

FLAK

1943		JANUARY					1944	
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.		
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December 27, 1942

SGT. STEWART WINS CONTEST

THE WAR TODAY

After much deliberation upon the part of the judges, and much pulling of hair and gnashing of teeth, Sgt. Fred Stewart of Captain Bailey's boys was awarded our cash prize of \$ 5.00 for the best poem submitted to Flak. His poem "THE PRIZE" is printed below:

THE PRIZE

An angry Zeus hurls thunderbolts across
 a darkened sky
 And righteous fury throbs above the
 misty plain.
 Against the little men of faulty heart
 Who dared usurp the powers Infinite.
 No conscious champions of freedom,
 these so high aloft,
 No men stood back to back with wall,
 But honest, fearful human flesh
 With thoughts of God-of fear-of ecstasy;
 Of things named and not,
 Of a steaming pot of devil's mix
 Or a slender-necked glass of pink cham-
 paigne,
 As through the perilous night their
 winged way
 Would happily perish on the path to
 Peace.

-- Fred Stewart

The New Year, which offers much hope of favorable news in the months to come, also provides much material for the arm chair strategists and military prognosticators.

The lack of major action on Tunisian area leaves Stalin's irresistible warriors occupying the center spotlight. According to the latest reports, the Red forces are rapidly moving toward Rostov and are now within 105 miles of this important key city. If the unpredictable Russians continue their progress at their present rate and add Rostov to the list of recaptured cities then the Germans may well be in a bad way at least so far as the Eastern Campaign is concerned. With the city would come control of the lines of communication so necessary to the Hitler divisions. Already the Huns are finding it necessary to bring supplies to the retreating Nazis by plane, an inadequate substitute for prior systems of transport used by the fuehrer. But the railroads and the highways have been cut by the Soviet troops. Three hundred thousand Nazis, suffering the rigors of the Russian winter see themselves trapped within the arms of the middle Don offensive and unless they can fight their way out, their fate can be capture or annihilation. For Hitler, to dream of a white Christmas, was to see again, death and destruction at the

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Headquarters ◆◆◆◆

hands of the Russian patriots.

Meanwhile, in North Africa, Rommel's retreat continues. The Eighth British Army has captured Sirte and see-saw minor engagements are being fought about Tunis for possession of tactically valuable hills and ridges. Axis reinforcing ships and planes are being subjected to air and submarine interception. All of which means that slowly the stage is being set for the big offensive that appears to be inevitable. Hitler, finally on the defensive realizes how necessary for his safety, it is to retain his toe-hold in North Africa at least until he can prepare for the invasion that is to come. Already faced with the destruction by Allied Air Forces of his railroad communications and the uncertainty of when and where invasion will take place, he is beset with problems of shifting planes, troops and supplies to the most strategic locations. Accustomed to selecting his own battlegrounds, he is now forced to defend all sides of the European continent and the task is none too easy.

Let us hope that we, and our allies will add much to his increasing difficulties during the new year.

-- Capt. Carl Kisselman

A POEM

You ask me to remember you always!
The length of eternity!
But what would you have me remember?
Would you have me see
Hair caught in the fingers of the
moon;
Eyes filled with laughter;
The curve of your neck in the dusk?
Perhaps so, but after
Your pale arms have turned to dust,
And your breasts are stone;
When your smile has faded at last --
Do you think flesh and bone
Are sufficient stuff for remembrance?

Rather let me remember you as sunlight
upon the mountain,
As rain slanting on the wind;
Or as a pensive nun
Breathless with adoration.
When your song is done
And your voice has slipped to a shroud,
I shall burden
The sullen moon with an ancient cry.

-- 1st Lt. James H. Cooper

Here's a toast to Lt. Colonel Tokaz, on his recent advent into the Colonel class. Your humble reporter hereby resolves as one of his New Year resolutions, to avoid all embarrassing entanglements with Colonels. Captain "Bouncer" Bachrach is seriously thinking of placing a request with Base Engineers, to have the run-ways on the field raised about five feet to allow him to land his Cub plane smoothly. Lt. Hoffman returned from Pittsburgh last week, and announced that he was married. We have been trying to find out more about the nuptials, but information seems to be shrouded.

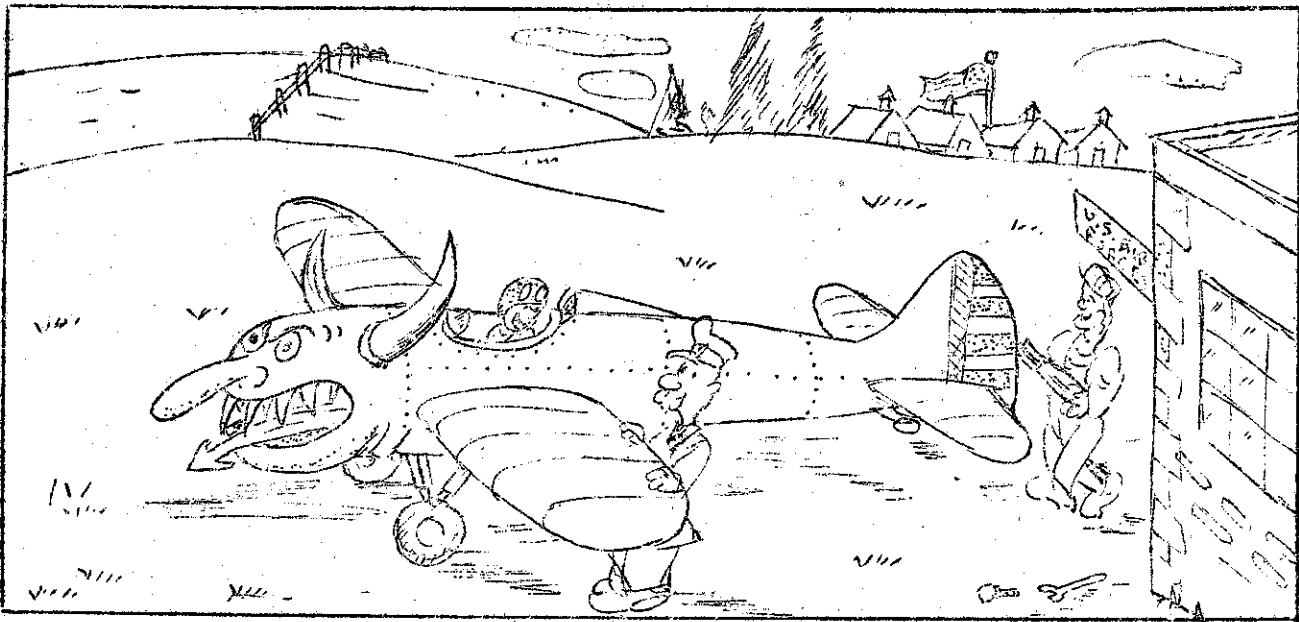
If you had been in the dining room of the Lord Colleton Hotel in Walterboro, on Xmas Eve, there would no need to write this column. However, since we were not all included in that formidable gathering of Headquarter's men, we will try to give you a running account of the proceedings. A long festive board was laid out with olives, pickles, potato chips, nuts, cheese, sandwich meats, and of course those great big beautiful bottles. When a goodly part of the men had gathered, they sat down at the table and were put at ease by T/Sgt Dullinger, the toastmaster. M/Sgt McElroy favored us with a short speech, and from then on it was a series of toasts and speeches. Sgt Slutsky was the first to be overcome by the influence of the toasts, and proclaimed his affection for every member of our little clan. Then Cpl. Deese arrived on the scene, and was immediately supplied with a large tumbler of panther oil. Cpl Setzer rendered us a couple of original solos to the tune of St. Louis Blues and Pennies from Heaven, accompanied by T/Sgt Voorhees, who fell down on the piano. Sgt. Kepp gave his own inimitable imitation of Boake Carter and Bob Burns above the roar of the applauding audience.

The highlight of the evening was a visit from Colonel Mills, Colonel Rhudy Major Paul, and some other officers. The short visit was filled with much wit on the part of the Colonel, and he left a house full of good feeling as he made his departure.

Captain and Mrs. Kisselman dropped in later and paid their respects. The somewhat inebriated Sgts Slutsky and Kepp rather over-did themselves in wishing their very best to the Captain and his wife. We were finally able to drag them away to a safe, non-inflammable distance.

However about 10:00 PM horror gripped our midst. All hilarity ceased, and a mournful depression set in; for over by the piano, the body sat draped over a

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"I don't know if it's a good fighter or not, but we'll sure scare hell out of 'em!"

chair. Resuscitation efforts proved to no avail, and as we laid the corpse upon the kitchen sink, we feared that the old man was dead. Never more would that still mouth encompass those wiry cheeroots; never more would those red-lidded eyes see the dawn. The body was finally loaded into a taxi, and hauled home, where it finally came to life about noon the next day. The last thing that this man saw as he drifted off into the arms of Morpheus was T/Sgt Ryan carrying the limp figure of Sgt Kepp through the barracks door.

We offer our hearty appreciation to T/Sgt Dullinger and T/Sgt Gambon for their splendid job of arranging this party.

FLASH: Sgt Kepp arose this morning and made this statement: "Wocoo, I feel sort of naked this morning. I got a haircut yesterday."

ADVICE TO THE LOVE*LORN

Dear Aunt Agatha,

I am very deeply in love with a girl back home, but have been hesitating to marry her, because I don't think life would be very exciting for her in this town. I have to work six nights a week and think she would be very lonely. However, all my pals think it would be wonderful if she was here, and assure me she would not be lonely, which I think is very nice of them. She is very faithful to me, and swears she hasn't looked at a man since I was drafted - of course there aren't many men to look at in Gruesome Gulch.

Sergeant Joseph J. Jerk, Jr.

Dear Sgt. Jerk:

Frankly, No.

Aunt Agatha.

Dear Aunt Agatha:

I have been meaning to get married to my sweetheart for a long time now, but every time I used to talk it over with my friends back at C.A.A.B. they said "Why buy a cow when milk is so cheap?" which seemed logical to me. However, I find that down here that milk is not only quite expensive but also very scarce. Do you think I should buy a cow?

Private Murgatroyd P. Ramsbottom.

Dear Pvt. Ramsbottom,

Frankly, Yes.

Aunt Agatha.

Dear Aunt Agatha:

I took my date to a formal dance the other night, and bought her a corsage, which she pinned on the front of her evening gown between her two diamond clasps. This made dancing very difficult, and on the way home in a taxi she kept saying in a deliciously sloppy drawl, "No, honey you'll crush my flowers." "What should I have done?"

Lt. Wilbur P. Horace.

Dear Lt. Horace:

I'm afraid I can't answer your letter as I find it somewhat ambiguous; what made her say "No, honey"/ Please tell me more.

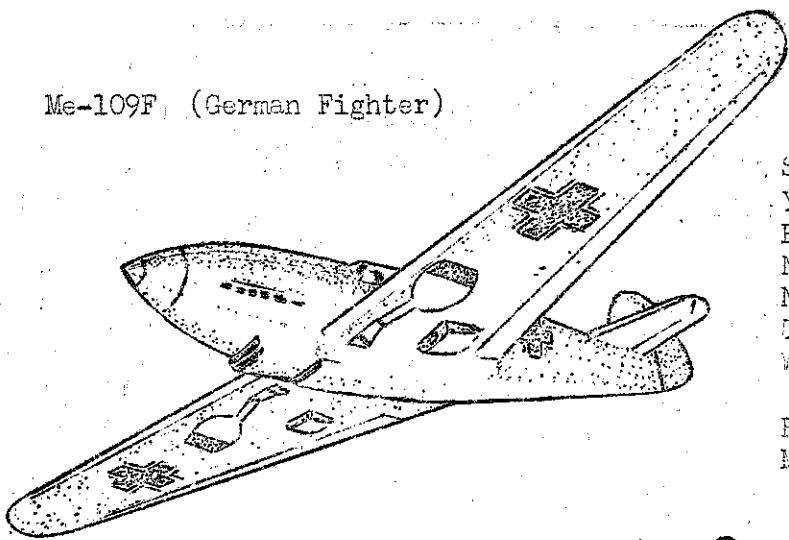
Aunt Agatha.

Whittington's Warriors

Peering out from under the Christmas hangover we look about to find what kind of news we can offer to the world these days. Now that everyone is back from their furlough, passes, R.O.M.s, etc., our barrack are beginning to bulge from the number of occupants therein. Strays, casual, and men returning from furlough are having

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Me-109F (German Fighter)



This one's hot and packs a hit,

Straight from Willie Messerschmitt
You can tell it's Willie's pride
By the air scoop on each side.
Note the lack of tail plane struts
Now, no "ifs" or "ands" or "buts";
This is where you rise and shine
With "Messerschmitt, One Hundred
Nine"

But, be sure you make it clear
Model "F's" what we have here.

Capt. Bailey's Boys

a hard time finding lying-down space in some of the barracks.

Our Christmas dinner was a gourmet's delight. It was quite a spread. A big hand is due to the cooks who worked so hard to prepare it for us. And another hand, no smaller, is due to Lt. Bayless our mess Officer for planning such a feast. Of course, we all know that the Christmas tree and the other decoration are due to the efforts of First Sgt. Parkins, the boy with the artist's eye, an ear for music, a stomach for steaks and a Joisey accent.

Congrats to our handsome adjutant, E.F. BUGBEE, who this day went off the gold standard and donned the silver bars of a First Lt. in a cloud of ten-cent cigars.

Another epoch this week: Pfc (bucking for Cpl) Nelson, the pillar of our social life (mail orderly to you) successfully passed the motor vehicle driver's test. No longer will our erstwhile carrier of the mail stay grounded in the Orderly Room while someone else goes to get the Mail.

Things were pretty quiet in the Squadron Area Christmas Eve, except for a burst of "Sleep in Heavenly Peace" rendered by the Mess Hall troubadours at about 2:00 AM. We hear that Savannah and Orangeburg were well patronized by the boys of this squadron on that eventful occasion.

We have a certain Master Sergeant, probably accustomed to the Arctic Climate who persists in running from the barracks to the latrine rather naked. We are waiting for an alert.

Furloughs are just too much for some people. One of our popular line chiefs, who just returned from furlough, is going to Ft. Jackson for treatment. No other questions are being answered.

Sgt. Hickey is comfortable RON in Walterboro or someplace and the deadline nears with no contributions from our local Winchell so again his "ghost" submits this not-too-well done epic. Sorry, we'll have to get Hickey on the ball so that you can enjoy reading this some time.

And now we turn our thoughts to the blissful papoose usually associated with the New Year. But before leaving Christmas, let us first praise Messieurs Rexford and Collazo; the first for contributing a noble feast and the latter for strewing tinsel and good cheer. And Captain Bailey for standing at his post so late on Christmas Eve. Or couldn't he bare leaving his game of darts?

A very wee fellow with an exceedingly long name gave up a plaintive cry in the wilderness. "Oh, please add Junior to my name." Apologies from Finance. Kocherschnitz and Junior will not fit on the Payroll. Take your choice, little man.

Arthur Q. Miethke has begged us not to banter his name about in public. The mightyman would have seclusion. We are married too.

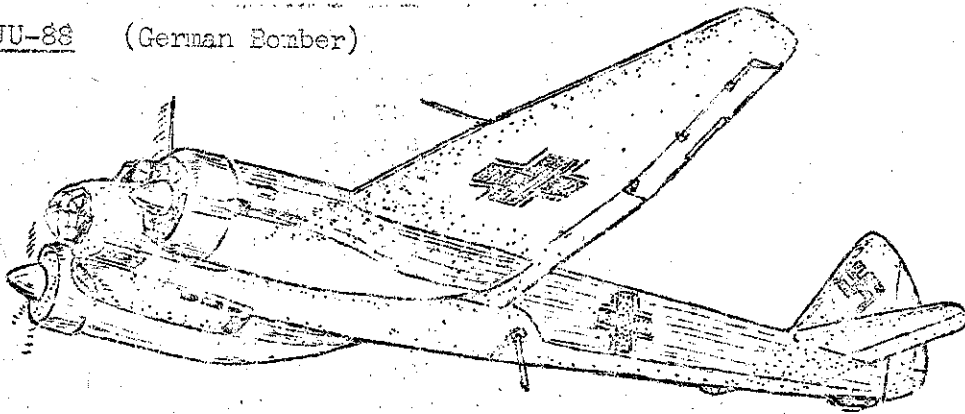
Demoss can be found any time between the hours of six to six at night behind barricade with a tommie gun pointed at the inner wall of Supply. He must stand his guard over G.I. and one kitten.

We have stumbled across a new "character". There is a gent from Boston with a simulated "cookie duster" who has crooned himself and his guitar into the dubious light of noteriety. He alone can wear O.D.s a la Zoot Soot.

Then, too, there is Hanna. Come over to 109 and have a look. He is an Indian like on the other side of the Buffalo. His barracks' bags are stuffed with trophies of the War Path. He si our secret weapon against the Axis. We trust we will last until he gets there.

Shea has been wandering around with that New York look in his eye stumbling over broom straws and pebbles. Covet not thy neighbor's goods.

THREE CAN KEEP A SECRET WHEN TWO
ARE DEAD -----



See those nacelles--way out in front,
 And note their forward contour--blunt.
 Don't be misled and don't be fooled.
 Those engines both are liquid-cooled.
 That "whirlwind" look is just a cowling
 To set the airplane spotters howling.
 The tail plane's forward of the fin
 And that should help bring guesses in;
 As should the fuselage so slender,
 Devoid of any "bitter-ender."
 Gunner's turret in the tail,
 Where British bombers pack a flail.
 It's fast and heavy ----- cogitate!
 Why, it's the Junker's Eighty-eight.

Hampton's Handsomes

Greetings Gates --- lets elucidate.
 Well, another Christmas has passed
 us by and a big New Year looms ahead.
 A bigger and better new year in which
 to knock off the axis and establish
 peace throughout the world again.

We hear that "our boy" 'Mac' has
 more or less slipped back into the
 old routine again now that his little
 pidgeon has gone back to mother.

More miscellaneous musings from the
 orderly room -- we hear that a certain
 little G.I. is getting very chummy with
 the deputy sheriff's daughter down in
 the local hamlet. How 'boot' that T.
 G. ?

Advice to all married men, shack pap-
 pics, bush bunnies, etc., don't ever
 miss roll call and reveille. Not even
 'one time', because Mac is exceedingly
 rough on the lads that do. Ask WCD, he
 knows, but definitely.

Lt. Fields, the Adjutant, had a
 brief respite from his duties and a
 short (shall we say rest), the other
 day when 'Sweetpea' came in from Ala-
 bama to see him. Sweet looking little
 gal too. Mmmmm-----

Our best wishes go out to T/Sgt Carl
 Wells who tangled with a B-25 the other
 day. We all hope that you come out on
 top Carl and can be back with all the
 old gang very soon.

After yesterday we have quite a few
 Stripe Happy G.I.'s floating around the
 area. Many of the boys were seen stroll-

ing around in a daze after being not-
 ified of a nice fat promotion.

Have you got any insurance? Are
 you married? Do you have any uh ---
 children? Who would collect your in-
 surance if you died or got knocked
 off:?? These were the subtle questions
 asked by Lt. Wheeler in interviewing
 some of the boys the day after Christ-
 mas. Ah, ghastly business this, may-
 be it was that turkey, or maybe the
 cranberry sauce -- Oh well, I can rest
 in peace -- one time anyway.

Well my fine frittered bretheren,
 better I sign off for now and go feed
 the goose a little gravel.

IT COULD BE ----

Our Navy has at last found a way
 of combatting the enemy submarine! This
 new method is surprisingly simple, and
 few can see why it was not used and
 thought of, some time ago.

Authority has given orders for each
 Cruiser, Destroyer and Battleship, to
 carry on board, when leaving port for a
 foreign point, 20,000 gallons of green
 paint. Special equipment has been in-
 stalled on board these ships to distribut
 this paint over the surface of the sea,
 in the area of these ships, when a sub
 is sighted.

Paint has an adhering quality, and
 that is it's purpose, to cause a film
 or covering of green over the periscope
 of the enemy undersea craft. This com-
 pletely covers the periscope and pre-
 vents the enemy commander from deter-
 mining when he is on the surface, and
 not being able to see but green, natur-
 ally he would take it that he is still
 below surface, and he will continue to
 rise, up and up, and up. When the Sub-
 marine is 500 feet into the air --- our
 ships shoot them down with Anti-aircraft
 guns! Could be!

Your contributions make "FLAK"
 your paper. If you like "FLAK" let
 us hear from you in the way of
 news and little bits of information
 that will be of interest to your
 buddies.

A Doctor Can Bury His Mistakes

The farmer in Kentucky was on his way to the barn for the early morning milking. He looked into the dimness of the sky overhead; something up there was making a hell of a racket. Straining his eyes over the horizon he searched for some clue as to what it might be. Suddenly, just over the hilltop adjoining his farm, he saw it! A ship, a huge flying machine was careening crazily toward him, obviously out of control, and heading for the ground. In less than a moment the inevitable happened. The entire countryside was rocked by a deafening crash. Naked trees stood silhouetted in the glare that followed. Sheets of crackling, burning flame leaped high against the hillside illuminating the blackness of the heavy sky. Hurrying to the spot where the mighty thing had fallen, the farmer surveyed the wreckage. Torn and twisted bits of metal were everywhere and the entire hillside was enveloped in a wall of flame. The man waited for the fire to spend itself with its angry burning and edged closer. Two men had been thrown clear and were lying in awkward, sprawling attitudes in a gully not far away. He looked at them, noticed they were quite dead and hurried to the still burning ship. Scrambling up to the pilot's compartment he reached in and pulled out two more --- both were dead, both horribly burned. Before the fire had died away there were six bodies lying on the coldness of that Kentucky hillside. All were dead --- all so badly mutilated and burned, they were unrecognizable.

In the passing of a second in time, six men had died. Six men who would laugh no more. Six men who would no more the vibrancy of living; the exultation that a hundred million things in this life brings to only those who live. WHY? Of course no one will ever actually know. There wasn't enough left of the ship to ever determine the cause of the accident and there wasn't anyone in the plane who was able to speak and perhaps explain. Any one of a million things could have been the cause of such a tragedy. A mechanic could have overlooked one tiny connection on the fuel pressure line; the pilot could have been mistaken by just a hundred feet in his reading of the altimeter. The navigator could have misinformed the pilot as to the height of the scrubby hills. No matter how small the mistake was, it was serious enough to take the lives of six men and to cost the government a quarter of a million dollars in equipment.

If a man makes a mistake in this business he has to live with it, no matter how many may die as a result of it. A DOCTOR CAN BURY HIS MISTAKES, but we can't! We can no more afford to make a mistake here in our training than we will be able to in combat overseas. Each one of us in the air corps is a specialist. We have received the finest training in the world and we should be qualified to do our jobs in the right way, without making those mistakes that may result in a horrible accident. All accidents are not avoidable but most of them are. Too many men are satisfied with the easy way; too many of us say to ourselves, "That's good enough; that will do," when deep down inside us we know that it isn't actually good enough and that sometimes it will not do.

The men who fly these ships are men who want to live as you and I. When they rise from the ground they have placed their trust and their very lives in our hands. Let us then, at the beginning of this New Year, resolve that our hands from now on shall be capable enough, and sure enough to handle that trust and those lives without fear, without misgiving and with confidence that only comes when we know we have done the job and done it right.

-- William M. Pearlstein



"He says he's practicing how to remain calm under fire!"