

Private First Class Jesse Wells sends the following poem, which recently was published in the Camp Cooke, Clarion. It appeared originally in a bulletin of the Chesnut Street Association in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, with the notation that the author was unknown but was now overseas.

So You're Sick of It!

So, you're sick of the way the country
is run,
And you're sick of the way rationing
is done,
And you're sick of standing around
in line.
You're sick, you say—well, that's just
fine.
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching
feet;
Yes, I'm sick of the sun and the heat,
And I'm sick of the mud and the
jungle flies,
And I'm sick of the stench when the
night mists rise;
And I'm sick of the siren's wailing
shriek,
And I'm sick of the groans of the
wounded and weak,
And I'm sick of the sound of the
bomber's dive,
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive;
And I'm sick of the roar and noise
and din,
And I'm sick of the taste of food from
a tin,
And I'm sick of slaughter—I'm sick
to my soul.
I'm sick of playing a killer's role,
And I'm sick of blood and death and
smell,
And I'm even sick of myself as well.
But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule,
And conquered lands where the wild
beasts drool.
And I'm cured damn quick when I
think of the day,
When all this hell will be out of the
way,
When none of this mess will have
been in vain,
And the lights of the world will blaze
again,
And things will be as they were
before,
And kids will laugh in the streets
once more,
And the Axis flag will be dipped and
furled,
And God looks down on a peaceful
world.

Feb. 8, 1944

Private First Class Elza Turner
writes from somewhere in the South-

west Pacific: "I receive the Press pretty regularly over here and am always glad to get it. I especially like to read the "With the Colors" column, for that way I hear from some of the boys I knew back home. I decided I would write a few lines for the paper and say 'hello' to all my friends.

"In the November 9 issue you had a letter from Delbert Bogard telling how he had been given a copy of the Press. I am the one who gave him that copy. It had been quite a while since I had seen him and I haven't seen him since.

"I have seen a lot of things, both good and bad, since I have been gone, but the best thing I can see is good old Newton. I am in the Southwest Pacific."

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Lois M. Weck is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Weck, and other relatives this week. She is on her way to the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, Virginia, after graduating from the Technical Training school at Norman, Oklahoma. She was one of only five, with the highest grade, who received the rating of aviation machinist's mate, third class, which is equivalent to sergeant in the Army, out of a class of seventy-five Waves.

Her duties have consisted of taking apart and reassembling airplane engines and testing their performance while in the cockpit of the planes. She likes her work very much. She was formerly a school teacher in the county schools.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ona M. King of Falmouth received a letter from their son Dale Maurice King, who is in the Navy Air Corps, Monday, stating that it had rained there all day that day, January 24, and also that they had had quite a bit of rain recently. He said for relatives not to neglect to write to the boys in service often, for no matter how cloudy or sunshiny the day has been, a letter from home always makes a guy feel better and able to do his bit better. He was o. k.

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Lieutenant Gerald Huff, United States Marine Corps, and Sergeant Earl J. Huff, who is in the Army at Lowry field, Colorado, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Huff of Newton. The Huffs have four sons in the service.

Lieutenant Huff has been discharged after service in the Southwest Pacific. He was in the original landing party on August 6, 1942, at Guadalcanal and was commissioned during the fighting there.

Feb. 8, 1944

Private First Class John E. Nichols Jr. is visiting his wife and son Gerald Eugene and his father, John E. Nichols of Newton. He is in an airborne division stationed near Richmond, Virginia, and has ten days at home.

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Private First Class Gordon Hunt writes his mother, Mrs. John Hunt of Newton, that he is well and asked her to tell his friends hello. He is in the headquarters company of a mobile port battalion and is stationed in England.

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Private Lowell I. Lewis of Hunt City writes that he is now a postal clerk in the Army post office at Los Angeles, California. His address is 23rd Regulating section, APO 181, Los Angeles, California.

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Private First Class Paul J. Reep was here over the week end, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Verner L. Reep of Newton. He is stationed at Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, with the Air Force.

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Private Hugh James is spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. James of Newton.