

# OUR FIGHTING MEN

Here's an interesting friendly letter from an English ally, Ronald Hollingsworth, S 2/C, R/S Navy 3115, c/o PPO, San Francisco, Calif., who became a Scotch Plainsman through 'adoption'.

"Philippines - 7/8/45

"I am one of the many servicemen who receive from you every month your fine newspaper - "The Scotch Plainsman". I guess I am the least known of all the servicemen you send The Scotch Plainsman to, so in this letter, I will endeavour to tell you a little about myself and where I am now. Everybody likes to talk about himself so that's what I will do first. (I won't be different).

"I haven't been living in Scotch Plains very long. Well! let's start from the beginning.

"I was born in London, England, and when I reached the age of sixteen I joined a Norwegian ship as a member of its crew and came to the United States. I had to return to England with the ship when she left



but I returned in 1943 aboard an American-owned vessel, the S/S Audacious. While aboard the Audacious as a member of its crew I made the acquaintance of Harry Ochs, of One Jerusalem Road. Harry was a "cadet officer" on the same ship.

We struck up a real friendship between us and Harry invited me to his home in Scotch Plains where I met his folks, Mr. and Mrs. Emery, for the first time. After that first visit of mine to Scotch Plains, I came back quite often. I fell in love with your town I guess. Then one day Mr. and Mrs. Emery invited me to live at their house and I accepted. I have never regretted same for they are the kindest people I have ever met. I don't know very many people in Scotch Plains but the few I have met have treated me really swell. I guess that's enough about myself. Now I will tell you a little about this island.

I am now somewhere in the Philippines. I wish I could say just where but I'm afraid that will have to wait until I return. I am stationed in a Receiving Station; when I'll leave only God and the Port Director know and neither will tell. The rainy season has now started. It comes during the months of July, August and September and it rains almost constantly.

The Filipinos are a friendly lot on the whole, - small of stature. The average for males is about five feet-five inches and the women are still smaller. Little kids are the same the world over. These Filipino kids delight in calling "Hi Joe" to

every GI they see. The little girls are dressed quite modestly but most of the boys of six and under run around with only a shirt on which reaches to the belly button.

The native mode of transportation is by a "cartella". This is a small but high, two-wheeled cart drawn by a horse. They are very gaily painted and with much metal bright work. I have seen as many as seven people in one cart. Some day I expect to see one of the little horses (about 3½ feet high) lifted right off the ground by the load in the cart.

One also sees many carabao (water buffalo) in the field. These slow-moving animals like to wallow in the mud holes just like hogs. They are used to pull the plows or haul the heavy loads. They compare in size and speed with oxen.

The main foods of the natives are rice and fish. They also have a plentiful supply of fruits such as mangos, papaya, watermelon, bananas (8 varieties) and honeydew melon. Their main meat foods are pork, carabao and chicken.

There is an airport not far away where one can see many Jap planes that were either shot down or destroyed on the ground.

I'd like to tell you more of what I've seen over here but that will have to wait for a later letter. Right now, I have to go.

Thanking you again for your swell newspaper and hoping to see more of same, I remain, best of luck to you all. R. Hollingsworth S 2/C."

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We appreciate your newsy letter, Ronald, and will look forward to hearing from you again real soon.

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Writing from England, Sgt. Eddie Ziesmer seems to be quite content with the lot that finds him assigned to the Occupational Forces in Germany. His letter: --

"Hi Folks -  
"Thought I'd drop you a line and try to give you a little news. Little is right.

Before I do, I want to say thanks a million for my copy of The Scotch Plainsman. It is a morale builder - a first-class one to me. From top to bottom you have a first class organization publishing a first-class paper. Keep up the good work!

In a few days or weeks (who knows which) the 355th, with little Ed, will be somewhere in Germany. We are



to be part of the Occupational Air Force, one of the three Fighter Groups of the 8th Air Force there.

For the past week our base has been a mad-house. Fellows are being transferred in and out of the outfit, some going home now, others later. So many have gone it's hard to find someone I know. Those of us with less than 81 points are headed for Germany.

After the smoke cleared and the noise subsided, I found myself with a plane and an assistant of my own. For two and one half years I've worked under someone. Now it's different. At long last, no more KP or guard duty. Need I say I am happy?

One thing I've almost forgotten, once again my APO has been changed. It is now APO 559 c/o PM, NY.

I guess that's all for now. Nothing else to say but thanks again and keep them coming. Cheerio."

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Though the news in the following letter from Harry Pinkman, RdrM 1/c on the USS Murphy is now longer news, Pinky's graphic pen brings the details vividly to mind.

"Frank Cahill guessed right for we went all the way with our late President. We passed through Gibraltar, stopped off at Oran, South Africa, for fuel, then proceeded to Malta where we saw the vast ruins of the most bombed city in the world. Sailing to Egypt, we were the first American destroyer since World War I to enter the Suez Canal. With the green mountainous land of Arabia to the right, and the brown sand dunes of Egypt on the left, we entered the Red Sea and dropped anchor off Yidda, Arabia, where we were the first ship from America the people have ever seen. Here the great Ibn Saud, King of Arabia, came aboard with his armed desert guards, servants, cabinet and sheep; and it was we who had the honor of transporting him to the conference with our late President at Great Bitter Lake, Egypt.



"Can you picture our destroyer with the King's rugs on the steel deck, the King's gilded chairs gleaming against the gray turrets, the King's huge tent on the fore-castle deck, and on the fantail, the King's sheep bleating in an improvised pen making royal problems for the swabbers?"

"Ibn Saud was a kingly guest. As we coursed northward through the Red Sea he slept and ate in his tent, served a banquet for the ship's officers, and saw the Navy film 'Fighting Lady'. Mustachioed desert warriors armed with daggers roamed the deck, Arab servants squatted in every corner, butchered sheep each day and cooked them over charcoal braziers

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