

Blood on the Ritz

Detail Joe

THE PARATROOPERS PRAYER

...

OUR ALMIGHTY FATHER, who dwelleth in Washington, immersed in Service Records, Requisitions, T. S. Slips, Red Tape and other impedimenta which surrounded the Army both in time of Peace and in times of War, Hallowed be thy name.

Give us this day our partial pay, and forgive us of our Company Bills, Guide us on the Path of Righteousness by thy All-knowing Articles of War, and Rules and Regulations. Approve our passes and furloughs for thou knowest ours is not an easy lot to bear without leisure time.

Deliver us from the hands of our non-jumping enemies, for thou knowest our burden are manifold. Yea, even though by Divers devices art these yellow livered Sons of Satan, these gutless washouts from thy Parachute School, after having been thrice beaten about the head with a shot-bag, allowed to don the hated Cap and Belt of the ersatz Gestapo, they falsely cry that they are Thy Chosen Children. We cannot contain ourselves in their presence and Assaults and Mayhem shall abound.

Guide our pleasure-bent footsteps from the lower regions of Sin and Iniquity, lest we should go astray and Contact certain social uncleanness which thou so forcefully described in Thy Sex Hygiene Training Film.

Unhook not our static lines, nor yet blow panels in our canopies. Cut not our break cords, and drift us clear of cactus hill. Strike with relentlessly swift and horrible death the Company Clerk who Redlineth our Payroll, and the Mess Sergeant who robbeth our empty bellies.

By the ghosts of those who have preceeded us to the Frying Pan, and the Alabama Area, We Pray Thee . . . Amen.

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BY CARL BERGNER AND JOHNNY CAMERATO

VERSE:

This is just a simple song about a guy named Joe—
Everything he does goes wrong, No wonder he feels low.

CHORUS: -1

They put him in the Army, He did not like to go—
He always was unlucky—they call him "Detail Joe."

No more than he was drafted, October seventeen,
They put him on a detail, the one they call "Latrine."

Detail Joe, Detail Joe; He's the hardest working Soldier of them all.
He gets a pass each week-end, and gets all dressed up to go,

Then draws K. P. on Sunday, the Guy Called Detail Joe.

CHORUS: -2

He carries out the trash cans, He brings in wood and coal—
He can't escape the odd jobs, to save his doggone soul.

He's been to see the Chaplain, He's seen the C. O. too,
They both agree it's hopeless, there's nothing they can do.

Detail Joe, Detail Joe; He's the hardest working Soldier of them all.
He dated up a Canteen, bought tickets for a show,

That night he drew guard duty, the Guy Called Detail Joe.

CHORUS: -3

He'd like to shoot a rifle, and do heroic deeds—
But every time they're shooting, they've got him pulling weeds.

He'd love to shoot a cannon, and hear the darn thing roar—
But when they're shooting cannons, he scrubs the barracks floor.

Detail Joe, Detail Joe; He's the hardest working Soldier of them all.
Whenever he plays poker, and starts to win real dough,

They make him clean machine guns, the Guy Called Detail Joe.

GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE,
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(CHORUS)

There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon the Chute,
They picked him up, still in his chute, and poured him from his boots.
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(CHORUS)

He hit the ground, the ground was "SPILT", his blood went spurting high,
He lay there rolling, round in the water of his Kory,
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(CHORUS)

The ambulance was on the spot, the jumps were running wild,
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their sleeves and smiled,
For it had been a week or more since last a "Chute" had failed.
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(CHORUS)

The days he's lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind,
He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind,
He thought about the risers and wondered what they'd find,
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(CHORUS)

The lines were snarled and tied in knots, around his skinny bones,
The canopy became his shield, he hurtled to the ground,
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(CHORUS)

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock,
He felt the wind he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop,
He jerked his head, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his legs,
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!

(CHORUS)

"Is everybody happy?", cried the sergeant, looking up,
Our Hero feebly answered, "Yes," and then they stood him up,
HE AINT GONNA JUMP NO MORE!
(Tune of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!")



GERONIMO!

We're jumping down to Victory.
Doubt about it,
There is no
And shout it—
Lift up your heads

(our silken banners flow,
Downward, earthward
Hit the door and (O!
Stand up, Hook up;
Jumping down to victory,
Hard-hitting Paratroopers

WE ARE THE PARATROOPERS!
Jumping down to victory—
Tough men in jumping boots,
We are the men in chutes,
TUNE—"Song of Burgandy"

THE NEW INFANTRY MARCH (Paratrooper's Song)

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Oh, it used to be the Infantry
Did nothing but march all day;
These dusty guys with mud in their eyes
Went slogging along their way.
But times have changed,
And now we range
The sea and the sky of blue;
We fly a bit, and then we hit
The silk of a parachute. OH . . .

CHORUS:

Airborne we fly the sky,
Paratroopers, do or die.
Ski troops like the wind we go—
We're sons of guns; we're sons of guns,
We won't take "no" for an answer.
Can't stop these paratroops
Hurling down into the fray.
Oh, it's not the way it used to be—
A Bigger and Better Infantry
Comes in by air today!

Well, today they sint me up to make a jump outen a airplane. As yew no, I hav bin tranen for nigh onto three week an they hav mad us dow ever- had a passel ov overy variants for enstroopers. Hat few giv em credit for bein purty rugged, tho, as any wan ov thim critters and do more work than them ol too black mules paw bot often Jud Hayes, an still run a mile faster than ol con dog I traded the wormy pig fer, an not even brake into a swel.

We had few run out about too axel greazin fun the camp thin ten aroun an run bak. We wuz all tubered out fun that, but we had to still dew sum callus thensiks, I kin see whar the callus part cums from, but i aint yit figgered out the "thensiks". Thin, arter we wuz recely petered out with thier ere sum mor extensizes with injun chubs, I aint yit figgered out how them variants callus thensiks, they berded us in a big barn they called a jinnazum an give us sum mor extensizes with injun chubs, tho, lessen they wuz powful critters. It tartered me out more jes to swing the dern things than when me an Onclie Tabe cleared the rox outen the south 40. They had a big rope bout 40 ft. long too, and we had to skin up an down it like a dern treded possum.

The secunt week we went to a place called B stage, an they had all kinus of thangs thar. Had a tower put near as high as ol Rate Radleys silo, with a jelle shed atop it, bout the size of a good comfortable privy, an a long war stung outen in front ov it that we wuz tied to in a parashoot harness. We wuz to jump outen the jelle shed, and the war kep us fun fallin all the way to the groun. I wuz a leeche scared the fets time, but it got cazer as I got mor jumps often it. Shes, on the 9th jump, it only tuk 3 sarjints to shov me outen it.

The third week we went to C stage whar they hev the big towers. They are nigh onto three humnert foot tall, and they ketch a man not lookin, an he in up in a parashoot harness with a reel parashoot onto it, thin they snag a hay hook onto the top of it, and drag him to the top, an cut him alost, an he floats bak to the groun with nothin holdin him up but about enut silk fer to make a couple duzen pares ov store bot drawers.

We jant how to pak out shoots to jump, an I sorta maid a mistalk an paked a couple ov shothags in mine. Whin my shoot opened they fel out, but they a diden do no damage. Ony hit a sarjint on the hed, and busted open.

Cess when I git outen of Ft. Binen, I'll git a ferlow, long bout havw killer time, an I'll cum home an see all ov yewuns.

Well, So Long,
Yer Lovin Son,

Dere Fokes,

Ft. Benning, Ga.

N. S. Paratroops

TO A FRIEND:

So you think you want to be a paratrooper eh? Well here's a tip—friend. We parachute troops are the best in the world, and if you are going to join our family you'd have to step fast and quick.

Take a good look at yourself Bud,—buttons all buttoned?—Shoes shined? Uniform neat? Is your hair cut or do you need a shave? How about those shoulders? Come on, square them off; suck in that gut—shin up. Now listen, friend—listen with open ears.

You're gonna double time until you are blue in the face—!!! You can't quit—you can't lay down—so go ahead—fall on your face and they'll stand you up and run you some more !!!

Can you climb a rope? Yea? Well, you just THINK you can. You'll climb a rope thirty feet high—your arms will cramp, your fingers will freeze—you can't possibly climb another foot; but they will drive you on—and Brother—the men will make it, the boys will fall by the wayside. Say Jack—take a tip, if you're not sure you really want to be a Paratrooper, speak up now, before you take up YOUR time and OUR time, too.

You'll be processed here in the area. (Everyone calls this the Frying-Pan Area—because its as hot as a frying pan in the summer). Today or tomorrow the Medics will get you. If you pass the Pill Rollers then you'll know your physical condition will stand the strain. Then next will be the Officers Board—if you pass them you'll know some damm good soldiers think you LOOK LIKE you might be a Paratrooper. (If that chute opens.)

Yea'—they'll tell you it "always opens"—yea'—well, listen Jack—I've een 'em ride a streamer down—all the way down—screaming until they hit with a deadening thump—did you ever throw a dead cow off the back of a wagon? Know that sound? Well—you might hear it—you'll never feel it. That's a good way to look at it Bud—if you hit hard enough—you'll never feel it.

You should have known Mike—Mike jumped ahead of me—had his stadic line UNDER his arm instead of OVER his shoulder—his chute opened—but only after it had pulled all the meat and muscle off of his left arm. So Jack—before I sign off—think it over—its not a bed of roses—and you can count on a one-way ticket back to where you came from if you don't make it.

I've seen many go up to jump and come down like a feather, right in the seat of the plane—why? Just because they haven't got the guts to be one of the family. Think it over, Bud—it's not too late to quit now—and maybe you'll wish you had.

If you make the grade—you'll hold the highest respect and rub shoulders with the best men in the world.

Good luck, Trooper ! ! !

A FRIEND.