



With the *5/16/44* Colors



Sergeant Donald Dufrain and his friend, Sergeant Johns, on the lawn of a barracks at Honolulu. Fuzzy, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Dufrain of Newton, is in an Antiaircraft Artillery battery. He has been playing basket ball recently and has been helping his battery team win.

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Sergeant Delbert Kerner, who is in Iran, writes under date of May 1: "I am writing this of 3:30 p. m. in the afternoon. I just got my beer ration. I have some on ice and boy does it hit the spot.

"Our summer has started again. It is a hundred and forty today but that is cool towards what it will be in another month or two. We have a new outside theatre now and they have some swell shows and the Red Cross has a snack bar where they give us cold drinks and cookies. Mighty swell of them, I think.

"I hope I can come home before long, and get out of this hot hole.

"I am sending this little poem to you for publication:"

Strictly G-I

Here I sit on my G-I bed,
With my G-I hat upon my head,
My G-I pants, my G-I shoes,
All is free, nothing to lose.
G-I razor, G-I comb,
Gee I wish that I were home.
They've issued me everything I need—
Paper to write on, books to read;
My belt, my socks, my G-I tie,
All are free, nothing to buy.
They issue me food that makes me
grow,
Gee I wish I were on furlough;
I eat my food from a G-I plate
And buy my needs at a G-I rate.
It's G-I this and G-I that,
G-I hair cut, G-I hat,
Everything is G-I issue;
Oh my darling, G-I miss you.

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