

Library:

New Books Feature GI Humor, Tokyo Bombing

Five best-sellers and six books of more specialized interest are featured in this week's list of new Post-Library acquisitions. The five best-sellers are recent issues of special interest to GIs and their families, while the six other books, also newly published, will make a hit with people who have out-of-the-ordinary taste.
Topic for the week is "C-O Postmaster" by Cpl. Thomas S. George. This is the book that you've been waiting for since you finished "The Secret Private Harp-grove." It's the funniest, most interesting book about Army life overseas that you'll find in a long day's walk, and it's all illustrated with whacky little cartoons by the author. St. George was stationed in Australia when he was whipped this gem out and it's a hit.
"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is the famous book by Captain Ted W. Lawson, who visited Seymour Johnson Field back in August of this year. He's the man who was on that spectacular Doolittle raid over the Jap capitol which started the world some time back. He gives you a complete picture of the entire operation from the flyer's point of view and it's a gripping tale that he has to tell.
Etta Shuber is a New York housewife who has written the first real mix-up with the Gestapo yet told. She's the author of "Paris Underground" and the book tells of her experiences after she was granted to Paris a few years before the war. She and a lady-friend got themselves mixed up with the Underground railway which smuggled stranded British soldiers and men back to home and safety. You won't believe half the stuff she talks about, but it's pretty interesting once you get in it. Try this one for size, anyway, you could do a lot worse.
"Combined Operations" is the official British Department of In-

formation story of the Commando raids and how they operate. It's written by an anonymous British writer who knows his business and has all the official facts at his call. The book is very absorbing reading and you'll find it hard to put down once you've started.
Although not all of us like poetry well enough to read an entire book of it, "Western Star" by Vincent Benet is worth attempting, at any rate. He, of course, is the well-known American litterateur who died recently, leaving the manuscript for this book and also his unfinished work on several others. It's the story of America beginning with the earliest pioneers at Plymouth and Jamestown and coming through the years of our country's formation to a point at which Benet planned to continue with his now unfinished books. You may think now that you don't like to read poetry, but after leafing through this book, you may change your mind.
Heading the list of specialized works is "Prefaces to Peace," a collection of writings on world peace by such means as Wendell Willkie, Herbert Hoover, Henry A. Wallace and Sumner Welles. It's valuable in that Willkie and Wallace very definitely have something of value to offer. You, too, might find it valuable.
"Winter's Tales" by Jack Dimsen is a collection of mood and character sketches done in a dreamy fantasy style. Hardly what you might call general reading, but it's worthwhile, just to see what the book some people get away with.
Three remaining books complete the list: "Origins of the American Revolution," by John C. Miller and good reading, "U. S. Foreign Policy," Walter Lippman's study and "The Muses' Lovers' Handbook," by the life of the party with this one, if you like being the life of anything.



- Protestant Services
General Personnel, 0620 Chapel Nos. 1, 2 & 3.
General Personnel, 0615, Chapel No. 2.
General Personnel, 1100, Chapel No. 5.
General Personnel, 1315, Chapel Nos. 1 & 2.
General Personnel, 1930, Chapel Nos. 1, 2 & 3.
Aviation Cadets, 0880, (Clock of Common Prayer—Holy Communion) Chapel No. 4.
Aviation Cadets, 1000, Chapel No. 4.
Guardhouse, 0600.
Hospital, 0300, Red Cross Auditorium.
Rifle Range, 1100.
Jewish Services (Shabbat)
General Personnel (Friday), 2000, Chapel No. 4.
General Personnel (Saturday), 0800, Chapel No. 4.
General Personnel (Saturday), 1315, Chapel No. 4.
Hospital (Sunday), 0800, Red Cross Annex.
Guardhouse (Sunday), 1215.
Rifle Range (Sunday), 1100.
Catholic Services
General Personnel, 0930, Theater No. 2.
General Personnel, 1315, Theater No. 2.
Aviation Cadets, 0930, Chapel No. 1.
Hospital, 1000, Chapel No. 5.
Guardhouse, 0630.
Rifle Range, 1100.

The Brooklyn Character is Snafu In This Week's Startling Episode

"I," said Reginald De Quincey Piastergatch, "have a three-day pass."
He smiled broadly and his pulse quickened just to think of it.
"Youse gotta what?" said the character sitting on the opposite bunk.
"A three-day pass," answered Reggie, brightly.
"Youse got baloney," said this bitter individual, "youse got a handful of you know what, Youse just tink youse has got a pass, the youse don't know, yet because youse is so Godawful ignorant."
A word must be said in behalf of this strange soldier who addressed

"The Brooklyn character ambigrimly and made a noise with his mouth. "What does dis struge baloney jolt have to say? He looyouse up and down, find sum wrong whicha uniform, an senoyuh back to get dressed right."
"But," said Reggie desperately, "Supposing I'm dressed all right? Supposing I'm correct and my clothes are clean and neat."
"Are youse tryin' to make me backwards and gentlemen at you? Just tink youse has got a pass, the youse don't know, yet because youse is so Godawful ignorant."
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Reggie in that non-morale-building fashion. He was a character, was he, who had been from Brooklyn, U.S.A. and who preferred to remain anonymous.
Reggie felt a pang of apprehension when he heard the Brooklyn character's words. "What do you mean, I haven't got a pass," he asked. "The 1st Sergeant said I could have it."
"Whut uh laaa!" responded the morbid one. "Youse ain't got the sense that God gave little green anaspies. Say... how long you been in de Ommy, bud?"
Reggie learned before that no matter how long you been in the Army, the other guy always had you shaded by anywhere from a day to a month. Which, naturally, made you a rookie, and him a sal-who'd been "around" and "know things" to say nothing of having the "lowdown."
"That doesn't make any difference," said Reggie. "The 1st Sergeant told me I had one, and the 1st Sergeant is an honorable man."
"Listen, jolt," said the shonk in khaki clothing. "Youse don't know dat Feds ain't like I know him. De guy's a born grandmoter-knifer from de world 'go'.
"But, he said I could have it, Reggie insisted. Yuh go in to get it offly pass.
But Reggie had left. With the enough to make de train yuh want.

"But I know the General Orders," said Reginald wildly, "I memorized them the first week I came into the Army. I know them backwards and gentlemen at you."
"Okay, so youse know dem. So he'll give you a funny look and say 'What's de idee comin' to yuh? An' youse ain't got no comeback nobow. Youse ain't wait all de time to get it. Only he ain't around to give it to youse when it's de right time. I tell yuh, bud, you ain't got no passas. You got..."



News Briefs

Look to your launch, Supermans! Your supposedly weaker brethren will be catching up to you real soon judging from the achievements now being racked up by them. Let's take the matter of speed, for instance.
Robert H. Knapp only recently is believed to have done his place of a speed approximately 840 miles per hour during an air fight over Emden, Germany. The rate of speed was furious enough to curl the paint on his elevators.
It true, Lieutenant Knapp has traveled faster than any human being. His P-47 Thunderbolt fighter showed no evidence of strain or structural damage with the exception of the paint peeling.
"Knapp dived from 300 feet to altitude the faster than the speed of sound rate. With the paint peeling and the controls frozen, the fast-flying pilot thought he was a goose, but at 4,000 feet of altitude came out of it vertical dive and he was able to regain control.
Now do you believe us Super-gan, old boy? Yeah!!
A tallered two-piece slank suit of brown and white striped sweater for Army nurses on duty in hospital ships, hospital tenders in the United States and in the warmer climate overseas has been designed by the Quartermaster Corps.
The durable, easily laundered new uniform is more practical than the traditional skirt or dress and allows more freedom of movement and gives protection from insects.

Ring Sight Seat: 'Song of Gunner' New AAF Tune

The "hell for leather" ads who man the death dealing power turbine and free firing guns of our heavy bombers in battle skies around the world have won the "all-out" admiration of all AAF personnel. The deeds of this tough and built heavy breed of air crewmen, most of whom are skilled technicians as well as gunners, have inspired many a poem. "Ring Sight Seat" reproduces this one of the best.
SONG OF THE GUNNER
By LT. COL. G. E. Johnston
P.O. Central Technical Training Command
You can talk about the crew chief
Or the doughy bombardier
Or the radio operator with the educated ear.
You can laud the skilled mechanic
And the navigator, too,
Or brag about the pilot
Till your face is set and blue.
You can tell about their exploits
Over Rome or Dover Straits,
The Solomons, New Guinea,
Or where'er they dared, the white wastes.
You can sing the praise of every man
Who ever wore a chute,
And all those in the air crew,

And the hangar crew to boot.
But when the going's really tough
And a Zero's on your tail
Or a Heinkel's high above you
And the lead comes down like ball
Who's the guy you look to
When your life's not worth a dime?
It's the clear-eyed, tight-lipped gunner:—
It's the gunner, every time.
Sure it's fine to be a pilot
And wear those wings upon your chest.
But it's fine to be gunner, too.
When o'er some cloudy crest
Comes a fight of hell bent Nazis
With plain murder in their eyes
And a burning, half-crazed purpose.
That's to knock you from the skies.
That is when your pulse thumps madly
And you wonder what's ahead.
Will you end your mission safely?
Or be named among the dead?
Will your bomber wing back
Every crewman at his post?
Or be shot down, shattered, flaming.
To inspire a Nazi boast?
You can think a thousand things

Ave, Atque, Vale in 791st as P. P. Boys Depart; Writer Reminisces

By PFC. JOE MARTIN
These are nostalgic days in the 791st. Day after continual farewells and goodbyes to the Permanent Party members. There were some we wanted to talk to before they left town but we never got around to it. They saw the squadron come to life in the sound of ringing hammers. The streets bordering the area were third-rate log-roads that broke the hearts of local mules.
They watched the first school formation—it became the first graduation class of AM School—go swarming down the road. They listened to the sobs, grips we were after. They took care of the kids, trained them and shipped them on their way. The kids who might be making the "walk-run" to Berlin tonite.
There was Bill Graffius of Sheridan, Ill. a little guy with the energy of an atom. He was a mail sergeant's stripes seemed to make him lean to one side.
Pvt. Merl Small managed a shoe store back home until he heard that Tojo was getting out of hand. Got in the Army and the Army got him behind a desk as a typewriter operator. He took everything in stride. His deporture was typical of him. Packed his bags, distributed his beloved collection of fans-records among a few friends, and quietly moved out.
Sgt. Howard Carpenter of the northern farmhands of New York. A political cynic. When he told stories of political ransie-dangle he'd issue his angry voice could be heard all over the area. Strangers thought he was a hard man—he liked to think so, too. He wasn't. There are others who left. Their company is a tribute to the jobs they did, and old-wid. We bid them farewell, goodbye and good luck.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

It's All In The Way You Look At It

