



With the Colors

6/30/44

Seaman Second Class Dale King writes from an aircraft carrier in the South Pacific: "I just got through looking over some of the Presses I received a few days ago, and decided I would write a few lines tonight to say hello to all my relatives and friends.

"My folks have been sending me the Presses quite regularly and I enjoy reading them very much, especially the column 'With the Colors,' reading letters buddies and boys I used to go to school with have written to the Press or to their families back home.

"It is sure nice that we guys out here, there and everywhere can have the pleasure of reading our home town papers. This way we can keep up with what is happening back home, the place where every serviceman's mind is at a large per cent of the time.

"I saw in one of the papers where Jim Dunnigan, LaDonne Mitchell and Ery Roberts had met near Washington, D.C. I have been stationed near several of the boys from Newton at different times but have only had a chance to get in touch with a couple or three guys and that was quite a few months ago. It is always good to meet up with an old buddy and have a little talk with him.

"I am sitting down here on the deck writing these few lines as all the bunks are folded up so as to make more room. Our bunks are four high and it is quite crowded in here when they are all down. This is a pretty noisy place down here tonight. Some of the guys are reading, some writing, several are gathered around a couple of boys, who are playing guitars and singing, and another noisy bunch is huddled around playing ----- Well I can't recall the name of the game just now but all are trying to entertain themselves one way or another.

"We have a movie up on the hangar deck almost every night, even though they may show the same picture two or three times from each of the films. Bing Crosby is playing tonight in "Going My Way."

"My Chinese buddy is sitting here by me writing a letter. He came from China to the United States about six years ago. He says he likes the United States fine but he wants to go back to China after the war. His parents and relatives live in China now. He writes his letters in Chinese, but he had about five years schooling here in the United States. By the Chinese calendar he is about twenty years old, but by our calendar he says he is only eighteen years old. He sure takes a lot of interest in aircraft.

"I received a telegram from my brother a few days ago, stating he was getting fifteen days furlough but it was impossible for me to get a leave and be with him. I don't know but I'm hoping I will get a leave in a few months.

"Well it is almost time for the movie to start so I guess I will sign off.

"I am enclosing my address and would be more than glad to hear from friends at any time."

Send his letters in care of his par-

ents, Mr. and Mrs. Ona M. King of Route Six, Newton.

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Private First Class Don H. Emery sends the following poem:

Somewhere in England

Where the heavenly dew whips
through the breeze,
And you walk through mud up to
your knees,

Where the sun doesn't shine and the
rain flows free,
And fog is so thick you can hardly
see.

That's England.

Where you live on Brussels sprouts
and spam,

And powdered eggs not worth a
damn;

In town you can get fish and spuds,
And down the taste with a mug of
suds,

That's England.

You hold your nose when you gulp it
down,

It hits your stomach and then you
frown,

For it burns your tongue, makes your
throat feel queer,

It's rightly named "bitters," for it
sure ain't beer.

That's England.

Where the prices are high and ever
so long,

And those G. I.'s are always wrong;
You get watered Scotch at four bits
a shot,

And the Limey babes they ain't so
hot,

That's England.

On those pitch black nights when you
stay out late,

It's so bloody dark you can't navigate
There's no transportation so you
have to hike,

And get your tail knocked off by
some bike,

That's England.

This isle ain't worth a damn, I think,
Cut loose the balloons and let it sink;
I ain't complainin' but I'll have you
know,

Life is rougher than hell in the E.T.O.
That's England.

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Wesley E. Jones, seaman second class, writes: "My parents sent me some of the Newton Presses and I got them today. It sure feels good to read about the people back home. Not many people know me, a few I guess. My folks are Mr. and Mrs. Everett Jones of Willow Hill.

"I am at a big Navy air repair base but I work in a maintenance shop. There are only four of us and we see that the mess hall is fixed and do all the repair work, fixing stoves and

f other jobs at the base. It keeps us busy welding, etc.

y "I got a letter from Harold Kelly today; he is north of me a good ways. I will be glad to answer any letters I get and they all are most welcome.

s "Since I left the states I see good things and bad things, some I don't want to see any more. We have good chow here and a fair sack and good huts.

y "People doesn't think what a small paper means to them 'till they are far away from home. The Press may be small but to me it has more news than all of the papers put together. A small paper tells what your friends are doing at home, not what some radio stars are doing like the big papers. I think that 'With the Colors' is fine.