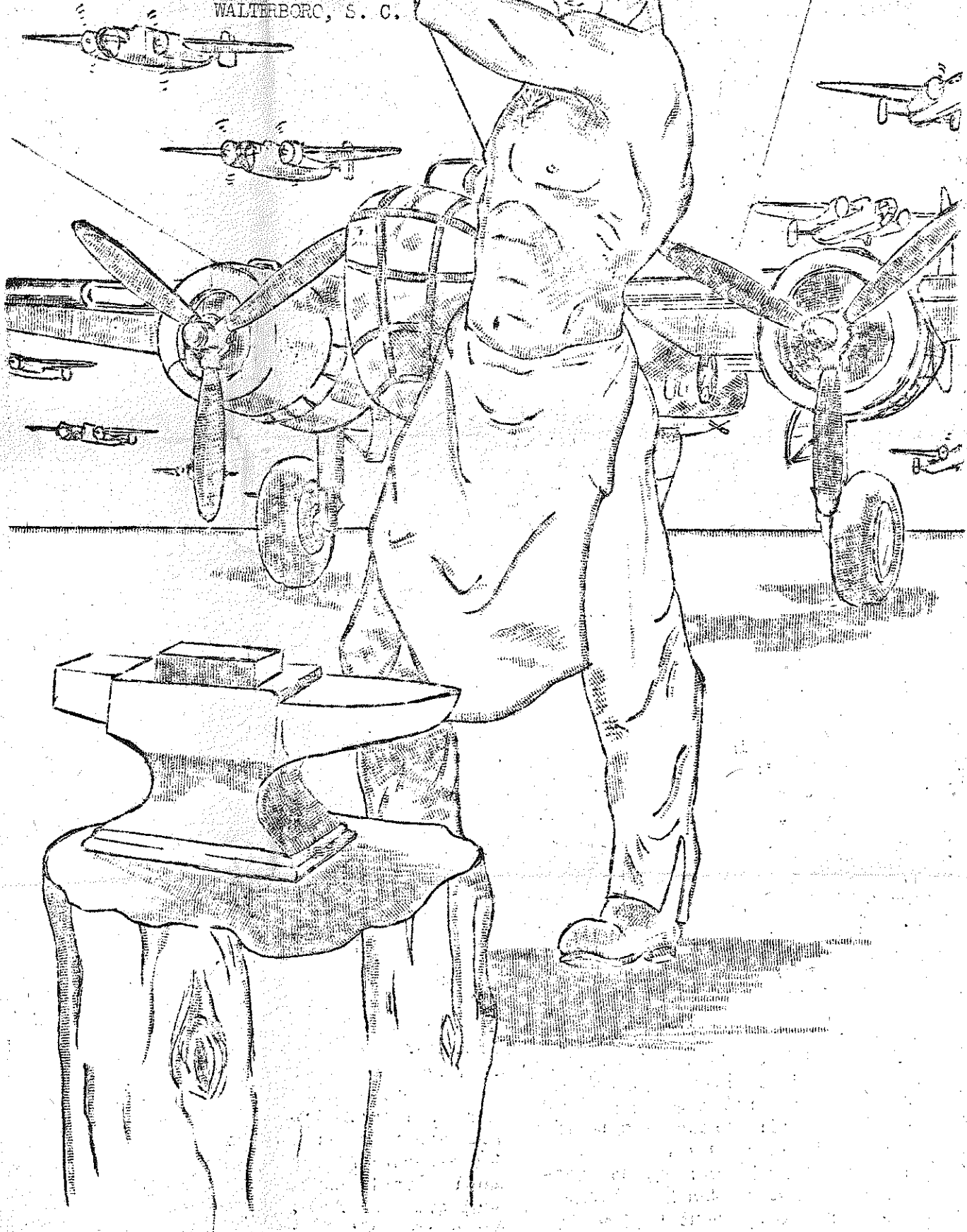


WELFARE

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WALTERBORO, S. C.

January 10, 1943



We have had displayed, in the past few days a number of, fortunately, of "stalwart" American citizens, who have suddenly developed everything from heart trouble to sleeping sickness -- which, in reality is the UN-common American disease of "GANGPLANKITUS", a very miserable sickness of which the writer and 99 percent of the American soldiers can find neither the time nor trouble to expend sympathy.

Gangplankitus, as it is called by medical authorities, is diagnosed by an acute shortage of intestinal fortitude, more frequently referred to as "guts". It is accompanied by a rather wide strip adjacent and parallel to the spine of a brilliant yellowish colour. The symptoms are most prevalent as APO numbers are posted and are at the worst stages as green packing boxes are dusted off.

This group has had very few cases of this nature, but it has had a few; sudden and strong developments of heart trouble, one or two cases of flat feet and one rather bad case of "gun-phobia", a fear of guns. This particular case wanted to get into a guard squadron, but had a definite fear of guns.

These few cases of a complete lack of guts are not humorous, or even come close to being humorous; in fact, they are just plain disgusting. In the estimation of the writer, any man who displays symptoms of this nature should be the first to walk up that gang plank.

I have not yet met a soldier who wouldn't rather go home and resume a normal way of living, if it were possible, yet these men know that this is an impossibility and that before we go home, we have a dirty mess to clean up; and if it necessitates our going overseas and doing the cleaning, that's all right too. If a few of us bump our heads in the process, well, that's part of the game. But, by God if there is a war to be won and some dirty work to be cleaned up, we're the ones that are going to do it. There isn't anyone else to do it for us, we can't hire any one -- nobody is going to step in and fight our war for us. ITS UP TO US, AND US ALONE.

If we all developed Gangplankitus, and all got transferred to a guard squadron or to a permanent base, what a helluva war we would have. The Japs would be planting rice here in three weeks; and moreover, we would be doing the planting.

This article is pointed to a thimble-full of "Patriots", not more than three or four in the entire group, and to them we have this little message:

"Your case is such that we, as Americans, as men fighting for the things we love and cherish, and will continue

to love and cherish, cannot tolerate.

We Americans have faced hardships far greater than it was believed human endurance could stand and lived. We fought wars since the very existence of America. We have licked every opponent and every conceivable handicap known to man, and we're still the toughest, strongest, scrappiest nation on earth.

We American soldiers don't like you gutless ones, so stay out of our way; we have a dirty job to do, and we're just the ones to do it. You're kind will be dust while we live to see the world a happy peaceful place to live; and America once again the tutor of Democracy, peace and prosperity.

Don't soil our hands with your feeble cries! We haven't time to listen, we're too busy getting ready to fight. Just stay out of our way, my yellow-bellied wonders. We don't want to fight any worse than you, but brothers, when a batch of yellow skinned devils start threatening our homes, our wives, our ways of living, then watch the smoke: because, WE AMERICANS DON'T LIKE BOYS WITHOUT GUTS AND MOST OF ALL LITTLE YELLOW BOYS WHO INSIST ON MOLESTING OUR WAY OF DOING THINGS!!!

-- James F. Fowler
1st Lt., Air Corps
Adjutant

WARNING -- KEEP AWAY FROM INCENDIARY BOMBS

First instructions were to fight incendiary bombs with water spray and sand. Next, we were told to use a solid stream of water. Now it's keep 60 yards away or hide behind a four-inch brick wall, until the TNT charge now used in incendiaries explodes.

Office of Civilian Defense Operations Letter No. 80, says:

"2. New types of enemy incendiary and anti-personnel bombs are:

"a. The usual 2.2 pound fire bomb, with an extension of the nose containing a larger explosive charge. The total weight is increased to five pounds. The bomb is 17 inches long without its tail or about 21 inches long over all. The incendiary section of the bomb ignites upon landing, but the explosive charge may go off at any time up to seven minutes later. It would be possible to increase this lapse of time without major alteration of design, so that there can be little dependence upon the present time interval. The explosive part may become detached, but this does not

(Incendiary Bombs Cont'd)

lessen its effectiveness. This bomb has been employed by Germans.

"b. A combination incendiary and high explosive bomb, in a casing the same size and shape as the 110-pound high explosive bomb (about 30 inches long and 8 inches in diameter). On impact it throws out 60 small metal containers with thermit-type filling and six larger tumbler-shaped fire pots containing a magnesium-type filling which is pre-ignited. Almost immediately after ejecting the incendiary units, a 12 pound charge of TNT in the nose of the bomb explodes."

"4. The small fire bomb with delayed action explosive charge requires a revision of instructions on the types of cover that provide full protection from the blast.

"a. A brick wall four and one-half inches thick is considered full protection against the explosive charge now being used with a time furs in small magnesium bombs. In walls built of outside bricks of the best quality, a three inch thickness will prevent penetration. Lath and plaster walls, wooden doors, tables or chairs do not offer full protection from the explosion of this charge. Personal risk may be greatly reduced by assuming a crouching or prone position behind the best available cover."

Says New York City's Fire Commissioner Walsh: "I would not let my men get nearer than forty feet to one of the new bombs, or enter a house into which one of them fell."

Well--now you have the story. Please warn your Scouts and ask them to take this information home.

H-E-A-D-Q-U-A-R-T-E-R-S

Congratulations to M/Sgt Foster on his appointment as 1st Lieutenant. Hope he does as well with the girls in Tampa as 1st Lt. as he did in Charleston and Walterboro as M/Sgt. S/Sgt. Nichols dropped everything yesterday and ran in to town to see the little dear that blew in from Atlanta. (We trust that it is Betty) M/Sgt. Hunn lost his jeep again, and this time it was not the fault of the lacadazzical Tureck. We had two little Setzers this past week, one a blue-jacket and the other a ---- (You guess it.) The old man has had a wicked glint in his eye of late, and we of the cellar brigade believe he has designs -- 'nuff said. Those two Irishmen from Philly came back from three day passes followed by the usual avalanche of mail. Sgt. Kepp expressed some doubt as to the proper disposition of his life-blood down at the dispensary today, but we assured him everything was labelled carefully.

Sgt. Slutsky returned from pass this past week with his bag full of Kosher bologna and his heart full of Dottie. We are struggling under a great doubt as to the official duties of a certain Master Sgt. here in Hq. Rumors have it that he is 1st Sgt., Gp. transportation man, and Group Mess Sergeant --- all in the same breath.

Clarence Anderton, Professor of pastoral science, has been giving free instruction in marine navigation (in row-boats), the fine art of crab-potting, and "mule-skinning". The subject of his discourse this evening will be "The dissemination and cultivation of Hayseed in the swamps of Matthews County, Va." Professor Anderton still maintains that his native swamps are good for something.

ADVICE FOR THE LOVELORN

Dear Aunt Agatha:

Although I am only 25 myself, I prefer the more mature type of feminine companionship, which leads to embarrassing situations on occasions. At present I am going out with a very lovely girl, but she is a little older than most of my friends dates. In fact, I don't know just how old she is, but she has six children, the youngest of whom is about to be married. I want to know if it is alright for my friends to take out her daughters and double date with us? It wouldn't be embarrassing for my girl but it might be for the daughters -- She knows so much more than they do.

-- Sgt. Homer P. McGurk.

Dear Sgt. McGurk:

Your problem raises a very unusual social situation, and I must admit that I have never come up against such a case before. The only advice I can suggest at the moment is that you spare the daughters embarrassment by all taking out Mother. Obviously she is well equipped to cope with four or five ambitious Sergeants.

-- Aunt Agatha.

Dear Aunt Agatha:

I am faced with a very complicated situation, and wish you would help me out. I am engaged to a beautiful young girl, who comes from a fine family. In fact, her family is so fine, that I have become very attached to them also; so much so, that I have also promised to marry two of her sisters, which I am told is impractical. To complicate the matter, her mother came down to see me recently and I fell in love with her and indulged in a brief but fascinating affaire, and she wont let me marry any of her daughters unless I let her come along on the honeymoon. What should I do?

Lt. Oswald O'Toole

Dear Oswald:

I believe that Uncle Sam will solve your problems very shortly, but in the meantime, suggest you see a doctor.

Aunt Agatha

Dear Aunt Agatha:

I have been having an illicit affair with the wife of a Master Sergeant who has been overseas for over a year. He came back unexpectedly last week and found me in a compromising situation. His wife however, calmed him down by pointing out the furniture I had bought, the fine console radio, the new carpets, and the mink coat I gave her for Christmas, whereupon he said, "Cover him up - don't let him catch cold!" Do you think he is really worried about me, or just being mercenary?

Pvt. Gilden P. Puffington

Dear Pvt. Puffington:

The M/Sgt. evidently thinks more of your money than he does of his wife. However, his regard for your health is very practical since if you were to catch cold, his wife would probably be subject to the same shortly, and then he might catch it from her.

Aunt Agatha

CAPTAIN KELLER'S CLAN -----

Here's a plea to those noble men of Captain Keller's squadron to delegate a reporter for FLAK. Sgt. Labe who started this column last week is sick in hospital this week, and your frantic editor has been unable to round up a reporter from this squadron. There must be some of you with a journalistic trend who would be willing to knock out a few notes for FLAK once a week. So COME ON BOYS, GIVE !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AFTER THE WAR

When Hitler lies beneath the sod,
And the Japs go back to raising rice,
When Hirohito's resting still
With all the other rats and mice,
When Mussolini raises grass
Upon his old bald pate so bare
Where thoughts of war and human sin
Were raised instead of falling hair,
When we have ceased, our battles won,
To keep 'em flyin' round this sphere,
Then home we'll come to those we love,
A home that's free from war and fear.

"ONE WAY TO NEW GUINEA, PLEASE"

Stout in his conviction that one battlefield is no better or worse than any other and superb in his indifference to where the brass hats shipped him and his B-25 ("Hell's Half Acre"), Operation Officer, John Patrick Knox crashed his fist on the desk last week and rattled clerical personnel with a snarling approval of New Guinea as the place "where this outfit's got to go to keep me happy." Before him on the desk stood a picture frame with the number one girl from Baltimore eyeing the world with lowered lids. Attached to it was a likeness of a New Guinea female which he had only a moment before received from T/Sgt. Buller, the squadron's chief photo man. There is not now, and never has been, a girdle problem in New Guinea. J.P. goggled at the bare evidence of this in delighted admiration.

"Bring her back to Baltimore and teach her how to play contract," mused the executive in an audible undertone, "and she'd make 'em all retreat to the powder room."

Naïvely by a FLAK reporter in his barracks at 7:30 P.M. as he was preparing to go to bed, 1st Lt. Knox denied that Miss New Guinea had complicated his relations with Nancy. Said J.P.K. "It's ridiculous. I haven't really met the girl. Besides, she's only fourteen."

"OPEN LETTER FROM CAPT. WHITTINGTON"

I hereby order those men in this squadron who have been telling Private Stanley Siok that he must draw a decontamination suit to stop confusing him in this matter. The adjutant informs me that Pvt. Siok's work has suffered since every second man in the outfit has begun accosting him with "Say, Stosh, they're giving out decontamination suits in squadron supply. Have you yours yet?"

Investigation has revealed that Pvt. Siok does not know what a decontamination suit looks like and what the guilty partys have been taking advantage of this by describing weird looking garments and insisting that he obtain one from squadron supply. This embarrasses Lt. Tasker and his capable staff, who have nothing in their ample stocks resembling the articles described. Likewise it wastes Pvt. Siok's valuable time. When the proper occasion arises, rest assured, I shall see that not only Pvt. Siok but also the rest of the Squadron receives a properly tailored decontamination suit cut on strictly G.I. lines.

Your cooperation in this matter etc. Stanley P. Matthews, our young navigation officer, was observed recently in a tornado of computers and celestial

(CAPTAIN WHITTINGTON'S WARRIORS CONT'D)

navigation tables which operations personnel were trying to conceal from him, and he was trying to hold out to make sure he wouldn't get lost on a long journey.

Our congratulations to S/Sgt. Dick Hurley and Robert Evans, who went before the Officer's Candidate School Board in Columbia and came away with assurances of Lt. Col. Winslett that they have what it takes to make successful officers.

This squadron has a little fellow named Gagne in the armament section who is small enough to crawl into the lower turret and make repairs. Other squadrons, not blessed with such diminutive workers, can't get balky turrets into working order as quickly as this one can, thanks to Gagne's convenient size. One day S/Sgt. Ed Johnston, turret specialist, was working with the shorpy and when he turned around he discovered Gagne nowhere in the plane. He had just about decided Gagne had beaten a retreat to the P.X. when a voice below him floated up, "O. K. Ed, she's ready to fire again." Johnston swears that Gagne then crawled up out of a cubby hole that a cat would find cramping.

If you see the pilots of this outfit beating their brains out and pastering each other for detailed information on all the gadgets on the B-25, they're probably sweating out the aerial engineers' proficiency exam which Operations has decided every pilot should be able to pass. M/Sgt. Lynch dreamed up the questions and apparently knows all the answers.

Cigars this week are being dispensed by Cpl. Johnny Melia, statistical clerk, who married the girl back home a few days back following a lightning trip to New Jersey. She'll be waiting, Johnny, for the end of this fracas. And who won't? Congratulations!

This column was prepared by the squadron's regular PLAK reporter who was brow-beaten into it by Editor Voorhees, who got him to work only by tracking him down in his barracks, carting him over to Group HQ in a jeep and plying him with enticing little concoctions. But then lots of reporters have to be led around like that before they'll give out. Hope you folks get a little of the kick out of these nonsense items that your reporter got out of Voorhees's "Persuader." Keep 'em up in the blue until next week, same station.

Note: A good reporter like Sgt. Hickey deserves a little running after. A few more Sgt. Hickeys and we'll run competition with the Chicago Tribune.

CAPTAIN BAILEY'S BOYS

Cajolery is the use of delusive enticements. "Chubby" Goranson is proving himself an artist at the trade through his gentle 5:45 up-getting ritual. Instead of rudely instigating an en masse turn out at reveille, he treats each individual individually, and changes his methods according to the unique demands and temperament of each. No bugle-banging despot, he plucks persuasively at the protective blanket of one, or gently tickles the toes of another. His nemesis is that stalwart lad from Maine who insists upon arising earlier than the little barrel himself. But of all aspects of the whole procedure -- including pleas, commands and curses -- the most delightful period is the finale. As the deadline approaches for roll call, "Chubby" invariably breaks down, his voice succumbs to desperation and he shrieks, "Get out of those -/*/? &%# " beds! Please!"

Pasquale finds that his new G.I. glasses are invaluable. Now when he shoots crap he can actually see his money disappear.

Ed Laseter was slightly chagrined to open his laundry and find half of it returned untouched. His was a case where half was too much for the laundry. There is a limit to everything, even the number of pieces.

Quickie Miethke is still dashing wildly about closely pursued by six irate Pilots waving blank "Honorable Discharge" forms. There'll come a day old man.

PARRISH'S PROTEGES

Well, they hacked off the best part of our column last week because we saved it for the end, so this week we shoot everything important to you right quick. I guess they had to cut to make room for something else so we lost a chance to say something fitting in regard to the crew of "630".

It's damned hard sometimes, to say anything fitting in such situations, but it's obvious how we all felt to lose the C.O. and the lads flying with him. Perhaps it sums up in a little group of words I wrote and so I pass them on to you. It's called Last Flight.

LAST FLIGHT

You, who live to fly and joke and laugh while death stands by with an epitaph when you're sleeping the long sleep and your voice is stilled and your laughter ceases, its then we realize your worth and our need for you increases.

(Cont'd next page)



"O.K. REMBRANDT — WHERE THE HELL'S OUR PLANE"

It's wrong to wait until you're gone
To say the things we've known,
It's wrong to keep unto ourselves
The qualities in you that make us feel
alone,

It's wrong to feel you'll not return
From a flight into the skies,
That as life goes on without you
We'll never see your laughing eyes.

But because of knowing you our life's
enriched,
No matter why you were taken and only
memories remain,
Our heart is full, and we'll pause to say
"Yes, we were friends and I Miss you to-
day."

— T/Sgt John Rovick

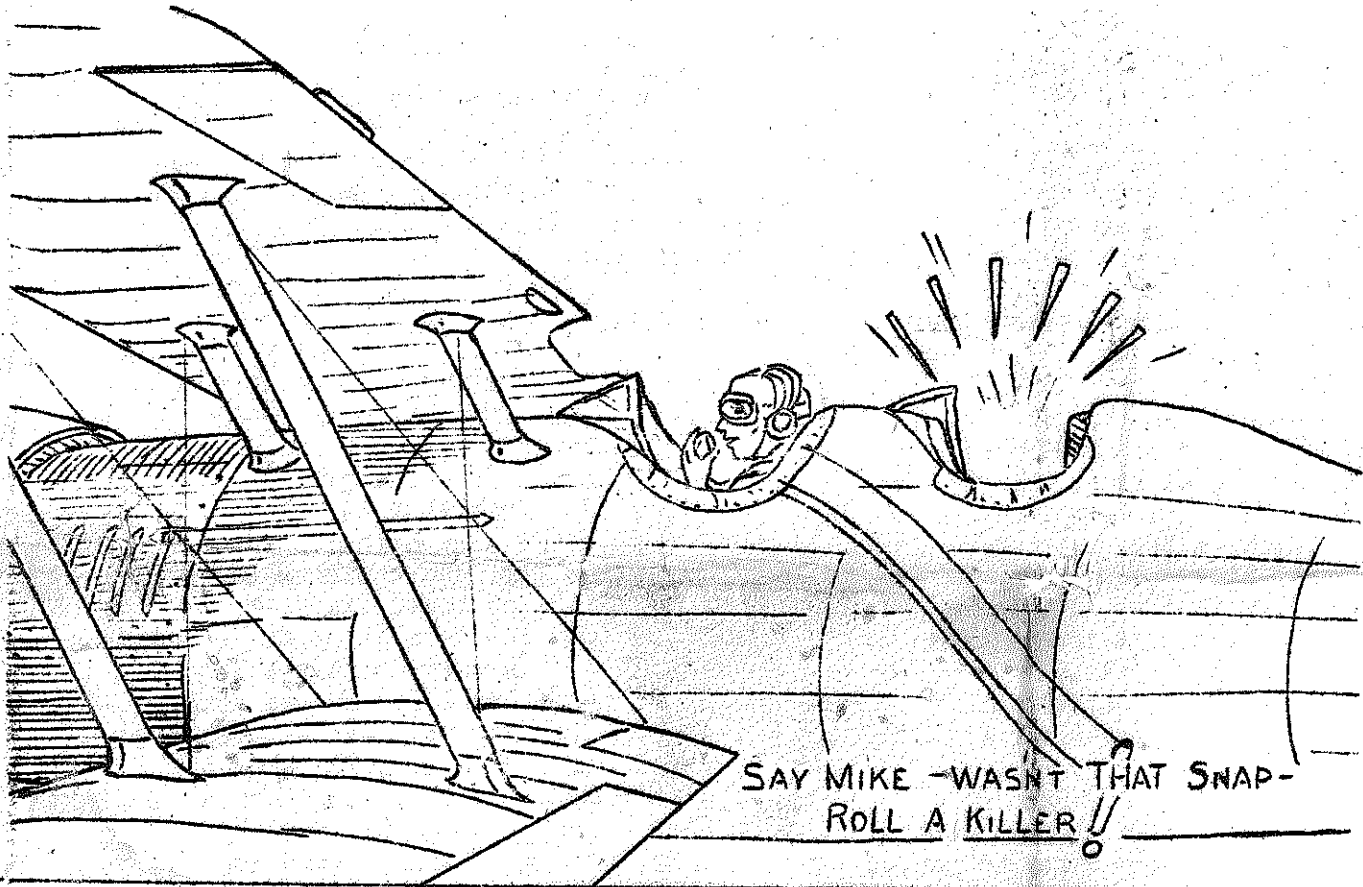
Mucho grandioso welcome to our new, and somewhat familiar C.O., Lt. Farrish. Somewhat familiar because of a few of us having been at Myrtle Beach doing a little lead-slingin, we remember he was stationed there. Outside of a few of us who are crazy (did any of youse guys ever work with radio?) I think he'll find out its a pretty fair assortment of men and I know they'll do their share to show him. Just a word of warning though.

Someone tell him to keep away from Mac-Avoy as far as any games of chance are concerned. Mac just made a down payment on a gold mine and it didn't dent him at all. That guy hits "21" more often than I hit the latrine.

Our sympathy to the "Gees" in the Orderly room for the work that's been swamping them the last few days. In spite of everything they seem to be holding their own. We got a pretty good crew in there and they're doing fine to keep allotments, insurance, pay, and forms galore straightened out. Yes, Lavender, I said pay. Now stay with it!

Welcome to the commissioned gentil-hommes as they enter our mess. We hope they enjoy our meagre repast more than their last. EGad, that almost rimes. Speaking of mastication, Yes, and it isn't what you think it is, Gagne, Benny Furstein tried to get the one and only to drop down for a visit so's he could pop the question. She wouldn't pay the visit so Benny has a single look in his eye which should last the duration. That's O.K, Benny, it's just a wonderful institution.

All the Techs and the Masters are going around mumbling something about --- "Mess kits, huh -- Mess kits."



SAY MIKE - WASNT THAT SNAP-
ROLL A KILLER!!

is headed for....."

The point of destination was named by the soldier in addition to other news of the troops movements. Circumstances making the violation inexcusable, it was stated, were that the soldier had served in the army previous to his present training, the soldiers of this camp were warned not to divulge information that might aid the enemy.

A revised Army Regulation No. 380-5 has been received by this group and can be seen at Hq. or at your Squadron Commanding Officer's Office. Look at it soldier before you start wagging your mouth.

TEMPUS FUGIT

The horse and mule live 30 years,
And know nothing of wines and beers:

The goat and sheep at 20 die,
And never taste of Scotch and Rye;

The cow drinks water by the ton,
And at 18 is mostly done;

The dog at 15 cashes in,
Without the aid of rum and gin;

The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then at 12 short years it croaks;

The modest, sober, bone-dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten;

All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die;

But sinful, ginful rum-soaked men,
Survive for three-score years and ten!

LIFE SAVERS IF CAPTURED

In the event of your capture by an enemy, remain silent to all questions except those regarding your name, rank and serial number.

If you are captured and questioned by the enemy, refuse to answer unauthorized questions but don't give untrue or misleading information. You can be punished for lying.

If you are a prisoner of war, never discuss anything about your organization's activities. An agent may be in disguise among your fellow prisoners or microphone may be hidden to pick up such information.

When captured and questioned by an enemy, do not give the name and number of your organization.

If capture becomes imminent, destroy any messages you may be carrying and any other identifications or papers which might give information to the enemy.

I'm glad I'm an American
I'm glad as I can be;
I wish I were a great big dog
And Hitler were a tree!

"Frequent water drinking", advised the fatherly sergeant, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yeah," replied the rookie, "but some joints don't serve water."

(FARRISH'S PROTEGES Cont'd)

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS ---

Tietlebaum getting hoarse --- losing his voice on the umpteenth time through mail call. His memory for who got letters without looking is amazing.

McAvoy sending Money Orders home, buying rings, etc... "Frenchie" looking behind him as he walks...

Lavender in that Goddam steel helmet looking like an overdraped mushroom....

Jarvis, of radio maintenance, looking like a dramatized version of the Grapes of Wrath, after his cholera shot....

Lt. Fields and "Ray" stopping each other every five minutes and asking, "How many men in the Squadron now?" Then the recount starts...

Part of the detachment at Houston returning with bags under the bags under their eyes....

That should make enough friends for now so, "Until next week at this same time, Philco and I say to you..."

You're cleared, number one to land Wheels down and locked....

P.S.*** Aerial engineer Culver is our nomination for the "All-power kid." He sits in Cawthon Hotel in Louisiana, women (but beautiful) waltz by, and he ignores them like the true-blue, faithful, man of iron will he is. (PAID COMERCIAL). No fooling, what resistance!!

And now, ladies and gentlemen we bring to you the first in a series of breath-taking, heart-gripping episodes in the life of a G.I. written by our own Chaplain, Lt. Cooper. These short stories are written by the men in our Group, are strictly original, and pertain to army life. If you are inclined toward the narrative petite, let our little tabloid be favored with your contribution. And now -----

ADDRESS UNKNOWN

This was the moment he had expected--- but now that it was here it was somehow different than he had dreamed. The accompanying feelings were not as he had expected. He was "froze" inside. And the words he had framed again and again never reached his lips. They stood looking at each other mutely, he trying to smile, she devouring him with tearless eyes.

The world had suddenly ceased to move. There were no other people --- Only two that were one.

"I will write often," he repeated mechanically. She nodded slightly, her eyes still riveted upon him. Both knew that they were merely making conversation to break the strain.

The conductor stood by silently, waiting patiently and understandingly, to

give the signal for the train to start. He touched the soldier lightly on the arm, and gave the signal. The whistle blew, shattering the moment, and bringing with it a sense of relief and excitement. That ended it. Pressing a small white card into her hand, he mounted the steps.

"Good-by!! Good-by!!" For a moment the air was filled with eager cries. Then he was gone. And suddenly the platform was silent and most curiously empty, and everyone stood there looking after the train that was already just a retreating door with a narrow window on either side and a streak of dark smoke drifting above it.

Huddled in the seat of the retreating train, he was only faintly aware of the fleeting fields. He was still seeing the lonely but brave figure on the platform. He could still hear his mother calling him in the mornings. The early morning laughter of children playing in the yard drifted across his memory. It was home! And he was leaving it for the last time. An unshamed lump crept into his throat. This is America, he thought passionately. In that thought, he could live and die.

On the platform a stunned girl was trying desperately to regain reality; her hands unconsciously twisted a white card. Looking at it now for the first time, she understood the deep quietness of the soldier. She read the card again:

Sergeant William A. Stark, A.C.
ADDRESS UNKNOWN

And walked unsteadily away.

-- James Cooper

SOLDIER GIVES DESTINATION
GETS SIX MONTHS

Camp Roberts, Cal. (Special) Over-anxious to tell the folks back home the news of himself, a camp Roberts soldier divulged military information that could have been used by the enemy and has been sentenced to six months at hard labor, confinement in the camp guardhouse and forfeiture of \$28.00 a month from his pay for a period of six months.

As a warning to all soldiers and other camp personnel, the special announcement of the sentence has been ordered read at all assemblies and printed in the camp newspaper.

The inadvertent statements of the soldier were made over a camp pay telephone and were overheard by a non-commissioned officer. As reported to the Special Court-Martial appointed by Colonel Don M. Scott, Regimental Commander, the soldier said:

"Hello Mom. Yeah, I'm fine. I wanted to phone you before I left. I finished my training yesterday and I'm being shipped out tomorrow. The whole battery