

OUR FIGHTING MEN



We doubt if any of you fellows approach mail-call any more eagerly than your editors approach P.O. box 473 in the Scotch Plains post office each morning. This month as our press deadline neared, our mail had been light and we were puzzled as to how to fill the pages usually devoted to "Our Fighting Men." Our artist friend caught our mood in the sketch of "The Dying Inkwell." But we feel better now for the mail picked up and we pass some of the letters along for you all to read.

If we said we didn't appreciate the nice things you say about "The Scotch Plainsman, we'd either be nuts or liars - but, let's take that for granted and, within the limitations of censorship, of course, tell us more about what you are doing, the customs of the people where you are, and anything else you think your unseen service friends will enjoy.

Just imagine you are writing to an old school pal, or a buddy you have not seen in a long time and we'll do the rest.

As we have said before, remember this is YOUR paper and we want to print whatever YOU want to read. But we can only do that if you tell us.

We are mighty proud of our representatives in the WAC's and WAVES, and while we haven't received many letters from them, those that have arrived have always been mighty interesting. Mrs. Helen Elbersen, or Pfc. Helen Elbersen, WAC Detachment, Fort H. G. Wright, New York, via New London, Conn. is really doing a man's size job about which she tells us in her letter:

"Have been receiving The Scotch Plainsman a few months now and sure do enjoy reading news from home. My husband is overseas in the South Pacific and also enjoys reading it. We want to thank you and congratulate you on putting out such a newsy news paper.

I have been in the WAC's about 20 months and find it to be a fine organization. At present I'm driving a 2 1/2 ton truck in place of some soldier who has gone overseas to do his part over there.

The Women's Army Corps has given me a splendid opportunity to advance my knowledge of mechanics.

My husband is one of the many CBs who have been doing some splendid work over there. We are looking forward to getting this over and being together in a home of our own around Scotch Plains.

RATUS L. KELLY
Analyst of Insurance Problems
220 Harrison Street
Westfield, N. J.

Our first letter from "Somewhere in Germany" (and we hope we get lots more from there next issue), comes from Pvt. Jimmie Higginbotham, HQ Co. 9th Inf. Div., APO 9, New York, who signs himself "One of the Higgys" (according to our files four Higgys wear the uniforms of Uncle Sam) and says,

"I have been overseas 22 months and in that time went through the African and Sicilian campaigns. From there we went to England and since then have gone through France, Belgium and am now in Germany. The one place I would like most to invade is the good old U.S.A. This is truly beautiful country but I wouldn't trade one foot of Scotch Plains for the whole country. I can't say just where I'm at in Germany but all one has to do is pick up the daily paper and they will find that famous Fighting Ninth Infantry Division in the very thick of it. I correspond with my good friends Jack Millwater, who as you know is in Italy and Elmer Curren who is somewhere on my heels.

Many of you will remember Lt. E. J. Devereaux as a former member of the school faculty. He is now attached to the 49th Fighter Control Squadron, APO 565, San Francisco, Cal., and writes:

"Your quite excellent paper is reaching me right on schedule. At present I am in Australia on Squadron business. Two days ago I ran into the first familiar face I have seen overseas. You may recall Bruce Babcock who graduated SPHS in 1936. Although he is no longer a resident he would appreciate your paper.

"I left New Guinea immediately after receiving the 4th issue which told me that John Lansing was stationed at the same base I was. My work is such that it is quite possible I have talked with him over the radio without realizing it. I intend to look him up on my return to that "tropical paradise."

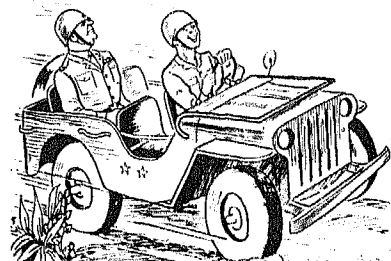
Charles W. Adam, S 2/C, sends us a new address to insure receiving the Plainsman and says "No matter where I roam I find the Plainsman follows. It seems to arrive just when I feel the most homesick and it sure gives me a lift. Please keep up the good work. I'd miss the paper if it should stop coming."

(Don't worry Charles, we'll keep it coming. That's the least we can do for you fellows)

Pvt. Richard Bittle, Sect L, Bks. 1411, SFAAF, Sioux Falls, S.D., says that "There are two things I look for around the first of the month - pay-day and The Scotch Plainsman. I think the stories about the town and historical happenings are especially interesting and of course we all like to read letters from the fellows and girls."

Cpl. B. W. Beach Jr., HQ & HQ Co. 187th Paraglider Inf., APO 468, c/o P.M., San Francisco, has had the un-

usual experience of running across several of his fellow townsmen in New Guinea. He wrote that "Lieut. (Whistle) Lansing, who was pictured in the Plainsman, is only a few hundred yards from my tent. He looks very good and gets quite a few hours of flying. I met Ralph Caruso, who is in the 517th Ord. Co. He looks fine too and is doing a good job keeping our war machinery in repair."

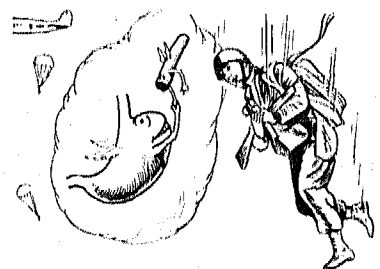


HE IS KEEPING OUR WAR MACHINERY IN GOOD REPAIR

He is also on the Company hard ball team and lives up to the Scotch Plains traditions. I've completed my qualifying jumps and made one equipment jump over a month ago. It is a lot of fun on payday when that 50 bucks jump-pay comes in plus base pay. I also met my brother Capt. Frank R. Kaspersen who played for the field club. He looks very good and has seen more than I have thus far.

If it would be possible, I would appreciate it if you will send me the approximate population of Scotch Plains. (It's between 6500 and 7000)

Say hello to all my friends. I hope it won't be long till I eat nice big steak in Snuffy's tavern.



I MADE AN EQUIPMENT JUMP A WEEK AGO

(ED. Our artist has drawn a picture describing the sensations of a paratrooper friend who wrote "I never knew my stomach could fly up to meet my throat until I jumped from plane in flight.")

A good steak must look mighty appealing to these boys who have had to be content with canned ration very largely. When we phoned Whistle Lansing's mother to tell her of Cpl. Beach's letter, she told us that Whistle had just completed a 15-day leave visiting Sydney, Australia and that he filled up on juicy steaks while there. Lt. Lansing has been detached from his unit for some "special training".

This column sponsored by
SONOCO PRODUCTS CO.
Garwood, N. J.

This column sponsored by
SNUFFY'S TAVERN
Park Ave., Scotch Plains