

POET'S CORNER — —

I am writing this short letter,
And every word is true,
Don't look away draft dodger,
For tis addressed to you.

You feel at ease and in no danger,
Back in the old home town,
You cooked up some good story,
So the draft board turned you down.

You never think of real men,
Who leave there day by day,
You just think of the girl friends
You'll get while they're away.

You sit at home and read the paper;
Jump up and yell "We'll win!"
Just where do you get that "we" stuff?
The war will be won by men.

Just what do you think, draft dodger,
That this free nation would do,
If all the men were dodgers,
And afraid to fight like you?

Well, I guess that's all, Mr. Slacker,
For I suppose your face is red,
America's no place for your kind,
And I mean every word I said.

So, in closing this letter, draft dodger,
Just remember what I say,
Keep away from my girl, you bum,
For I'm coming back some day!

THOUGHTS

You can't kiss a girl
unexpectedly the near
est you can come to
it is to kiss her soo
ner than she thought
you would.....

It takes face powder
to get a man, baking
powder to hold him!

A good woman inspires
a man, a brilliant wo
man interests him, a
beautiful woman faci
nates him....the sym
pathetic woman gets
him.....

A pessimist is one
who thinks all women
are immoral, and an
optimist is one who
merely hopes so.....

If every boy in the
United States could
read every girls mind
the consumption of
gasolene would drop
off fifty percent....

ON A SOUTHWEST PACIFIC ISLAND

On this southwest Pacific island, where the sun is like a curse,
And each long day is followed by another even worse;
Where the coral dust blows thicker than the shifting desert sand;
And all that men dream and wish for, is their dear home and land.

On this southwest Pacific Island, where a woman is never seen,
Where the sky is always cloudy, and the grass is always green,
Where your sleep is made more hideous by the Flying foxes yell,
Where there isn't any whiskey and the beer is hot as hell.

On this southwest Pacific Island, where the night is made for love
Where the moon is like a searchlight and the Southern Cross above,
Sparkles like a new cut diamond in a balmy tropic night,
What a shameful waste of beauty when there's not a girl in sight.

On this Southwest Pacific Island, where the mail is always late,
And a Christmas card in April is considered up to date
Where we seldom have a pay day, and never have a cent
But never miss the money, cause we'd never get it spent.

On this Southwest Pacific Island, where the ants and lizards play,
And a thousand fresh Mosquitos replace each one you slay;
So take us back to USA, and there just let us dwell
for this God forsaken outpost is a substitute for Hell.

Contributed by Pfc. James Allen.

We care not what her looks may be
Or if she's good at swimmin'
But please 'ole fren be good to us
And quickly send us wimmin'!

If Mary wants her little lamb
To stay as white as snow
She'd better keep her lamb away
From the wolves at the U.S.O