

## THE SERVICES OF SUPPLY

[Now the "Army Service Forces"]

By Berton Braley

("The job of the S. O. S. is a headache."—General Brehon  
B. Somervell)

There's little of glamour or glory in  
The Services of Supply,  
And yet you can read our story in  
The land and the sea and sky.  
For the ships on the ocean thoroughfare,  
The men on the ground and the planes in air  
Are moved, provisioned and fueled there  
By Services of Supply.

What's the S. O. S.?  
It is chow at mess,  
It is grease for the Army's gears;  
It is tanks, guns, jeeps  
And it's mountain-heaps  
Of bombs for the bombardiers.

Time was, a fellow was safer with  
The Services of Supply.  
But now, it's US that they lay for with  
Whatever can shoot or fly.  
For the enemy knows if he pounds us flat  
The boys at the front can't get to bat.  
So he's always banging and whanging at  
The Services of Supply.

In the S. O. S.  
We must take it, yes,  
Though it's nothing to gripe about,  
For it is just our chore;  
But we *do* get sore  
That we never can dish it out!

Our columns are columns of numbers in  
Processions that trample by,  
Endlessly wrecking our slumbers in  
The moments we shut an eye;  
We dream of bullets and beef and beans,  
Of socks, shells, woolens and gabardines  
Which we gotta total on adding machines  
In the Services of Supply.

Oh, the S. O. S.  
Is a dizziness  
And a headache. We seldom win  
Any great reward,  
But—praise the Lord

And pass us the aspirin! —Reprinted by permission of the  
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A. M.

