

Hi-Ya Fellers:



How time flies, it seems only yesterday that we, Geo. Hart, Mildred Eacker, Helen Walker, Emma Lou Blanton, and all the rest of the gang were creating a lot of confusion, trying to get off the third edition of the "Hoover Rail".

We appreciate the many interesting letters we've had from you boys, and please keep them coming, as they serve a two-fold purpose, first, your honest criticisms as to what you like and dislike, keeps us ever trying to do better, and second, every letter printed, is the same as a letter to each and every pal now in the service, now whether you have written before or not, write us again and again, and tell us what you do in your spare time (if you have any) your week-end leaves, all about the girl you left behind and the new ones you're meeting from time to time (married men excepted on the girl question)

Rather than write you a personal message this time, I want to give you a first-hand account of what the "Hoover-Railers" have to say - Now use your imagination a little and lets go out and see who is hangin'

around and whats cookin' - as we approach the Rail, we find only two old cronies, Mon Frackett, and Lefty Blanton. Mon seems mighty well pleased with the world in general, and Lefty looks like he has just bitten into a sour apple. "Say, Mon, where's Sam Jeffries", "You know its too danged early for Sam yet, he won't be here for at least five minutes, he's home listenin' to that new-fangled Radio of his, that gets news, that none of us can get on our old Radios - "By the way, Lefty, why, so down in the dumps, whats eatin' on you, - Aw, I just been a-readin' a magazine that gave the detailed account of Hitlers speech to the world in general and to America in particular, in answer to our invasion of Africa and what burns me up is, that little egotistical, self-inflated nim-com-poop of a pip-squeak, had the gall to say that we would yet have to answer to the German peoples ingenuity - why, practically every instrument of modernwar-fare is an American invention, for instance, electricity in all its phases, the steam-boat, forerunner of our battle wagons, the aeroplane, the submarine, the machine gun and the torpedo, and countless others - to hear him talk about German ingenuity, why man, about all they ever "ingenood" was poison gas and sneak attacks - he's told so many lies, he's got himself actually believing them.

"Mon, why you looking so much like the cat, who just swallowed a nice fat little canary, - "Well, cause things are looking up - I smell Springtime in the air - business is so good, we're working overtime and the best news of all is the war situation on all fronts, - as for me, they are always talking about saving their face, but I think they better worry about losing their britches." By the way, I'm hanging a large picture in my home of all the big shots of the great nations - - Roosevelt in my parlor, Churchill in my dining room, Chiang Kai Shek in my bedroom, Stalin in my hall. "But Mon, what about Hitler and Mussolini", - "Oh, yeah I got one of them too", - "Where're you hanging them, Mon?" - "Hell, Jin, are you kiddin'. "Yonder comes Sam, - come on Sam and tell us what you just heer'd". "Well, the announcer said the Japs have just taken "Sal-Hopatica", our war office admits it, but doubts their ability to hold it - he said the strain on their rear was tremendous and the pressure on the mid-sector was causing them to gripe to High Heaven - the Japs tried to repress the reports, but it leaked out and the Allies got wind of it and now the Japs realize the value of a scrap of paper.

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