

BACK TO THE STATES:

Based on a story of the Seattle ANS Bureau. Terrors and rigors of civilian life have caused certain difficulties, often-times embarrassing and in certain instances moving the war fatigued GI into a state of insanity.

With the thought of conversation in mind, here are a few Do's and Don't for you rotators on Hamilton back from the Pacific fronts.

You will probably get an overnight pass to San Rafael, which you naturally will pass up for a night in San Francisco.

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When you reach the city you will see large number of women, some of them goodlooking. Remember you are in Paris, and not Biak or Kwajelein. Thus a proper approach is necessary because these women are civilized and have occupations and apartments!

Some of them are welders, some are trolley operators. Still others are traffic patrolmen, and then there are some who do nothing. You'll find them in the bars.

You do not approach them and say, "let's go up to your apartment." Your approach is more subtle: "Have you ever been to Potfull, South Dakota?" or something more easily answered like, "What time is it?"

Then offer her a cigarette and you'll be off to her apartment. In fact she'll give you her apartment for the cigarette.

If you go to a restaurant for supper (still known to civvies as dinner) you will find a bit of the Army life in that you'll stand in line for chow.

Civilians oftentimes have a cocktail before supper and are more discriminating than their GI kinfolks. Since you have become accustomed to knocking off an occasional flagon of varnish, five-ulcer gin, or torpedo juice, a bit of temperance is in order. MPs are usually around, and, as you know, MP does not stand for My Pal.

The restaurant will probably have such rarities as fresh eggs, fresh milk, red meat and maybe butter. If you want butter, you ask the waiter, "May I have some butter, please," and not "Pass the goddamn goose grease."

Belching loudly is frowned upon in most San Francisco restaurants. If you forget, merely say, "Excuse me," and not "It must have been the chow I et."

If a woman invites you to stay at her apartment, be on your best behavior. If, when you enter the living room and all the chairs are occupied, do not squat in the corner like a Zulu. Just be patient and a chair will be provided.

If, after three or four drinks, the inevitable situation approaches, do not grab a shove and the evening paper, and dash outside. Virtually all apartment and homes have rooms called "bathrooms," and these are equipped to neutralize all emergencies.

Then too some might want to read the evening paper.

Most apartments and homes are equipped with a gadget called a telephone. If it rings and your hostess asks you to answer it, do not say, "blow it out your barrack bag" or some other pleasantry. Just pick up the receiver and say, "hello."

If you misplace your hat or another piece of clothing, do not scream, "Lock the doors, some S.O.B. stole my pants."

When the other guests have departed and you're still sweating her out, you may nonchalantly stifle a yawn and say, "My Gawd, it's getting dar." Hard telling what your hostess will say to that one, but if the situation looks bleak, you might offer her another cigarette

NOW you're on your own!!!