



With the Colors

10/17/44

Staff Sergeant Neil Romack, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Romack of near Newton, who is with the American First army, writes: "I am sending a clipping out of the paper we get over here. I took part in this little battle. All I got was a little piece of shrapnel in my foot, but not bad enough to stop me, so you see we have quite a bit of fun. Don't let this worry you; it don't happen very often."

With the Fourth Infantry division, September 24. — Members of the Eighth regiment of this division "played dead" and allowed Germans to use their bodies for cover and rifle rests during a recent operation. The action was the result of an attempt by the Yanks to reach an objective under cover of darkness. For Captain Robert Crisson of Birmingham, Alabama, who was in charge, the night brought a succession of breath-taking experiences, during which he was shot at innumerable times, clubbed by a Nazi and narrowly escaped capture.

Approaching their objective, rear elements of the battalion lost contact. While the commanding officer of the battalion sought the strays, Crisson was left in command of the forward group that pushed on ahead. Their presence detected, the men were attacked by six German tanks and about 100 soldiers.

"They put a sheet of tracer fire across and into our position," related Crisson. "Some sort of aerial bombs and 88s were fired into every field. It was hell. Some of the men played dead because they were right in front of the tanks that were firing over the road bank. Jerries actually crawled up and used these men for cover and rested rifles across their bodies.

"I took three men with me around a hedge, trying to get on the Germans' flank. Machine-guns fired tracers along the top as we crawled down, and 88s seemed to follow us down the hedgerow. When I reached the end of the hedge some of my group had been wiped out.

"As I peeked around the hedge, three Jerries also peeked around. We were so close we could shake hands. They tried to club me, but I fired several shots into them at close range. One struck my shoulder with a rifle butt, and I don't know what they hit my leg with, but it bruised hell out of it. I hit the bastard that struck my shoulder with a quick butt stroke. He groaned and fell down with the two I had shot.

"The next thing I could think of was to try to get help. I ran and crawled several hundred yards back into Jerry's territory to get out of the fire. All the time they were zeroing in on me. I abandoned my equipment in order to move quietly. My compass was shattered so that before long I was lost. It was then light and I saw Jerry cars and tanks that had been abandoned in haste, so I knew the Fourth division had them on the run."

* * * * *

Sergeant Russell Harrison writes as of September 24 from Paris, France: "I am now stationed at Paris, France, and do not know as yet just how much I am allowed to say or tell, but I will say that this is by far the most beautiful city that I have seen. I have not seen much of it as yet but enough to know that the people are more friendly, better dressed, and ride their bicycles more and faster than England.

"I had quite an interesting experience getting from England to France. I was in an open boat for two days and one night and it rained most of the time. We camped one night in a small French village and that was an event in the lives of the people, as they came out to look at us as one would go to a circus. There were about a hundred that watched us eat our supper and some of them brought us eggs, apples, tomatoes, onions, garlic, wine and hard cider. We had been eating "K" and "C" rations for so long that anything tasted good to us. The next morning they came again to say good-bye. Some of them could speak English while others had to make signs.

"The French farms are larger and better than the English farms. There are many apple orchards and the crops and the livestock look to be in good shape. The country homes are old stone structures and the house and the barn are all in one unit or around an open court. Travel is by two wheeled carts and buggies; only in the villages it is mostly by bicycles. The people seem to wear a lot of odd clothes such as tams and wooden shoes.

"I have not had any mail for almost a month and for two weeks did not

see any kind of a paper nor hear a radio and it seemed odd. It looks funny to see a GI trying to talk to a French girl as he consults a French-English book. The difference in language is a little difficult.

"We just got a radio going and it seems good to listen to Fred Waring instead of the BBC classics and propaganda. I hope that the censor leaves a little of this letter."

* * * * *

Mrs. Frank Worthey received six letters from her husband, Coxswain Worthey in the Southwest Pacific, Thursday. He sent this poem from the Naval Personnel magazine:

To You, Pardner, Back Home

By C. G. Sanders

Please don't think I am griping, partner,

But listen to these words I've got to say—

We don't mind the sixteen hours
That we are working every day.

We don't mind the lonely hours,
We don't mind the sweat and toil,

We don't mind the beans for breakfast,
Pardner, this is what makes our blood

boil:

Every time we see a paper—

And they are few and far between—

We would like to tell you partner,

That it's not a pretty scene.

One thousand men are idle;

The company's fired a few;

Planes and ships and guns forgotten.

Is that the American way to do?

No. That's simply not American.

So you go ahead and strike,

There'll be a day in the future,

When some of us are coming back.

We will find the non-Americans;

We could spot them in the night.

For there is a special color,

That will show up like a light.

* * * * *

Private First Class William Loy, who is in the Southwest Pacific with an Antiaircraft Artillery battalion, sends this dream:

Always Dreaming

I am always dreaming of ones I

love. The feeling of love thrills my

heart. It makes it flutter like the

wings of a dove. In thought the lov-

ed ones and I are not far apart. Just

the other night I dreamed of home.

Oh, what a beautiful place it was,

especially the lovely, living room,

where my parents and I used to sit.

I saw mother so beautiful and clear,

laughing and singing like she used to

do. Oh yes, there was my little sis-

ter, dear, with those big hazel eyes

of blue.

I know I am not the only soldier

that's dreaming of more than one,

and know he will be with them, when

this old war is done.

When he dreamed this he knew

nothing of the recent death of his

mother, Mrs. W. F. Loy.

* * * * *

Three Newton men are receiving

their initial naval indoctrination at

the United States Naval Training

Center, Great Lakes, in Company

1892. Their recruit training consists

of instruction in seamanship, military

drill and general Naval procedure.

When their recruit training is com-

pleted, these men will receive a period

of leave. They are: John W. Reed,

20, Route One; Harry J. Maginn, 20,

Route Three; and James J. Lobmier,

20, Route Six.

Oscar J. Boehl has been enrolled in a course at the Amphibious Fireman's Naval training school at Iowa State college, Ames, Iowa.

Vincent B. Boehl was promoted to sergeant, and has been transferred from Huntsville, Alabama, to Stuttgart, Arkansas. He is in the Air Corps, and has been in the Army since July 22, 1942.

Vincent and Oscar are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Boehl of the Bend.

* * * * *

Private Ivan Chesnut returned Friday to El Paso, Texas, after a ten day furlough with his wife and sons, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Chesnut of near Bogota. Mrs. Chesnut and children accompanied him to Texas. Ivan will receive twelve weeks schooling in Antiaircraft Artillery work.

* * * * *

Warrant Officer Joseph Schuch is visiting his wife and family at Newton, this week. He is serving aboard the U. S. S. Texas, which was damaged in the shelling of Cherbourg harbor in Normandy during the early days of the invasion. The ship received a direct hit but continued with the firing until the forts were reduced.

* * * * *

Lieutenant Albert H. Clark of Selma, Alabama, where he is a squadron commander, and Sergeant Appleton B. Clark were recent visitors with his mother, Mrs. Belle Clark of near Gila. A. B. is attending a school at the Boeing Aircraft plant at Seattle, Washington, studying maintenance of B-29 Super-Fortress bombers.

* * * * *

Gunner's Mate Second Class and Mrs. Bacil Earl Ping and baby Jean Ann who have been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ping of near Newton, left for Chicago, Thursday, to visit his sister, Mrs. Julian Coplon and family. Later he leaves

for New York to report for duty which will take him overseas again.

* * * * *

Private Aubrey Chesnut returned to a camp in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Monday, after a ten day furlough with his wife and children at Newton. He likes the country there and says that his sinus trouble has improved since he was sent there.

* * * * *

Fireman Second Class and Mrs. Harold Alvis of Great Lakes Naval Training Center were over the week end visitors at Newton with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Alvis of near Newton.

* * * * *

Captain Nina P. Rutherford, Army Nurse Corps, left Saturday for Camp Stoneman, California, after spending a few days with relatives and friends in Illinois.

* * * * *

Chief Aviation Mechanist's Mate Scott Ross is spending a leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Ross of Newton. He is stationed at a Naval Air Station in Rhode Island.

* * * * *

Sergeant Melvin Weaver is here on a furlough from Camp Bowie, Texas, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Weaver of Newton. He is a radio technician.