING TWINS. IF MORE ARRIVE BY MAIL, REFUSE THEM".

FINAL ROUND OOP OF STUFF

(G-N) JAN 13. READERS---THAT BOOT ALL FOR THIS EDITION. LET THE EDITORS OF THE GAZETTE KNOW (NOWX CUSS WORDS PLEASE) WHAT YOUSE THINK OF THIS PAPER. KEEP THE MAIL COMEING.

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Fun from
England

THE LATRINE GAZETTE
E T O
News

Worm's eye view
Of G I Life

Vol 1 No. 1

Special Edition

Sunday, January 21, 1945

ROVER BOYS CONTINUE TOUR OF ENGLAND ON PASS. GAZETTE TELLS ALL.

EXTRA SPECIAL*** (g-N) Jan 21. The Gazette once again brings a world wide scoop to it's many ardent readers. In the interest of you, the readers, the Publishers have gone to great expense, not to mention efforts, to continue on with the educational tours and a word picture of "G I Life in the E T O" Friday, Jan. 19, the Rover boys sat in the mess hall, glaring at the sad pile of junk heaped upon their plates. Don Heddlestion leaped to his feet and with the gusto of a mad man, beat his head against the wall, yelling, "I can't stand it, I can't stand it." To pacify Don and to keep him out of a section 8, your correspondent suggested a quick pass to town. Heddlestion drooled and in between convulsions, agreed to the proposed trip. Quickly, the Rover Boys don the glad rags and 48 hour passess. With a quart of scotch firmly grasped in shaking hands, the creeps took off on the English version of a toy train. Just before dashing out of the gates, Canary was handed a arm full of mail (to be classified later). The train ride was very much so, uneventful except the reading of mail.

Upon screaming into town, the two jerks from a state of hunger, seeked lodgings for the nite. After quibbling with a Hotel manger about the price, the Rover Boys found a room. Like a flash, up to the room and out with the bottle. Reinforced with the scotch fumes, the creeps sought out the best chip joint in town. As per usual, the main dish offered by this chip joint----saugages and chips. (the national habit in England---sometimes with fish) By the time said food was so eagerly placed under belts, the two creeps braved the on coming blizzard and finally found shelter in the nearest pub. It was snowing so hard, that our two heroes were incased in white. Brushing the snow from their eyes, said heroes quenched mounting thirst with three quick double scotoches. Said scotch was strictly peasant fluid and

couldn't compare with said bottle brought with the Rover Boys. Scotch was so chased by ale and a good mixture. The barkeep refused to fill up the glasses again, so the Rover Boys used their own stuff. A riot just about took place when Heddleston uncorked the hard to get stuff. Fighting off the bar flies with one hand, the Rover Boys gulped down said fluid. The jealous stares tossed at the creeps couldn't be warded off, so the Boys screamed to the next pub, then the next and so on. Some had a meger supply of scotch on hand but gave it out with a eye dropper. Some pubs issued gin or brandy. Soon, even the English beer began to taste good to our, now pickled creeps. All thoughts of the war and army was so blotted out by the dense scotch fumes, not to mention other forms of strong beverages. In fact, England took on a good look through scotch filled glasses. Each time, said quart was wisked out of Heddleston's pocket, same riot of stares took place.

All pubs and everything else in England, closed down at 11pm. The boys nursed said quart along because of another night ahead. Besides, another drink would plunge both into the depths of blind drunkenness. As it was, both more or less leaned on said fence and there fore, enjoyable and not messy. Some fellows never know when to stop, but our heroes came to a screeching halt at the right stage. The American Red Cross was the only place open, so the two creeps latched onto a mid-nite snack there in. At this stage, England was blanketed in a Xmas card style of whitness, with the moonlight dancing on the shifting snow crystals. It was so bright, that flash lightes weren't needed to find one's way along. This was the England that kids read about in school books and not the bleak drab eye sore that the G Eyes see so often. How utterly different from the States it is. One can't imagine how different it is. After a night of pubbing, the Rover boys mused back to the hot~~h~~ for a round of shut eye. Each sipped a night cap and dove into the real sheets. The hot~~h~~ room was fire-less as it is the English cold blooded custom. (for futther adventures of the Rover Boys, be sure to read the next edition of the gazette) mail--- 6 from Peanuts, 4 from Srs, 1 from Garold.

Fun From
England

THE LATRINE GAZETTE
News From
E T O

Worm's eye view
of G I Life

Vol 1 No 2

Special Edition

Tuesday, January 23, 1945

FINAL NEWS ROUND UP ABOUT RECENT PASS OF THE WORLD WIDE FAMOUS ROVERS

(G-N) Sat. Jan. 20. The two heroes climbed from the warmth of real live sheets after being firmly yelled at by the chamber maid. Seems as if she wanted to make said pad up. Hunger gnawed the regions that are usually affected by hunger, so the Rover Boys sought food in the local Red Cross. Having nothing else to do, once again the pub chasing was pursued. During the day, the pubs give out with beer only and that the Rovers drank. Our heroes wandered in the direction of one of the nicer flicker houses but made many stops on the way.

England has 5 & 10 too but of course known as 3d & 6d. The bright red sign of the F. W. Woolworth Co. attracted the creeps. There in, Don purchased pencils and various other office equipment. The first noticeable thing in an English 5 & 10, is the ^{each to be} smell of hamburges, hot dogs, candy and all of the other strictly American habits. Not to mention that the mauling swarms of people all talk as if they had rocks in their mouths. At long last, the movie joint was so reached. In England, Balcony cost more than the down stairs seats. Carzy as hell, some say. Nothing being too good for the creeps, so they sat with the elite. No doubt at such time when the G Eyes come marching home, they will be thrown out of the movies for lighting up a fag. On this very strange island, it is permissible to drag on a butt in the movies. At first it seemed rather strange to light up but soon the habit more or less grows upon one. But on the base, if one is caught with a fag in hand, OH! Brother! English movies show nothing but American films but falsely add a English firm to the title etc. The Rovers, sank into the plush seats and propped over sized G I boots on the railing. During the show, the bottle was nipped a couple times and of course made the picture even more enjoyable. Movie---"Patrick the Great".

Food was again consumed and once again the off base habit of pub-
ing was so taken up. Each time Don pulled the quart of scotch from his
pocket, a mild roit took place. Scotch is rare in the quart size and not
carried about with one over here. Many acts of fliritation was thrown out
and out at the two handsome lads with the quart. To make a long story short,
the whole evening was so spent in the same manner as the first. The quart
lasted until the Rovers took one last nip before climbing back into the
pad.

Sunday morning, a little touching hunk of drama took place at the
tearful burial of the dead soldier. Don spoke a few words about the merits
and good points of the bottle in the manner of a preacher. No doubt the
people rushing by on the bridge thought said creeps were crazy, standing
there with bowed uncovered heads. With a heart rendering sob, the last
remains of a good friend were lowered over the bridge into the depths of the
stream below. From hence forth, this spot rates a salute from the Rovers
in memory of one each good time caused of the bottle of scotch. After a
qucik dinner, the creeps caught a train back to the base. This was a very
enjoyable pass made possible through the medium of saad quart and other
drinks picked up on the side. It does one good to nip a few but such a
hell of a long time between the nips.

Canary screamed to 4 30 Mass upon arrival to the base. Sunday
nite, the S-2 family held a meeting to welcome a new member to the fold.
One each cute little brown puppy that is the mascot of the joint. This little
runt has stolen into the hearts of all the gang and the morons call her----
Dutthess. Chris is chief nurse maid and Canary is the assit.

According to the books, no mail for the past three days and that's
bad. Captain Jones recieved the shocking news today that his father died.
Dick, Ralph and myself snaf a wire to Capt Jones' mother offering our
deepest regrets and sympathy. Canary pullex C Q tomorrow night and many
letters will be grinded out.

THIS IS THE
ARMY

THE LATRINE GAZETTE
E T O'S
B-E-S-T

WORM'S EYE VIEW
OF G I LIFE

VOL 1 NO 4

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1945

✓ MAIL WAY OVER DUE. G I JOE GOING NUTS. SITUATION ALL F--- UP (SNAFU)

NO V-MAILS OR FEMALES, NO NOTHING
(G-N) JAN 28. ON BENDED EYEBROW
A CERTAIN CPL. IS BESEEDING THE
HARD AND CRUEL MAIL ORDERLY FOR
JUST ONE BEAT UP LETTER. BY THE
BEARD OF THE PROPHET AND ALL THE
THINGS THAT ARE HOLELY (CHEESE ETC)
WHERE IN THE HELL IS THE MAIL?
TOMORROW THIS BEAT UP CBL IS GOING
TO THE PILL FACTORY FOR PLASMA OR
SOMETHING TO BUILD UP SAID MORALE.
A LETTER WOULD DO THE TRICK AND
BEST THAT ONE OR TWO (A WHOLE MESS
OR MORE) SCREAMS THIS WAY BUT QUICK
OR ELSE.

ENGLAND MAKING LIKE A XMAS CARD
(G-N) JAN 28. IT'S A WONDER THAT
MATCHES CAN GET HOT EOUGH IN THIS
COUNTRY TO LIGHT. TO GIVE OUT WITH
THE OLD JOKE OF A HOT FOOT TO ANY
HUMAN (ONLY AMERICANS ARE HUMAN
ON THIS ISLAND) ONE WOULD HAVE TO
USE A BLOW TORCH. IN ENGLAND THEY
DO NOT HAVE THE ANIMAL WHICH BACK
HOME IS CALLED THE WOODCHUCK OR
GROUNDHOG. (CON'T PAGE 1 COL 2)

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS (BUT THE LIMIES)
THE PURPOSE OF THE GROUNDHOG IS TO
COME OUT OF HIS HOLE ON GROUNDHOG DAY
WHICH IS NEXT FRIDAY, AND LOOK FOR HIS
SHADOW. IF HE DOES NOT SEE IT, THERE
WILL BE SIX MORE WEEKS OF WINTER.
OBVIOUSLY, NO ONE NEEDS A GROUNDHOG
TO TELL HIM THERE WILL BE SIX MORE
WEEKS OF WINTER ON THIS ISLAND.
BESIDES, THE SUN SETS SO FAST AFTER
IT'S RISEN THAT A GROUNDHOG WOULDN'T
HAVE TIME TO GET UP OUT OF HIS HOLE
IF THERE WERE SUCH A THING AS A
GROUNDHOG ON THIS ISLAND NOT TO
MENTION THE SUN.

IT IS RUMORED SUMMER CAME TO
ENGLAND LAST JULY BUT YOUR CORESPONDENT
SLEPT UNTIL 10 AM THAT DAY AND MISSED
IT.

EDITOR'S OF THE JOURNAL TAKES REST

(G-N) JAN 28. THE EDITORS OF THE
JOURNAL ANNOUNCED TODAY THAT THE
JOURNAL WOULDN'T GO TO PRESS THIS
WEEK TO GIVE THE OVER WORKED STAFF
A REST. AS USUAL, WILL GO TO PRESS
NEXT SAT. WITH THE NEWS.

HERE AND THERE

(G-N) JAN 28. IN THE ON COMING WEEK, THE CAGERS OF S-2 HAVE A VERY BUGGED HUNK OF BASKET BALL AHEAD. SOME OF THE MORE TALENTED NOT TO MENTION, NOTED, PLAYERS OF THE MORONIC SECTION PLAY WITH THE BIG REDS QUINTET. MONDAY NIGHT THE MORONS OPEN UP THE SECOND HALF OF THE BASE WIDE CAGER TOURNIE WITH A TILT WITH THE 701ST SQUADRON. TUES NIGHT, THE REDS TAKE OFF ON A AWAY FROM HOME GAME AND AN OTHER HOME GAME THE FOLLOWING NIGHT. THURSDAY FINDS THE MORONIC TEAM LOOPONG AGAIN. ONE OTHER REDS GAME THIS WEEK. S-2 WON THE FIR ST HALF OF THE BASE TOUR- NIE BY BEING UNDEAFTED. YOUR CORRSEPENDENT PREDICITS THAT ALL TEAMS WILL BE OUT FOR BLOOD AND WILL GIVE THE FAMOUS S-2'ERS A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY. OF COURSE THE JOURNAL WILL COVER ALL THE GAMES, NOT TO MENTION THE GAZETTE. S-2 WILL WIN ALL THE GAMES IN THE SECOND HALF JUST AS EASILY AS THE FIRST ROUND BOBBIN. HEDDLESTON LEADS THE MORONS WITH THE MOST TALLIES SCORED AND IS ALSO THE STAR OF THE REDS.

LAUGH, GIGGLE OR WHAT HAVE YOU SEE THAT GAL. SHE'S A MODEL--MODELS LINGERIE."

"I GET IT. SORT OF A MODEL OF THE UNDIE WORLD".

ONE UPON A TIME, A SLICK CHICK WAS SHUFFLING THROUGH THE GARDEN AND HEARED A VOICE CROAK, "HI-YA BABE". THE FILLY LOOKED AROUND BUT COULDN'T BEE ANY ONE IN SIGHT. THEN SHE NOTIC- ED A FROG AT HER FEET. THE FROG REPEATED THE SAME. SO THE CHICK ASKED HOW IN THE HELL COULD A FROG BEAT THE GUMS. SAID FROG STATED THAT HE WAS A G I TURNED INTO A FROG BY A WITCH AND THE ONLY WAY THAT HE COULD RETURN TO NORMAL HUMAN LIFE WOULD BE IF SOME GAL WOULD SO PLACE HIM UPON HER PILLOW ALL NIGHT. THAX CHICK WNET ANLONG WITH THE GAG AND DOOD IT. SURE ENOUGH, THE NEXT MORNING, IN BED WITH HER WAS A G I. BOY! SHE HAD A HELL OF A TIME, TRYING TO MAKE HER MOTHER BELIVE THIS STORY.

(ED. NOTE---CORNY AS HELL DON'T YA THINK----ONE OF MY OWN)

 THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT FOR THIS EDITION.

MAIL SHORTAGE VERY SERIOUS. G I JOE GOING NUTS. MORALE AT ALL TIME LOW.

SNABU IN THE E T O BOUT MAIL & MORALE

Feb. 2 (G-N) The mail situation has become to an acute stage not to mention bad. 14 whole days is more than a human can stand without mail. The famous Cpl. from Louisville stated today, "No mail for two weeks and my morale is beyond salvation at this time". Take away cigarettes, candy, food but not mail. Some one once said that mail is comparable to a Marlough and how right that guy was.

SHAKE UP IN BIG REDS CAGER TEAM

Feb. 2 (G-N) Sports Editor--"Tonight the Gazette scoops the world with the inside story of why Ralph Miller handed in his uniform to the coach. The coach in the past few games had failed to recognize Miller's talents and for some unknown reason, pulls the Hoosier from the game. Miller stated that the coach disliked his orthodox style of ball and for this reason, kept Miller on the bench. The Reds dropped another game last night. Miller still plays for 8-2.

TWO YEARS AGO TONIGHT FAMOUS MEETING

Feb. 2 (G-N) Two years ago tonight a well built, military cut cadet breathlessly, barged up to a trio and ask if he could help them. No doubt the readers can recall this memorable night. Two years ago, Peanuts and the Srs. came to Kelly Field to so arrange plans for the coming wedding. Your correspondent shall never forget that night, the first loving glance of his wife to be. In the cadet club, one each dance was in progress and this handsome cadet and his wife to be, danced away in each others arms. Two days hence forth, will make this ex-cadet and his glamorous wife, old married people of two years of bliss. Little did this madly in love couple would realized that they would be so far apart as of now. The day of reconciliation is shortly coming and this war will be a blank space in the dim past. Little do the people on the home front fully realize how a certain cpl missess 'em.

(ED. NOTE--EXCUSE CHANGE OF TYPE,
DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR
CONTROL)

STUFFHERE AND THERE OVER HERE
FEB. 2 (G-N) YESTERDAY, A CERTAIN
OFFICER RECIEVED MAIL FROM A CERT-
AIN CPL'S WIFE EVEN THOUGH SAID
CPL. IS MAKING WITHOUT THE MAIL.

FLASH----THE NOTED BIG RED TEAM
DROPPED AN OTHER AWAY FROM HOME
GAME TONIGHT AND THE MEMBERS OF
THE TEAM, STATED THAT IF MILLER
HAD GRACED THE LINE UP, SAID TILT
WOULD OF BEEN IN THE BAG.

SOME OF THE CREEPS OF S-2 SEEM TO
THINK THAT CPL. CANARY CAN THROW A
GOOD IMITATION OF FRANKIE BOY WITH
MOTIONS AND CONTORTIONS THROWN IN.
AT LEAST CANAY HAS A GOOD START WITH
THAT ETT O PALLOR. CANARY ALSO
MIMICS OTHER NOTED STARS SUCH AS THE
CREEP WHO BEATS THE GUMS IN THE
"MARCH OF TIME".

EVER-SO-OFTEN, THE S-2 FAMILY JOINS
IN UNITED SLAYING OF SOME OF THE MORE
POPULAR DITTIES AND SONGS. IT HAS
BEEN SAID THAT THE CREEPS ARE GOOD
AT TIMES. THE S-2 FAMILY IS FULL
OF (CENSORED) CHARACTERS.

CORN AND LAUGH-MATH

DICK---"RALPH, I WANT THE TRUTH.
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT MONEY?"
RALPH---"I WON \$64 ON THE INFORMATION
PLEASE----THE EXPERTS COULDN'T GUESS
WHAT I WAS."

GIRD---"I USE TO GO OUT WITH HILLX
BILLIES BUT NOT ANY MORE. I DON'T
LIKE THOSE MOUNTAIN PASSES."

AND THEN THERE WAS THE STRIP TEASE
DANCER WHO COULDN'T LEARN TO KNIT.
SHE HAD BEEN TRAINED TO DROP EVERY
STITCH.

A FOOL IS A MAN WHO ARGUES ABOUT
WHETER A WOMAN HAS BRAINS OR NOT,
A WISE MAN BUSIES HIMSELF WITH THE
THINGS THEY HAVE.

LIFE IN THOSE UNITED STATES---HOTELS
ARE NOW ISSUING NEWLY WEDS TO HANG
ON THEIR DOOR, CARBS THAT READ,"DO
NOT DISTURB--UNLESS. GERMANY AND
JAPAN FOLD UP, HITLER AND HIS STAFF
COMMIT SUICIDE AND THE JAP NAVY SINKS

ARDENT READERS, THAT'S BOUT ALL THE
NEWS AND CORN FOR TODAY. THE STAFF
IS IN A LOSEY MOOD FROM NO MAIL.

Life in
the ETO

THE LATRINE GAZETTE
A E T O News
Roundup

Worm's Eye
View of a G I

Vol 1, No 8

Monday, February 5, 1945

THE PICKED NEWS FROM THIS WEEK'S EDITION OF THE INTELLIGENCE JOURNAL

SPORTS SHORT

(G-N) Feb. 4th--In five league games the S-2 cagers scored 175 points, aver 37 points per game. The 701st team were the only team to come close to this average with 36 points. One of the Morons stars has been offered a much better contract with the Indiana University and has decided to quit the Big Reds team and play only with the S-2'ers. The star has warmed the Reds bench to a boiling point. The tripple threat, Peters, Heddleston and Miller have proven themselves time and time again in the inter-base tournie.

New faces are beginning to show up on the Special Services Gym floor and great promises are expected as the cage rookies go on in the season.

The softball season is expected to open in the very near future and the Morons look mighty good.

The Big Reds have won 2 out of 6 filts in the E T O contest. With the opening of the second round, the Reds show much better playing.

BIG WHITE FATHER DECORATED

(G-N) Feb. 5--At the recent awards formation, man medals of achievement were pinned upon worthie recipient's chest. Major Klopfer, the Group Intelligence Officer, strode up to the Colonel with a smile braming forth to recieve his Bronze Star. A few minutes later, Capt Roeming of S-2 recieved the same award.

The enlisted men of the intelligence section wishto extend congratulations to Major Klopfer and Capt. Roeming.

KEY HOLE OR SOCIETY COLUMN

(Ed. note--In the past the Society Column has used Kid Gloves, but came the revolution. If you have something to be hidden, plug your keyhole

(G-N) Feb. 5--Dgaily around 10 am a strdam of S-2 Morons can be seen flowing to the Alert room for some of that super wonderful, drip prepared coffee.

(con't p. 2, col. 1)

(con't from p. 1)

When the Duchess goes calling, she definitely leaves calling cards splashed around the floor. Today she entered into the pin up racket by having pics made.

What goes in the kitchen of the Aero club that is so nitely interesting to a certain creep????????????

Raph Miller modestly refused to show off his recent operation through blushing respect etc.

Barnyard, the fiend for the un-conventionalities, has a growth on his mad man's upper lip and it isn't soot.

HERE AND THERE OVER HERE

(G-N) Feb 5--Latest song hit--"There'll be a hot time in the town of Berlin when Uncle Joe goes marching in".

"Dog Tags" Johnson was caught with his recognition plates in his pocket on a recent tour of London.

The S-2 cagers are looking for the guys giving out with the long green in order to make with the bribes.

How to frighten the hell out of women and children---shove the party pictures in front of 'em but make sure you stand back, clear of the falling body.

Mail was recieved yesterday after two whole weeks of sweating it out. In the books---4 from Peanuts and a Valentine card, 1 from Norman, 1 from the Srs. Today, one each old beat up letter from one each old beat up Geo. Sr.

Famous Louisville boy is working tonight with the all out efforts.

KORN

Virtues are learned at mother's knee, vices at some other joint.

Outside of the toy factory the storm raged furiously, inside the machines were silent. The enraged foreman dashed up to the line chief and asked, "Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?"

"I wouldn't turn a dog out on a nite like this", was the reply.

That just about does it for this time. -----30-----

Fun and
Stuff

THE LARRINE GAZETTE
News From
the
E T O

Worm's eye view
Of G I life

Vol 2 No 1

Wed. Feb. 14th, 1945

HAPPY VALENTINE GREETINGS TO YOUSE ON THE HOME FRONT ETC & ETC

FAMOUS CPL. PULLS C Q LAST NIGHT

(G-N) Feb. 14--Last night, the famous halls of S-2 were so guarded by that world renown Louisville creep with wats, Cpl. Canary. In so much that this character so pulled C Q last nite, he so dewelled in the pad all day long.

NO MAIL, NO NOTHING TODAY

(G-N) Feb. 14th.--The toothless mail man grined with fiasdish glee, "No mail today". What great delight he takes in dashing eager hopes into the ground. According to the books, yesterday was a good daily inthe maily. Five from Peanuts, two from Srs., one from Geo. the creep, one from Garold and one from the gang in Scotland. The staff of the Gazette is looking forwarded to more of the same tommorrow, with perhaps, packages.

THINGS ARE ROUGH IN THE ET O!!!!!!!

(G-N) Feb. 14. A fine state of affairs are coming to a head on this island. In the very near future, Canary has (on't col. 2)

to stoop so low as to pull the unwanted tank of K P. As of now, all creeps below the rank of S/Sgt. must pull K P, meaning all cpls too. Canary stated today that he didn't mind the fact of rubbing the pots and pans if he didn't catch dish pan hands. K P isn't too bad in a outfit compared to pulling it in a basic training outfit or a schools squadron. Canary knows all the cooks and K P pushers. Things are truly getting rough in the E T O and the dam sad part, getting rougher all of the time.

GLOBE TROTTER CORRESPONDENT MAY
ROVE AGAIN

(G-N) Feb. 14th--Because the ardent readers of the Gazette raved so much about the travels of the Gazette's foremost corrspondent to Scotland, the Editors are proud to announce that within the very near futrue, said corrspondent will take off on another educational tour. Of course the Gazette will freature the tour.

(ITEMS TAKEN FROM THE S-2 JOURNAL)

KEY HOLE OR SOCIETY COLUMN ETC

(G-N) Feb. 14--Whenever the S-2 cager team steps upon the hardwood, the gym is filled with ardent fans. Strange as it may seem, very few of the S-2'ers take an interest in the basket ball team, except two or three. S-2 has a team of champs and thus far in the base tournie are undefeated. A all out attendance of the morns would spur the S-2 fivesome on to even greater glory. The editors would like to see more S-2 faces at the games. This also applies to the officers who seem to have little if any, interest in the S-2 section sports activities.

Roger "Wilco" Peters has removed the extraneous growth beneath his oak, If Barnyard would only do the same.

"Keep 'em laughing" Captain Jones had the characters rollin in the aisles Sunday nite in the Aero club.

Auto wrecks result from the driver hugging the wrong curve.

The plumber's face flushed--but being a good plumber, there was no noise.

ORCHID TO THE OUTSTANDING MORON OF THE WEEK

(G-N) Feb. 14--For gallantry in action, displaying great courage and presence of mind, not to mention nothing of foresight, Sgt. James Dunn is so awarded the Orchid of the week. Sgt. Dunn expelled great efforts in procuring materials for the purpose to build fires with and even so far as to chop siad wood.

The citation in part reads----
"Displaying great courage, and skill and outstanding ability, Dunn is awarded one each wilted orchid. Dunn reflects highest credit upon himself and the armed bar tenders. Entered military service from out side of the United States.

G I--back from England, walking into the recruiting office: "Gimme that ol' sales talk again, I'M gettin kinda discouraged."

"Look here, JIM, don't you get fresh with me. Mah name's Miss Smith nct Mary. I don't 'low only mah best friends to call me Mary."

"Pardon Miss Smith, but would you shift to my other knee, this one is getting tired."

SECOND INSTALLMENT OF FAMOUS CORRESPONDENT'S VENTURE IN LONDON

(G-N) BY THE TIME THE LEG SHOW ENDED, THE TWO CREEPS WERE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF NEEDING ANOTHER DRINK. LONDON IS SEMI-DIMMED OUT AND ONE IS ABLE TO WALK ABOUT WITH EASY. PICADILLY CIRCUS OPENS UP ONTO THE MAIN STEMS OF LONDON, AND THE BARS GRACE EACH AND EVERY STREET. THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL THE BARS, SCOTS AND HERE ALL THE ELITE GO TO BEND THE ELBOW. CANARY AND THOMPSON ALSO WENT THERE IN. I DRANK COUNTLESS SCOTCHS WITH A QUICK PASS OF SODA. IN BETWEEN THE BARS, THE MAULING SWARMS OF PICADILLY COMMANDOS (GALS WITH SOME THING TO SELL---THE OLDEST TRADE IN THE WORLD---FLESH) ASSUALT THE O D CLAD BOYS WITH CRIES OF, "HELLO, HONEY", OR "LOOKING FOR FUN" AND THE USUAL STUFF. SOME ARE RATHER NICE LOOKING WITH SUPER CLOTHES, SUCH AS FUR COATS ETC. SOME ARE THE AVERAGE BEAT UP BAG ONE MIGHT EXPECT. THE M P'S AND THE BOBBIES KEEP THE COMMANDOS ON THE MOVE BUT KNOW WHAT THEY ARE DOING. IT IS SAID THAT SOME ARE MARRIED WOMEN WITH HUSBANDS OVER SEAS SOME WHERE, OTHERS EARNING AN EASY HUNK OF LONG GREEN---USUALLY AMERICAN GREEN. THE CIRCUS IS THE BENTER OF THE STREET WALKERS AND FOR EVERY SQUARE FOOT THERE IS A COMMANDO WITH AN ESTABLISHED BEACH-HEAD. THE G EYES TAKE GREAT FUN IN TEASING THE THERPS AND CALLING THEM ALL SORTS OF NAMES THAT FIT SUCH LOW PEROPLE. THE STRANDARD PRICE IS SOMETHING LIKE FOUR LBS OR 20 BUCKS. THIS NITELY PARADE GOES ON NITE AFTER NITE AND IS AMUBING NOT TO MENTION DISQUZTING. YET, THE ENGLISHH ALLOW SUCH CONDITIONS TO PREVIAL. BY THE STAGE SHOWS AND THE NEWS STANDS, ONE CAN QUICKLY UNDERSTAND THE LOW SEXUAL IDEAS OF THE LIMEIS. SOME ARE SO BOLD AS TO ALMOST ATTACK YOU. THIS WAS WORTH THE TRIP ALONE TO SEE SU CH A STRANGE SIGHT LIKE THIS.

EVEN IN LONDON, MOST EVER THING SHUTS DOWN AT 11 AM BUT THE COMMANDO PARAABE GOES ON FAR INTO THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING. TOMMIE AND I HAUNTED THE BEST BARS UNTIL THEY CLOSED. THE RED CROSS CLUB---RAINBOW

CORNER, IS OPENED ALL NIGHT AND SERVES FOOD TO THE SOLDIERS. TOMMIE AND I FINISHED THE NIGHT UP BY EATING THERE AND THEN TRUDDING THE WALK TO OUR APT. THE UNDERGROUND---TUBES OR SUBWAY, STOPS RUNNING AT 1130 AND IT IS HARD TO LATCH ON TO A CAB. UPON ARRIVAL AT OUR APT., HAD A NIGHT CAP AND HIT THE PAD

THE LADY IN CHARGE WOKE US AT 10 AM AND BROUGHT BREAKFAST TO US. WE CAUGHT THE TUBE TO MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX EXHIBITION. WITH IN THIS WAX MUSEUM ARE LIFE LIKE FIGURES OF ALL THE FAMOUS PEOPLE OF THE WORLD, IN THE PAST AND PRESENT. THEY REALLY LOOK AS IF THEY COULD TALK. (LIST OF EXHIBITS ENCLOSED TO PEANUTS) WE CAUGHT A CAB AND ROVED FREELY AROUND THE TOWN. THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS IN LONDON TO SEE THAT IN ONE TRIP IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ROUND TO THEM ALL. WE SAW, THE TOWER OF LONDON, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ST. PAUL'S, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BIG BEN AND PARLIAMENT, ALL FROM THE OUT SIDE. THE NEXT VENTURE, YOUR REPORTER WILL ROVE THROUGH SOME OF THESE HISTORICAL BUILDINGS AND GIVE THE ARBENT READERS ANCLOSE UP. WE ATE A LATE LUNCH IN A FAMOUS VIENNESE RESTAURANT, AND OF COURSE, LATCHED ON TO MORE SCOTCH ETC. LUCKY, WE SECURED TICKETS TO THE STAGE PRODUCTION OF ARSENIC AND OLD LACE. NEVER HAVE I ENJOVED ANYTHING SO MUCH IN MY LIFE AS THIS PLAY. I LAUGHED UNTIL MY SIDES HURT AND INTENDD TO SEE THE MOVIE VERSION SOON AS POSSIBLE. LONDON IS TEEMING WITH STAGE PLAYS AND I INTENDD TO SEE MORE AT A FUTURE DATE. WE ATE A LIGHT SUPPER AND THEN OFF TO THE MUSICAL. THE MUSICAL---PHYLLIS DIXIE SHOW--WAS ANOTHER NAUGHTY LEG SHOW AND OF COURSE ENJOVABLE. NOT HAVING ENOUGH IN THE WAYS OF SHOWS, CAUGHT THE MOVIE--"UP IN ARMS" AND THEN MADE WITH THE PUBBING.

THE REST OF THE EVENING WAS SO SPENT ROVING AROUND THE BARS AND WATCHING THE CREEPS AND CHARACTERS. THIS IS BRIEF COVERS THE WHOLE TRIP EXCEPT FOR THE FINAL MORNING. IN THE NEXT EDITION, I WILL ELABORATE ON SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING ITEMS. SUCH AS---A CLOSE UP OF A AVERAGE BAR AND THE CREEPS THERE IN.

Special Edition

Friday, Feb. 23, 1945

A WORLD WIDE SCOOP OF OUR ROVING REPORTER'S LATEST VENTURE

(G-N) Feb. 23--(Ed. note--To bring a more graphic description, the author adopts the potent style of Ennie Pyle--first person) Sgt. Thompson and I set out on our venture to London on a bright, care-free day, Feb. 21. Even though I was deaden by a all nite session of work, I eagerly surmounted the train in search of something different in the way of E TO life and that I did find as will be brought out in this story. Thoughtful Tommie paked a bottle of kick-a-poo-joy-juiced on his hip and this of course surged new life in my bloodless veins. I squirmed on the hard seat of the train until my buttocks found a soft spot. My eyes sighed as they clicked shut in brief snatches of sleep. At long last, the famous Capital of England was reached by this pair of colorful fun seekers. The task of finding lodgings ate up the better part of the afternoon, until, with the gusto of big time operators we approached a bell hop in one of the better hotels. When in doubt of any thing, seek out the fellow in on the know. This creep sang for a slight tip and phoned to one of the places he touted for. The apt. house and the rooms we secured were more than pleasing. Of course we broke off the room seeking long enough for a late lunch at a noted Greek cafe. Surprising enough, in London, the waiters lean over backwards to serve you. We dare not set foot into a place unless the head waiter spotted tails etc.

Tommie had been so ordered by Sam, the first sgt. to send some stink weeds to his gal. Besides, Tommie wanted to send a wire of dough to his beloved wife and to latch on to a hair cut. While waiting for Tommie, I strolled around the famous Picadilly Circus, virging terroity for my feet. With wandering eyes of a country Yap. I glared at the amazing sights. The Circus is the heart of London in the way of entertainment and life. People sahh madly for some reason or other and the first signs of life I've encountered on this strange island. This is the gay England you read a bout,

the nerve center of this island, London, the town of end-less goings on. Some thing different going on on each square foot in this large town. London the cultured, historical center of the world. How different the people are in this part of England, yet, they are English. How utterly refreshing it was to graze around in the various real live shop windows, smell the aromoas of a large, noksey city. Funny thing, one might not think you'd find animals in Picadilly Circus but you see strange lots of odd freaks and many G I clowns. Every uniform of the Allied Nations can be found in this circus. One of the most unforgettable incidents, a ride in a taxi. More or less, a speedway race, broken fæld running of a football back, tank tactics and plain guts. Why thousands aren't killed each day by the screaming cabs in another one of the wonders of the world. Bars and pubs prvial every where and a man had no need to thirst. I'm not sure, but you can count of one hand the ones that we missed. Nothing but the best for us, so we ate at the best restaurants. London boasts of every type of restaurants found the world over. We ate supper in a Italian one.

The black out is thhe past and the city is semi-dimmed out. Hitting more bars for scotch, a thirst for light entertaimet drove us to one of the local nagght shows in the Windmill Theater. A strictly a leg show with more than legs showen. Some might call it, burlesque, but nothing teasing about the flesh openly displayed. For a change, the gals did wear some sort of covering over the proiment parts but about as much hinderence to the eyes as a plate of glass. During the middle of one act, some drooly character jumped up on his seat and wildly swooned, that is, until they pulled me down. Tis nothing to the English to display flesh for their sex ideals are of a very lows trandards. (as to be stated in the next installment) Enclosed, the reader will find a program of a brawdy musical we took in the 2nd nite. Well, that's getting ahead of my stovy. Because of so much interesting material about this venture to London, a series of articles will follow (excuse errors)

SPECIAL EXTRA EDITION

FRIDAY MARCH 30, 1945

FAMOUS CORRESPONDENT RETURNS TO ABERDEEN BY POPULAR REQUEST OF SCRIBES

(G-N) MARCH 30---(ED. NOTE--AGAIN THE GAZETTE'S FORMOST CORRESPONDENT FALLS BACK ON THE POTENT STYEE OF ERNIE PYLE TO BRING A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION)

DUE TO MANY FOND REQUESTS THAT CANARY RETURN TO ABERDEEN, THAT I DID DO. MY COMPAINIONS ON THIS JOURNEY WAS NONE OTHER THAN TOMMIE THOMPSON AND ISH WHO ALSO TAGGED ALONGED WITH ME ON THE LAST TRIP. THIS TIME WE WEREN'T THE GREEN HORNS OF SIX MONTHS AGO AND KNEW ALL OF THE ANGLES OF B T O'S. THROUGH WISE SELECTIONS OF TRAINS, THIS TIME WE SECURED SEATS ALL THE WAY AND DID NOT HAVE TO UNDER GO THE SEVER TORTURE OF STANDING AFOOT ALL NIGHT ON A ROCKING TRAIN. WE ARRIVED IN ABERDEEN JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH AND GRABBED A CAB TO THE GRAY'S HOTEEL. OF COURSE THEY KNEW OF OUR COMING AND HAD PREPARED THE BEST ROOMS IN THE HOUSE FOR US. SOME OF MY ARDENT FRIENDS THE SCRIBES HAD CALLED SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE MORNING TO SEE IF I HAD ARRIVED. SO I JUMPED ON THE HORN AND CALLED 'EM UP. BILL GORDON TOLD US TO REPORT AT ONCE DOWN TOWN TO THE "SCOTTISH NEWS" AND THAT WE DID. WE ATE A BRIEF LUNCH AND SCREAMED DOWN TOWN TO THE RAG. THERE IN, THE WHOLE GANG GREETED ME AND OF COURSE BROKE OUT WITH THE BOTTLES OF SCOTCH, GIN AND MORE SCOTCH. I REALLY THINK THAT WE DELAYED THE AFTERNOON EDITION OF THE PAPER FOR ALL THE WHOLE FORCE DRANK AND DRANK WITH US. MY POOR ACHING BACK WAS SOON RED FROM THE POUNDINGS OF MY FRINEDS. YOU DON'T FULLY REALIZE HOW THESE SCOTTISH LADS CAN POUND. BILL, CHARLIE, TOMMIE AND I SOAKED UP BOTTLE AFTER BOTTLE OF SCOT CH AND ALL BECAME HIGHER AND KITS. CHARLIE EMSLIE HAD MADE PLANS AT HIS HOME FOR SUPPER FOR ME (HIGH TEA THEY CALL IT) ISH AND TOMMIE HAD TO SHIFT FOR THEMSELVES FOR I ATE WITH THE EMSLIE'S. I MET CHARLIE'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER, CHAROLDETE AND SYLVIA. THE EMSLIE TRIO ARE VERY YOUNG AND FULL OF LIFE. THEY REALLY MADE ME FEEL AT HOME AND TREATED ME LIKE A KING MY WHOLE STAY IN ABERDEEN. I GUESS CHARLIE IS ABOUT 28 AND HIS WIFE BOUT THE

SAME AGE AND HIS DAUGHTER BOUT 10. SOME HOW CHARLOTTE FOUND OUT THAT STEAK WAS MY MIDDLE NAME AND THAT SHE HAD PREPARED FOR ME. CHARLIE HAD REMEMBERED FROM MY LAST TRIP. WE SAT AROUND THE TABLE SHOOTING THE BULL AND SIPPING SCOTCH. I HELPED WITH THE BISHES AND SOON THE GORDON'S BREEZED IN. BILL AND DOT BROUGHT ALONG ANOTHER QUART OF SCOTCH THAT PILED UP TO THE STOCK CHARLIE HAD. BEFORE LONG, MORE AND MORE OF THE SCRIBES BEGIN TO DROP IN, UNTIL WE HAD ONE EACH LIVE PARTY GOING FULL BLAST. SOME ONE ROLLED BACK THE RUG AND THE DANCING BEGAN. I SAT DOWN WITH A WATER GLASS OF SCOTCH IN BOTH HANDS AND SHOT THE BULL WITH THE GANG. CHARLOTTE GRABBED ME AND MADE ME DANCE. DOT LATCHED ONTO THE SAME IDEA AND BEFORE LONG, I HAD TO DANCE WITH ALL THE GUYS' WIVES. SOME ONE SUGGESTED THAT WE GO MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE BARS AND THAT WE DID DO. I GUESS WE JUST ABOUT CLOSED UP EVERY BAR IN ABERDEEN THAT NIGHT. EACH TIME I PULLED OUT MY MONEY TO PAY FOR A ROUND OF DRINKS, THE GUYS WOULD JUMP ALL OVER ME---YELLING IT WAS THEIR PARTY. WE FINALLY ENDED UP AT THE GORDON'S HOME STEAD AND HAD A NIGHT CAP THERE IN. THE GORDON'S AND EMSLIE'S ARGUED WHO I WAS GOING TO STAY WITH THAT NIGHT AND HAVE TEA WITH THE NEXT NITE. I SETTLED THE FIGHT BY GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL FOR I KNEW THE BOYS WOULD BE LOOKING FOR ME. I SQUIRTED INTO BED AROUND 3 AM AFTER A NITE OF REEL DRINKING AND ONE EACH GAY TIME. I TOOK PEANUT'S LATEST PICTURE ALONG WITH ME AND PROUDLY SHOWED IT OFF TO ALL OF 'EM. ALL AGGREGED THAT I HAD A "BONNIE LASSIE".

TOMMIE AND ISH WERE A BIT BROWBED OFF AT ME BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT FOR THE EMSLIE'S HUNG ON TO ME LIKE GLUE. THEY WERE SOUND ASLEEP WHEN I CRAWLED INTO THE SACK ANY WAY. THE GORDON'S HAD WON THE ARGUMENT BOUT WHO I WOULD HAVE TEA WITH FRIDAY NIGHT. SOON AS MY SCOTCH CLOUDED HEAD HIT THE PILLOW, I WAS FAST ALSEEP BUT GOOD. I HAD ONE EACH DAM GOOD TIME THE FIRST DAY AND LOOKED AS IF A WHOLE WEEK OF SAID STUFF WOULD FOLLOW. ISH AND TOMMIE MADE ALL THE ROUNDS UP UNTIL ISH MET HIS GALS HE MET ON THE LAST LEAVE. TOMMIE LONE WOEFED THE BARS UNTIL MID-NITE.

SECOND DAY OF RETURN VIST TO THE FAIR CITY OF ABERDEEN PLUS SCOTCH

THE GRAY'S WOKE US UP AT 930 SHARP FOR A REAL UN-G I BREAKFAST OF HAM AND EGGS. WE FOOLED AROUND OVER OUR MORNING TEA, KILLING TIME UNTIL THE BARS OPENED UP AT 10 AM. THOUGHTFULLY, THE GRAYS HAVE ONE CLOCK THAT KEEPS STRICTLY BAR TIME IN ORDER THAT ONE CAN BE ON HAND TO LATCH ON TO THE FIRST DRINK OF THE DAY. TOMMIE AND I OPENED THE BAR AROUND THE CORNER EVERY MORNING AND I THINK WE PAID THE RENT FOR AT LEAST A MONTH OR SO. SEEMS AS IF THERE ISN'T A LIMIT TO THE SCOTCH IN ABERDEEN. WE ARE USE TO HAVE SOME HANDLE BAR HANK TELL US, "SORRY SIR, TWO TO A CUSTOMER OR NO SPIRITS". WE COULDN'T GET OUR OF THE HABIT OF DOWNING ONE AFTER ANOTHER BECAUSE OF THE PRESSING FEAR OF THE SUPPLY BEING CUT OFF. I DON'T KNOW WHICH I ENJOYED THE MOST, DRINKING OR RUBBING ELBOWS WITH THE CHARACTERS IN ALL THE BARS. I DIDN'T THINK THE BAR TENDER WOULD REMEMBER ME, BUT BY GOLLY HE DID. THE THREE OF US ROVED DOWN TOWN, SPREADING OUR TRADE TO MANY BARS AND TAKING THE SIGHTS IN. OF COURSE, I'D SEEN ALL THE LOCAL STUFF ON MY LAST VENTURE AND INTENDED TO SPEND MORE TIME IN THE BARS, THAT I DOOD. I MUST HAVE A EMPTY LEG OR SOMETHING FOR I DRANK TOMMIE (A OLD TEXAN) UNDER THE TABLE LONG BEFORE NOON EACH DAY. I SH WOULD SMELL THE CORK AND WOULD BE MORE THAN STIFF. WE RATIONED SCOTCH TO HIM, SOME THING LIKE, ONE DRINK TO FOUR OF OURS. THIS WAY, WE DIDNIT HAVE TO CURB OURSELVES WORRYING ABOUT HIS CONDITION. HE ALWAYS SPARKED UP WITH A LOAD WITH ABOUT THE SECOND DRINK AND BY THE FOURTH ONE, HE SPORTED A REAL GLOW. TOMMIE LASTED A LITTLE LONGER UNTIL I CUT HIM OFF TOO. OF COURSE, BEING BROUGHT UP ON THE STUFF, I KNOW WHEN I HAVE ENOUGH-----WHEN I CAN'T REACH THE BAR BY LAYING ON THE RAIL. THIS SORT OF THING WENT ON FOR 7 WHOLE DAYS AND I WISH IT WAS STILL GOING ON. YOU CAN'T REALIZE, WHAT A CHANGE IT WAS TO THE OLD GRIND OF LABORS. (ED. NOTE--HENCE FORTH, THE SERIES WILL DEAL WITH UNUSUAL ITEMS AND NOT A DAY BY DAY ACCOUNT AS YOU CAN SEE---BOUT THE SAME THING EACH DAY BUT THE NIGHTS WERE A LITTLE DIFFERENT. STAND BY FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE GAZETTE.) (ED.--17M DEAD FROM THE LOSS OF SLEEP---REASON FOR THE POOR STYLE OF THIS EDITION)

1945

EXTRA SPECIAL EDITION

SUNDAY, APRIL 1ST,

INSTALLMENT #2 OF FAMOUS CORRESPONDENT'S VENTURE IN ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND
(G-N) APRIL 1-----SEEMS AS IF ALL OUR DAYS ABOUT THE SAME, HITTING ONE BAR
AFTER ANOTHER OR JUST ROVING CARE FREE AMONG THE CIVILIAN FOR A CHANGE.
THE NON-BI ~~ARR~~ RATHER TASTED GOOD TO MY LUNGS AND I GULPED IT IN FREELY.
LUCK WAS WITH US, FOR WE HAD NOTHING BUT GOOD WEATHER DURING OUR WHOLE
LEAVE EXCEPT IT RAINED TWICE FOR ALITTLE WHILE. ON SATURADAY NIGHT, THE
EMSLIE'S AND GORDONS, DRUG ME TO A DANCE FOR A FEW MINUTES. SOME FRIENDS
OF THEIR'S WANT TO MEET ME AND WE HAD TO GO TO THE DANCE IN ORDER TO SEE
THEM. ONCE BEFORE, I MENTIONED THE BLUSHING SHOCK OF BEING STARED AT BY
SO MANY MALE HUNGRY WOMEN. EACH ONE GAVE ME THAT CERTAIN APPEALING LOOK,
"PLEASE DANCE WITH ME SOLDIER". IN A WAY, I FEEL SORRY FOR ALL THE GALS
FOR THEY ARE UNDER GOING A MAN SHORTAGE. DOT AND CHARLOTTE FLANKED ME ON
EITHER SIDE FOR PROTECTION FROM THE MADDEN WOMEN. BILL AND CHARLIE JUST
LAUGHED AT THE WAY THE GALS FLIRTED WITH ME. THROUGHOUT THE DANCE FLOOR,
ONE COULD SEE A SPRINKLING OF G I'S BUT NOT MORE THAN 7 OR 8. THE GALS
EASILY OUT NUMBERED THE MEN SOME THING LIKE 10 TO 1 OR EVEN HIGHER. LOTS
OF R A F BOYS FROM CANADA BUT THE GALS GO FOR AMERICAN G IS. I MUMBLED A
QUICK HELLO TO SEVERAL COUPLES THAT I WAS INTRODUCED TO AND KEPT ONE EYE ON
THE EXIT IN MORTAL FEAR OF A ROOT. I NOTICED THAT THE G I S WERE HAVING A
TIME OF THEIR LIVES, PICKING NOTHING BUT THE BEST IN THE WAY OF WOMEN. I
CAN SAY ONE THING ABOUT THE SCOTTISH GALS, MOST OF THEM ARE REALLY SLICK
CHICKS BUT STILL CAN'T COMPARE WITH THE FEMALES WITH U.S.A. S TAMPED ON 'EM.
YET THE ABERDEEN GALS LOOK LIKE ANGELS COMPARED WITH THE RUDDY SACKS DOWN
IN ENGLAND. ANY WAY, I WAS ESCORTED SAFELY TO THE NEAREST BAR WHERE A ~~ROUND~~
ROUND OF DRINKS WERE ON ME. ONE NITE AT THE EMSILIE'S SOME ONE ROLLED
BACK THE RUGS AND SOME OF THE COUPLES DANCED. CHARLOTTE LATCHED ON TO ME
AND I HAD TO STEP OFF A FEW SHORT DANCE~~X~~ STEPS. THEY DID ALL THE OLD

FAMOUS SCOTTISH JIGS AND DANCES FOR ME.. SOME TIMES DURING THE DAY. TOMMIE AND I WOULD LOAF IN A MOVIE AND IT WAS MOST ~~ENJOYABLE~~ ENJOYABLE SITTING IN A CIVILIAN SHOW FOR A CHANGE.

JUST LIKE HOME IN THE ROARING '20ES OR JOE SENT ME

ON SUNDAYS, EVERYTHING IS CLOSED TIGHTER THAN A DRUM, THAT IS TO ALL APPEARANCES. I WENT TO 1130 MASS IN THE MAIN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE TOWN---- (SEE FIRST VENTURE SEPT. '44) AND MET CHARLIE EMSLIE AFTER MASS. TOMMIE CAME ALONG ABOUT THE SAME TIME AND ALL THREE OF US HAD THAT STRANGE DRYNESS IN THE THROAT. WITH THAT IN THE KNOW GRIN, CHARLIE LED US TO A HOTEL BUT AROUND THE BACKWAY. SOME JOKER RIGHT OUT OF A BOOK, PEEPED THROUGH THE DOOR AT US AND OPENED UP ON THE KNOWING OF CHARLIE'S FACE. (YOU MIGHT KNOW, A NEWSPAPER MAN KNOWS WHERE TO GET A DRINK) TOMMIE AND I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING INTO A SMALL PLACE WITH JUST A FEW CHARACTERS STANDING AROUND BUT THIS JOINT WAS CROWD^{ed} WITH "FRIENDS OF JOE". OF COURSE, BILL WAS THERE IN AND ORDERED A AMPLE SUPPLY OF SCOTCH TO WET DOWN OUR ARDENT THRIST. YOU CAN'T SEE THE REAL COUNTRY OF SCOTLAND UNLESS YOU TOUR ALL OF THE BARS---MATTER OF FACT---ANY COUNTRY. AS IN EVERY BAR, SOME JOKERS ARE ALWAYS BELLOWING ABOUT SOME THING OR OTHER, MAINLY THE WAR AND DIRTY ENGLISH POLICTICS.. IT WAS WORTH THE TRIP IT SELF TO HERR THE SCOTTISH VIEW. THEY DISLIKE THE ENGLISH WITH A PASSIONATE HATERD. I THOUGHT THAT WE WOULD NEVER LEAVE THAT JOINT FOR BILL AND CHARLIE FULL HEARTLY ENTERED INTO THE PRVAILING DICUSSIONS. AS THE SCOTCH WARMED UP OUR BELLIES, TOMMIE AND I SOON JOINED IN. YOU CAN'T FULLY APPERICATE HOW RELAXING IT IS TO LEAN ON A BAR IN FROMNT OF A MELLOW GLASS OF SCOTCH. WHAT A ENJOYABLE DIFFERENCE FROM THE USAL ROUTINE OF G I LIFE. WE HUNG AROUND THERE UNTIL CHARLIE AND I HAD TO TAKE OFF FOR DINNER. CHARLOTTE PREPARED A SUPER ROAST FOR US AND ONE OF THOSE FAMOUS SCOTCH PUDDINGS. I GUESS SHE MUST OF USED UP ALL OF HER MEAT POINTS FOR A MONTH WHILE I WAS THERE. TOMMIE WENT HOME WITH BILL FOR DINNER. OF COURSE, WE ALL MET AGAIN IN THE AFTERNOON AT THE GORDON'S.

SOME MIGHT CALL THIS A STRANGE WAY OF SPENDING A LEAVE

I GUESS THIS LEAVE IS VERY MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE ONES THE OTHER JOES TAKE BUT I ENJOYED IT VERY MUCH. IN FACT, NOT A MINUTE WAS WASTED. I WANTED TO TALK TO CIVILAINS AND GET IN CONTACT WITH THAT CIVILAIN FEELING FOR A FEW DAYS. I WANTED TO SIT IN MY FRIENDS HOMES AND REALLY SEE WHAT THE HELL I'M MISSING. I REALLY ENJOYED IT VERY MUCH AND MY MANY FRIENDS TWISTED THEIR BACKS TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL AT HOME. SOME DAY, I HOPE TO REPAY THEM IN SOME WAY THE KINDNESS AND THINGS THEY DID FOR ME. MRS. EMSLIE ACTUALLY HAD TEARS IN HER EYES WHEN I TOLD 'EM GOOD BYE AND THEY ALL BEGGED THAT I RETURN SOON AS POSSIBLE. THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE PAPER EVEN OFFERED ME A POSITION AFTER THE WAR IF I SO WANTED TO MAKE MY HOME IN ABERDEEN AND THAT KIND OF HIT ME IN THE HEART. COURSE, I'D JUST AS SOON CUT MY ARMS OFF AS TO LIVE OVER HERE BUT JUST THE SAME, I APPERICATED THEOFFER IN THE GRACES THAT IT WAS GIVEN. BEING FREE FOR 7 WHOLE DAYS WAS THE MAIN THING, LIVING LIKE AWHITE MAN

NOW, I'M BACK AT THE TOIL, THE LABORS OF A G I, MUCH MORE FIT AND ABLE TO CARRY OUT MY DUTIES. THE CHARACTERS AND EXPERIENCE S HAVE ENRICHED MY SCOPE OF KNOWLEDGE AND ADDED TO MY MENTAL COLLECTION. I HOPE SOME DAY THAT I CAN WRITE SOME SORT OF BOOK AND PERHAPS DRAW UPON SOME OF THESE THINGS. I KNOW THE READER CAN'T CAPTURE THE SPIRIT OF RELAXATION WE ENCOUNTERED ON THIS LEAVE OR THE FRIENDLY WARMTH OF THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE OR EVEN THE TASTEFUL TANG OF THE BOTTLE SCOTCH. MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I COULDN'T SHARE THIS WITH PEANUTS FOR I KNOW THAT SHE WOULD LATCH ON TO ONE HELL OF A BANG OUT OF IT.

IN BRIEF, THAT IS THE WHOLE STORY OF MY LEAVE EXCEPT FOR A COUPLE MORE INTERESTING ITEMS THAT WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT INSTALLMENT. JUST A PLAIN, SIMPLE, DRINKING, RELAXING TIME. THIS ACCOUNT WASN'T WRITTEN TO IMPRESS YOU WITH A JOURNALISTIC STYLE BUT TO CRAM ALL INTO FEW PAGES. (WATCH FOR THE NEXT EDITION)

STUFF AND
THINGS

THE LATRINE GAZETTE
E T O NEWS

WORM'S EYE VIEW
OF GI LIFE

9 Apr 45

SPECIAL EDITION

WED. ~~XXXXX~~ APRIL 4

FINAL ROUND UP OF POTENT NEWS ABOUT FAMOUS CORRESPONDENT'S LATEST TOUR
(G-N) APRIL 4TH---(ONCE AGAIN YOUR CORRESPONDENT FALLS BACK UPON THE
STYLE OF ERNIE PYLE TO ROUND UP THE JOURNEY TO ABERDEEN)

ONE WEEK AGO, WED. NITE WAS MY FINAL EVENING IN ABERDEEN AND MY
ARDENT FRIENDS DID EVERYTHING TO MAKE IT LAST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. I
COULDN'T ESCAPE FROM THEM UNTIL 330 AM AND EVEN THEN HAD TO USE FORCE TO
LEAVE THEIR CLINGING FRIENDSHIP. CHARLOTTE MADE ME PROMISE THAT I
WOULD RETURN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND THIS TIME STAY IN THEIR HOME ALL
DURING MY LEAVE. THE GORDONS SAID THE SAME AND ALL OF THE REST. AS I
BID EACH AND EVERY ONE SLOWLY WITH A DRINK, SMILE AND HANDSHAKE, MRS.
EMSLIE CRIED A LITTLE BIT. THEY GAVE ME A FAREWELL TOAST OF GOOD LUCK,
GOOD WRITING AND THAT SOON I WOULD GO HOME TO MY LITTLE WIFE. TOMMIE AND
ISH WERE SOUND ASLEEP WHEN I TIP TOED INTO OUR ROOM. I JUST DID CLOSE MY
EYES THEN I HAD TO GET UP AT 430 TO CATCH THE TRAIN. I DOUBT IF I'LL
EVER GO BACK TO ABERDEEN FOR I HAVE FOND HOPES THAT THE WAR WILL END
BEFORE IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER LEAVE.

FRIDAY NIGHT, CHARLIE EMSLIE BROUGHT AROUND THE SUBJECT OF HUNTING
AND PROUDLY DISPLAYED HIS VAST COLLECTION OF SHOT GUNS. HE REALLY HAD
~~SOME FINE GUNS~~ AND WE DREAMED OVER THEM FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. FINALLY HE
SAID, "DAM IT! WE'LL GO HUNTING TOMORROW AFTERNOON". AND THAT WE DID DO.
CHARLIE, BILL, TOMMIE AND I SET OUT SATURDAY AFTERNOON FOR THE HIGHLANDS
AROUND ABERDEEN WELL ARMED WITH GUNS AND SCOTCH. CHARLOTTE HAD PACKED US
A LIGHT SNACK TO GO WITH THE HUNGER TRAMPING AROUND THE BUSH THAT USUALLY
COMES OVER A GUY. CHARLIE'S CAR IS ONE OF THOSE TOY AFFAIRS BUT ALL OF US
JAMMED IN SOME HOW. I DON'T KNOW HOW FAR OUT WE WENT BUT WE ENDED UP ON
ONE OF THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH MOORS. THE MOORS ARE BLEAK, BARREN STRETCHES OF
ROUGH LAND NOT FIT FOR FARMING OR ANYTHING ELSE. THE RABBITS, PHEASANT AND
OTHER BIRDS WERE MORE THAN PLENTYFUL ON THIS MOOR.

WE TRAMPLED AROUND FOR A FEW MINUTES UNTIL WE THRUSHED A NEST OF RABBITS. THE FOUR OF US OPEN UP AT ONCE AND EVERY ONE MISSED BECAUSE OF BEING OVER EAGER. LUCKLY, I HAD A AUTOMATIC SHOT GUN AND SQUEEZED TWO MORE QUICK SHOTS AMON THE FLEEING RABBITS. DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT BOTH RABBITS DROPPED AT THE COUGH OF MY GUN. YOU SHOULD OF HEARED THE WILD PRAISING OF MY MARKSMANSHIP FROM CHARLIE AND BILL. WE CACHED THE RABBITS AND SEEKED MORE GAME. BILL AND CHARLIE BAGGED ONE APIECE AND TOMMIE FINALLY NAILED ONE. OF COURSE, ALL THE WHILE WE WERE NIPPING THE SCOTCH TO WET UP OUR SIGHTS. I WANTED TO SHOOT A PHEASANT, SO CHARLIE AND I STALKED OFF TOGETHER WHILE THE OTHER TWO WAITED. AGAIN LUCK WAS WITH US FOR WE RAN INTO A TRIO OF THE BIRDS. I LINED UP ONE AND LET CHARLIE TAKE THE FIRST CRACK. HE KNOCKED ONE DOWN AND I CAUGHT THE OTHER TWO ON THE FLY WITH TWO QUICK SHOTS. THESE GUNS WERE SO DAM GOOD THAT YOU COULDN'T HELP BUT HIT SOME THING. NOT WISHING TO BE HOGS, WE CALLED IT QUILTS. MIGHT ADD THAT OUR SUPPLY OF SCOTCH RAN OUT LONG BOUT HERE ALSO. ALL THE WAY BACK TO TOWN, THE TWO OF 'EM WILDLY RAVED ABOUT MY DEAD EYE SHOOTING, COURSE, I MODESTLY GRINED AND SADD IT WAS JUST AN EVERY DAY OCCURENCE. WE GAVE TWO OF THE BIRDS AND THREE OF THE RABBITS TO THE GORDONS, AND CHAROLTEE COOKED OURS MONDAY NIGHT. GOSH, I ENJOYED THAT HUNK OF HUNTING VERY MUCH.

WELL, THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF MY TRIP AND AS YOU CAN SEE, WAS MORE OR LESS LOT7S OF FUN. SOME DAY, I'D LIKE TO RETURN TO ABERDEEN WITH PEANUTS AND SHOW HER HOW WONDERFUL OF A PLACE IT IS. I'M GOING TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH MY FRIENDS AND MIGHT DO SUCH A THING AS GO SEE 'EM ON A 3 DAY PASS SOME TIME.

I SURE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A WOOD SWIG OF THAT SCOTCH RIGHT NOW. I ALSO LATCHED ON TO A COUPLE GLASSES OF MILK EACH DAY----THE FIRST SINCE I'VE SET FOOT ON THIS DAM ISLAND. MAIL SITUATION TODAY----3 FROM PEANUTS AND NONE FROM THE FAMILY. WATCH FOR MORE EDITOONS OF THE GAZETTE