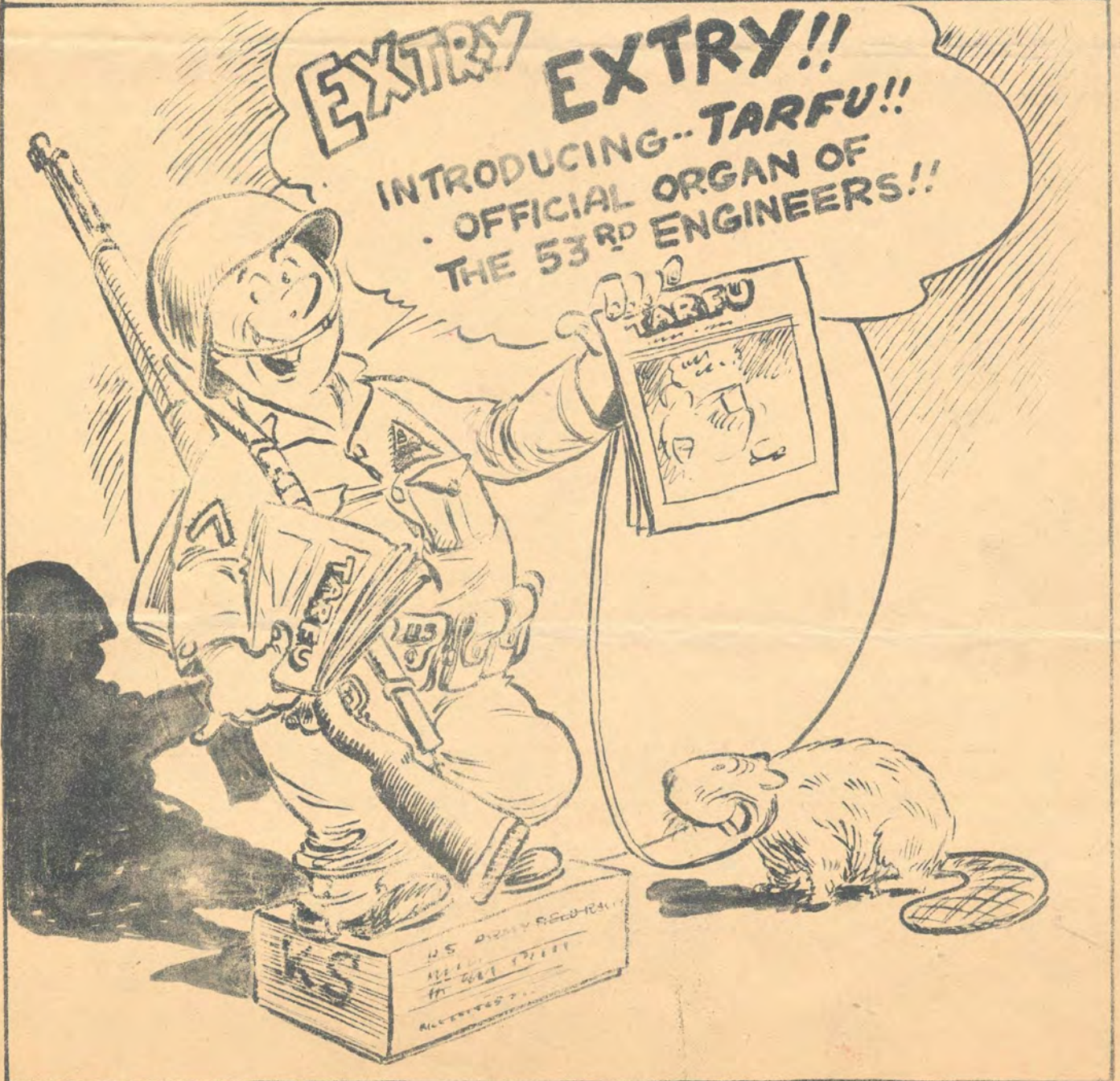


# TARFU

Vol. 1 No. 1

53rd Armd Engr Bn

16 November 1943



T A R F U

BI-WEEKLY PAPER PUBLISHED

BY THE

53RD ARMORED ENGINEER BATTALION



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\* \* \* \*

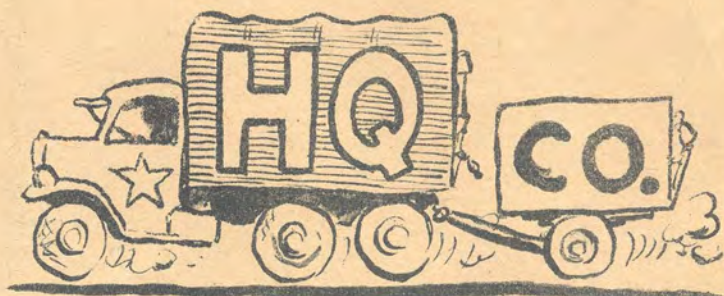
EDITORIAL

Men of the engineers, "Tarfuf" is your paper. Through it your worth while accomplishments together with those of your detachment or company will be brought before the eyes of other men in this Battalion. A job well done will receive just praise or, on the other hand, a job poorly done will likewise be brought to light.

It is our wish that this paper, published by and for you will more closely bind us together, that every man of the 53rd Engineers will take an interest in the material that its pages contain. Your ideas, your articles, your jokes and cartoons will put "Tarfuf" across.

Follow closely the life of our cover boy, "Pfc Tarfuf". Rumor has it that he has many troubles before him, but like all good soldiers he keeps trying.

Capt HENRY C. SCHRADER,  
 Executive Officer.



We suggest that Staff Sergeant "Joe" Schwoyer and his crew take a well deserved bow for the excellent chow we have been receiving. Thought sure this week the boys got their menu mixed up with the Thanksgiving date and gave us a real feast of steak, and all the fixings.

Have you heard T/4 Schlecht play "You'll Never Know" (and we don't) on his guitar? He certainly does mutilate a song that the Ink Spots have made famous. Either the guitar goes or else it's our friend Sergeant Schlecht. Which is it Sergeant?

Have you noticed how versatile our First Sergeant Arbaugh is? Company "A" really trains their men properly. Sergeant Arbaugh performs the duties of First Sergeant, messenger, and also finds time to police up. Can't you find a job for him in the supply room Sergeant Kreuzer?

Request have poured in to Headquarters Company for donations from the men in order to purchase a "pot" to be placed under the bed of Private "Joe" Heitman, for his convenience as well as a safety measure for the men in his barracks. Take it easy on the beer Joe or else our company will be known as the Amphibious Engineers. Donations for the "pot" should be given to Sergeant Wojtowicz.

Saw Sergeant McNamara smile the other day. What are you doing to our boy, Sergeant Mauney, to make him feel so good?

Nimble footed T/5 Walker has just received an award for excellence in drilling. Walker was the essence of grace as he always countered with the movements a second after everyone else. A picture we

would enjoy seeing is T/5 Brubaker putting Walker thru the various formations.

Did you see the expression on Pfc Neilson when he returned to camp after spending two months in school at Fort Knox? Why do all the men have such a forlorn expression when they return here? Your answer is right.

Our congrats to the following who have received new promotions.

Sgt William Deverman to S/Sgt  
T/5 Fred Cronemeyer to T/4  
Pfc Edward Neilson to Cpl  
Pfc Wesley Beal to T/5  
Pvt Francis Collins to T/5



Company "A" cookery is right on the ball these days. They found a new liquid for scrubbing floors, cleaning leggings, and also as a paint mixer. We don't miss the coffee very much anyway.

Why did Laneman probe into his lunch bag with a bayonet? Is mine school getting him? Maybe he was looking for the meat between the bread. Could Be !!

We want to know why drivers don't pull K. P. When K. P.'s have to shine vehicles for inspections.

We want to know why the Infantry is not chased out of our P. X. We Engineers can't get a thing in the place, it is so full of blue braids. This stuff must CEASE.

I watched Battalion Football practice a few times, and it is very poor. There is no organization to it. We want to win

a few games, and we certainly won't if our heros don't get on the ball. It seems we have 10 captains and one player. That's not right. What we need is cooperation.

Did any of you see that grotesque figure with the Bull Whip hitting those poor defenseless second platoon boys? He thinks he is back in the cavalry beating horses. I call on your sense of humanity to see that this stops.

Our friend "Happy" Weaver; who recently visited the Dental Clinic sure has a tough time with Sergeant Clements chow, such as it is. P.S. It doesn't matter anyway; he is dead according to the 8th Armored Division Mine School.

They say Moe is quite the lady killer since he started simonizing his bald spot.

Company "A" really looked good on that last C.C. A. problem. The 58th Infantry are probably still stuck deep in that mud. We didn't lose a single vehicle.

We hope our new mailman, T/5 Bable learns the names of the boys pretty soon. With Mail Call it's T. A. R. F. U.

A fellow from "B" Company asked what kind of cigars we gave the Colonel because we always get the best problems, etc; but if they would get on the ball, they would get places too. "A" Company is just good that's all.

Melville will soon move into the P. X. if he has his way. It seems he likes the candy counter, or something behind it.

If some of our bucks don't stop their bucking, they are going to saddle them and bust 'em quick; I heard.

The second platoon Rebel ought to stop being a "Don Juan" and come down to earth. Those Many, Louisiana gals are wising up.

Congratulations to Lt Elder who has been promoted to First Lieutenant.

It is whispered lately in our company and in the latrine; after lights go out, that our top kick is looking very poor. The reason? Well, he goes to town quite often, and you know what happens when our curly headed boy gets loose.

Who's the famous "Pussy" of Company "A"? At least that's what a certain girl from Pennsylvania calls him. Could it be Private Reynolds? Could be !!

Was that Johnny Moore who was washing his fatigues, after the boys scared him with a booby trap in his footlocker the other night.

T/5 G.B. looked awfully sad when he came back from furlough. Gee! Betty; why did you do it.

Congrats are in order to the Boston Kid in his promotion to Sergeant. Nice going sonney.

We regret to inform you that we have lost our boy from Connecticut, Von Dietch. He has gone to the Ordnance Battalion.

Former buguler, Sommer has gone to the Quartermaster. He got out just in time, that was a bad job.



Have you watched Company "B"'s busy boys build a Bailey Bridge? Beautiful !! The recipe. Brawn, brains, beams, and bolts. The weather. B - R - R - R.

A few remenants of the now dissolved Company "D" breezed in a few days back, bringing with them the man with the horn. An innovation for our company.

Nothing sweeter at five in the morning than a spattering of rasping notes to muss up those precious and to few winks of sleep. The inevitable request is that all greet his music with the rousing cheer of "Blow it out your \_\_\_\_\_!"

Recent well-earned advancements in our company are as follows:  
T/4 Carroll L. Mizner to Sgt  
T/5 G. D. Buckner to T/4  
Pfc Edward J. Witkowski to T/5  
Pvt George S. Clark to T/5  
Pvt Edward Helbig to T/5

Has anybody seen our romantic First Sergeant in action? If not, contact T/5 Charlie Saab, Company "A" for particulars.

What's this about Bang-bang Billings banging up at the guardhouse the other P. M? Bad boy.

Did you see Headquarters Company when they returned from their bivouac of a one night stand. Such a motley looking crew, they appeared to be all in. Sergeant Faraci wants to know, "Are they soldiers or glamour boys?"

Our congratulations to Lt Campos who was recently promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. The advancement is a well deserved recognition, and he can surely count on us for whole hearted support.

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What a relief! Mine School is now over after a hectic 10 days and we can now retire to a life of ease, in which all we have to do is blast, construct bridges, probe for mines, march for hours, drill, and bivouac for days. How do men acquire such a racket?

Company "C" has now become a haven for all stray dogs. If the rate of re-production continues at its unabated speed our Company will have more dogs than men. If such a condition becomes evident we might as well turn the company over to Division K 9 in charge of training dogs.

The mine school did have a few humorous moments. Who was the soldier that kept practicing knife throwing until he finally acquired such success he succeeded in putting a bayonet into his foot.

What officer was guilty of reading the paper at the mine school when he should have been listening? Dick Tracy can't help you go through a minefield.

Our hats off to S/Sgts Raymond, Gerry and McMullen for a job well done. Much was learned during school that will be of inestimable value in the field of battle.

Sergeant Cohen gave a most capable demonstration of what Snafu would do when confronted with a mine field. Everything he did would have put Snafu into Eternity for the duration--plus. It was in such a manner that the men could easily grasp the reason for being cautious as they worked in a minefield.

Congratulations to Supply Sergeant Hilinski who was judged as having the best supply room records in the Division. The Sergeant is ably assisted by T/5 Kropsack and T/5 Thorne.

Speaking of dogs, Mess Sergeant White has delivered an ultimatum. "It's either the dogs go or we must get rid of Gallagher to keep within rations." What can we do men, we can't turn the dogs out into this barren Louisiana.----So long, Gallagher!

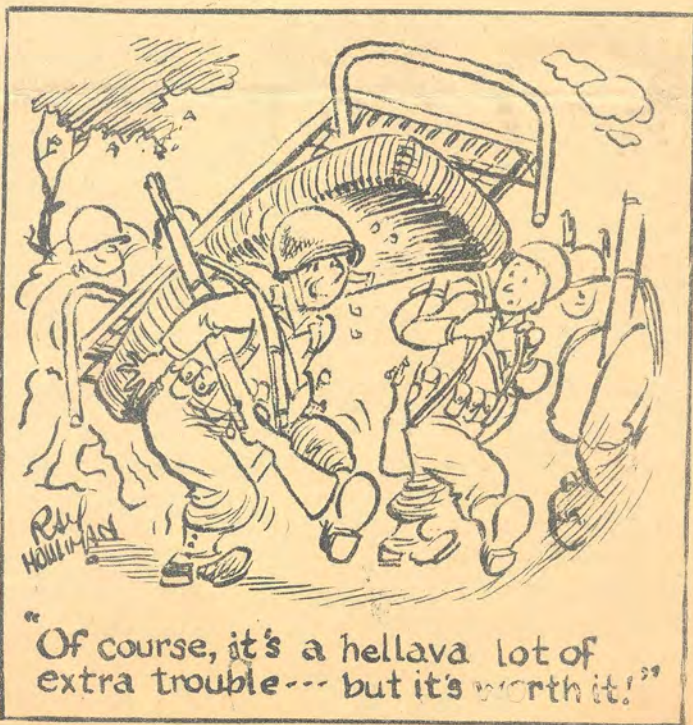
Our heartfelt sympathy goes to T/5 John Coakley. He hasn't heard from his "honey" in New Haven in quite some time. It's rumored that she has been stepping out with a "wolf" with a 4F rating. Better practice up on your M1 "Red".

T/5 Cavano did excellent work in the construction of the trip wire for the mines. He can also be called on to eliminate men with his art for the dominoes.

Congratulations to the following on their recent promotions.  
 Cpl Herschel Varney to Sgt  
 Cpl Arthur Rezeagli to Sgt  
 T/5 Lawrence O'Brien to T/4  
 Pfc Enock Usalis to T/5  
 Pvt John Miller to T/5

Don't forget to give our reporters your material for next issue of "Tarfu". It's your paper, see that it doesn't go hungry.

\* \* \* \*



"Of course, it's a hellava lot of extra trouble--- but it's worth it!"



Have you noticed the strange phenomena with the Medics. It seems that wherever S/Sgt Patterson goes, his shadow always follows--it even happens during the day as well.

Which high ranking N.C.O. in the Medics had a most difficult night during the Headquarters bivouac? The patient would have been dead by the time you reached him.

An excited Private of the guard rushed into the Battalion Guard House the other night claiming he had captured two German prisoners that had escaped. After careful scrutiny the Sergeant of the guard, identified them as Captain JENNINGS and Lt HILPERT. It must have been the mustache and haircut certainly it was an excusable error on the part of the private.

One certainly misses the smiling countenance of Sergeant Hallett at the Medics these days. Of course some consolation is found, in that he is still near us having been transferred to the 88th Rcn. We all wish him the best of luck with his new unit--'tis Capt BURNSTEIN'S gain.

T/4 Walter Wiedaseck has just returned from school at Denver, Colorado. It is not known definitely whether he was sent for his "health" or the "health" of the other Medics. I know how you feel sergeant. Camp Polk isn't quite like Denver.

It isn't commonly known but the Medics have a man on their staff, who in civilian life was quite a carpenter. Ow-o-o-o-o-o. Perhaps now sick call will show a 25% drop. The odd part of it is that he is equally as adept with a needle as he is with a

chisel. Capt Jennings, is such a trade a prerequisite for a good Medics?

Pfc Rafael Sanchez has arrived at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, having been transferred from Camp Polk. It is still too early for him to base a comparison of camps, but we think we can predetermine his opinion.



Sgt Joe Louis will make his long awaited appearance at Camp Polk on December 12th at the South Camp Field House. At the present writing it has been learned that he will make but one appearance while here. Each battalion will receive a certain proportion of tickets, so men--start bucking. The group headed by Sgt Joe Louis also includes Sugar Ray Robinson well known lightweight, and many others from Louis' stable.

Any Company wishing to secure a victrola for a nights entertainment should contact the Special Service N.C.O. The latest "jive" or the best in classical music can be offered for your pleasure if you just request it. This combination is just the right thing for a company party.

Free movies are being held each week in the Engineer Recreation Hall. Efforts are being made by this department to secure the best pictures we can as well as special sport features. This coming week the movies will feature the Army-Navy game of last year, in addition to our regular Hollywood films. Don't fail to attend, the larger the crowd the better films we can obtain. Efforts are being made to secure football films of the Chicago Bears and New York Giants for your enjoyment. You can show us that you want such attractions by attending our shows.

Notices have been posted on your bulletin boards in regard to a Pocket Billard Tournament within each Company and the winners will compete for a battalion prize. You can win both a prize within your company and also the battalion. Sign up today -- it's not like the draft, "they" took you, we only ask you to sign voluntarily.

Plans will soon be underway for a basketball league within the Division and also we hope to pick a battalion team from among the various company men. There are a number of good basketball players in the Engineers, so notify your "Tarfus" reporter that you will play. Games will be played at the Recreation Hall and also the Field House at South Camp.

On behalf of the 53rd Engineer Battalion, Special Service wishes to thank the 992nd Engineer Treadway Bridge Company for the sporting equipment given to us. We are indeed happy to receive it and can assure you we shall put it to good use.

Efforts are being made to bring a sufficient quantity of Louisiana belles to our Engineer Area for an exclusive Engineer Dance. The problem of transportation is a great factor in causing an indefinite date, but we hope to announce a dance for the near future. Having definite knowledge that the Engineers are "hungry" for the sight of the opposite sex, I am trying to get an M P as "protection" for each girl or else we will have them armed with the new Colt .45.

\*\*\*\*

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY COMPANY

And then, there's the one about the sentry, who, recently inducted into the service and slightly bewildered by the many formalities required to be learned in so short a time, startled a number of his superior officers while serving his sentry duty, by hailing them with the challenge, "Halt, Look who's here!"

\*\*\*\*

For men with pugilistic interests or so called boxers---take notice. I will have some boxing headgear as well as gloves for your use at any time. Step up men, maybe we have a Joe Louis in the crowd, but with a slightly different color.

\*\*\*\*

S. O. P.

If she looks young -- she's old,  
If she looks old -- she's young,  
If she looks back -- follow her!



"SHORT, SHORT STORY"

Not so very long ago an officer from the 53rd went out on a field problem equipped with practically everything authorized by T.B.A. #21, Cir 105. He looked so very impressive that, as he stepped from his jeep, he was approached by another officer who said, saluting, "I am Colonel \_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_ regiment, Sir." The officer from the 53rd nonchalantly retaliated with a, "That's fine, I'm Lt. \_\_\_\_\_ from the 53rd Engineers."

EDITORS NOTE: Having avoided the use of names, we're allowed, however to point out the beautifully cultivated mustache of the shavetail.

\*\*\*\*

G. I.: I'm not feeling myself today.

She: You're feeling me.

\*\*\*\*

# Profiles -

If one should casually wander into the habitat of Company "A", he would immediately become impressed with the serenity and lack of effervescence among the men which is not usually seen in an Engineer unit.

Inquiring further into this strange phenomenon one could easily find justification for the prevalence of Gloom. Staff Sergeant Arbaugh of the 1st platoon, Company "A", has seen fit to desert his board and lodging so graciously given by Company "A", to join forces with Headquarters Company, as acting First Sergeant.

Sergeant Arbaugh hails from Alderson, West Virginia (however this shouldn't be held against him) and has served in the forces of Uncle Sam for nearly three years. (How did you do it, sergeant?) Not much is known of his early life, but it has been learned from unimpeachable authority that the Sergeant never went out with girls until he was nearly five years old. It isn't definitely known whether there was a leather shortage in West Virginia for twenty years or not, but according to Company "A" men (who should know) the Sergeant received his first pair of shoes upon entry into the Armed Forces.

When the Draft Board finally "selected" our friend Arbaugh for the country's service, the greetings had to be conveyed by carrier pigeon and a two day trek by oxen in order to locate him in the mountains. The mailman of that section of West Virginia, when interviewed, explained that



it was only by accident that he found Arbaugh -- The mailman had fallen into one of Arbaughs' booby traps and had discovered Arbaugh to be enmeshed in his own trap. (He had been in it for two days.) The servant of the government then set our sergeant free of all entanglements with the civilian population and now the government has taken him safely under their wing for the duration.

Sergeant Arbaugh has had many experiences during his hectic stay in the Engineers and I'm quite sure recalls vividly the episode of a recent bivouac. One night the Sergeant endeavoring to emulate "Flash Gordon" sought to invade the peaceful domain of Company "C". Fortunately Company "C" weren't "all asleep" at this crucial moment. Possessing the fleetness of a cat and the head of a fox - a smart one - the sergeant was about to succeed when he was pounced upon by four or five men of Company "C". "Pounced on" is used very conservatively as the "poor boy" was nearly decapitated. Pleading "nolo contendere" our sergeant was lead away to that area reserved for "special guests", muttering, "It ain't fair, you are five to one."

With special aptitude in supervising a platoon and with one of the highest marks recorded within the Battalion for firing both the Carbine and the M1 Rifle, Sergeant Arbaugh comes to Headquarters Company highly recommended by his former associates. We of Headquarters Company will do our utmost to further his record.

\*\*\*

A girl can go far if she is straight, but she can get much further if she is curved.



OBSERVATIONS OF A PRIVATE

During the past three months the Engineers seem to be plagued by frequent Third Army inspections which seem to have a habit of appearing at the most inconvenient times. They have tested us in house-keeping, physical fitness, road marching, and Motor Pool efficiency, enforced rigid rules for us to follow regarding our uniformity of dress and at this present moment are probably racking their brains trying to think of some other complicated means of inconveniencing us. One can readily see that all these tests have been given to determine our efficiency and that a winning Army must be an efficient one, but during all these tests of which I have had the pleasure of participating in, one question has been constantly confronting me. WHO HAS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF TESTING THE THIRD ARMY?

Possibly, one simple way to put a stop to these inspections would be to allow the 53rd to conduct a detailed inspection of the Third Army encampment and I am quite sure that if our boys could spend just a few hours with our Parent Unit they would soon discontinue a majority of these inspections.

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A REQUEST FROM TARFU

TARFU is or soon will be our battalions' latest addition. This is your paper; new of the enlisted men is what it must live on. Every man in the battalion is urged to contribute its growth by giving whatever news items, jokes, poems or latrine gossip he can dig up. Pass on your bits of news to your company reporters, members of the TARFU staff, or to your first sergeant. Remember it's your paper and your news items are what we want.

The Editor.

NOTICE

All Christmas cards and packages should be mailed during the month of November to insure delivery by Christmas.

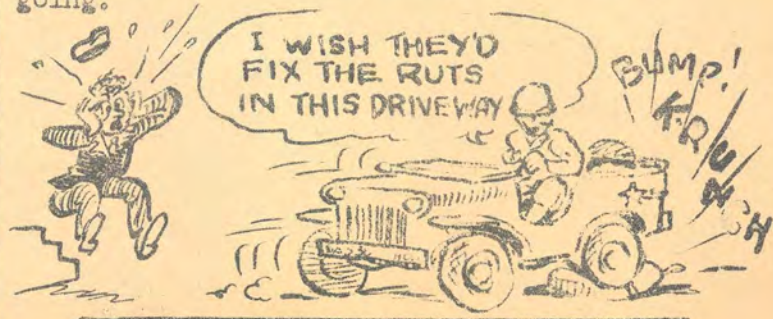
Cpl Estenes,  
Bn Mail Clerk.

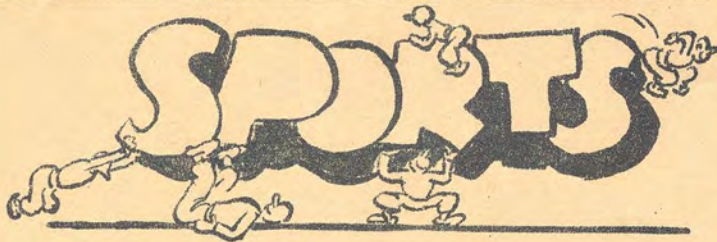
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PRIVATE ZEMAN GOES ON FURLOUGH

If you didn't see Private Zeman take off on his furlough, you really missed a treat. Possessing the manner and coolness of a Zazu Pitts, our Private Zeman had borrowed Sergeant Golds suitcase, hurriedly packed and literally flew out of the barracks. (I can't understand why he should be so anxious to leave Camp Polk so quickly) As he came out of the barracks he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten something (as usual) and placing the suitcase down in the vicinity of some vehicles, he quickly returned to his barracks.

In the ensuing few minutes that elapsed, a driver had mounted his vehicle and unknowingly backed out of the area, but not before he carefully ran over Private Zemans suitcase. Even Sergeant Gold must have shuddered when he heard of it. As Zeman returned from the barracks to pick up his suitcase and indescribable spectacle took place. Our Private Zeman bordered on the state of collapse and it was necessary to remove him as well as the baggage by "liter". Fortunately Battalion Headquarters rose to the occasion and repacked Zemans clothes for the journey in another bag. Believe it or not, but Zeman had packed his blankets in the suitcase -- where in the "Hell" was he going.





ENGINEERS WIN

On Friday, November 12th the Engineers made their first venture into the win column when they succeeded in nosing out the 7th Armored Infantry, 8 - 6, on the 49th Infantry field.

The Infantry took the lead late in the first quarter when Jones snared a 35 yard pass and ran an additional 20 yds to register the first score. The try for the extra point failed on an incompleated pass and the Engineers continued to trail 6 - 0.

With the fleet Stafford, emulating Sammy Baugh, the Engineers started to click. With bullet like passes being thrown to Tenpenny, Cronemeyer, and Matsorn, the men of the 53rd succeeded in taking the ball up field where it finally rested (for a few seconds) on the Infantry 3 yard line with a first down for the Engineers.

With everyone (including the coach of the Engineers) expecting a line plunge or an off tackle slant, Stafford elected to pass and succeeded in rifling one to Cronemeyer who was alone in the end zone. The score remained at 6 - 6 as the Engineers failed in their try for the extra point.

With the score tied going into the last quarter, the Engineers were on the Infantrys 14 yard line and threatened to score. At this point Stafford shot a pass into the end zone which was intercepted by Rufus of the Infantry. He then made an attempt to run it out only to be stopped behind his goal line, giving the Engineers a safety -- the margin of victory.

The Engineers were able to cling to their slender margin during the remaining part of the game, though the Infantry kept threatening all the time.

Our team showed considerable improvement over their first game which they lost to the 405th Field Artillery 12 - 6. Potentially we have the material for a good team and if the boys get more opportunity to practice, we will show the 53rd Engineers a winner.

Don't fail to come out and see your team play. All games are held at 5:15 P.M. within the 8th Division Area.

\* \* \* \*

COMPANY "B" OBSERVES ARMISTICE DAY

At 11:00 o'clock Thursday morning November 11th, T/5 Marsden, bugler of Co "B", stepped to the front and sounded off with Taps, in commemoration of Armistice Day, 25 years ago.

It was a most impressive ceremony as the sound of the bugle reverberated through out the Post Area. All men throughout the Battalion promptly stopped where ever they were working, came to attention and listened intently to the military strains that are inmemorial.

\* \* \* \*

CAPTAIN ALBRICK ARRIVES IN ENGLAND

Word has been received by Sergeant Faraci of Company "B" that Captain EDGAR J. ALBRICK, formerly Commander of Company "D", has arrived safely in England.

Captain ALBRICK states the trip was very enjoyable except for two days in which they encountered rough weather.

He seems to like England quite well, and I'm sure we all wish him the best of luck.

16 November 1943

H E A D Q U A R T E R S  
710 TANK BATTALION  
North Camp Polk, Louisiana

WMR:mc  
4 November 1943

SUBJECT: Commendation of Officer.

TO : Commanding Officer, 53 Armored Engineer Battalion,  
North Camp Polk, Louisiana.

1. It is desired that the outstanding work of Lt. Delpha, 3 Platoon, Company B, 53 Armored Engineer Battalion, be brought to your attention.

2. Lt. Delpha with his platoon was attached to the 710 Tank Battalion for a problem on 31 October - 1 November, 1943. When a blacked-out march of the Battalion was held up by loss of use of a bridge, Lt. Delpha showed utmost efficiency and initiative in constructing a by-pass and reconnoitering the adjacent area, finding and constructing another by-pass in complete black-out so as to hold the loss of time of the march to a minimum. The work of Lt. Delpha and his platoon reflected most highly upon themselves and their Battalion.

W. M. RODGERS  
Major, 710 Tank Battalion  
Commanding.

201-Delpha, John P. (O) 1st Ind. CMM/jp  
HEADQUARTERS, 53RD ARMORED ENGINEER BATTALION, North Camp Polk, Louisiana,  
4 November 1943.

TO: Second Lieutenant JOHN P. DELPHA, Company "B", 53rd Armored Engineer Battalion, North Camp Polk, Louisiana.  
THRU: Commanding Officer, Company "B", 53rd Armored Engineer Battalion.

1. Congratulations to you and the men of your platoon on this evidence of an Engineer job well done.

2. This reflects credit on you, the men of your platoon, and on your company.

CHARLES M. McAFEE, JR,  
Lt Col, 53rd Armd Engr Bn,  
Commanding.

I'm a soldier now for the U. S. A.  
I get lonely sometimes and begin to pray;  
I look at the sky - it's always blue -  
And I keep on praying for a letter from you.

I look at the clock as the hours roll by,  
Then turn in my bed and begin to sigh;  
The lights are turned out, the day is all  
through;  
I'm waiting for a letter, a letter from you.

The mornings seem bright, birds sing all  
the day,  
But as for me, I have nothing to say;  
I do my duty to keep us all free,  
Yet I'm waiting for something, something  
for me.

The hour draws near, there's a bedlam of  
joy;  
I feel like a kid with a brand-new toy,  
They just called my name! Now I'll never  
be blue,  
Cause I just got a letter - a letter from  
you.

Don't ever forget, we're fighting to win:  
We need all your help, so won't you pitch  
in?  
There's nothing much we ask you to do - -  
Only send us a letter, a letter from you.

\* \* \* \*

By Mona Morgan  
Director of Dramatics,  
Philadelphia Depot,  
Signal Corps, S.S.S.

Old Home Town,  
U. S. A.

June 1943.

"Dear Sergeant Rachel:

My little Billy is now in the Army,  
And he says you're a wonderful man,  
He tells me the soldiers mus do as you say,  
That you guard them as much as you can.

My Billy is sweet, has a wonderful smile,  
Did you notice the blue of his eyes?  
Can you see how his hair curls over his  
brow,  
And gives him a look that's so wise?

Please, Mr. Sergeant, put him early to bed,  
If he's up late don't wake him too  
soon,  
Tuck him in well, 'cause he kicks covers  
off,  
When he's tired let him sleep until  
noon.

Now boys will be boys, if you know what I  
mean,  
So take care he meets girls that are  
good,  
Be sure they have always some older one  
there,  
A grandmother or aunt -- if you could.

Be careful he does not hear anyone swear,  
Bad language is so awfully rude,  
Please look at his tongue, if his stomach's  
upset,  
He should never have any fried food.

Don't give him a great deal of money to  
spend,  
Just enough for his laundry and board,  
Count the change in his purse, don't let him  
play cards,  
'Tis a vice that may lead to discord.

Now, Mr. Sergeant, be kind to my boy,  
He's the best lad that you've ever seen,  
And if you and the others are going away,  
Send him home -- 'cause he's only  
eighteen! "

Mrs Peter J. Gallagher.

(Look for Sergeant Rachels answer to Mrs. Gallagher in our next issue of "Tarfus", it's sure to be pretty good)

\* \* \* \*

If you enjoy the paper let us know.