



◆ There are a devil of a lot of things that we don't have time for in the Army (we insist on telling ourselves), but one of the things that most of us could do more of, is reading.

We don't mean the Sentry, for we find on all-too-numerous occasions that we have tucked in little errors (such as mentioning 30 Junior Hostesses instead of 300 in last week's lead story) and adding other little odds and ends that might much better have been left out. These, it appears from all we have been able to gather, are the very things you choose to read.

We do mean reading such as the three libraries on this Post provide. I understand there are upwards of 25,000 volumes, including most of latest and best works, in these libraries—at Service Clubs 1 and 2 and at Station Hospital.

They are in all kinds and varieties and of two particularly, none of us could go too far wrong in reading. That is (1) books that will broaden us on the war picture and (2) as long as we are here, stories that tell us a little about this northwest country.

Of the latter—while it is the usual policy of this column to refrain from plugging and to keep our fingers out of dikes—I would like to go overboard in praise of a book on the northwest, written by a friend of long acquaintance. This is Nard Jones' novel, "Swift Flows the River."

It may take up half of your two-day pass to finish, for it is almost 500 pages of solid type. But for a strong, glowing piece of fiction that still pictures with detailed accuracy the earlier days of the brawny northwest, it's hard to beat.

What is more, being a flagrant example of what we were talking about—we only got around to reading "Swift Flows the River" three weeks ago, although it has been out for about six years. May we hereby apologize to Nard Jones, who at our last knowledge was a naval lieutenant, and say that the least we can do is to buy the book when and if we ever get to making money again. That is a promise, sir.

THEY'LL GET HIM YET!

Seattle (CNS)—Lawrence Anderson enlisted in the Army the day after Pearl Harbor. He reported for duty the following April and was discharged immediately because of a missing trigger finger. Drafted last July, he was discharged again—for the same reason. Last week he received his muster-out check and in the same mail a letter from his draft board, reclassifying him in 1A. The finger is still missing.

The Name? Mary Ann Flaherty



WHEN SHE WAS BORN Christmas Eve 26 years ago at Astoria, Long Island, 'twas to a mother whose maiden name was Moore and to a father whose name was James Tracy Flaherty. Her grandfolks came out of Dublin in the '80s. But today Mary Ann (now Mrs. T/Sgt. E. R. Bender), who has been 18 months at Adair and is one of the Post "pioneers," works at the Post Exchange office. Her PX job is to "pay the boys dividends"; that is, distribution of profits. So, in case your company tosses a free suds party tonight in honor of the blessed evening, you can thank Mary Ann.

GI Gripes

"When a soldier leaves his home a day earlier than necessary, in order not to be late on return from furlough, only to find that a three-day extension had been received, one day late."



For that perfectly understandable gripe, Pvt. John Brugliera, Co. K, 362nd Inf., wins this week's \$2. To make it more understandable, Pvt. Brugliera's home is in Brockton, Mass.

Camouflage blinds the enemy! Place supplies to blend with natural backgrounds.

Powder River

By A. L. Kirby

Have you heard the tale of valor
That is whispered here and there?
How a horde of Western hombres
Made the Heinies take the air?
How they faced the slug-fed Mausers,
Which they never learned to duck;
With the war-cry of the plainsman,
"Powder River! Let 'er Buck!"

In my mind I see them wading
Through the gaping maws of Hell,
Through the hail of flying bullets
Poison gas and bursting shell;
Now again I hear the challenge,
That old cry of Western pluck,
High above the noise of battle,
"Powder River! Let 'er Buck!"

Once a Royal Irish Lancer
Who had watched them in the fight
From the first gray streak of dawn
'Til the hush of falling night,
Said in awe and admiration
To a listening Cannuck,
"Faith, they went through hell a yellin'
"Powder River! Let 'er Buck!"

Spectre death rode there beside them
On his grim, ill-favored steed,
Gazing on each mangled body
With a grin of ghoulish greed.
But they faced the apparition,
There amid the mud and muck,
Laughed and hollered, "Ride 'em, Cowboy,
Powder River! Let 'er Buck!"

Listen soldier, here's a moral,
Which is worth your while to keep,
'Tis the punch that won the struggle
Over there across the deep.
If the cards seem stacked against you
Do not whine or curse your luck.
Be a soldier, grin and tell them,
"Powder River! Let 'er Buck!"

**Latrine Board of Strategy Ponders Problems
Timmons Just Adds to the General Confusion**

By S/Sgt. Leonard Michelson

**Timely Is Rosenberg
'Umph' Description
Of Boogie-Woogie Urge**

By Pvt. Paul Rosenberg

The blood is pounding to the drum vibrations of yesteryear. Louder and louder this eerie beat continues as the voodoo doctor dances to this dark, mysterious, jungle melody. Boom! Boom! Boom!—the chant makes one feel alive, causes the feet to move, the heart to skip with excitement as the rhythm increases. It is fascinating, this wild, barbaric music. It originates from the feelings of people. From their souls.

Today one can hear the same thrilling chant of the tom toms, the low whistling of the cymbals. But the atmosphere changes—instead of the jungle, one hears this heart tugging beat at a swank night spot. (Where, Paul? What night spot?—Ed.) It still is the music of a people trying to satisfy their emotions. Now they have added the torrid, blasting trumpet, the mellow, sentimental sax, the sweet and hot 88's. And even though sophisticated women and tuxedo-dressed men (kid, where do you spend your passes?) are listening and dancing to this strong, nerve-tingling, rhythm, man's desire to express himself musically has really never changed.

The latrine board of strategy was in session as Timmons took the floor. "This Fire and Movement is very simple. The rest of the Battalion gets into nice, comfortable positions, pulls off a few shots and goes to sleep. This is called laying down on a base of fire. Co. B runs like hell around the flank, and is supposed to surprise the enemy."

"I think that is very smart," Ruppert, "it keeps the enemy guessing."

"Yeah," said the Kansan, "he gets himself set and guesses when Timmons will fall at his feet exhausted."

"Well, the general said we did a good job on the last problem. We took the objective," said Ruppert.

"He undoubtedly was anxious to eat lunch," replied the Kansan Napoleon. "A complete success! I got killed three times."

"How come?" asked Boulton.

"I am dashing madly to the right, on my hands and knees when Sgt. Adair informs me I am in front of his machine guns. I take a dip in the creek, and he radios that he has mortar fire on my head. And then the umpire kills me with his decisions."

"So now the umpires are all wrong," said Merrill. "Why?"

"We are firing so fast that Wagner's rifle is smoking. What a barrage! So the umpire hangs up the red flag, meaning we are pinned down. We run out of ammunition, so I holler 'bang, bang.' So he puts up the blue flag, meaning we got fire superiority."

"Just the same the strategy is good," observed Sgt. Wagner judiciously.

"Yeah," said Timmons, "we are so busy running to the right, to the left, and around in circles that we lost the Cannon Co., the Medics, and everybody except me."

"And where were you?" asked Boulton.

"I am in a place where the artillery, the mortars and Co. A are using me for a target."

"Look, if you can plan it better you'll be a general in no time," said Wagner. "Or I suppose you can?"

"Certainly I can," replied the Junction City genius. "In this modern war we use Psychology. It's simple—lay down a terrific base of fire, then shoot off a flare. Firing ceases and nothing happens. Do this a few times and you drive the enemy crazy. This is called nervous warfare."

"Well, maybe you're right, but in combat we'll have our timing perfect and things won't get confused. You'll see."

The Kansan nodded his head. "The 275th will run to the right, creep to the left and push the enemy all over Germany. Then do you know what will happen?"

"What?" asked Boulton.

"The newspapers will say the Marines have scored another glorious victory, and that the Infantry was also there."

Won't Quit 'Until It's Over!'

By S. Sgt. Edward Connors

"I'm not going to quit until it's over, I don't care if the d - - - thing takes 20 years!"

This is the firm and patriotic conviction of a 55-year-old Trailblazer staff sergeant who completed thirty-one-and-one-half years in the Army last Friday.

S/Sgt. Ulysses S. Newport of the 70th Division Provision Training Center, who saw fifteen months of overseas service in World War I, is firmly convinced of the part he should play in World War II.

"I have had several nephews killed in this war already, and I want to get in to help get this thing over," he said, voicing his desire to move against either enemy in any capacity to help win his second war.

The oldest professional soldier in

point of service in the Trailblazer Division or in Camp Adair, Sgt. Newport has no intention of retiring, although he could have drifted back into the so-called peaceful civilian life 18 months ago.

Enviably Record

He holds probably one of the most enviable records in the U. S. Army, never having been late for any formation, absent or losing any time for infraction of the rules during his long career

as a professional soldier.

One of the best shots in the United States, Sgt. Newport holds medals for his efficiency on the .30 light machine gun, pistol, BAR, and the .03 rifle.

He enlisted in the Army from his home in Winona, Tenn., in 1912, serving continuously except for five days between enlistments. He served in various parts of the country, Mexico and the Panama Canal Zone, as well as 15 months overseas with the 90th Division in the last war, seeing action in the St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne battles.

**Keatings
Corner**

◆ Imagine Hitler's feeling of futility after someone made the crack that Goering is the worst person in Germany!
◆ Tojo gave the people of Japan a pep talk the other day and told them to "perk up"—just as well—they are expecting company, no doubt.