

# OUR FIGHTING MEN

aided to try and see him. I started out early one day and hitch-hiked about sixty or seventy miles up the Island of Luzon. It was a swell ride on a concrete highway and the scenery was really beautiful. It was rice planting season and all the workers were out in the fields wading in the water-filled rice terraces or patties as they are known.

"Well after a while I got to the Purac Air Field and inquired as to where the 58th Fighter Group was located. Right off I was told that the outfit had moved out. After all those miles and they weren't there. Well I decided to make sure and upon asking another fellow as to the outfits whereabouts, he told me there might be a few of the pilots still around. Frank not being a pilot, again I figured it was a lost cause. I went over to the building where these fellows were and there was Frank. Wow, I was happy! He was very much surprised to see me and after handshakes and the usual greetings we settled down to the hows and wheres I came from. I spent the remainder of the day and night and left the following morning after one of the swellest times I've had since coming



overseas. It's been really swell meeting all these fellows because it builds up a fellow's morale. Good old Scotch Plains!!

"Before I forget a most important item, I want to tell you that I have been receiving The Scotch Plainsman quite regularly and the news it brings has had me back in the old home-town until I finished the entire paper, - even right down to the Chit-Chat column by the little (maybe not so little) gal from Mountain Ave., Vera Clark. How about that!

"The news of the big doings of fellows like Les Thompson, Whistle Lansing and Joe Blotner was really fine to hear. Needless to say, I was deeply hurt by the news of the boys of Scotch Plains who won't be with us any more. God, I sure hope it has been worth it. The people of the United States owe everything to these boys and they had better realize it.

"Say, by the way, if you see Jack Millwater around town, tell him that all of us boys were asking about him and we're sure glad to hear that he is now a civilian. I hope he has a swell time and I know it won't be very long before the rest of us are back there with Jack. Those big times the Field Club had are the kind we'll break out with after we

all get there. One fellow who will have to be there, by orders of Major Kasparsen, is Bill of Westside House fame.

"It seems as though I've been spending all my time here at Manila visiting first one and then another of the home-town boys. Such is not the case. I've been very busy helping to set up and get operating a big engine rebuild shop. At the present time it is going along fine. Production is the word. It is like the old General Motors assembly lines. I have been working the "grave-yard" shift for a month or so. My job is sort of supervisor. I have about 12 men who do the jobs that are holding up the line.

"This about winds up my little story. I've run out of things to say so I'll sign off now and I hope to see all you people in the very near future. Best regards to every one in town.

A Home Town Boy, Johnnie Short."

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Pfc. Joseph Ruggieri, 32452704, is attached to Co. M, 145th Infantry (APO 37 c/o PM, San Francisco, Cal.) who finds time to write:

"Dear Folks:

"For the past few months I have been receiving your paper, The Scotch Plainsman. Being a combat soldier, we got little time to write. The only free time we get is at a rest area and right now I am in just such a place. So I am taking this opportunity to thank you for sending me this news. You can't possibly imagine what news from home can do to boost a soldier's morale. Keep up the good work and once again I wish to express my thanks from the bottom of my heart.

"I've been overseas for 31 months. Being away from home so long one sort of forgets what it was like at home. A paper such as the Plainsman brings back memories. It is great to read the letters of old friends and to look at their pictures and to know where they have been and where they are now.

"I have been in quite a few places. First I was in the Fiji Islands, then Guadalcanal. From there I went to New Georgia, then to Bougainville.

"After staying at Bougainville for a while my outfit was one of the first ashore on Luzon in the Philippines and after many months of hard-fighting I am now stationed here. Whether I will see any more places before I return home I do not know.

"In closing I wish once again to express my deepest thanks. Keep rolling."

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It's good to have another newsy letter from Capt. E. J. Devereaux, 49th FCS, APO 248, 40 PM, San Francisco, Calif., and we're glad that we were instrumental in bringing him and a few of the boys together. He writes:

"Dear Bill and Staff:

"This is a close follow-up on my recent letter and for a good reason. Through your fine paper I have loca-

ted and had several nice meetings with Sgts. Jimmie Johnson and Ed Seabon.

"I spotted Jimmie's photo in a recent edition and on checking his APO discovered that he was on the same island as I. My only fear was that in the intervening time his outfit might have moved along. A short search proved my fears unfounded and after reaching his company area who should I meet strolling down the company street but Jimmie. The wear and tear of army life have seemingly rendered me unrecognizable for Jimmie almost passed me by after a couple glances. Recognition finally dawned and a very pleasant reunion followed. When Jimmie told me that Ed Seabon was in the same outfit, Scotch Plains really had a plurality.

"As is generally the case, it turned out that both were right close by me down in New Guinea but unfortunately your paper had not been with us at that time.

"I am also very close to Lt. Col. Reimer and although we are strangers I may be able to pay him a visit soon.

"Jimmie and Ed both look well and prosperous. Neither has lost any weight so I don't believe that they are working any harder than I am. As anyone who knows both boys would easily predict, they are doing very well in responsible jobs and I know they are highly thought of by their commanding officer."

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Aboard the USS Mills, DE 383, c/o PPO San Francisco, Calif., T. J. Anson, E.M. 3/c, writes:



T. J. ANSON, EM 3c

This is only a short note to acquaint you with my change of address and to insure my receiving The Scotch Plainsman more quickly. My home waters now are not the familiar South Seas, balmy breezes and hot weather that one associates with 'Pacific Ocean'. There are no coral beaches, waving palms or pretty brown-skinned natives to look at. Instead, (and I say this in deep disgust) it is quite the opposite. Here the weather is one continuous succession of misty, damp, cold days and colder nights. I have not seen a tree or even a civilian of any sort up here. And this is supposed to be their summer season too! How I could use some of that good old Jersey sunshine right now.

May I say 'hello' to all my friends and ex-classmates who are scattered throughout the world and wish them the best (and a quick discharge). To you, the Editors, may I also say thanks very much for all you have done in preparing, editing and sending this welcome bit of home to us."

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