



## With the *44/44* Colors

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nagle of Willow Hill received a letter from their son Captain Howard J. Nagle, who is in North Africa. He says: "You must excuse me for not writing often. There is no heat in my room and it is too cold to write there. I have a room with a French family. They are fine people and do everything possible to help me.

"It seems that I'm getting good at taking important visitors through our Signal center. A couple of days ago I took two French officers; yesterday it was a wing commander of the Royal Air Force and today it was an American colonel, a signal officer of one of our big Air Forces. This is a busy place night and day and very interesting.

"We now have a bottling works in town and can get two bottles of Coca Cola a week. Today I walked through a part of town near where I live on my way to a train which was about the poorest I have ever seen. There was a large area of shacks and dirty Arabs. It was really something. I certainly wouldn't go close to such a place at night without a gun.

"The Germans gave us a visit some time ago and there was plenty of fireworks, while it was going on. I was with a French guard at the entrance to a big public air raid shelter. It was cloudy and I didn't see a single enemy plane. I would have felt a lot better inside the shelter, but since I had on my tin hat and had a rifle, the Frenchman thought I should stay with him.

"We had a snow here, the first in several years, so the natives say. The mountains look beautiful from here with the rough surface covered with snow. Many of our people, officers, enlisted men and Wacs, take three-day passes and go to a resort in the mountains not far from here. Others get a short furlough and go to an oasis on the edge of the Sahara desert, beyond the mountains from here.

"I haven't become interested in taking off any time yet; however, if I do I think I shall fly to Cairo, for that is some place. It is about as interesting as the place I'm at now, and the pyramids, sphinx, etc., nearby in Egypt, would be extremely interesting. I don't believe I would like to take a leave however, so long as my friends in Italy aren't having such a good time.

"I'm enclosing a poem to mother."

## "Hello Mom"

I looked at your picture last night,  
mom.

And all of a sudden . . . You smiled  
at me,

I don't know why,

But I smiled back at you and winked,  
And you laughed, such a beautiful  
laugh,

I had to laugh too.

Then you frowned . . . I said, "Why  
are you frowning, mom?"

And you said . . . "Are you sure you're  
all right, son;

Are you really as happy as you say  
in your letters?

Or are you telling me a white lie like  
you used to

When you were a little boy. I'm  
afraid, son,

Things are so wrong in this world,  
I'm afraid."

Then a big tear drop rolled down  
your cheek.

I remember that big tear drop;

I had seen it many times before.

It made me sad, but yet—yet,

There was something happy about it.

Happy because I knew you cared,

Cared for your little boy who was so  
far away.

I said "Mom, don't you worry about  
me,

I'm really happy, but of course I miss  
you so.

But outside of that, think, just think,  
of the reasons,

Why I'm so far away.

Your smile slowly came back and you  
said,

"I know, son, I know, but I can't  
help it.

I love you so, so very much, but I  
will try."

And then I put your picture back  
on the shelf,

And said, "Good night, until tomor-  
row, sweet dreams,

Forever and ever, and ever."

Captain Howard Nagle.

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Sergeant Edison B. Clark of near Newton, who is someplace in the Pacific area writes the Press under date of March 28: "This afternoon as I find a few of those precious things called minutes, I will try to write you a few lines to let you know I am receiving the Newton Press regularly and that I really enjoy it, especially the 'With the Colors' column. I have been over here quite a while, and I have met several of the boys from

home here. Samuel Beverlin, James Thompson, Fred French, Dwight Burgener and Paul Hampton were here. Fred and Dwight are still over here somewhere.

*Mar. 4, 1944*

"I have seen quite a few interesting things; also quite a few things that weren't interesting. I wouldn't take anything for the experience I have had and I wouldn't go through it again for anything.

"Here is another thing that might also interest you: You have read and also seen in the movies those beautiful south sea islands. Well, they are pretty to some extent, but most of the beauty is made in hollywood. All there is here on these islands, and I have seen several, are mountains, jungle, palm trees and a small pygmy type native who is very black. They also can talk about the beautiful south sea island women, but, I have my first one yet to see. The men, women, and children all smoke pipes if they can get them.

"Our living quarters are pretty nice here now. We have our tents screened in. We have plenty of reading material, and some recreation including, movies and a radio station here on the island, but, that doesn't say I would like to stay here.

"Here is a little article I cooked up a few months ago—the reaction of a soldier at first sight of a white woman on the island.

"As I glanced up my eyes blinked and for a second something seemed to give me the queer feeling as though I were suddenly frightened. Then a flash and I thought civilization was coming back to me instead of me going back to civilization. When I regained my consciousness I saw a woman. I almost passed out again, when I paused to take the second look to see she was a blonde.

"Then I sank into my shoes and peeped through my shoe laces to watch the rest of the boys go wild, for she was the first white woman we had seen in over eight months.

"Well, I must close as my time is up. Here we run on schedule time."

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Private Victor R. Phillips writes: "Since the other boys seem to find time to write expressing their gratitude for receiving the Press, I thought I'd write a few lines myself. It kind of keeps you in touch with the home folks.

"From the ones they have been taking to the army, I guess there aren't many left any more. If they keep on it will almost be Jasper county against the world.

"I'm very much afraid the Chamber of Commerce of California will have a hard time selling this state to the tourists after the war, especially the boys, who have been training out here in the Mojave desert where we now are. We are only twenty-five miles from Death valley and thirty-five miles from the nearest town.

"This army life suits me fine, but I don't think much of the desert. Of course I guess it has its advantages for we have to have some place to practice with our A. A. guns.

"We had some Chicago beer out here for a while at the post exchange, but it didn't last long. They say they can only buy it once in a while from the breweries so don't let them tell you the army is getting it. We are getting our share of the food though, as I have gained quite a little weight, in the eight months I've been in.

"I'm still hoping to see some action before this fracas is over. I'd like to pay those Japs back for landing me in what they call sunny California.

"Tell any of the boys who happen to be left, if they care to write they can get my address from my mother."



James W. McCoy writes from Camp Gruber, Oklahoma "The last time you heard from me I was up at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. A lot has happened since then. You probably have read in the papers and heard on the radio about all the Air Corps men who had to go into the suffering ground forces. I was one of those 35,000 or 40,000 men who obliged.

"I was sent to Fort Sheridan, where I was reclassified. Of course it was the Infantry for me and after being there close to that most wonderful city of Chicago, I was sent here to the Rainbow division. As far as the Infantry goes it's greatly above the average outfit. The camp is very nice. The barracks are as nice as any I've ever had. The officers are all real fellows, which is a big help.

"I'm supposed to get eight weeks of a refresher course in basic training along with all the rest of the fellows, who came in when I did. After that I hope to get a long-sought furlough, if I'm lucky, and I haven't been lately. Maybe I don't know what's best for me, which probably is the case.

"I want to hear from everyone more than ever now, so here is my new address. I'll try to get your letters answered as soon as possible. Private First Class James W. McCoy, Company G, 232nd Infantry, APO 411, Camp Gruber, Oklahoma.

"I am not over a hundred miles from where I took my first flying lessons in the Air Corps. It was Ada, Oklahoma. I will go down and see

all the people who treated me so wonderfully when I went to college there recently."

Aviation Cadet Howard B. Riley of Newton, last week traded the slow but sure primary training plane of the Army Air Forces for a more speedy basic trainer. He is a son of Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Riley. Passing his first test in his training to become a flying officer for Uncle Sam, he graduated from the 61st Flying Training detachment, AAFCPS (P), Lodwick Aviation Military academy, a primary flying school at Avon Park, Florida.

At Avon Park, he received his first solo training at the controls of an Army airplane. Under the direction of civilian flying instructors, carefully checked by flying officers of the Air Force, his instruction began in a sturdy, stable primary trainer. In these past weeks, he, like scores of his classmates, has developed from a novice to a flier qualified to do elementary flying and acrobatics.

From Avon Park he has been transferred to a Basic school for training in the faster and more powerful basic trainers. With the completion of this course, he will be sent for advanced training to one of the numerous advanced flying fields of the Eastern Flying Training Command. There he will learn to fly the speedy AT's, and then receive further specialized training on the type of ships which he will finally fly in combat.

Now, he is on his way to the coveted "wings" that tell the world that here is a fighting pilot, developed by the United States Army's rigid and exact training.

Private James Edward Laugel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Laugel of Newton, has reported to Keesler field, Biloxi, Mississippi, and is now undergoing Army processing to determine his qualifications as a pre-aviation cadet.

While at Keesler field, a station of the Army Air Forces Training Command, he will be given training, classification and medical and psychological tests. If he successfully completes this phase he will be sent to a college or university for five months further study, or depending upon his academic background, directly to a pre-flight center for cadet training.

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James Burnice Crooks, 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burnice Monday Crooks of Newton, is receiving his initial naval indoctrination at the ~~United States Naval Training Station at Great Lakes~~. His "boot" training consists of instruction in seamanship, military drill, and general naval procedure. During this period a series of aptitude tests will be taken by the recruit to determine whether he will be assigned to a Naval Service School or to immediate active duty at sea.

His recruit training completed the seaman will spend a period of leave at home.

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Captain Francis A. Richards, Chemical Warfare Service, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Richards of Newton, has been transferred to Camp Dedrick, Maryland, from Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, where he has been stationed for the past two years.

Camp Dedrick is a Chemical Warfare Service post and Captain Richards is post intelligence officer there. The camp is located at Frederick, Maryland, the town famous as the home of Barbara Frietchie. Francis writes that their apartment is just one block from the famous Frietchie house.

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Seaman Second Class Philip Bernard Burgund, Seaman Second Class Peter Victor Burgund and their pal

from Alabama, Seaman Second Class Floyd Vernon Chandler, spent their boot leave together with their mother, Mrs. Katherine E. Burgund, and family of near Willow Hill. All the boys stated they liked Navy fine.

The boys went back a couple of days early and stopped over to visit their uncle, James Gromer, who was operated on.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Auteberry of Newton have received a letter from their son, Private Basil Atterberry, telling them he had left Camp Campbell, Kentucky, and was now at Camp Butner, North Carolina. He also stated in his letter he had left the fourteenth division and had joined the Paratroopers, and that he liked it.

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Jerald J. Hartrich, son of J. J. Hartrich of Sainte Marie, has been promoted to major in the United States Army. He is now stationed in Pennsylvania in the Field Artillery.

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Second Lieutenant Paul G. Robards of Newton, who was recently commissioned in the Medical Administrative Corps, has been assigned to Camp Grant, Rockford.

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Lieutenant Eugene A. Barthelme spent last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barthelme and family of Sainte Marie.

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Delbert Shryock is here from San Francisco where he is in the Army, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shryock of Newton.

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Major Medfred S. Riley has been ordered overseas with a surgical unit of the United States Army Medical Corps.

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Maurice McCormack is spending a furlough with his wife at Olney and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCormack of Newton. He is being

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transferred to Pennsylvania. He was a bacteriologist for the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company at St. Louis before going into the service.

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Word has been received that Private First Class Bernard F. King, son of Ross King, formerly of Newton and Bogota, has arrived in England.