

DRINKING WATER (1945)

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COMMANDMENTS FOR HEALTH

DRINKING WATER

Let's consider water. Not carbonated water or toilet water but just plain-everyday water. H2O. You probably never gave it a second thought. It used to be, when you wanted a drink of water, you just took it, but now:

Thou shalt not drink water from any other source than that designated, else thou become victim to an unhappy fate more painful than Japanese lead. Thou shalt use thy water sparingly and wisely, else thy days and thy brothers' days shall be numbered.

So brother, in a combat area, get your water from a Lyster bag. It may not taste like the water from that old oaken bucket but it is pure and helpful. Use it wisely.

When you're on a march under a blistering hot sun, even that chlorine tastes good. So good that some jerks wanna down it all at once. Like... like our old friend, McGillicuddy.

Kinda hot, ain't it Mc? Well, why don't you take a little drink? Here we go. See what I mean? What a jerk... For two months, we've been begging him to take a bath, and now he does it... The great McGillicuddy, full of him and full of water. An empty canteen and an empty head.

Now let's see how far he gets. Beginning to drag it, hey? Now, it's really getting hot. Hotter than it was before, uh, Mc?

Your tongue's dry, isn't it, Mc? You know what you oughta have? You oughta have a nice cool drink of water. Why don't you look in your canteen? You started out with plenty of water. There it is, Mc. Water! Get it, Mc! Oh, that's a dirty lowdown shame.

"Water. Water."

Alright Mc, don't get dramatic. After all, you're only a couple of miles from camp.

“Water.

Water!”

Mc. Mc! Come back. Mc. Don't, Mc ! Come back! Come back here! Stop!

Listen knucklehead, you can't drink that water. It hasn't been inspected. It might even be poison.

“Yatata, yatata, yatata. Quit beating your gums.”

Now, how do you feel about drinking that water? Not so good, uh?

Well, let's take a look upstream and see what gives that stuff its kick. See, Mc? Here's you. Here's the gorilla, a few dead Japs, some pigs and a native village. What's wrong with the native village?

Very pretty. Very pretty. But, do you know what that is? That, Mc Gillicuddy, is a head hunters' head. Direct from the manufacturer to the consumer. A prize in every package. And brother, you hit the jackpot.

TO THE HEAD

Monotonous, isn't it Mc Gillicuddy?

THE END

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