



"WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?"

Lieutenant Shatlain, a tank commander, amputated his own foot with a jackknife and thought he was dying when he wrote this poem on a battlefield in Africa. He was rescued after about two hours of hiding and is now in a hospital in England.

What did you do today, my friend,
From morn until dark?

How many times did you complain

The rationing is too tight?

When are you going to start to do

All the things you say?

A soldier would like to know, my friend,

What did you do today?

We met the enemy today

And took the town by storm;

Happy reading it will make

For you tomorrow morn.

You'll read with satisfaction,

The brief communique.

We fought; but are you fighting:

What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today,

I feel his warm blood yet;

Your neighbor's dying boy gave out.

A scream I can't forget.

On my right a tank was hit,

A flash and then a fire;

The stench of burning flesh

Still rises from the pyre.

What did you do today, my friend,

To help us with the task?

Did you work harder and longer for

less, —

Or is that too much to ask?

What right have I to ask you this?

You probably will say.

Maybe now you'll understand —

You see, I DIED TODAY!

By Lt. Dean Shatlain

"AN APPEAL TO OUR BOYS' HOMEFOLKS"

Read the above poem, read it aloud to your-self and see if you can honestly say
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