



## With the Colors

August 6,  
1943

Sergeant James R. Maxwell writes the Press from "Somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands" under date of July 25: "I have been wanting to write you a few lines for quite some time, but couldn't seem to find the time. You see I get the my Press every time the mail comes in over here and enjoy it very much. The first thing I read is the column devoted to men in the service, 'With the Colors.'

"Very often I see some one's name that I used to know. I think it is a very good column and a very good idea. Mrs. Robert Lindsay of Hunt City has the Press sent to me, and I'm very grateful to her.

"I lived in Jasper county most of my life and resided around Willow Hill. You no doubt know my father, E. A. Maxwell, and my grand-mother, Mrs. Emma Maxwell. I left Jasper county in 1938 and went to work in Olney. I worked there until I entered the Army, March 4, 1941. I have been in several camps in the states, and I'm now in the Hawaiian islands.

"I have been here over a year now, having arrived here in June, 1942. The climate is similar to that of Florida, and that is about all I can say about that. Due to censorship there are lots of things we can't write about, even from over here.

"I can't say that I like it over here, for I've been here long enough for the new to have worn off. I can imagine in peace time this island was rather nice, but with a war going on, lots of things change.

"I like my work fine. However, I'm not at liberty to tell you what I do as anyone else in my outfit. We have a very fine bunch of men and officers. Our C. O. back in the states and while we were at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, said once that he would put us up against any outfit of the same kind in the whole Army. Even though some of the old men are gone, we have some mighty fine new ones to take their places.

"I haven't been home but once since I came in the Army. That was the last of August, 1941. That makes almost two years since I was home. I think we will all be home before many more months though, so I guess it will be worth waiting for. I know that several fellows from Jasper county that I used to know, were here in the islands for a while.

"I never saw any of them, but read in the Press where they had been home on furlough. I haven't been that fortunate though. I have run across four fellows from Olney here on the same island. I used to know them before I came in the Army. One I used to pal around with, and came in the same day I did. It helps a lot to see some one from home, especially when you are this far away.

"I get lots of letters from my relatives and friends from around Olney and Jasper county. Sometimes I have quite a time answering them, but I like to hear what's going on back home. Through letters and the Press, I get most of the news.

"I think I've written enough for one time, so will close. Just wanted you to know I get my Press and enjoy it very much. Hope you remember who I am."

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Miss Virginia Ann Graham of Newton became the second Wave from Jasper county, Monday, when she successfully passed the examination for the United States Navy's V-10 class, enlisted personnel. She is home on a non-duty furlough of two weeks, after which she will report for training.

She is not only the second Wave from Jasper county, but the second to be enlisted through the local sub-recruiting station. Miss Lois Weck, now in active training at Hunter college, New York City, was the first. Virginia has a brother, George

Warner Graham, on antisubmarine patrol in the South Atlantic.

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First Lieutenant Fred B. Alcorn is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Alcorn of Newton. He has just returned from a short visit with his wife, Lieutenant Minnie Alcorn of the Army Nurse Corps at Charleston, South Carolina. Fred was in the postal service at Burbank, California, when he was inducted into the Army, and after completing the training at the Infantry school at Fort Benning, Georgia, was transferred to the Army Postal service and ordered to Colton, California, a short distance east of Burbank.

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Sergeant Millard K. Newlin, who recently returned to the United States after fifteen months in Iceland, has been transferred from Camp Atterbury, Indiana, to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. His address is Company D, 375th Medical battalion, APO 451, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

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Carl Allen, a first class petty officer, United States Navy, assigned to radar work, is spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Allen of Newton. He has been on Atlantic patrol work and participated in the American landings in North Africa last November.

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Frank Gorrell, petty officer first class, United States Navy, left for

New Orleans, Louisiana, Thursday evening, to report for duty after a couple of days at Newton, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elza F. Gorrell. He is assigned to radar work.

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Arlan E. Cunefare, gunner's mate, first class, who is stationed at the Navy yard at Washington, D. C., is spending six days at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Cunefare of near Gila.

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Miss Lois Weck, now in training for the Waves at Hunter college, New York City, writes her sister, Mrs. Harold Smallwood of Newton: "Mary, I could write you a book on Hunter college. Really, it's swell. I love it! We work hard here, especially the first two weeks, but it makes us tough.

"We got our uniforms Thursday. I look swell in mine. We got two cotton gabardine navy suits, five white shirts, two black ties, two black and white hats, one black hat, handbag (it's lovely, with mirror, comb, several compartments and a change purse), two pairs of black shoes, four pairs of lisle biege hose and white gloves for a summer outfit. For winter we got two navy blue serge wo suits (wonderful material), two blue shirts, three navy blue wool blouses, a navy raincoat with removable lining. All my things fit perfectly. They were altered to fit. The GI shoes are so comfortable. Probably because they are really good shoes.

"We got our first pay yesterday, \$20.00 for two weeks. Not much but figuring \$200 worth of clothes, room and board, it's pretty good. If I could type like you, I could go on direct assignment as a petty officer third class at \$78 a month instead of apprentice seaman. As it is I'll have to go to a school. I'll hear from Washington soon to tell me whether I'll be an aerographer (weather

Wave), aviation machinist's mate or radioman, which were my three choices. There are twelve of us girls here in a five room apartment just outside the gates of Hunter college. Things really happen here too. Yesterday on our college courts, I watched Alice Marble (boy, can she play tennis!) play against a man and she won, too.

"Tomorrow the Lieutenant Commander of the Waves is visiting us. Monday we are going on regimental review on that drill field you saw in the movies one day in Newton. Admiral Jacobs, head of Bureau of Personnel, of the Navy department, three other admirals and Eleanor (yes, Roosevelt, in person) are going to watch us. It's really a thrill to watch us. There are about 1,500 of us.

"We learn all kinds of confidential material. We have to know all about battleships, how many guns they carry, what size, how many men are needed on it, what a cruiser does, parts of a torpedo, how many a submarine carries and all such information. They just throw all of it at us and hope we absorb some of it.

"We service women can get into any theatre for 28 cents and lot of places are free. We have all day Sunday off, nearly, and my roommate and I are going to see Broadway, Fifth avenue, etc. I won't sleep Saturday night for thinking about Sunday.

Her address is Miss Lois Mildred Weck, apprentice seaman, 41N-12, U. S. N. T. S. (WR) Bronx, New York, New York.

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First Lieutenant Daniel Wayne King, who is with a bomber squadron of the United States Army Air Force in North Africa, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ona M. King of Falmouth vicinity: "It is now 23:15, or as you would say 11:15 p. m. We just came back from the movie which was 'Tarzan in New York.' We have an open air theatre with lots of open air. At the beginning of the show, it showed a map of Africa and the middle east. As I looked at the map, places where I have been flashed through my mind. Most of them we visited on our days off now and then.

"I remembered the shores of Tripoli, the fertile Nile valley, Cairo, Algiers, capital of Algeria, Bethlehem and the old city of Jerusalem in Palestine, the steaming and musty smelling jungle around the equator; miles upon miles of scorching, blowing, drifting sand; wooden crosses, bombed cities, and the wide streets of Tunis. Yes, I remember this and much more, pleasant and otherwise.

"For several weeks now we have been permitted to write a limited amount about the Tunisian campaign. About all I can say is that I participated in it. I have seen many prisoners. Some time ago I talked with two Italians. One of them spoke pretty good English. He had fought against the Germans in the last war.

"Not hanging the subject, but getting back to today, which was one of rest and quiet, this afternoon several of us went swimming. Then after dinner, which was at 5:00, I played bridge with a couple of navigators and a bombardier for a while.

Enclosed you'll find a poem which I ran across the other day. I rather like it and I thought you might enjoy it.

"Another thing I forgot to mention in my previous letters that in June, I was promoted to first lieutenant, which makes me the youngest first pilot and first lieutenant in our squadron."

## THE AVIATOR'S SONG

Mother, dear mother, my thoughts  
are of you,  
As I wing my way across heaven  
blue,  
The light in your eyes—the sheen of  
your hair,  
And your weary face, so lined with  
care.

I can hear you now, as you used to  
say,

“Be good, my boy, 'tis the only way.”

I can see the stars, as they shone  
o'erhead,

As we talked by the gate, ere we went  
to bed,

I can feel the breeze that used to  
blow,

O'er your garden beds, that used to  
grow.

But mother, I have a task to do,  
For Uncle Sam and home and you,  
That's why I'm sailing an unknown  
sky,

In my silver plane far up so high.  
Fighting with others on land, air and  
sea,

That you and they may be safe and  
free,

And should I not return to you,  
But sail far out in an unknown blue,  
I want you to know, be it near or far,  
God bless you, my mother, wherever  
you are.

And keep you safe in His arms of  
love,

'Til we are united in heaven above,  
This is my prayer—my earnest plea,  
From your little boy, that used to be.

—By Helen Faust Burnhouse.