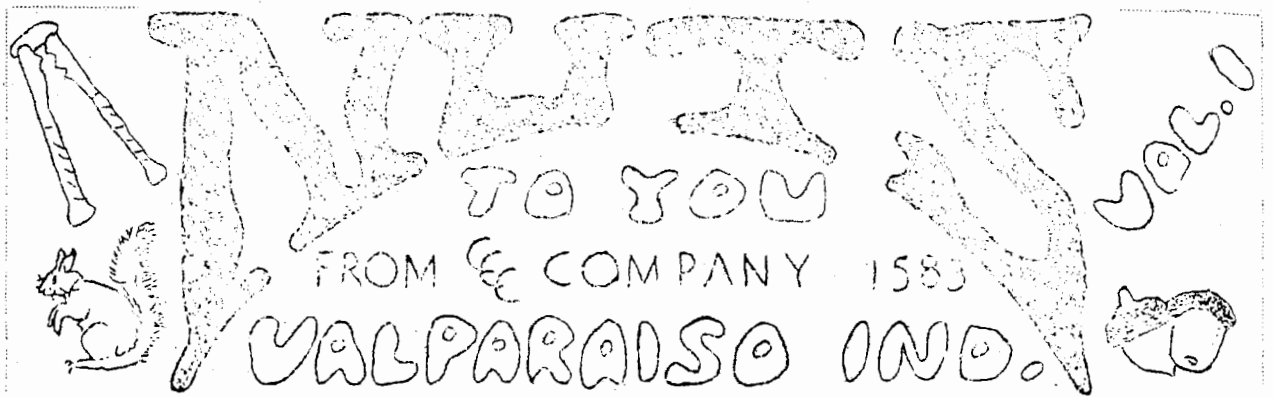


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1936



By way of dedicating Vol. 1, No. 18, March 20, 1936.  
NUTS TO FABING FOR NOT BEING QUARANTINED WITH ALL OF US

### NEWS ITEMS

The boys pulled a fast one on Rohr the other night when they took his lock and key. We all knew he had that swell cake hid in his locker. The boys say that if the gal is as sweet as the cake they would like very much to meet her.

The gang in barracks one have always wondered why it took Tharp so long to sweep out the Orderly room. But upon putting a reliable man to spying on him they soon found the reason. It takes quite some time to sort out all of the cigar butts. It has been rather hard on him since the Government has reduced expenses. The cigar butts are all so short now that Tharp uses a pin to keep from burning his lips. He thinks that one of the quarter cigars is really a find. Cheer up Tharp better cigar butts are coming soon.

Company baker Hipp the blond slayer says, "If I could have just walked home with her." How about it Hipp old Laddy.

The boys would all like to know why Father John carries his flash light in the daytime. Perhaps the reason is that he is looking for an honest man in this old company of ours boys.

We are all wondering when Captain Davis and Willie will be with us again.

### A PRAYER

Oh Father to you on  
this bleak and lonely day,  
The thoughts of my mind  
of my heart I would say,  
Dees life never smile  
is life never glad,  
Must I always be lonely  
Must I always be sad.

Is the game worth the playing  
The reward worth the due,  
None other can answer  
Dear Father but you,  
I'm straight from the shoulder  
tried to always be straight,  
But to the load on my shoulders  
life adds only weight.

Am I right in my striving  
For a goal so high,  
Other strivers have reached it  
then why cannot I,  
I ask but to give service  
save others from pain,  
Toward healing and helping  
I only do aim.

I beseech Thee to help me  
my steps to lead on,  
May I have your approval  
when lifes work is done,  
And I'm sure as I strive on  
I'll ne'er rue the day,  
That I entrusted in Thee  
to show me the way.

J. S. Witters

R. J. Michal Editor