



With the *2/4/44* Colors

Private Eugene Hubert Hartrich writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Hartrich of Sainte Marie, under date of January 13:

"I'm fine. I've been very busy and all I was able to write you I could put on V-letters, but here is a little story I want you to know.

"Father Colon, our chaplain, ask-Johnny Turno, a friend, and I if we would stand as sponsors for a young pilot who wanted to be baptized. We said "sure," so Father Colon said to me "Hopi," you're the most rugged, you can be God-father, and that left Johnny to the God-mother.

"The ceremony over, the young pilot took his baptismal certificate, and went back to his company, where he showed it to one of his buddies who exclaimed 'good heavens, there is a soldier with a name exactly like mine, Eugene Hartrich.' Needless to say I had a visitor that night.

"Yes, you guessed it. It was James Hartrich's boy. His father lives in Arkansas, and Eugene said he had been to Sainte Marie years ago to the funeral of an aged relative, had been to our house and even remembered where we live. I couldn't remember anything except that there were two boys at our house that day.

"He is an air pilot; has only two more missions over enemy territory. Then he gets a leave back to the states. He is very nervous, but I'm sure he will make it o. k. I told him I thought he was a pretty lucky guy with a chance of going home so soon. We probably will be stuck over here for years yet.

"We hit it off swell. He seems to be a fine fellow. We found lots to talk about. We plan to get together again soon, to have some fun, if Army regulations don't interfere.

"Thank all those girls again for me who donated the harmonicas and jews harps. The box arrived Christmas evening. Needless to say we had a Merry Christmas."

Joe Cummins, machinist's mate second class, writes from somewhere in the Southwest Pacific:

Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy reading all the news from the old home town especially the news from the boys in the service. I was in the same company in 'boots' with Dewey Connor Jr. and in navy school with Neil Holman from Olney.

"We are on a beautiful island, among the coconut trees and have very good living conditions. I am enclosing a little piece of poetry about the Navy Wife, as I see a lot of poems about the Army."

Prayer of a Navy Wife

Please let him come home,
From the war, I pray,
It's my uppermost thought,
Both night and day.
For he's so young,
And his love is so true,
I pray he'll return
To the life he knew.
I don't even think,
That he might not return.
For faith, like a flame,
Continue to burn,
And kindles my hopes,
'Mid a life so dear.
And, I know in my heart,
It can't happen here.
He's got to come back,

Gators never missed a stride;
It's either do or die.

Next morning we passed through
graveyards,

We had to hold our breath;
The trees were full of snipers,
The air was full of death.

For breakfast we had nothing,
For dinner we had the same,
For supper we had rations,
But no one did complain.

Next night we sank the rising sun,
Old glory flew on high,
To give the Marines in the fight
The right to live or die.

Now that the fight is over,
We never will forget,

The boys we left behind us,
Who died in blood and sweat.

So all you Japs take warning,
We Marines are seing red;
Until every Jap in Tokyo,
Is either dying or dead.

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Miss Ruby Brackett, formerly of Newton, now of Peoria, has enlisted in the Waves and will report to Hunter college, New York City, the last week of February for her basic training after a visit here. For the past fourteen months she has been employed by R. G. Le Tourneau, Inc., manufacturers of earth moving machinery used by the Army and Navy Air Forces in laying out and maintaining air fields. This plant won the Army-Navy E production award in 1942.

She has been active in the Le Tourneau Chorus, a group of fifty employes who have presented programs throughout the Peoria area. Their outstanding presentation in 1943 was a Christmas cantata, given over the radio and at Camp Ellis, and recorded and broadcast from Toccoa, Georgia, where the Le Tourneau Company has another plant.

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Hamilton Rogers writes from England: "I just made a cup of coffee and boy it tasted pretty good, so I take a sip now and then.

"I heard from Estle Short since he arrived in England. I wish he was here with me or I was there with him, it would almost be like I was back home again.

"We are cleaning up over here, That was our job and we are going to do it so we can have a better world to live in. Even though some of us don't get back their friends will remember what we did. Boys over here like Estle and others doing our jobs, and people back home striking. They too have a job keeping the home front going for us boys 'till we get back. That hurts the boys more than fighting for a world of freedom. Those people who don't keep the home front going are keeping many of the boys from returning home."

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Sergeant Russell Harrison writes Mr. and Mrs. J. Marvin Harrison from England, where he recently arrived with an Ordnance battalion: "I arrived in England safe and well and found I was not a good sailor. I was seasick. Our living conditions are much better here than I expected to find.

"Signs of the blitz are visible here. Rationing of food and clothing is quite strict here. The Red Cross gave us doughnuts and coffee as we got on the boat and again when we got off the boat. I never tasted better. Children here are crazy for candy and gum. We get a limited supply of both."

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Chief Specialist Carroll Lowe, eldest son of Chaplain and Mrs. C. C. Lowe, who was aboard the U. S. S. Brownson which was bombed by Jap

planes December 27 near the New Britain islands, is spending some time at Willow Hill with his mother and sisters, while the Brownson is being repaired, which will be about twenty-one days.

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Staff Sergeant Sylvan Kocher of Seymour Johnson field, North Carolina, and Corporal Ted Kocher of Lockbourne Air Base, Columbus, Ohio, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kocher of Newton vicinity. Both are in the Army Air Force and Ted is an aerial gunner.

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Lieutenant Scott Cummins has returned to Norfolk, Virginia, after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emery S. Cummins of Willow Hill. He was accompanied home by his wife and child, and they will remain here. Scott has been in the Navy for a number of years.

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James Earl Wilson, carpenter's mate third class, is spending a thirty day furlough with his mother, Mrs. Earl Wilson of Newton, his father who is working at Gary, Indiana, and other relatives. He has been sent to the Amphibious Training base at Little Creek, Virginia, after several months at sea on a destroyer. He was from Iceland to Trinidad.