

viet secret police

round him who
run."



 Unsigned Letters
Ignored
Urgt Designation
Required

 Stick to One Subject
Keep 'Em Under
200 Words

MAIL BAG

I may disagree with what you say. But I will defend to the death your right to say it. — Voltaire.

Down in Luzon

Editor:

Some of the boys made this poem up and would like to know if you will publish it.

T/5 Kenneth L. Wetzel
67th Chemical Smoke
Generator company
APO 75

Down in Luzon swamp lands,
Manila is the spot.
Battling a terrific heat wave,
In the land that God forgot.

Out in the sun with a rifle,
Down in a ditch with a pick.
Doing the work of a convict,
But too damn tired to kick.

We're soldiers of the Army,
Earning a meager pay.
Guarding people with millions,
For a dollar sixty a day.

Down with the snakes and bugs,
Where the GI is really blue.

Right in the middle of nowhere,
900 miles from you,

No one knows we're living,
No one gives a damn.
Back home we're soon forgotten,
We've been loaned to Uncle Sam.

We are living with only memories,
And only to see our gals.
And hope when we return,
They aren't living with our pals.

As the heat keeps coming in,
Its more than we can stand.
We're not convicts by God!
We're defenders of the land.

It seems more than we can stand,
The part of life that we have missed.
Boys don't let the DRAFT BOARD get you,
For God's sake don't ENLIST.

And on that day we go,
To the place we all know so well
Saint Peter will say:
"COME IN BOYS FROM MANILA,
YOU'VE SERVED A HITCH IN HELL"

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