



With the Colors

Mar. 6, 1945

With the Thirty-eighth Division on Bataan.—Staff Sergeant Robert R. Winter, squad leader in the 151st Infantry, has been awarded the Combat Infantry badge for participation in the battle for Zigzag pass here on Luzon.

Sergeant Winter was inducted at Terre Haute, April 12, 1941, and has been overseas for the past fourteen months, serving in Hawaii, New Guinea, and the Philippines. He also holds the Asiatic-Pacific medal, with two stars, the American Defense medal, for service before Pearl Harbor, and the Philippine Liberation medal.

He is a son of R. W. Winter of Rose Hill.

* * * * *

Mrs. Will Bickers of Willow Hill has received word from Corporal Bickers that he is somewhere on the western front in the noted Third army, under General Patton. He has been out of the States since August 1944. Here is a part of his letter:

"I received two packages from you yesterday, the ones with the soup, cookies, popcorn and stationery in them. That soup sure did go good today. We popped some of the corn last night and it sure was good.

"We were going to pop more tonight, but didn't get to it.

"We were out today and were to have a cold lunch, but I had a can of soup in my field bag, and we got a little gas stove we carry in the truck, so I got busy and heated up some soup, and had a good hot meal.

"You spoke about the Red Cross. Well, it's like George (Bickers) said. I think they are doing a fine job over here. I have talked with boys from the Infantry right out of the foxholes in the front lines and they told me of different times the Red Cross served them with doughnuts and coffee, and back in our hospital and aid stations they are really on the job.

"I know this for I was there and every patient in there got candy, cigarettes, tooth paste and brushes or whatever they needed and those who were up and around could go to the Recreation room which the Red Cross had arranged, and have lunch in the evening, books and papers to read. The patients that couldn't get there were furnished reading material right to their beds. I'm mighty proud of them myself."

* * * * *

Corporal Kenneth Wilson, who is in Germany, writes his brother, Albert Wilson of Newton: "I am fine. It is raining here almost as much as it did at Fort Lewis, Washington, but we don't mind; just keep going every day. This means that the war is near an end; we hope any day now.

"You speak about hearing that a regiment in my division helped to take Strasbourg. The Jerries said that we were there three days early. That is the way we go when we get started. I was with the first tank into Strasbourg. What a thrill.

"My outfit is the best in this sector. The only thing we give is the Jerries hell and I don't mean maybe either. There is plenty of proof. When we were in the states everybody said we were no good, but over here we take anything on.

"The French girls are hard workers. Some of the boys who got a pass to Paris say that's a town. I am hoping to go there before long."

* * * * *

Corporal Otis McCoy writes from the Marianas: "I have some spare time tonight so I will write a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy reading the Press. I am in the Mariana islands and any news from home out here sure is swell.

"I wish you people could see what a swell job Uncle Sam is doing out here; things that I never thought were possible. Maybe some day I can tell you all about it.

"I want to thank all of you for the Christmas, valentines and birthday cards and packages. We couldn't get anything to send over here and I guess I will never get to write all of you a letter, so thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I haven't forgot you.

"I have been overseas, almost three years now and will sure be glad to get back to the good old U. S. A.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chapman received a letter from their son, Fireman First Class Jerry Chapman, dated February 20, in which he asked for the Press to be sent to him. He says he has plenty of books and magazines to read but they get old and maybe the Press will be new.

"I don't think the war is going to last much longer, though. Thirty

minutes is too long to suit me. I got your box o. k. and got some chewing gum. That is about the only thing we don't have at the canteen.

"The natives run around selling grass skirts, beads and bracelets. I think I'll buy a grass skirt to send my girl. ha! ha!

"I am feeling fine and hope everybody else is o. k. I haven't seen any action yet, but I guess when we leave here we will see plenty. I had liberty the other day and this is sure a pretty island."

He is on an LST (landing ship, tank).

* * * * *

Henry Foley Hartrich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome J. Hartrich of Sainte Marie, left Chicago, March 2 for the United States Coast Guard Training Station at Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, New York. A graduate of Newton Community high school, Hartrich was president of his graduating class for two years and a member of the school paper staff and glee club.

He attended the University of Illinois, and was employed by University Health Service. He has three brothers in the armed services; Major Jerald J. Hartrich, Staff Sergeant Harold E. Hartrich, and Sergeant Donald L. Hartrich, Army overseas.

Applications for enlistment of 17 year olds in the Coast Guard, oldest sea-going service of the United States, may be obtained at the recruiting office at 53 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago. Parental consent is necessary.

* * * * *

ARMY LIFE

By Glen Haggard

In civilian life you didn't care,
You went your way with wavy hair,
You didn't have to shine your shoes,
Or drink your fill of 3.2 booze.

You had your meals three times a day,
It wasn't cooked the Army way;

You always managed to get your fill,
In the Army you don't and never will.
It's get up early every morn,

At the mournful sound of the bugler's
horn,

At the cry "fall out" you dash through
the door,

With the hope you'll see it again by
four.

You get in late and turn on the light,
Then its "Fall out, men, we're off on
a hike."

Back to the barracks sometime after
ten,

We're not machinery, hell, we're just
men.

When on a hike, it's "column right,"
"column left;"

You do all this 'til you're out of
breath,

Then there comes a "double time"
yell,

And you groan and cuss as you run
like hell.

Then the happy yell, "take a break
and smoke,

You fell in a heap like your back was
broke;

You take a puff and it sure tastes
good,
Then it disappears with the thought
of Camp Hood.
Your arm gets as crooked as a dog's
hind leg,
From saluting officers and other gold
braid,
You straighten it out with a dismal
moan,
And wish to hell you were way back
home.
When the war is over and our time
has come,
With a joyful cry we're off for home,
To meet mother, sister, sweetheart,
and wife;
To hell with the habits of Army life.
In civilian clothes we're on our way,
To find a job that will haly way pay,
We will somehow manage to whip
the strife,
When we're free again from the
Army life.

• • • • •

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kocher of Willow Hill have received word that their son, Master Sergeant Vincent C. Kocher, will be home by Easter or soon after from Palau island in the South Pacific. He has been overseas three years this March.

• • • • •

Neil Mason and Thomas Newsome, who have been in the Pacific area for many months with the Navy, are expected home today for visits with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Mason and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newsome of Newton.

• • • • •

James Edward Chrisman was a week end guest of his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowley of Newton. He was enroute to the Pacific coast to join a Coast Guard ship.

• • • • •

James M. Doerr spent last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Doerr of Newton. He returned Sunday to Alma, Michigan, where he is a Naval student.

• • • • •

Private Robert Douthit, United States Marine Corps, is spending a furlough with his mother, Mrs. Dora Douthit of Newton.

• • • • •