



With the Colors 1/7/44

Mrs. Kenneth Jones of Newton received a telephone call from her husband, machinist's mate third class of the Seabees at Camp Parks, Thursday. Kenneth is well and has been expecting to leave the states since February 1, when his wife returned home after a two months' visit with him in Oakland, California. He also mentioned he is still seeing plenty of "liquid sunshine and that means rain almost every day."

"To add some humor for my husband and all the Navy husbands. I would like to have this poem put in your paper," she concluded:

To a Sailor

I write this letter, hubby,
Most shakily I fear,
The weather's getting colder,
And so's the furnace, dear.
My I. Q.'s out of kilter,
My morale is plenty low,
I got a lot of troubles,
And no lady's U. S. O.
My coffee's kinda bitter,
My nylons fulla holes,
And no one's wasting pity
On us poor femme souls.
My pies are soft and soggy—
The scrapman got my tins;
My hair is hanging stringy,
For lack of bobby pins.
The faucet's dripping, darling,
The dog has canker ear,
The "help" is learning welding,
And the weeds come up to here!
I don't ned to study nursing;
I'd never make the Wac;
I need a course in little chores
Which once were left to Jack.
I can't eat that lovely spinach
I planted, grew and canned;
The lid's stuck for the duration
Without your strong right hand.
I need my morale bolstered;
I need the mousetraps set,
You know that back supporter, dear?
Well, ne'er the twain have met!
Won't you ask the admiral, darling,
To give you leave awhile?
You'd have a grand time, honest—
With love, from Laura back home so
many miles.

Corporal Ferdinand L. Hartrich, who is in Italy, writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Hartrich of Sainte Marie, under date of February 7:

"Sorry I haven't written lately, but I had no chance until now. We are back at a "rest camp," and sure needed it. I would love to have spent these few days at home.

"There were some friendly Italian girls there, and we got a lot of fun out of trying to talk to them by the sign language. If I stay here much longer I'm going to learn this lingo.

"Some of the soldiers in our company are getting furloughs back to the states. It goes by age, and seniority, and my chance at the rate it's going, won't come up for ten years, but if the war isn't over by the time it does, I'm not going, I'm seeing this thing through. When I get home I never want to have to come over here again.

"Those "Jerries" are fighting for all they are worth, and they are plenty tough, and not licked yet, but they can't keep the bombers out of Germany, and we are hanging on, and will, "God willing," come out on top yet. Don't forget to say a little prayer for us."

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Corporal William Baker writes his parents, Mr and Mrs. Charles Baker of near Rose Hill, from India under date of February 19: "I am o. k. and feeling fine. After moving around to two or three different places, I finally landed in a good one. The eats here are extra good. We are living in tents, six of us in our tent. We all came from Jefferson Barracks together, so naturally we manage to stick together. It makes things a lot nicer when you are with someone you know.

"I can think of a lot better places than India, but I can still think of a lot worse places. In this particular place, there aren't any snakes. There are lots of camels; the natives use them to do their work. I saw eighteen of them yesterday, one tied behind the other's tail to form a string. They all had large packs on their backs. There were several little camels following along with their mothers.

"The cattle over here are mostly Brahmas, the kind with a hump on their shoulders. There are lots of milk goats here, too.

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Private Opal King, who is in India with the United States Army, writes his wife at Willow Hill, under date of February 20: "I sure hit the jackpot this morning. Just think, I got nine letters, the latest one being dated January 17.

"It rained some here this morning. When the sun came out it certainly

was hot and sultry. I run around most of the time without a shirt or hat and am getting as brown as a berry. For supper tonight we had longhorn cheese, cold sliced corn beef, corn, carrots, bread, butter and tea.

"How would you like to (censored) on a river (censored) and see dead natives floating by. It happened here where I am. They are lousy with diseases of all kinds. Most of them when they die are tossed aside for the vultures to eat or thrown in the river. I am o. k. and feeling fine."

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Private First Class Elvin M. Hanson writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hanson of Newton vicinity: "Here I am trying to write a few lines to tell you I have landed safely (in the Southwest Pacific). I can't tell you where I am or anything about the place yet, so it is a job to try to write. It's all new adventures and something I will always remember.

"Our food is swell. Much better than I expected. We are not doing much yet, only resting up after our boat ride, which was some sight and experience. Most of us got seasick for awhile, but we had fun. Don't worry, for everything will be all right.

"Tell everybody hello for I will be some time getting caught up on my writing."

Several other Jasper county boys are in his Antiaircraft Artillery battery.

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Gerald Field, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Irl Field of Newton, is now at Notre Dame university, South Bend, Indiana, where he is attending Midshipman's school. He has just returned from the Southwest Pacific, where he has been since the outbreak of the war. On completion of his course he will be commissioned an ensign in the Navy.

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Private Elsworth Dale Tate writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Tate of Bogota vicinity, that he was in Italy. He added he was writing the letter from a foxhole, but hoped to get a pass and find his brother, Clyde Tate Jr., who is also in Italy. Both were well at last reports.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Schottman of Montrose have received word that their son, Lieutenant Arthur Schottmann, had landed safely in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ebeling of near Wheeler are the parents of an eleven pound son. He has been named Robert Lawrence.

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Private and Mrs. Herbert Shadwell are the parents of an eight and a quarter pound son, born at Effingham hospital on February 29. Mrs. Shadwell is the former Blanche Hall of near Montrose. Private Shadwell is stationed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.

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Fred W. Torbitt of Paris, formerly of Hidalgo, is now in the Marines at Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California. He is a student instructor for the artillery from 75 to 155 millimeter. His wife has gone to California to be near her husband.

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Scott Ross, aviation machinist's mate first class, United States Navy, has returned to Chicago after a short furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Ross of Newton. Mrs. Ross, who was recently operated on, is getting along nicely.

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Clifford Warfel is enjoying a few days at home before reporting to New York for further duty. He has been on a naval tanker in the Pacific since early in the war.

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Private William Dale Coverstone is spending a twelve day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emery Coverstone of near Gila. He also has a brother somewhere in the Southwest Pacific.

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William Cantwell Jr. has reported to Illinois State Normal university, Bloomington, where he is in a Naval V-12 unit. His address is Company I, platoon 2, Smith Hall, Normal, Illinois.

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Staff Sergeant Chester Ramey has landed safely in England. He likes it very well over there but says it rains almost all the time.