

KRIEGIE RATIONS

I know why there's no sugar in my pie

Kriegie Rations

My appetite has now replaced my passion

I'm hungry all the time

Our table's bare, hungry kriegies everywhere

It's starvation

My stomach's reached the depths of degradation

I'm hungry all the time

I dream of ham & eggs till my condition's most pathetic

And awake to bread & jam that I understand is all synthetic

Delirious as I am I'll probably end up diabetic

And that's when I'll blow my top

I can't go on - all my energy is gone

It's malnutrition

A man just cannot live in my condition

I'm hungry all --- the time ---

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On Which We Live

German Rations per week | Barley Sp-3 cbs | MOOSBERG
Bread - 1 loaf | Cheese - 464 grs. | Meat - 125 grs. | Bread - Sugar +
Sugar - 175 grams | Salt - 75 " | Jam - 175 grs | Potatoes cut
Marg - 217 " | Potatoes - 300-450 " | * Occasionally meat, cheese, slight inc.

Red Cross Parcels | American

1- 12 oz can corn beef	1- 16 oz box raisins
1- 12 " " spam	1- 8 " " sugar
1- 4 " " salmon	1- 5 " can jam
1- 4 " " ^{OR} sardines	1- 4 " " coffee
1- 16 " " Powdered Milk	5 packs cigarettes
1- 16 " " Margarine	2- 4 oz D Bars - (chocolate)
1- 7 " Box Crackers	7- Vitamin C Pills

Summer Issue Vegetables

cucumbers - once	Gr bean Sp at Moosberg
cabbage - once a wk Jul, Aug.	dehyd in soup at Moosberg
radishes - once	
collie-robbe - once a wk Aug, Sept.	in soup at Moosberg
onions - once	occasionally in soup at M.b.
carrots - threetimes	
Peas - once	occasionally in soup at Mb.

All rations unreliable

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Shanty Town

There's a shanty in the town on a little plot of ground
Where the green grass grows all around - all around
The roof is so worn - so badly torn
It reaches the ground - right on down to the ground
Just a little old shack - built way back
About twenty five feet from the railroad track
Lingers on my mind just all the time
Keeps callin' me back - all the way back
I'd be just as sassy - Haile Selassie
If I were a king - would it mean a thing
Put your boots on tall - read the writin' on the
wall - oh it wouldn't mean a thing - not a doggone thing
There's a queen waiting there - in her rockin chair
Just blowing her top on a keg of beer
Singin' all around and truckin' all down
I gotta go back to my Shanty Town -

The Last Of The Bombardiers

Down a lonely road on a cold black night
 A miserable beggar trudged into sight
 And the people whisper over their beers -
 Here comes the last of the bombardiers

⚡

What is a Bombardier? - No reply
 But men grow silent and women sigh
 As a death-like silence fills the place
 With the gaunt grey ghost of a long lost race

⚡

Furtive glances from ceiling to floor
 Till someone or something opened the door
 The bravest of hearts turned cold with fear
 For the thing in the door was a bombardier

⚡

His hands were bony his hair was thin
 His back was bent like an old bent pin
 His eyes were two empty rings of black
 And he vaguely mumbled "Shack" "Shack" "Shack."

⚡

This ancient relic of the Second World War
 Crept 'cross the floor and slouched at the bar

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And in hollow tones from his sunken chest
Demanded a drink and only the best

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The people said nothing but watched in the glass
As the bombardier produced his bomb-sight pass
The glass to his lips and they heard him say
"Bomb bays open" - "Bombs away"

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Thus speaking these words he slouched thru the door
And the last of the bombardiers was seen no more
And all through the years that phrase has stuck
When you say "Bombardier" - you add "Hard Luck"

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ESCORT OF P-38's

Oh Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal
And Madeline Carroll is too
But you'll find that you're given a different theory
Amongst any bomber crew
For the prettiest thing of which we can sing -
This side of the Pearly Gates
Is no blonde or brunette of a Hollywood set
But an escort of P-38's

THE REMAINDER OF

THIS POEM WAS REJECTED FOR POOR READABILITY AND
LESS SENSE - TO THE AUTHORS CREDIT WE MIGHT ADD THAT
IT RHYMED WONDERFULLY!