



With the *2/18/44* Colors

Paul Clayton Shryock, seaman first class, a survivor of the million dollar sea going tugboat, U. S. S. Seminole, is now home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Shryock of Hillsboro, formerly of Jasper county. He has been in the South Pacific water two years this spring and has been awarded a campaign bar with four stars on the bar for his participation in four major battles. His ship, the U. S. S. Seminole was blasted by Jap battle-ships and sunk in Guadalcanal harbor on October 25, 1942.

Paul Clayton swam for three and one-half hours in shark infested waters covered with burning oil, with Jap planes raining fire and death on all the boys, before reaching shore. He suffered numerous attacks of malaria on Guadalcanal and Tulagi islands and he also had one severe attack of jungle fever. He received several wounds from shrapnel.

While lying in his fox hole awaiting the signal for the Battle of Tennereau River, he composed the following poem:

Just before the battle, mother,
I said a prayer and thought of you;
For we knew by dark hell would be
Raging across the River Tennereau.
If mother only knew the horrors,
That her boy will face this night,
While she is sleeping, oh so peacefully
Back there under freedom's light.
They will try to storm across this
river,
When darkness smothers out the
light;
And each and everyone they will kill
us, is
What they claim they will do tonight.
And while we are waiting, oh so
tensely,
In these small fox holes crouched
down;
Soon we will hear these hellish
mortars,
Shatter as they hit the ground.
And now the sun is slowly fading,
And darkness soon will all surround.
Hark!
Here comes the opening salvo;
Hit the deck, boys, hug the ground.
Can't you hear those shells a
screaming;
Now they are hitting all around;
The ground is shaking like soft jelly,
From the salvo of our guns.
It's our reply to their bold challenge;
Yes, come and get us, Rising Sun.
And hear those "Tommies" start to
chatter,
As they try to come on through,
Across those dark and murky waters
Of the River Tennereau.

Private First Class Gordon S. Hunt, writing from Somewhere in England, where he is stationed with a Mobile Post Headquarters company of the Army Service Forces, says:

"I have received two Newton Presses since I have been over here and they are very welcome. It made feel as though I was at home just to read about the people and the happenings back there.

"My trip across was very interesting, although there were a couple of days that I wasn't any too much interested. The sea was a little rough and I lost more than a little besides interest. However, after a couple of days I felt better and have had a brighter outlook on life. The only time that I ever want to board a ship again is when I start the return trip home.

"I have visited in Scotland, Wales and England, and find that this is a very beautiful island, but there is some difference in the way of living. The homes are picturesque and very well kept, but very few have central heating plants. They are mostly heated by a fireplace in each room. You can usually tell the number of rooms in a house by the number of chimneys on the roof.

"I had a little trouble with the money situation at first but have that pretty well straightened out now. I still have trouble understanding the English accent, though."

Technical Sergeant H. Ardell Heady, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Heady of south of Newton, writes:

"You know, the one thing the boys over here like best is news from home. They aren't interested in war news or news of national or world events nearly so much as news from the old home town. If the Brown family has a new baby or if they hit a 'dry hole' on the Jones forty, or if June Smith has joined the Wacs, we would like to know about it.

"I am writing this from somewhere in Italy. After spending some time in England, North Africa, and Sicily, I have finally landed here. I should say I am just passing through here. I don't hope to stay .

"The PID in my address stands for Photo Intelligence Detachment. I have been doing photo intelligence work for about four months now. My work is very interesting and exciting; in fact, so much that I can't say anything about it."

He is a member of Colonel Elliott Roosevelt's photographic squadron, which has been decorated for its fine work in the North African and Sicilian campaigns.

*Feb. * 18, * 1944*

Miss Clara Rentz received the following poem from Francis Geltz at the United States Naval Training Station at Farragut, Idaho:

Sitting on my G. I. bed,
My G. I. hat upon my head,
My G. I. pants, my G. I. shoes;
Everything free, nothing to loose.
G. I. razor, G. I. comb,
G. I. wish that I were home.
They issue everything we need,
Paper to write on, books to read,
They issue food to make us grow,
G. I.'d like a long furlough.
Your belts, your shoes, your G. I. ties,
Everything free, nothing to buy;
You eat your food from G. I. plates,
Buy your needs at G. I. rates.
It's G. I. this and G. I. that,
G. I. haircut, G. I. hat;
Everything here is government issue,
G. I. wish that I could kiss you.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ben Conley have received a letter from their son, Captain Leland Conley, who is serving with the Medical Administrative Corps in the Southwest Pacific area. Leland mentions that he had a pleasant surprise one day when his brother, Corporal Donovan Conley, dropped out of the skies for a visit with him. Both brothers were stationed on the same island, but were able to reach each other only by air or water travel, there being no jungle roads passable. This was their first visit since leaving the states. Leland was recently promoted to the rank of captain.

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Private First Class Virgil E. Price writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Price of South Muddy township, that he is well and feeling fine although the mosquitoes are bad. He said that Japs came over and bombed them one night but did very little damage. However, he said, he was about half the night getting the sand out of his blanket.

He is believed to be in the Marshall islands now with an Army Air Force. Has been moved about all over the Pacific area after having been stationed in Hawaii for a long time.

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Mrs. Frank Holt of Newton has received a letter from her nephew, Corporal Charles R. Weber, the first word from him since December 13. He writes that his regiment has left Fyr island, where they were subjected to a few Jap bombings, but no one was hurt.

He added that he had seen his first volcano, but that it didn't look like what he thought it would. It smokes and the ground trembles, and toward