

## SOLDIER POET

Stella G. Evans, 317 North Fifth street, has a letter from her son, James Wade Evans, Ph. M. 1C, who is in the Marine Corps at Tulagi, British Solomon Islands. He sends her a poem, describing the first American offensive battle of Guadalcanal, in which he had a part. Being in the hospital corps, it was his privilege to stand and watch the battle through until they began to bring in the dead, and dying, to be cared for. His poem:

### The Battle of the Solomon Islands.

I saw it all from where I stood,  
And there's a tale to tell,  
The battle of the Solomons, and  
How the Japs caught hell.

Etched against the dawning sun  
The cruisers belched out flame;  
Again, again they took their toll,  
They put the Japs to shame.

They fired a dump, they fired the  
shore;  
They made the island shake;  
With first one burst, then countless  
more  
These islands we would take.

The orange tracers lit the course  
Of every missile true;  
They hit the Japanese with force  
For all of us and you.

No casualties for us, as yet;  
The marines began to land;  
The island burned, the skies ablaze,  
The battle well in hand.

However, fighting soon got tough  
Upon that lovely beach,  
But ever more our ships set forth  
And shelled those within reach.

Men died while others suffered  
wounds,  
But this place must be taken  
While victory within our grasp lay  
All Nippon would be shaken.

Men died and thought of love at  
home  
And things they used to treasure  
In order that their sons might live  
And still enjoy that pleasure.

Then from the clouds the following  
day  
The bombers soared right through  
And terror reigned for one short  
burst,  
Then Americans shook the blue.

We downed the most, the others  
fled,  
We cheered and then took heart;  
The victory was close at hand now  
And this was just the start.

The following day torpedo planes  
And bombers came in low  
Again we took a mighty toll  
Of our retreating foe.

That very night a fleet came forth  
Bent on intending annihilation,  
But you can't beat the men that  
fight  
For this, so glorious, nation.

Our batteries roared, their cruisers  
flamed—  
Destroyers raced around them;  
The sky was lit with lighting flares  
As many salvos found them.

And then 'twas o'er and all was  
still—  
We had our losses some;  
The Japs had theirs, but now for  
them  
The worst is yet to come.

Blue jackets and marines keep on  
Until the battle's done;  
The victory's ours with arms laid  
down  
And peace at last is won.

Oh God, of might and right and  
Faith!

Reveal yourself beside us,  
And we will fight for love and home  
Forever, while you guide us.

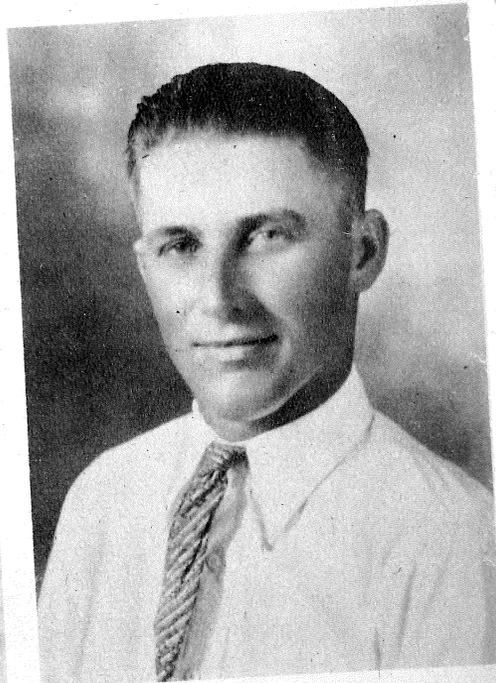
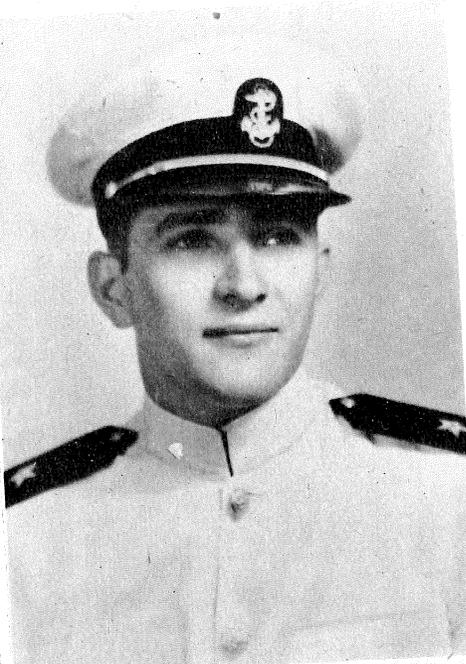
The above poem was written by  
a pharmacist mate, U.S.N., who was  
in the first American offensive of  
the war.

In forty-two years there were  
86,000,000 motor vehicles produced  
in the United States. In the United  
States 78 to 100 per cent of the  
workers in vital war plants drive to  
work by automobile.



**COUPLE IN THE SERVICE**—Sgt. Clifford O. Britton, son of Mrs. Charles Britton, 2035 North Fourteenth street, and his wife, formerly Louise Wische, are in the services of their country. Mrs. Britton, a graduate of the Union Hospital School of Nursing, is, with the medical corps.

## ★ BROTHERS IN THE SERVICE ★



Ensign John William Tipton (left) of the United States Naval Air Corps, and Claude F. Tipton (right), with the United States Army Medical Corps at Camp Edwards, Mass., are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tipton of Hymera, Ind.



First Lieut. Henry Douglas (right) of Milwaukee, Wis., is the son of Mrs. R. C. Douglas of South Eighth street.



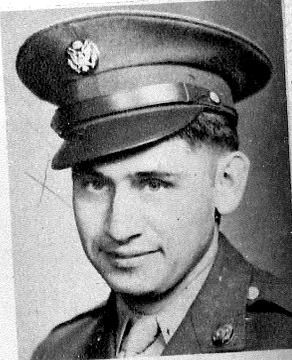
Oscar H. Walker (left), 2311 Grand avenue, is stationed at Ft. Sam Houston, Tex.



Ermido Vaira,  
New Goshen, Ind.  
Minneapolis, Minn.



S. Sgt. Chas. P. Bukes,  
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