

world over. Talk of feeding the world and policing the world with armed forces at Wartime strength is pure poppycock. The cost of such schemes with higher wages for striking workers, farmer's lobbyists and over-pressure groups would bankrupt us for thousands of years to come. Better give the war torn countries the minimum possible aid and help them to get on their feet as quickly as possible and to contribute our share towards a world police force that will keep a close watch on Germany and Japan. If we go Isolationist and try to do the whole job alone, we are headed for trouble.

Well thanks for letting me get this rather lengthy monologue, expressing one soldier's idea of our post war policy, off my chest.

Sincerely,
P.f.c. Jimmy Osborne
Orlando, Florida

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ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Well, there's always gotta be a first time for everything and this is the first engagement the Hoover Rail has had the pleasure of announcing. In case you haven't already guessed who the lucky couple are, we'll let you in on it.

Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Jones of Shelby announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Frances Holland Jones, to Aviation Cadet G. W. Clay, Jr. The wedding will be in the Spring, following G. W.'s graduation as an Ensign in the Naval Air Corps.

Frances is a lovely girl and we think "G" is a mighty lucky young man. (Incidentally he thinks so, too) She is employed at Lily Mills, holding the position of secretary to genial Tod Caldwell, whom you all know.

G. W. is the eldest son of Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Clay. Mr. Clay is the Methodist pastor of the Belwood charge.

All you boys hurry and come on home, so we can all go to that big church wedding, they're planning and you know that grand old custom of kissing the bride, -- Well, whatcha' waiting for?

Seriously, Frances and G, we're all thrilled for you both, and we'll be seeing you at the Church, one of these days.

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Maybe some of you boys heard Mrs. Roosevelt tell this joke on her recent trip to Australia and some of the islands.

A soldier from Vermont was looking very down-in-the-mouth one day, so his Top-Sergeant stopped and asked, "Whats the matter, Soldier", he replied, that he just felt terrible, because he hadn't killed a Jap and all of his buddies had, so the Sergeant said, "Aw, thats easily remedied, just go up on that hill yonder, and yell, To Hell with Hirohito and some Japs are sure to stick their heads up and I promise you will get to kill a Jap." Next day, the Sergeant saw the same soldier, looking more dejected than ever and asked if he didn't get to kill a Jap, and he said, "Well Sarge, I did exactly as you told me; a Jap stuck his head up and yelled, "To Hell with Roosevelt" and you know darn well, I couldn't kill a good Republican like that.

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First Sailor: "Why don't you laugh when the Chief tells a joke?"

Second Sailor: "I don't have to, I'm being transferred tomorrow."

Boatswain to sailor: "Wipe that opinion off your face."

"Where's the first sergeant?" "He's over in the barracks hanging himself." "Did you cut him down?" "No -- he wasn't dead yet."

So pleased to meet you, Miss Guilder. My husband has told me so little about you.