

OUR FIGHTING MEN

We don't often receive letters from Our Fighting Gals so we're going to lead off with one written Somewhere in New Guinea by Pfc. Jeanne M. Kralik, 108th Station Hospital, APO 5013, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

"Dear Towns-people:

"Last week I received a most unexpected but very touching surprise - our town's paper for servicemen and women - The Scotch Plainsman. As I am a total stranger in Scotch Plains with just a year's residence there to my credit, the fact that you have added my name to your list makes me feel I "belong". I hope the fact that I won't be coming back to your swell town after all won't deprive me of my visits back home.

I notice that most of the boys are in the ETO. However, those in Manila I may have a chance to bump into. I'm hoping to get there before I come home.

Here at our New Guinea base we don't have much in the way of entertainment. Movies, dances, a softball game or an occasional boxing



match are it. Jeep riding and picnicking are in. Swimming can also be added.

After a spell of canned and dehydrated foods, fresh meat and potatoes are really a treat. And now the winter season is here in New Guinea, a movie can most always be enjoyed without the help of the rains.

My work as ward girl is quite interesting and pleasant. We work day and night shifts. One more night for me and I'll be welcoming back two weeks of days. Don't use as many sets of trousers and shirts (our wardrobe) but sleeping days is a bit of a problem for me.

I'm proud of Scotch Plains and its people and for its record in contributing to worthy causes. Sure wish I were back and could join in with them. Soon, maybe? Thank you again - Affectionately, Jeanne M. Kralik (Pfc.)

Pvt. Fiore J. Checchio, 42118656, 526 Eng. L.P. Co., APO 758, c/o PM, New York, writes of an interesting experience:

"I received my first copy of The Scotch Plainsman and I just can't find words to tell you how much I enjoyed reading it. It really is a wonderful paper and one I know all Scotch Plains GI boys enjoy. For 6 months my Scotch Plains' buddies have been writing to me and telling me how interesting it was, so I wrote home for it and I find now I sure have been missing a great paper.

I know you are wondering of my whereabouts so with what little time I have left I'll tell you a little of myself. I was in France for two months after getting overseas, processing our equipment and getting ready for active duty. When we were ready to go we were assigned to the 4th Army and received orders to join them in Germany.

Most of my work has been connected with the supply lines, driving a truck getting supplies to the front lines.

I find after reading about some of my buddies that I have been very lucky. However, I did have one close call. Out of the dark sky one night a "Jerry" swooped low strafing our convoy and we were very fortunate that every shell hit the empty space in the road ahead of each truck. He was out every night to get us and we got to where we called him "Bad Check Charlie", but he met his fate one night. We set a trap for him by parking a jeep in the road with the lights burning. Just as sure as this is the month of May he fell for it. When he came in close to strafe, we opened fire on him. We got 'em!

I am now stationed in Ulm and enjoy my off-duty hours swimming and fishing in the Danube River.

Well, I'll have to say so long now and thanks again for The Scotch Plainsman. Keep it coming."

Pfc. Alfred Quarles, 32778320, 3217 QM Service Co., APO 339, c/o PM New York, writes:

"The Scotch Plainsman has been arriving quite regularly; it is the only way I find out where Scotch Plains boys are located. While sitting here thinking I resolved to jot down a few lines to let you know I am still in Germany doing my part to get this mess over with.

Gradually and gratefully I am becoming aware how fortunate we Americans are. Seeing French children not old enough to know what a war is, hiding in caves; scantily dressed innocent little children unacquainted with comfortable beds; seeing helpless, old and beddered people stumbling over wreckage that once was their home, brings tears to your eyes and a willingness to help.

The movie news reels may not be pleasant to see but they bring certain realization closer to the heart of each American.

Just a home-town boy in Hersfield, Germany. Sincerely, Alfred Quarles."

Air-mail certainly covers great distances in short time. A letter mailed by E.J. Nowak, MMS 2/0 in the far-off Carolinas in the Pacific, on the 12 of June reached Scotch Plains on the 19th. That's travelling. Ed's new address is CBMU 517 - Navy 3011, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. and his letter goes,

"I can now qualify as one of the Rover Boys. Yes, we've done it again. This time it's a wee island on Ulithi Atoll in the Western Carolinas. It's so "wee" that any Seabee, on light duty or otherwise, after a breakfast of Wheaties, could jump across it. But this perpetual summer makes for

laziness and who wants to waste energy in imitating a kangaroo anyway. In my back yard sits a radio station and all day long the loudspeakers sing and talk and make with the news reports. Quite a novelty!

I must admit I got quite a "lift" seeing that recent letter of mine in the Plainsman. Thanks a lot for making it possible for me to thus write to the folks at home "en masse" and my friends in the service. Your staff artist deserves praise much for his excellent impressionism of a tropical coconut theatre. Bye now,

Cpl. Ben B. Steward, 3544th QM Troop Co., APO 228, c/o PM, New York, makes up for his recent absence from our mail-bag by writing a four-page letter from Huy, Belgium.

"Hello Folks:

"It is me once again. No doubt you had given me up as a lost soldier since I have not written you in a long time. Due to the rapidity with which the war was coming to its rightful end, I have been kept rather busy. As a member of one of the many transportation units over this way, I have been kept on the go. From the time I landed in England in August of 1943 up until the present day, I have been steadily rolling.

My outfit landed in France during the early days of July and believe you me, it was plenty hot and I don't only refer to the weather. Day and night, amid strafing and bombing by the Jerries, we were hauling ammo up from the beaches. Later on our outfit was assigned to the Red Ball Express. Our duties then consisted of hauling supplies such as gas, food and ammo up to the lines. It was really a messy job for at night we had to drive without lights over roads bombed and shell-pocked.

I went out with one convoy of gasoline for General Patton. We were there three days and two nights making contact with him. We were one of the first trucking outfits to start the Red Ball Express rolling.

I have four battle stars. During the German break-through in December we were trucking in and about Bastogne. I used to say to myself as I gazed at the thousands of bombers on their way to check the German push, one of my old school pals is riding one of those high flyers with a load of good wishes for Hitler. He will probably never know it but I breathed a silent prayer when I saw in the "Plainsman" that he had returned to the States in good health. I haven't heard from him in some time, but that is okay with me for I know the lucky guy is very busy receiving his well-earned congratulations. I have reference to Less "Blivit" Thompson, one of those seven blocks of granite that made up the line of the S P H S team of '39. If you possibly can give him my regards and hearty congratulations for the swell game he played upstairs against the now beaten and battered fanatical Germans."

From Robert Nanz, we have a letter reading:

"Dear Folks:

"To get the hometown news means a lot to those traveling all over the

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