

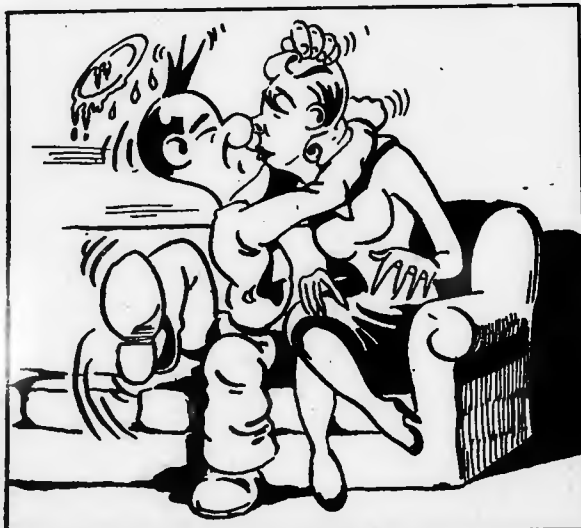
Bertram S. Sack, Pvt. 36722890, was a soldier of the Army of The United States. He was a good soldier too, as soldiers go, and as soldiers usually go, he was about to go . . . overseas

One morning, bright and early, Bertram went to his squadron Bulletin Board and saw That Shipping List. There was his name, in black and white and was he ever proud. His well-earned fatigues fairly burst with pride.



Later, in the latrine, he looked at himself in the mirror and said to himself, "You must be plenty good Bertram, for the Army to be sending you across." All around him, his buddies were wondering aloud where they were being shipped.

That night, Bertram visited the home of a girl in town. He hadn't been making too much time with this particular young lady, and he felt that he had to act rapidly. "But, darling," he pleaded, "the least you could do is kiss me good bye! I'm leaving this Friday morning, you know."



WHAM! That tactic really got results all right. But what neither Bertram nor his lady-love knew was that Mr. Jones would soon be seeing them. That was Mr. Jones business, and, although the girl didn't even know him, Mr. Jones knew her. He knows all, long-tongued people.

Smiling contentedly, Bertram trudged to his barracks. He has one of his pals along for company, and was peeling plenty fine, you can imagine. "Yep," said Bertram, "They're shipping 300 of us out on Friday." His friend was amazed.