



With the *2/8/44* Colors

Private First Class John Newlin writes from Winter General hospital, Topeka, Kansas, on his return from Southwest Pacific:

"I arrived in the states January 15, it is swell to be back. I just lacked ten days being in the Southwest Pacific twenty months. I have been traveling so much that a most of my mail and Christmas packages haven't caught up with me. The following poem I wrote while on the train coming from Modesto, California, here to Topeka, Kansas.

Travels of a Soldier

I left the U. S. shores at Frisco

In May of '42,

On a worthy ship to sail the sea,

And crossed the ocean blue;

For sixteen days I rode the waves,

Then New Zealand came in sight,

"I say there Cheps," they welcomed
us,

"Have a spot of tea and eat a bite."

For thirty days I looked around;

Enjoyment lasted all the while,

Then I packed my bags and sailed
again,

And came to the Fiji isles.

"Bula Vinaka" cried the natives,

I said "Hiya Joe,"

As time went on I learned their lingo;

"Bula Vinaka" means "hello."

It was in the spring of '43,

Before I sailed again;

Then I came to the Solomon isles,

Where the blood is mixed with rain.

I never shall forget the times,

We tangled with the Japs;

In the end we won the battle,

But they sure put up a scrap.

In all of us there is a limit

To the things a man can do;

The doctors finally told me,

As a fighting man I'm through.

The nicest present I could ask for

Came on Christmas day;

I was loaded on a transport,

That would soon be on its way.

Twenty-one days I sailed this time,

Then I saw the golden gate,

The home of good Americans,

A land of sovereign states.

As my train sped through the country

It was sure a lovely scene;

To me it was like a movie,

You see upon the screen.

My home town is Newton;

That is where I'd like to be,

But any place in the U. S. A.,

Is home sweet home to me.