

PSF: "FUN" FOLDER

+

Subject File "F"

PSF: "Fun" Folder

Box



~~149~~ 151

After Listening to You for Five
Minutes one Wonders why You
Were Never Put Away In The

BUG-HOUSE

POST CARD

MESSAGE

ADDRESS

POST
from



MAJOR STOWELL
PRESENTS
Oh
my
Guard!!

For Your Pleasure, Mr. President

We, of The
240th Military Police Battalion

Present
OH, MY GUARD!!!
An Intimate Revue

on
November 2, 1943

In The
Vanderbilt Coach House

OH, MY GUARD!!!

Overture _____ Arranged by Pvt. McCoach

Narrator _____ Pvt. DeBoer

Roosevelt's The President _____ The Glee Club
Solo _____ Opl. Groh
Skit — Ppts. Kiernan, Robertson, Wilcox

Home For Incurable Officers
Cast — T/5 Gaudet, Ppts. Ebbets,
Griffiths, Vininski, Payne,
Robertson, Dorsey, Corrigan

Formula "A" _____ Solo By Opl. Groh
Dance _____ Pfc. Lucyk

Culinary Art
Cast — Ppts. Woods, Crotty, Handsaker
Solo _____ Pvt. Woods
"The Girls"

"Moonlight on the Desert" _____ Solos By
"Call of the Prairie" _____ Pvt. Handsaker

On The Drill Field
Cast — Ppts. Jern, Dore, Lasky, Wilcox
De Boer

Finale
M.P. Marching Song _____ Drum & Bugle Corps
Glee Club

PRODUCTION STAFF

Officer In Charge — George A. Bieri, 1st Lt. CMP
Committee In Charge — Opl. Groh, Ppts. McCoach,
Deeringer, Handsaker
Staging Committee — Pvt. Weston
Scenery — Ppts. Harsh, Lasky,
Opls. Singer, Schaeffer,
Sgt. Henning
Ppts. Hartmayer, Herrmann

Orchestra — Ppts. McCoach, Kilian,
Banks, T/5 Rupprecht

Members of Glee Club — Sgt. Thoreson, Ppts. Berry,
Borthwick, Corrigan, Crotty, Ebbets, Harcar,
Handsaker, Jordan, Marion, Merritt, Nealis,
Payne, Robertson, Scanlon, Vininski, Knapp,
Rupprecht, Weston

Drum & Bugle Corps — Ppts. Banks, Borthwick,
Ebbets, Handsaker, Merritt, Van Doren, Woods,
Weston, MacKinnon

The Girls — Sgt. Bachman, Ppts. Dorsey,
Ashworth, Ebbets, Cass, Griffiths, Vininski,
Klein

M.P. MARCHING SONG

As we fight for the right to be free,
We will guard as a fighting M. P.
At home, on the street, at the front,
We defeat any crisis we confront
We guard the prisoners of war.
We protect the foreign shore.
As our armies go marching up from the sea,
All the snipers we dislodge,
And we fight all sabotage,
And we protect the cause of liberty.
And so to the end we will blend
In a perfect harmony,
Till the battle cry shall cease,
Till the everlasting peace.
We're the Corps of the Military Police.

PSF: Fun Folder

[1945]

New York, June 7, 1886.

To the Honorable,

The First Comptroller of the Treasury.

Sir:

The following items paid by the Marshal of the United States for the Southern District of New York, which were ordered by me, have been disallowed in his accounts, namely:

One box linen paper.....\$1.00

Six packages water-closet paper..... .90

500 envelopes, printed in two colors.. 5.50
\$7.40

I certify that all the foregoing articles were for official use, unless the water-closet paper does not fall within that category. Whether it should be treated as for official use is a mixed question of law and fact. Water-closet paper was ordered not solely for my own use, but for the use of the several judges who have occasion to resort to the water-closet appurtenant to some of the court rooms.

Water-closet paper is undoubtedly applied to private use, and is not ordinarily used officially. In former times, as appears from Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices (See Life of Lord Kenyon), the judges were accustomed to urinate in the court room, turning their backs to the spectators, and using a vessel provided for the purpose. Such a vessel would seem to be officially used when used in that way.

By analogy, water-closet paper, although not used in the court room, may be used sub modo in the discharge of a judicial duty.

The judges might undoubtedly use legal cap when they retire to the water-closet. Their act in so doing would hardly be tortious, certainly not larcenous, as could be demonstrated if time permitted. They probably would do this rather than not clean themselves. It may be readily seen that such a practice would cost the government more, annually, than the inexpensive water-closet paper.

The government of the United States seems to have recognized the theory that its judicial officers should keep themselves clean. It provides wash basins and soap for this purpose, and I understand has uniformly paid for the soap which has been used by the judges in their rooms. Does it make any material difference whether an article is used to clean the judge's hands or his backsides?

These considerations are respectfully submitted to the First Comptroller of the Treasury.

Very respectfully,

William J. Wallace,

Circuit Judge.

PSF: Fun folder

I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Though rubber is the cause of all
my troubles,
So, remember me on Father's Day,
And help me blow my troubles away!

- Jesse, the White Haired Boy -

"He who tooteth not his own horn the
same shall not be tooteth".

So, father please remember me,
I'm the guy you made "A.G."

The squeaky wheel gets all the oil,
But what they call me makes me boil,
They say my cackling is too loud,
But you know I'm an angel on a cloud!
So Pappy can't something soon be done,
To take the heat off your lovin' son?

Harold the Ick

Today I'm off on a happy lark,
But Father you'll always have my
trade mark!

Henry the Morgue

Here is what I used to be,
An elephant bright and gay,
But after you came in '33,
I sagged in a frightening way,
Until you came to my rescue,
And yanked me to my feet,
So, here I'm going to linger
While you're in the driver's seat!

Henry the Stimp

I used to be an elephant,
(You remember '36,)
But you made a jackass out of me,
And I'm in a Helluva fix.
But Father you're a wise old fox,
So, get the newsboys out of my locks,
And keep me out of that front page "box",
Your lovin' baby, "Frank the Knox."

"The Great American Magnet",
We greet him on Father's Day,
He draws his children to him,
With his manner kind and gay.

But you just try to pry me loose,
And I'll bob up with a new excuse!

Fannie the Perk

file
personal

7-11-43
3-43

PSF

TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES

The following are copies of correspondence between the Cumberland County Power & Light Company and a disgruntled rider who lived on Colonial Avenue near 25th Street:

Gentlemen:

I have been riding on your buses for the past twelve months, and the service seems to be getting worse every day. I think the transportation you offer is worse than that enjoyed by the people of a thousand years ago.

Yours truly,

Philip McCann, Jr.

Dear Sir:

We received your letter of the first and believe that you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation a thousand years ago was on foot.

Yours truly,

Cumb. Co. Pr. & Lt. Co.

Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of your letter of August 2nd and I think you are the ones who are confused in your history. If you will read the Bible, Book of David, 9th verse, you will find that Aaron rode into town on his ass. That, gentlemen, is something I haven't been able to do on your buses in the past six or seven months.

Yours truly,

Philip McCann, Jr.

PSF: Turn Folder *Mar. 3*

March 6, 1940.

Dear Sister:-

I am sorry to be so long in writing to thank you for the delightful gift which you sent me just before I left on my cruise. I want you to know how very much I appreciate your thoughtfulness and to tell you that I expect to share the tongs with my dentist -- that is if you have no objection.

You might be interested to know that the lady on the third floor is still picking up the ice with her hands!

My love to you and all the family.

As ever,

Mrs. Barbara Farwell,
Roosevelt & Sargent,
108 Water Street,
Boston, Mass.

PS.
Prepare note
of thanks
P

February 10, 1940

Dear Mr. President:

Since my last visit to The White House, I have been disturbed by the fact that The President of the United States, in order to be a bartender deluxe, must humiliate himself by having to use ice tongs belonging to the lady on the third floor front.

Now I didn't mean to break a Commandment, but I was on the wagon and so were these. Although they're not shiny, they're much bigger than Missy's, and I hope they will come in handy as a pick-up.

'With malice toward none',

Sincerely,

Sister

The President
The White House
Washington, D. C.

P. S. While you are serving your third term, I shall probably be serving my first.

*file
amusing letters*

*PSF
"Fam"*

COPY OF A RECOMMENDATION ATTACHED TO A FILE RECEIVED

September 3, 1942

_____, Texas

San Antonio Officers Procurement Division
San Antonio, Texas

Gentlemen:

The writer has been requested to recommend for consideration the Honorable _____, County Judge of _____ County, who seeks a commission in the United States Army. Since he is a personal friend of mine, I am forced to do this, although I do not know of any way whatever that he would be of any assistance to the Army, and, in fact, I believe he would be a hindrance.

The old gentleman was a pretty good old guy in his day, but he has approached the age of senility, in addition to which he is probably the laziest man in West Texas. Although he is a veteran of the Spanish War, he still has ideas about his prowess, and is continually chasing blondes. He drinks a case of Budweiser every day, and his wife has to put him to bed every night. The least said about his honesty and ability is too much. If the Army can find any use for this old bastard, they are welcome to him, as we will certainly be glad to get rid of him.

Respectfully,

Vice Pres. & Cashier

PSF Box 151 (Finn Folder)

Finn folder
3 -42
PSF

Actual excerpts from letters received at King Co. relief headquarters.

1. I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why?
2. This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?
3. Mrs. Brown has had no clothing for a year and has been visited by the clergy.
4. I am glad to say that my husband, who was reported missing, is now dead.
5. Sirs: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and six children. I have seven but one died, which was baptized on half piece of paper.
6. I am forwarding my marriage certificate, the three children, one of which is a mistake as you can see.
7. I am writing to say that my baby was born two years old. When do I get my money?
8. Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now can't eat anything until he knows.
9. I am very much annoyed to find that you have branded my boy as illiterate. This is a dirty lie, as I was married a week before he was born.
10. In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 lbs. I hope this is satisfactory.
11. Unless I get my husband money very soon I will be forced to lead an immortal life.
12. You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will this make any difference?
13. Please send my money at once as I have fallen in error with my landlord.
14. I have no children yet as my husband is a bus driver and works day and night.
15. In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in an enclosed envelope.
16. I want my money as quick as I can get it. I have been in bed with my doctor for two weeks and he doesn't seem to be doing much good. If things don't improve I will have to send for another doctor.
17. My husband has had his project cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since.

Amusing thing
WASHINGTON TIMES HERALD
OCTOBER 6, 1942

PSF
"Fun"

Wolf Control

A great deal goes into newspapers about girls who lure men into the pleasure path. Seldom does one read of the men in Washington who take advantage of women alone and unprotected by family.

Just keep your eye on these elderly wolves having the time of their lives in Washington with young girls who don't know, in many instances, what is happening until they are looking at etchings on bachelor apartment ceilings. Then it is too late. From there on it is the story one reads in the papers about controlling prostitutes in the city—Why not wolf control?

ANONYMOUS.

file
personal
amusing

PSF
"Fun"

	<u>Year Born</u>	<u>Came to Power</u>	<u>Years in Power</u>	<u>Age</u>
HITLER	1889	1933	9	53
MUSSOLINI	1883	1922	20	59
STALIN	1879	1924	18	63
CHURCHILL	1874	1940	2	62
ROOSEVELT	1882	1933	9	60

Figures for each of the above add up to 3884, and divided by 2 equal 1942

Answering
2574 *PSF* *fun folder*
3-43
Dear Sir:

I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it impossible for me to send you a cheque in response to your request.

My present financial condition is due to the effects of Federal Laws, Corporation Laws, State Laws, County Laws, By Laws, Brother-in Laws, Nether-in-Laws, and Outlaws that have been fasted upon an unsuspecting public. Through these various Laws I have been held down, held up, walked upon, sat upon, flattened and squeezed until I do not know where I am, what I am, and why I am.

These Laws compel me to pay a Merchant Tax, Capital Tax, Excess Tax, Income Tax, Real Estate, Property Tax, Light Tax, Cigar Tax, Street Tax, Syntax and Carpet Tax.

In addition to these Taxes I am requested and required to contribute to every Society and Organization that the minds of Men can organize. To the Society of St John, The Woman's relief, Navy League, The Childrens Home, The Policeman's Benefit, The Doreas Society, The Y.M.C.A., The Boy Scouts, The Jewish relief, The Hear relief, The Hear East, The Gold Diggers Home, every Hospital and Charitable Institution in Town, The Red Cross, The Black Cross, The White Cross, The Purple Cross, and the Double Cross.

The Government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined, reexamined, informed, required, commanded and compelled until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known deed, desire or hope of the human race, and because I refuse to donate to and go out and beg, borrow and steal money to give away, I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down, robbed, until I am nearly ruined, so the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what the "H" is coming next.

*funny
stories*

ELAINE CARRINGTON
17 WEST 54TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

*PSF
"Fun"*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This chain was started in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired business men. Unlike most chains, this one does not cost any money. Simply send a copy of this letter to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name heads the list. When your name works to the top you will, in turn, receive 15,176 gorgeous girls.

* Have faith. Do not break the chain.
One man broke the chain and he got his wife back.

PUT YOUR



IN AMERICA

OR

GET YOUR



OUT!

AN OPEN LETTER TO CONGRESS

Gentlemen:

We fellows in the entertainment business can't compete with that big free show you're putting on. You're getting more laughs than we are — and we don't like it.

For years, we didn't complain about your seersucker suits, Bronco Billy hats and Buster Brown collars — 'though the burlesque branch of our industry wasn't happy about it. For years, we didn't bother asking you to join an actors' union, and even Petrillo let you get away with tooting your own horns. We even kept mum when you rang in a cutie like Claire Luce on us. But enough is enough.

Now that you've gone in for double talk, standing on your heads and making funny noises, high-diving into the pork barrel, and sawing the Statue of Liberty in half, we must, as rival showmen, protest. We can't stand off the three-ring circus being given for free on Capitol Hill.

You boys are taking the caviar right out of our mouths.

Do you remember the story about the little man who sold frankfurters outside J. Pierpont Morgan's office? When a friend tried to touch him for five dollars, he said: "Nothing doing. I have an agreement with Mr. Morgan . . . he don't sell hot dogs and I don't lend money."

And so, get off the stage, boys . . . and give some honest clowns, tootsies and yodelers a chance to divert the public. Otherwise, you may find Sliding Billy Watson picketing your Congressional Halls.

BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE

In The Hotel Paramount • 46th ST. WEST OF B'WAY • Circle 6-6500
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY at 8 and 12 • Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
EXCELLENT FOOD **MODERATE PRICES**
SENSIBLY AIR-CONDITIONED

JUL 6-1943

file