



With the Colors

Chief Petty Officer Howard "Duke" Resch writes from a cruiser at sea in the Pacific under date of September 28: "Just a word to let you know that I'm still beating around the face of the earth. They won't let me tell you where, when, or how, but I can say I'm feeling perfect and never had less. The duty isn't too rugged and tough but it's as monotonous and flat as a bride's breakfast.

"I appreciate the Press more than ever now, because Mom with three boys to write, sometimes gets writer's cramp in the middle of a letter. She's a better soldier than all three of us, though. I have seen Bill Lewis since I left the mainland, but he's the only one from the old home town. The rest of them seem to be scattered all over the lot.

"I would really like to be there swapping lies with Wib Brooks, Verne Reep, Bert Ward and the rest of the gang. With seven years of good fast practice I think they'd have to turn in their suits. Looks as if I won't be among those present this Christmas, but maybe the next one will find me working my way around the square. Hope so because I'm more or less tired.

"Anyway, I'll take this opportunity to wish you a very white and a very bright Christmas.

"Time for a couple of thick juicy steaks and a cup of coffee with lots of sugar, so I'll say so long, wishing you could join me."

Corporal Jerome P. Schmidt writes the Press from North Africa: "I have been wanting to write for quite some time to let you know I have been receiving the Press and enjoy it a lot, especially the 'With the Colors' column. It more or less keeps a fellow in touch with 'all of his old buddies from home.

"I won't bother to write much about the country over here, because I think the boys have described it very well in the letters they have written you. All in all, though, it isn't near as bad as I had it pictured.

"As most of you know, I am a cook with a Station hospital, and I must say we have a wonderful setup here. We are now in a large building near a good sized town. Although we men live in tents, it isn't bad at all. We have electric lights and a good Army cot to sleep on, with three blankets, so you see we have all the modern conveniences of home. I figure that is the best attitude to take towards it all.

We have been over here almost five months now, and I still haven't seen any of the boys from Newton, but I am still hoping to do so. I had a long letter from John Acklin, Friday. He is still around and is well. I know he would like to say hello to all the folks back home, so here is a 'hello' from John.

"We have a captain in our organization from Olney. He and I have a chat now and then about our good old State of Illinois, and of course our good counties of Jasper and Richland. Being a very poor hand at writing letters, I will sign off for now.

"I want to say 'hello' to all the folks back home, and hope to see you all soon. Anyone wishing to write can get my address from my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Schmidt of Newton."

James W. McCoy writes the Press

from Ada, Oklahoma: "I arrived here in Ada, Oklahoma, last Friday. I don't think I'll ever regret coming here. When I found out up at Amarillo field that I was among the group coming here, I along with all the rest thought I was getting a very bad break. We rode in buses all the from Amarillo to here as it is only some 300 miles from Ada.

"You see at most colleges they have the upper classmen system. That is the newcomers are treated somewhat like children such as freshmen are treated in civilian colleges. When we arrived here there were a lot of the boys out side waiting for us. We thought and expected them to start making fun of us and would try to make us angry or provoke us in some way or another.

"Instead we were greeted with friendly smiles and eager questions, such as what states were we from? That surprised us but there were bigger surprises than that to come. They took us in and showed us our rooms and then took us to supper.

"We could hardly believe it when we got there. There were waitresses and civilian cooks and best of all the food was wonderful. This just isn't the Army and we are still pinching ourselves to see if its true. The school is somewhat smaller than Charleston Teachers college. It is located on a large hill overlooking an immense and beautiful valley. It was good to see trees again as there just weren't any in Texas.

"My address is A-S James W. McCoy, 343rd C. T. D. (Air Crew), Class 43C-10, East Central State college, Ada, Oklahoma."

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Corporal Wendell Collins writes his sister, Mrs. Coy Ault of Yale: "A few lines to tell you I'm o. k. We are permitted to tell you that we are somewhere in England. The country here is very beautiful and every possible space is used in gardens. The towns and villages are very quaint.

"The money system here had me confused for awhile, but I'm on to it now. It seems like everything here is just opposite to American customs. They drive on the left side of the road and their cars have right hand drivers; road signs are different etc.

"The entire country is in a total blackout as you already knew but it sure seems odd. American people have no idea how the British can take it.

"I was talking to a lady who had been in four air raids. She has lost her home, baby, husband and parents. Her legs and arms have been broken; you can see the bones sticking out of her arm. She has made her coat out of a British army blanket and she said her underwear was made out of sheets. She hadn't had a pair of stockings in two years and they work nights and days for about \$4.00 a week. She says 'Things could be worse'."

Corporal Collins is with an Armored division, which just recently landed in England. He wants all his old friends back home to write to him. His address may be obtained by writing in care of Mrs. Ault.