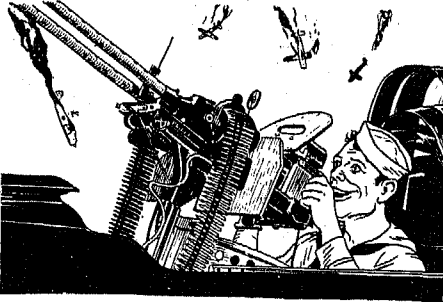


OUR FIGHTING MEN

(Continued from page 3)

may go to Manila. God only knows when that will be. It's pretty hot down this way and I think this stop is more or less a rest for the boys. They'll have to take hats off to our little PG5 1460. We carry four Island flags and two Jap planes that we took with us in Okinawa. So that is not bad hunting. Is it?



"Well, I just wanted to write a few lines to say hello and to ask you to say hello to the whole gang for me. If Jack Millwater is still hanging around, say hello to him for me."

"I'll have to close this because the water is running off me like no body has time to cut it off. Hope this letter finds you all in the best of health. Your friend, Theodore C. Richter."

(Speaking of Johnny Long, Ted, he keeps sending us copies each week of his Base paper at Casablanca. The last issue tells of a swell USO show featuring the Andrews Sisters and some other pretty eye-fuls. Saw Chief Erholm at a Rotary Club clam-bake this past week. He's not as good in a poker game as he is on the rifle range).

A letter from Jack T. Ayre, Y 3/C, indicates that The Scotch Plainsman holds interest of the newcomer as well as the oldtimer:

"Dear Folks:

"My, how time does fly! Received my initial copy of The Scotch Plainsman some time ago and just realized yesterday, upon receiving my second edition, that I had never written to you. My conscience will bother me if I let it pass much longer so I have decided to write to you while it is still fresh in my mind. Before I go any further I want to thank you and commend you on the very fine work you are doing by keeping us informed of what is happening on the home front.

I find the Plainsman very interesting and will always be looking forward to the arrival of my next copy. I have a younger brother, Ron, who is attached to the submarines in the Pacific and I am sure he enjoys his Plainsman as much as I do. Although I am not acquainted with any one mentioned in this "Big" little paper I travel from the first to the last word before I lay it down and I find it very interesting.

My family are newcomers to Scotch Plains and are very proud to belong to a town that thinks enough of its servicemen to publish such a fine pa-

per. My folks moved to Scotch Plains after I entered the service but I had the pleasure of spending my leave there. Although I am what they call a "short timer" in the service I am looking forward to the day when I can return home and get better acquainted.

I started my boot training at Bainbridge, Md., on the seventh of June, 1944. After five weeks and five days of training and my nine-day leave I was sent to Washington, D.C. for chemical warfare. After spending two weeks there testing gas masks and suits against mustard gas I was shipped to New Orleans, La. I spent one week there after which I was on my way; to where, I did not know. We landed in Panama on the seventh of September.

I consider myself very lucky as I was immediately assigned to this district. If there are no changes made the tour of duty here is eighteen months, of which I have already completed ten. Am attached to an office and my work consists of typing, filing, and the logging and routing of mail which I find very interesting. A yeoman's work may not be considered as important as some of the others, but I guess it is necessary to put the Axis power in its place and keep it there.

If I keep this up, I will be cutting some one else out of a space so I think I will sign off for now. Many thanks again and keep the Scotch Plainsman coming."

Capt. E. J. Devereaux (O-865434) former member of the SPHS faculty, is still attached to the 49th Fighter Control Squadron, but his new APO address is 248 c/o PM, San Francisco, Cal. He writes from the Philippines under date of July 11th.

"The Scotch Plainsman has been arriving right on schedule despite my negligence in informing you of my change in APO number. I am in the Philippines and have been for the past nine months. We came in early on the original P I landing and have been stuck on the same island ever since and I might add, probably will be until the "duration" is accomplished.

Add my sincere praise to the many plaudits already received by you and your co-workers for your fine editions I follow with great interest the news of the many fellows I knew quite well from the town. There are a number of them whose paths have crossed mine overseas but I have not yet made any personal contact with them.

I was overjoyed to hear of Joe Blotner's safe return after the usual anxiety that surrounded those in prison camps.

The Chit-Chats column is an outstanding addition to your paper and your sports reporter is excellent.

Being now in what is known as a "rear area" our prime pastime is athletics. Our softball "World Series" is racing the oncoming rainy season and is at present running second. Basketball looms as our next activity if our projected recreation hall ever becomes an actuality. This activity is merely an attempt to fill

in the time until the Nips see the light. The news being what it is, I don't believe we will have to wait too much longer."

The out-bound mail to the Pacific seems a bit slow for Douglas McKoy, G-6-43, APO 331, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., who, on July 16th, writes of just receiving the March issue of The Scotch Plainsman. We hope this is an unusual case. Here's his letter:

"Well today I received the March issue of The Scotch Plainsman. Words cannot express my joy in being able to read about my friends back home. It means a lot to all of us out here in the Pacific where, although a sailor, I am living like a soldier sleeping in tents on cots.

I want to thank the Chief of Police and also the High School Principal and other who were so kind to me during my trying days while at home. I thank God that my eyes are better. I have received my sight and am in there pitching for good old Scotch Plains.

I landed a few good blows while I was in the air force but now I am on the ground. I am going to send you a picture soon.

I wish that you would put my wife on your list to receive at least one copy. I know she would be glad to receive it.

I don't do much now but drive for Major Stillman who is from Paterson, N. J. There is also a lieutenant here from Hackensack, N. J.



I am way out here in (censored). This army life is doing great things for me but I would give a thousand dollars to be able to walk into the Scotch Plains Bakery and order hot cross buns.

Keep up the good work. Here is a poem I made up which has already been set to music. Douglas B. McKoy, OS 1c.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Doug McKoy was injured in an accident when his plane, returning from a bombing mission, crashed while landing at its home base in New Guinea. His vision in both eyes was impaired for some time but improved under constant medical care as his letter indicates. He declined a medical discharge. We're glad you are in good shape again, Doug.)

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