

GLEN'S WWII NEWSLETTER

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Welcome



Glen Morris

This issue should actually be the fall issue, but due to my usual procrastination, it is still considered my belated summer issue. I

better get busy for the fall issue, lest it become the winter issue!

This issue will feature a variety of tidbits I received from several of my pen pals. I always welcome the personal stories you send me as well as news articles, books, videos, papers, magazines, and e-mails with stories about World War II. I especially enjoy unusual or little known facts about the war and want to share them with you, so keep your eyes open and your pens, typewriters (yes, some still use them) and e-mail and word processors busy.

I will be anxiously waiting to hear from you.

Thanks for your submissions!

I love to get mail. I also belong to a post card exchange club called Postcrossing.com. In my profile, I admit that "I am an inkaholic!" I love to write; but I also like to write about the personal stories and articles you send me.

This issue will be a cornucopia (variety) of items my pen pals have mailed in over the past months. I have put some of them aside for such a time as this. If your story appears, you will also receive a free printed copy.

My new policy, because of this newsletter being mainly sent by e-mail, is to allow those on my snail mail list and do not use e-mail, to receive a printed copy for a donation of at least \$1.00 to help cover my cost for ink,

paper, envelopes and postage.

When I first started this newsletter, I printed and mailed it out to my readers at my expense; but as you know, the cost of postage keeps going up and printer ink is expensive, so I had to discontinue printing and mailing each issue and go to an electronic format. Now, with the help of my readers, I can also print and mail out copies to those who do not use a computer, especially those senior citizens who deserve it the

(Continued on page 2)

WANTED

Do you have any old 1930s and 1940s, magazines and newspapers, WWII books, etc., laying around that are only collecting dust? Do not throw them away. If you would like to donate them I would love to enjoy reading and learning from our past. I can only write articles from the information I have at hand.

Mail to: Glen Morris, PO Box 14522,
Merrillville, IN 46411

What you may submit to be in this newsletter

Some examples and ideas as to what may appear in this newsletter are:

1. Your World War II trivia, stories, and pictures (Unless you state that you want me to keep them, do not mail original pictures). E-mailing them is best.
2. Highlighting interesting things I get from you
3. Anecdotes and quotes
4. Favorite Scriptures
5. Funny and cute things that happened in your lives
6. Introducing my pen pals to others, especially as your biography relates to World War II. This will be my most enjoyable feature.
7. Current and past family and home pictures

The list could be endless. It all depends on your participation. You may also help by letting other know about this newsletter.



A Beautiful British Service for Vets

In a letter I received from a pen pal, I also received a small flier of a British organization that cares for aging and disabled veterans at no charge to them. It is privately funded and does not get any support from the British government. Check out this labor of love: <http://starandgarter.org>

I am 78, caregiver to my wife of nearly 50 years. I was seven on 12/7/41. We lived on a rental farm in southeast Kansas. I remember the day clearly as if it was yesterday. Warm, sunny day, not average December in central US. Early p.m., our party line phone began to ring repeatedly. My parents were listening to the radio. I was playing on the porch. All I knew was that “something” was going on.

By January 1942, we moved to a small town nearby. I remember rationing and the stamps required, such as sugar or shoes in one case. Marshmallows were unavailable, which was of great concern to a seven-year-old. We grade schoolers sold Victory bonds, collected scrap metal, and saw the flags in windows of homes with people in the armed forces. One home in our tiny town had four stars for four people in the military.

One needed a windshield sticker indicating your need to how much gas you could buy. Governors were added to cars to conserve gas and hold speed to 30 mph. Can't imagine that this day and age. One car that passed near our home had to tire on right rear and drove on the rim. You could hear him coming for miles.

—Tedd Sipes
Tulsa, Oklahoma

A WWII Story from Australia

by Rebecca Reddin

My father and his two brothers fought in WW2. My father was in the army, my uncles were in the navy. Almost every uncle I had fought in WW2.

I am 62 (at the time of this writing) and amongst the youngest of our ageing families, so most of my uncles, if not all, have passed on now.

I have accounts written by Uncle Alex (my father's oldest brother) and by my dad (Jack Reddin). Some of what Dad wrote was when he was in a bit of chronic pain with arthrosclerosis before he died, so it has a different mode of punctuation in it — using dashes rather than full stops and commas.

Dad has scribed over a book on the second twenty-seventh battalion (his battalion) adding his interpretation of events to it.

Dad fought mainly in New Guinea, including on (or around) the Kokoda Track. I am not sure where Uncle Alex and Uncle Don fought, but Uncle Alex married an American woman, and they had four children, all of whom (except the youngest, who died some years ago) reside in the USA. His oldest is Eve Reddin Lennon, who would be about three or four years older than me now. My parents both passed approximately between ten and nine years ago.

I think that Dad's account of WW2 is available through the Canberra War Memorial, as they went around interviewing the soldiers who had fought in the war about twenty or so years ago.

Do You Want Return Address Labels?

If you're like me, you hate to write out your return address. It also costs a fortune to print out labels. The answer? Help support charitable organizations that send you professionally printed labels for a donation. To receive my two page list of organizations that I support, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Glen Morris, PO Box 14522, Merrillville, IN 46411. This offer is good only in the US.

most!

Hope you enjoy this unusual issue (which I attempt to keep unusual, different, and interesting on purpose).

An Amazing Web Site You Must See!

Recently, I came across a link about a man from New York who superimposed photographs of the late 1880s and today. The “then and now” pictures were interesting, and one of my favorite interests; but what really caught my attention was a link on www.ghostsofhistory.co.uk that I think may be of interest to you. Most of these are pictures taken during World War II and how these same scenes look today.

Looking For...

Albert Williams is looking for anyone who was in his father's 172nd Support BN during the war. **Alvan D.**

Williams, also known as “AD,” was in the Army Medevac unit. He was also at the Battle of Bulge with General Patton's 3rd Army. Alvan's records were lost in the Army records' fire.

Son, Albert Williams (a Viet Nam vet), may be contacted at PO Box 40, Manton, MI 49663.

Do you wish to get more information about a WWII vet in your family? Feel free to send me as much information as you can, like serial number, group, branch of service, etc., and I'll list this information here as well as try to look up what information I can.

There is no charge for this service as well as there is no guarantee that I will find any further information. Glen Morris; PO Box 14522; Merrillville, IN 46411. E-mail: glen6491@yahoo.com



A Soldier's Poem to His Sweetheart.

Pen pal, Alice Bruckner, now 90 years old, sent me this sweet poem that her soldier boy wrote to her for her 19th birthday just before Christmas in 1942.

To Alice on her Birthday

Though it is a custom
To receive a gift this day,
I'm sure you'll understand
Why I'm greeting you this way.

My funds are very low,
But my heart is filled
With love and adoration
For you tightly sealed.

May the angels protect you
From high up above,
And keep you from danger
My darling, my Love.

And some day soon again,
You and I, Alice, shall do
Those things we did before the war;
Its tears and heartaches strew.

I hope that this and all days
Will be happy ones, too;
And when it rolls around again
I'll be sharing it with you.

So, my Darling, on your birthday,
I shall repeat again,
That I love you, my dear Alice
As much as I possibly can.

Alice continues: "And after he was wounded:"

"Hospitalized"

Here I lay on my white sheet bed
your picture before me
My pillow 'neath my head.
My mind full of memories,
Memories of us two,
And a longing in my heart, dear
A longing for you.

The Royal Engineers by Gordon Smith

The Corp of Royal Engineers, commonly known as Sappers, are trained combat engineers. As I am sure you are aware, their function is to enable armed forces to live, more, and fight. The role of the Combat Engineer involves facilitating movement and support to friendly forces while impeding that of the enemy. Tasks are naturally wide and varied, and specialists skills are used and encouraged, even taught. I had no skills when I was called up, age 18, but the Army taught me to drive, and this skill was in full use in Normandy, and of course, throughout my life.

As I told you before, in 1942, when I had done my initial training, my unit, Royal Engineers, Port Company, was sent up to Scotland and as a lad of 18, I spent the next two years working on making large concrete "pillars." We had no idea what we were making. We found out once a couple of beeches in Normandy had been secured that in fact what we had worked on was pillar supports for the Mulberry harbor. As you know, these were floating, portable, temporary harbours, which enabled the large supply ships which needed deep water to stay off shore but the military vehicles could unload and take the precious cargo of food and ammunition up to the supply dumps and then on to the front line or wherever needed.

After landing, getting cleared from the beach in Normandy, my regiment regrouped in fields, and as soon as the beach was secured, the main task we were involved in was getting supplies from the ship anchored by the Mulberry harbor up to the front line. It was an urgent and important role which was carried out under full combat conditions at all times.

My regiment fought its way through France, Belgium, and into Holland. Once

the British army crossed the Rhine in March 1945, Royal Engineers Port Company was not needed in Europe anymore so we were sent to India for three months to retrain for jungle warfare, and we were then transported by ship to Malaya to fight the Japanese. The regiment was getting ready to embark for battle when the Americans dropped the second atom bomb and Japan surrendered.

Omaha Beach (70 years on)

The waves still break upon Omaha Beach with murmured rhythm as they did before; no longer do the sounds of struggle reach the manifold villages by the shore.

The dead sleep nearby, and in memory, having sacrificed for others heard at play; seventy years beyond such bravery, recipient laughs cross Omaha today.

By J. Kitchen

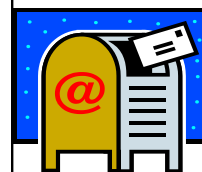
Inspired by comments made by Eisenhower regarding children he saw playing on the beaches long after the war (1964?)



Sherman tank, Crown Point, Indiana

Do you have a WWII relic in your neighborhood? Mail or E-mail a [clear](#) picture, tell me where it is, and it may end up in a future newsletter.

Don't let this newsletter die



Share this newsletter with your friends. Either forward this e-mail, or print it out and mail it to them.