



With the Colors

7/7/44

Slain by a Greedy Monster

How little did I think, when I held
his baby form,
Clasped tenderly against my heart,
Cradled within my arms;
As I watched with pride and happiness,

The sleepy, dimpled smile,
Play around his baby lips,
Breathing softly all the while;
His yellow curls caressingly,
Around my fingers wound;
I did not know that babe of mine
Would sleep on foreign ground.

The God of war, with cruel hate,
Has torn him from his nest.

Oh would that I could feel again
His head upon my breast.

I watched him grow from lad to man,
I watched him sail away,
I watched his ship, as from sight it
slipped.

Out on the ocean grey.

Oh sea, my heart is restless, too,
With waves of grief and pain;
My babe, my lad, my boy is gone,
By a greedy monster slain.

—A Mother

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Technical Sergeant Ardell Heady writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Heady of near Newton, his experiences in entering Rome with the Fifth army recently. He was recently promoted and made a photo interpreter, and is now with the Photo Intelligence unit. Previously he was an aerial photographer, operating from North Africa and Italian bases.

"I can't put down Anzio beachhead any more because now there isn't such a thing, but I can assure you that there was for a while. Things have been moving pretty fast and so have I. With the Fifth army you have to move fast. We are far beyond Rome now, but I was fortunate to see quite a bit of the city. I was in Rome for the first time of (censored). It is quite a city. It is beautiful, much different from Naples and other Southern Italian cities. It is like any large city in the United States.

"The day we drove into Rome the entire population was lined along the streets. The throng surged back and forth so they could hardly get through. They reached out and clung to our jeep. They kept shouting "Long live America" and threw flowers at us. They were parading through the streets in all sorts of carts and vehicles flying American, British, French, Italian, and Russian flags. It was an experience I will never forget.

Won't Forget

"Before the day had passed they were begging candy and food and selling jungle jewelry for outrageous prices. I bought a few things that looked pretty nice, although I did pay three times their value.

"The first day in Rome I will never forget. It was the first time I had ever seen St. Peter's cathedral and I also saw the pope. He came out on the balcony and spoke to the people of Rome for the first time since the Allies had entered the city. We drove our jeep up as close as we could get through the thousands of people in the courtyard below the balcony. The people cheered long and loud when he came out.

"Then he spoke and everything was quiet. Of course he spoke in Italian and I couldn't understand him, but we had an Italian with us who spoke English and he told us what the pope was saying. He gave thanks that the holy city had been spared and was now liberated from the Germans and prayed that the rest of the world would soon enjoy peace and freedom. Then he disappeared and the people cheered for five minutes.

Visited St. Peter's

"Yesterday I was in St. Peter's cathedral. It was the most beautiful building I have ever seen. I climbed to the top of the dome and I could see the entire city of Rome spread out before me with the ancient Tiber river winding through. I stood and gazed out over the city for a few minutes and my mind swept back through the ages. There before me was the most famous city in the world. Here great empires rose and fell, great kings and emperors ruled, heroes were born and died, Christians were martyred. Here the world's greatest artists, leaders, sculptors and inventors lived.

"Julius Caesar, Augustus Constantine, Michelangelo, Raphael, St. Peter and St. Paul all marched before me in my thoughts. A few ragged remainants reminded one of an ancient glorious civilization.

"Across the river and to the right is the colisseum built in the first century A. D. Here gladiators and wild beasts entertained the emperors. On the street in front is the Arch of Constantine. Then a few scattered stones, arches and lone marble pillars, enclosed in an iron fence, is across

the street. This my guide book says was and the center of activity of ancient Rome.

Forum of Mussolini

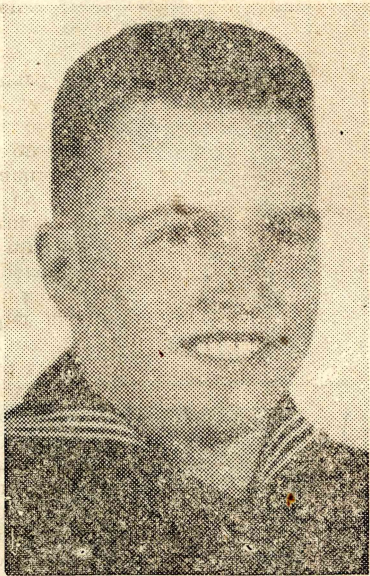
"Near the center of town is a beautiful modern white memorial to Victor Emanuel II. In the distance I saw the forum of Mussolini, built just a few years ago, and now Mussolini is finished and will soon be ancient history. All in one glance I saw the past and the present—a span of 2,000 years.

"Now Americans' trucks and tanks roll through the streets of Rome. The city has been conquered again. Now the Romans cheer the Allies. They are like a bunch of sheep. Once they cheered the emperors, then the king, and they cheered Mussolini, now they cheer us, just as enthusiastic as ever. Here in our city, once paganism now Christianity; once an empire, now a city; once Facism, now democracy; once a pile of rubble, now a beautiful city. It is unbelievable.

"But there is one thing for sure I will still take any American city, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Newton. Any of them is a hundred times better than Rome just for one reason. It is home; it is America."

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Kenneth L. Williams, who is a member of the crew of the U. S. S. Texas, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Williams of near Newton:



"You have probably been worried about me since the invasion began, and I just want you to know that I am getting along fine. We have not been hit and have suffered no casualties, although we were in the first wave and have been in the thick of the battle.

"I can't tell you too much about it now, but I can give you an idea of some of the highlights. We have seen just about everything you can imagine in the way of modern warfare. As we crossed the English channel, we passed through what was supposed to be one of the most effective mine fields in the world, but we got through safely. When we got across, we shot at enemy gun emplacements, tank and troop concentrations, ammunition dumps, observation posts, and other vital targets.

"There have also been many unpleasant sights, but I won't tell you about these now. At one time, we had twenty-seven enemy prisoners on board, but had to send them to another ship which took them back to a prison camp. They didn't look like supermen to me. We also had twenty-nine wounded United States Army Rangers aboard, who were brought to us by a small boat from an isolated beachhead. Their wounds were treated on board and only one died. He had been lying wounded on the beach for two days before we could get him aboard, and he was just too far gone when he got to us.

"We have been under attack by enemy planes and glider bombs at night, and have seen many planes go down in flames. There have also been shell splashes in the water fairly close to us, caused by the enemy firing at ships along the shore, and most of us consider ourselves lucky, considering what we have seen happen to others.

"This experience has drawn us closer together on the ship, and has shown us what a fine bunch of shipmates we have. The Army has praised our shooting and we are very proud of the knowledge that we have done a good job."

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Private First Class James W. McCoy writes from Camp Gruber, Oklahoma: "I'm getting along o. k. out here in Oklahoma and I'm hoping everyone is there at home. I read in all the Presses lately of the coming county fair and I sure wish it would be possible that all of Jasper's natives could once again attend, but of course that's not possible.

"I saw a movie 'Home in Indiana' two days ago, that made me think again of the good harness racing I've seen there at Newton. I wish you all could see that movie.

"July not only brings the Fourth and the county fair, but it's also the month of my mother's birthday, the eleventh. I found a poem that I'm passing along to you and I'm dedicat-

ing it to my mother."

Mother's Medal

I left her standing by the train,
Smiling through tears of grief and
pain;
My striped collar showed the trace
Of tears from that beloved face.
I wondered then why she should
fright,
For wasn't I prepared to fight,
For victory, freedom, peace and love,
Protected by my God above?
For days I thought of her standing
there,
Her smiling face, her graying hair,
'Till God helped me to realize,
The mystery of those tearful eyes.
Dear mother, yours is the hardest
fight,
For yours is the misery of sleepless
nights,
And dragging days in the house alone,
Watching for mail and the silent
phone.
And when at last peace reigns o'er
the world,
You'll stand at the station, your flag
unfurled—
To receive the medal that you have
won;
The loving smile of your homecoming
son.

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Mr. and Mrs. James R. Diel of Newton have received word that their son, James Lee Diel, a paratrooper, was safe in France, having come through the invasion and subsequent fighting without a scratch. He added: "There is not much that I can tell you except that I'm all right and as you probably know I'm somewhere in France. I have been in France for what seems like a year now, but I guess it isn't that long. My entire squad came through unharmed."

Lee has been promoted from staff sergeant to first sergeant. He was previously a jumpmaster in charge of the men on his transport plane.

Corporal Daniel E. Diel, another son of Mr. and Mrs. Diel, is in the China theatre in Northern India and Burma and was well at the last report. He drives an eight by eight truck carrying supplies to the front.

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Kenneth L. Warfel of Hammond, Indiana, has been promoted from technician fifth grade to technician fourth grade, in the Infantry.

Sergeant Warfel, a laboratory technician attached to an Infantry division here, has served in the Army since January 20, 1943, and overseas since December 15, 1943, in the Southwest Pacific theatre of operations under the command of General Douglas MacArthur.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Warfel, he spent most of his life at Newton.

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Among those graduating from an intensive course of gunner's mate training at recent service school exercises at Great Lakes was Carl R. Bowers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Basil R. Bowers of Hidalgo.

This blue jacket was selected for his specialized training on the basis of his recruit training aptitude test scores. Graduates from the twenty specialized courses taught here at the service school are sent to sea, to shore stations, or to advanced schools, for active duty or further training.

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Mrs. Frank Worthey is in receipt of some letters from her husband, Coxswain Frank O. Worthey, in which he stated he is now gun captain of his gun crew. He is well and everything at that time was going smoothly. Mrs. Worthey returned recently from California, where she spent a month with her husband. He is now on a converted carrier somewhere in the South Pacific.

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Mrs. W. L. Raef is in receipt of a letter from her grand-son, Ensign

Eugene T. Faris, who is aboard a supply ship in Mid Pacific. Ensign Faris is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Eben C. Faris of Camden, Tennessee. He graduated from the Merchant Marine Naval academy at King's Point, New York, in February of this year.

Ensign Faris' father was a sergeant in Company B, 130th Infantry in the first World war. His mother is the former Leah Varney of Newton.

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Private W. Neil Romack writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Romack of near Newton, that he has arrived safely in England. He is in the Glider Infantry.

Another son, Private Max Romack, is in the hospital at Camp Howze, Texas, following the removal of his tonsils.

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Private and Mrs. Ivan D. Chesnut are the proud parents of a son, born at the Olney sanitarium on Thursday, June 29. He has been named Stephen Kent.

Private Chesnut entered the Army in February and is located at Fort Bliss, Texas.

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Mrs. Francis X. Moschenrose of Newton has received a letter from her husband, stating that he has been promoted from chief petty officer to warrant officer. He has been in the Navy for many years and is serving in the Atlantic.

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Mr. and Mrs. Vince Beals at Yale have received word from their son, Virgil Beals, that he is now stationed at Camp Bradford, Norfolk, Virginia, since finishing his "boot" training at Great Lakes.

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James Doerr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Doerr of Newton, has been accepted by the Navy as an aviation cadet. He will report about November 1.

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Staff Sergeant and Mrs. Robert Gearing are home on furlough from Fort Benning, Georgia. Mrs. Gearing is the former Helen May Jourdan.