



With the Colors

Feb. 26,
1943

Corporal Eugene M. Michl writes from Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania: "I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know that I receive the Newton Press twice a week on Mondays and Thursdays, and I enjoy reading the news back home, especially 'With the Colors.'

"I have composed a poem entitled, 'To the Draft Dodgers,' that I wish you would print.

To the Draft Dodger

I'm writing this short letter,
And every word is true,
Don't look away, draft dodger,
For it's addressed to you.
You feel at ease, in no danger,
Back in the old home town,
You cooked up some pitiful story,
So the draft board turned you down.
You never think of the real men,
Who leave day by day,
You just think of their girl friend,
You can get while they're away.
You sit at home and read your paper,
You jump up and say "We'll win."
Just where do you get that "we" stuff?
This war will be won by men.
Just what do you think, draft dodger,
That this free nation would do,
If all men were slackers like you
And scared to fight?
Well I guess that's all Mr. Slacker,
I suppose your face is red,
America's no place for your kind,
And I mean every word I've said.
So in closing this letter, draft dodger,
Just remember what I said,
If you can't fight for this country,
I say you are better off dead.

His address is Corporal Eugene M. Michl, Battery A, 391st F. A. battalion, A. P. O. 263, Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania.

Private Ralph E. Watkins writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Watkins of near Newton, from St. Petersburg, Florida, where he is in an Air Force Technical school: "I never expected to be down here; not so soon, anyway. We left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, at 5:30 p. m., Friday, and arrived here at 8:00 p. m., Sunday. We were off the train about five minutes altogether. We had beds to sleep in and a porter; had a cook and everything. It was nice enough.

"We came through Kansas City and Springfield, Missouri, Arkansas, Memphis and Chattanooga, Tennessee, Sheffield, Alabama, Macon, Georgia, and Jacksonville, Florida, to St. Petersburg.

"It isn't so warm down here. We have to wear coats. There sure are a lot of soldiers down here. We stay in one of the big hotels. I suppose I'll be here four or five weeks. They separated fourteen of us out of 141 who came down here. They said we had a special assignment. I don't know what it is or anything about it.

"It was snowing when we came through Alabama and Georgia. I can see Tampa bay from the hotel and the Gulf of Mexico is west about eight or nine miles. I was down to the gulf today. The oranges look good growing on trees. Saw a few on the way down here, not very many."

His address is Private Ralph E. Watkins, 603rd Technical School Squadron, Flight 344, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Private Harold Lambert writes from Camp Beale, California: "I am getting my advanced training in the Camp Beal station hospital. I work (or watch the patients sleep) all night from 7:00 until 7:00, or what we call the graveyard shift. Now that I have left Camp White, I am sending a poem that was in the Camp White paper.

Oh lovely little puddle,
I wish you'd let me be;
I'm in an awful muddle,
The way you stick to me.
I step out in the morning,
And fall in your embrace;
You never give me warning,
Before you kiss my face.
You're always waiting for me
Each time a car goes by;
I know that you adore me,
The way I get the eye.
You make me feel so humble,
I wish I could forget,
'Twas I who took the tumble,
That rainy day we met.
We shouldn't stick together,
You know how gossip grows;
The general wonders whether
I ever change my clothes.
You're such an awful headache,
But what's a guy to do?
Since I'm so darned magnetic,
I guess I'm stuck with you.

"I want to thank everyone who has written to me because we boys sure look forward to the letters from friends back home."

His address is, Private Harold Lambert, 78th General hospital. Barracks

No. 5, Camp Beale, California.

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J. Hal Connor of Dekalb, formerly of Newton, was to report for duty this morning at Arlington, Virginia, with the United States Army Signal Corps, intelligence section. He has been commissioned a captain.

Hal is a veteran of the first World war, where he was wounded in action in France, and more recently has been head of the English department at the Northern Illinois State Teachers college at DeKalb. His son, J. Hal Connor Jr., a student at the University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana, is expected to be called into the service in the next few weeks.

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Sergeant Delbert Kerner, writing from Camp Van Doren, Mississippi, adds: "It is nice and warm here. Farmers are planting cotton and potatoes, the apple trees are in bloom and so is the red bud. I like it fine here. I would like for my friends to write as a soldier likes to get plenty of mail."

His address is Sergeant Delbert Kerner, Company G, 517th Quartermaster regiment, Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi.

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Camp Stewart, Georgia, February 22.—Post Headquarters at Camp Stewart, Georgia, announce the promotion of James N. Beebe of Newton, to corporal. He was advanced to his new rank on the recommendation of his battery commander. His promotion was based on his attention to duty and his soldierly qualities.

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Sergeant Clayton Wright of Camp Polk, Louisiana, where he is in the headquarters of the Eleventh Armored division, is spending a ten days' furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Wright of Newton. He was inducted from Burbank, California, and was stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for several months.

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Private Charles Wagner of Fort Custer, Michigan, is spending a few days' furlough with friends in Newton.