



With the Colors

The Press received this poem, Thursday, from two soldiers, neither of whom signed his name:

The Mojave Desert

I left the State of Washington with
all its water,

For a climate so hot, it's nearly man-
slaughter.

Sand, sand, as for grass, not a blade,
The heat is terrific and there is no
shade.

The dust is so thick it's hard to bear
it,

You can take a knife and cut it, I
swear it.

The hikes are bad, but we can take it
on the chin,

Worst of all is the dam water dis-
cipline.

A quart a day is all they can spare,
We shave, we drink and wash out our
hair.

That is not all in this sequence of
shocks,

We also use water to wash out our
socks.

Your throat gets so dry that your
saliva does clot,

Take a drink of water but, the water
is hot.

"The dust, the heat, no water," he
grumbles,

But on and on the desert soldier
stumbles.

Mile after mile he stays in his place,
A man is no quitter who falls on his
face.

After the hikes there is no conver-
sations,

Except for a can of good old C-rations.
This is not all, read on and you will
see,

How wonderful we live on the old
Mojave.

We used to stand in line for plates
once a year,

Now we stand longer for a bottle of
beer.

They drove us all crazy with all their
corrections,

Oh yes, I will miss those good old
inspections.

We wore out our clothes just laying
them out,

Silly it was without a doubt.
Each morning at seven we polish up
our tents,

Make up our cots all filled with
rents.

The sand for our floors is made
smooth with rakes,

We picked up the papers and chased
out the snakes.

Yes, there were snakes, scorpions and
lizzards,

Last but not least was those dam

sand blizzards.

Our clothes and our hair all covered
with dust,

I'll never forget the Mojave desert.

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Private First Class James W. McCoy writes from Camp Claiborne, Louisiana: "It's been some time since I have written you; not since I have been back from my furlough have I written anything for the Press.

"I have a very good reason to write this time, because I have recently passed the final physical tests to become an aviation cadet. I passed everything and I am now waiting for my transfer to come through. It may be a week, month or even two or three months before my transfer comes through. Gosh, but it will be a pleasant wait. That branch of the service is what I wanted all the time and my dream is finally coming true.

"As to where I'll go to get my training, that I don't know yet. Anywhere in the United States they may send me. It would please me very much to go to a camp up there in Illinois some place, but it's no telling where it will be. I will go into the Air Corps with the idea of becoming a pilot. After I get into it and I am there for awhile they will give me tests determining whether I will make a pilot, or anything else they think I am best fitted for, so I hardly can say I am going to become a pilot, but that is what I am hoping for. I was one happy lad when I found out I passed everything.

"Everything is going along as usual down here in Camp Claiborne. I have charge of the student buglers, and I am having a time trying to teach them to blow the bugle. I am always glad to hear from anyone around home.

"My address has changed a little. It is Private First Class James W. McCoy, Company K, 410th Infantry, APO 470, Camp Claiborne, Louisiana.

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Corporal Rex H. McClane has notified his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grover A. McClane of Newton, that he has arrived safely in Australia. He said that he had a swell trip over and is able to visit an old friend of his, Leonard "Bill" Jourdan, who is also stationed in Australia. This is the third time McClane and Jourdan have run into one another. They were able to visit one another while in Los Angeles, California, while attending an Army school there, and again while each had a short furlough at the same time in Newton; and now have again bumped into one another in Australia. Rex writes that another local boy, Bobbie Jones, who used to wash cars at Townsend's Filling Station, was on the same boat and is also to be stationed in Australia.

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Lieutenant William Faller is now overseas, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Faller of Newton, have learned. His brother, Florent "Bub" Faller, has been sent to Camp Lee, Virginia, for his basic training.