



With the Colors

3/14/44

HITLER'S PRAYER

Oh God, who art in heaven, raise Thy
holy hand and heil;
And stand at strict attention as der
fuehrer prays awhile.
You have listened to the others 'till
my face is in a rut;
Don't You know that Allied prayers
are but stupid scuttlebut?
Oh Lord, please curse the Russians
for their most unholy sin,
They won't accept our culture, and
they kill my supermen;
Mein Gott! How can You sit there
and witness such disgrace?
Don't You realize that Germans con-
stitute the master race?
Please curse the hated Yankees, who
have kicked my men around;
Who made an ass of Rommel, making
me look like a clown.
Stop their steady, sure advancing;
You could do it if you would;
Stop their shipping and production;
I would do it if I could.
Why help the bloody English who
have sinned against you so,
Why give the Jews protection, which
I think is pretty low;
Their sins are too enormous and too
numerous to tell,
The beer they make is sin enough to
scorch the gates of hell.
The RAF is bombing every day and
every night,
They can't do that to Germans be-
cause it isn't right;
So please destroy London, which I
tried so hard to do,
You could do it with an earthquake
or a hurricane or two.
Oh God, I've tried to help You; now
it's time that You helped me;
I have punished quick and justly, just
as You would have it be.
See what I did to Poland, who had
sinned so hard and long,
In wanting independence, which You
know is very wrong;
I murdered every heathen and reduced
the place to sod.
They killed my favorite hangmen, and
it must have made You sad,
But I killed the whole damn village,
and that must have made You
glad.
Now God, You must act quickly to
correct Your big mistake,

For I'm getting out of patience at the
choice You seem to make;
It is true You are holy, but I also am
the great,
And for Your better interest You
must co-operate.
Of Thee I ask but little — just to rule
this little earth,
And every man upon it from the mo-
ment of his birth;
Let me have him every moment 'till
no longer there is breath,
I will boss him while he is living;
You can have him after death.
If You don't I'm out to get You, and
before Your very eyes,
I will send my Luftwaffe shooting and
raise hell within the skies.
So my lovely prayer is ended, and I
hope it sinks right in;
For it is not propaganda, so Heil Hit-
ler, Lord. —Amen.

—J. P. Gillis, Yeoman Second Class.

* * * * *

THE ARMY NURSE

Like other girls I planned my life,
A home or a career,
Perhaps as mother, loving wife,
All sacred things and dear;
With high ambitions like the rest,
I ventured forth to find
My place in life and do my best,
With peace of heart and mind.
Then clouds of war came rolling on
And darkened every land,
Embracing every mother's son,
And every able man;
The need was great, the call was loud,
Grew louder every day,
While I was one among the crowd,
Who just went on my way.
But as I watched our boys go by,
There came a growing urge,
It gripped my heart, changed to a
cry,
With up and onward surge;
I felt I too was meant to serve,
My own beloved land;
Once duty bound, nothing could
swerve
My pledge to lend a hand.
To sympathize and understand,
And cheerfully to give
My best to every wounded man,
In hope that he may live;
It matters not who has the blame,
Nor where the guilt shall fall,
To me are friend and foe the same,
My services are for all.
I pray for strength to last until
Real peace shall reign again,
Our Master's wish and God's good will
And brotherhood with men;
And never once will I regret,
What makes my task worth while,
The best an Army nurse can get,
A greatful soldier's smile.

—Lieutenant Lucille Chaney,
Army Nurse Corps.