

It's Happening on Your Own Front Lawn

(The writer of this article, reprinted from the Richmond, Va., News Leader, by special arrangement, is presently in Walter Reed Hospital, recovering from five bullet wounds suffered in action in Korea. His mother, Mrs. John Fallon, lives at 1832 Jefferson place N.W. He attended Wilson High School and Sullivan Preparatory School here before moving on to West Point.)

By ROBERT T. FALLON
First Lieut., 17th Inf. Combat Team

I want to tell you something about a war. I want you to imagine for a moment that it is a very cold, wet, wintry evening at about 10 o'clock. You have been sitting very comfortably by your fireside reading the evening paper. It's been a pleasant day, dismal outside, but warm and restful

by the fire. You decide to step out on the porch for a breath of air before turning in. I'm sure you've done it often. But on this particular evening, a strange sight greets you.

There's a great hole right in the middle of your front lawn, and the dirt has been thrown up all around it, outlined sharply against the white, even snow. Squatting in the hole is a hunched figure.

Let me tell you something about him. He's been in this area now for about three weeks, living in a dozen holes just like this one on your front lawn. The most apparent thing about him is that he is cold, and that's because out on your lawn it's about 20 degrees colder than where you're standing. Every now and then he'll grab his shovel and dig a little deeper in the hole just to keep warm. That's the only way he has, because he'll be seen if he builds a fire and he may

bring mortar fire into your living room.

He's been cold for a long time—and wet. He can't feel his feet, and he's getting worried because he's afraid they might be frostbitten. It's going to be a long night, and it's going to get colder.

He's very dirty. The grease from a hundred "C" rations is frozen to his parka and gloves, coating the two weeks' beard which covers his face. Soot from the small fires he dares to make during the day is all over his pants and boots.

But he's dirty all the way through. He hasn't changed his underclothes in over a month and he doesn't intend to for some time to come. It's too cold to go down that far. You can smell him, and it's bad.

He's pretty hungry, too. They didn't get his rations up to him until after dark and he couldn't build a fire to thaw them out. He'll have to wait until morning. A cup of hot coffee would sure taste good. He looks old with that beard and sort of hunched over posture. But he's only about 19, though not like any 19-year old you've seen.

You may wonder what he's thinking about as he sits there during those solitary hours. Well, it's not much. Just how cold it is and how nice that coffee would be. Maybe every now and then he thinks of home, but that's a long way off and the cold, his feet and his hunger are more immediate. You'd be surprised how those three things can fill your mind.

You notice that he's cut a hole through your hedge and his rifle is sitting on the pile of dirt pointing in readiness through the opening. That's another thing he's thinking: When are they coming again? He gets a little scared out there all alone. He'd like to go over and talk to his buddy in a similar hole about two houses up, but it's not a good idea to go crawling around at night. He wishes they weren't so far apart but it seems they always have a big sector to cover with never enough men to cover it. It doesn't help being so far apart.

What would you like to do for this man? Ask him in to your fireside, get him a cup of coffee? Would you like to loan him your razor and let him take a hot shower? Give him a bed to sleep in instead of the dirt and cold of his fox hole? Sure would! You wouldn't think twice about it. But I'm afraid you can't. There's some one on that hill over there who wants to get into your front door, and the man was told by his platoon leader that he's supposed to take care of your house and the one next door. So he can't come in and you find that you can't reach him. He's very far away.

But you come out in the morning he's still there, huddled over his little fire, thawing out his hands and his

part of the job. What is "your job?" Well, it's not really important what I happen to think "your job" may be. But I think it is important that you find out soon what it is and start doing it, for whatever it is it's a vital part of a country's struggle for existence. Perhaps it would be more clear to you what your job is if you returned home tonight to find that hunched, shivering figure sitting in a hole on your lawn.

GATES

By MRS. ALBERT MILLSAP

Bud Schroeder was painfully injured at the Remine mill, the middle of last week when his hand was badly crushed. He was taken to a Mill City physician who found it necessary to amputate one finger on the hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Burrell Cole and sons, Marlin and Thurlo, spent last weekend in Mollala at the home of Cole's sisters, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Powers and Dr. and Mrs. J. V. Robertson. Thurlo is home on leave from Korea after nine months service there.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Davis have received word from their son, Edmund Jr., that he was on his way to Fort Stewart, Georgia, for his basic training.

Recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ball were Mr. and Mrs. Bob Trask and children from Cutler City. The Trasks were former residents of Mill City.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Garrison during the past week were his mother and husband Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Zuck and son, all from Salem; Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Zeller, and son, Jean, Irma Jean Brown, all of Scio and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pennickson and two daughters of Lyons.

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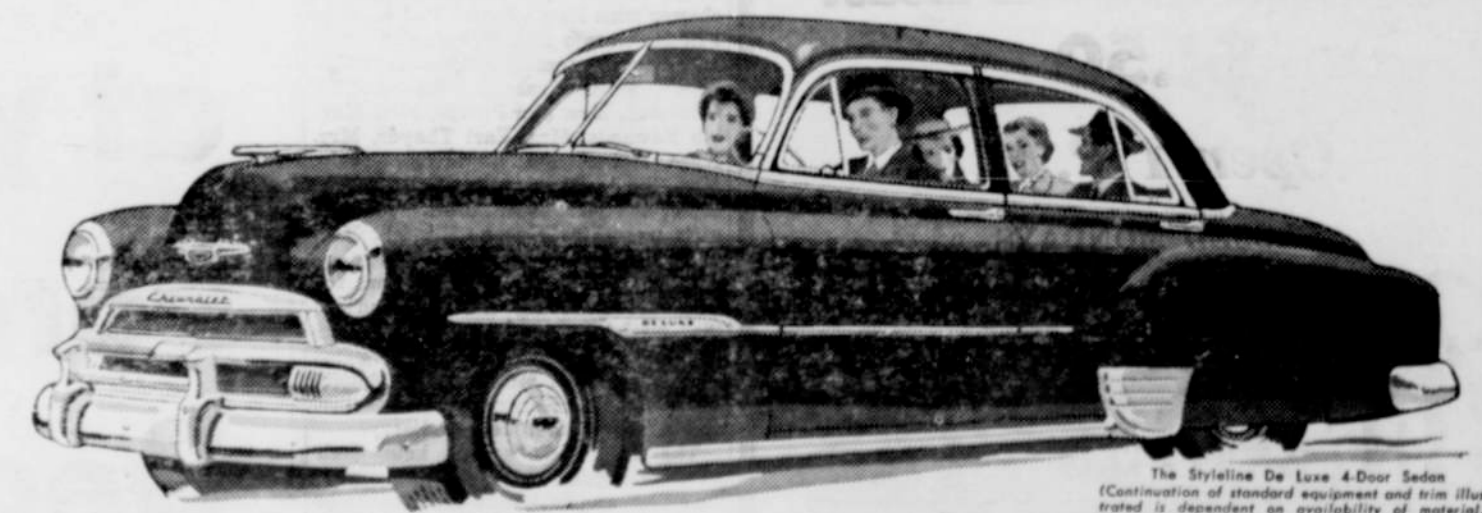


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