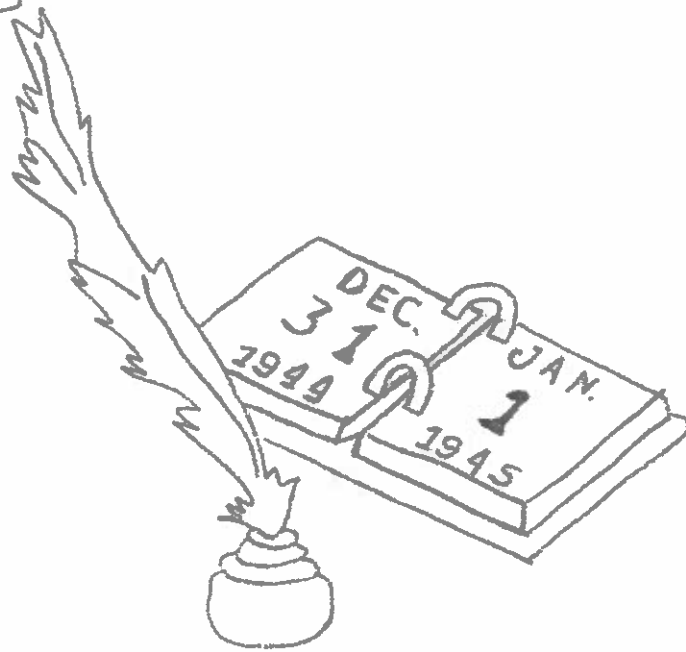


ROCK HILL MESSENGER



NEW YEARS GREETINGS

JAN. 1945

TO OUR FOLKS IN SERVICE

January 1945

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PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

The candles of the old year, Lord,
Have flickered and gone out;
Yet You have lighted twelve new ones
To shed their light about
A darkened world. May each bright glow
Bring joy where there was pain,
And light the lonely road of grief
And agonizing strain.

Let their bright flames reveal Thy hand
That frees a heart from fear;
May their light shine upon the earth
To show that Thou art here.
And, Lord, let peace return again,
So we can push all doubt
Into oblivion before
These candles are burned out.

--By William Arnette Wofford

* * * * *

Dear Friends,

We had intended to bring you a message from our new preacher, Rev. Fuller, this month but owing to the deep snow, etc., we decided to get the Messenger ready without having a meeting. So you have something to look forward to for next month.

We have had several letters from our boys this time so we are going to give all of those to you and cut the last page short. We thought you would no doubt enjoy the letters much more.

Greetings from the Staff and Church and Best Wishes for a Victorious Year.

Sincerely,

Tootie

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CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

T/Sgt. Bernard C. Giffin, 35031679
872nd Ordnance, H. A. M. Company
A.P.O. 17976 c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Robert Ogden Nelson, Q.M. 3/c
U.S.S. King (D.D. 242)
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

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The first letter is the one we told you about last month and was written by Lt. Col. Roy Nelson to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelson. It follows:

Dear Loretta and Charley,

From the third floor of this French Chateau we have an excellent view of a beautiful area in France, but I would gladly trade it for any spot on Rock Hill. A gradual slope of about two hundred yards to the east bank of the river is carpeted with well-behaved grass and spotted with clusters of evergreen and hard-wood trees. Across the river a wide expanse of pastureland rises to meet the forest, where the sun nestles down for its night of rest.

Just north across the driveway that circles the Chateau is a beautiful little Chapel, where this family has gathered to worship God thru many generations.

At the base of the Amphitheater in the rear there is a variety of shrubbery; each trying to surpass the other in brilliance; and on the hillside above the main driveway giant trees prevent an open view of the other buildings of the estate. One has a partial view of a very unusual, and what, at one time must have been a beautiful green house, or rather a conservatoire. While the center of the building is of a more or less conventional design, with large pillars at the entrance, the glass sides, extending halfway to the top, are convex; approximately a quarter of a cylinder. At the northern base, directly behind the Chapel, are the stables.

The only evidence of war, other than the presence of troops, is the fox holes that dot the terrain, the glass-less windows, and missing parts of buildings, eaten away by the elements of war.

But a short distance away, the struggle that has now passed on, has left in its wake the mass of debris that was once the shelter of children happy at play, the pride of mothers and fathers, content with the fruits of their labor, and the bodies of young men who have sacrificed their ambitions of life and happiness, to preserve the freedom of man.

* * * *

Many weeks have gone by and many provinces have been a part of our lives here; only to become a part of the past. As new towns and provinces come into our lives, so do new friends, to replace those who are no longer with us.

Some time ago I passed thru Kreis Malmedy, Belgium, it is the most beautiful and picturesque of all the provinces I have yet seen. The high steep hill-sides are covered with both evergreen and deciduous trees, each confined to square, or rectangular plots, as the result of reforestation. The very narrow valleys are practically level and are utilized as farm and pasture lands, as are the plateaus, although the latter are rolling terrain. Apparently the land is very fertile, and even as darkness descends, men, woman, and children were seen harvesting the results of their summer labor, unmindful of the American soldiers who were manning the defense positions along the heights, and the artillery that was hurling shells thru the air above them. The absence of fences was quite noticeable, particularly to one from Ohio, and small children, both boys and girls, were tending small herds of cattle, to contain them within the pasture areas.

In striking contrast with this quaint area with its ox-drawn, two-wheel carts, were the modern residences that skirted some of their towns. The older sections of these towns were no different than many others we have seen in Europe, but the modern sections were comparable to the better residential sections of the larger towns of America.

This Sunday afternoon has been very quiet here, and it is the nicest day we have had for some time. It is more like a Fall day at home than the continuous rains we have been having.

Give my regards to all the folks at home and convey my appreciation to those who have made the Rock Hill Messenger possible. I have always enjoyed reading it, and much more so since I have been over-seas. Will you also ask the editor to extend my regards and best wishes to all of the Service Men from Rock Hill, wherever they may be.

Sincerely,

Roy

(We at home certainly enjoyed this letter and we're sure the others will, too. If anyone wants to match it, we'll be more than glad to hear from you).

This letter was written by Clarence Kocher on November 18 in Belgium:

Dear Folks:

Well, how are the States since the election? Reckon the temperature in Ohio around Bellaire is rather chilly. We had a very thin layer of ice on the mud puddles here this morning. It was the first I have seen.

I have neglected writing to the Messenger Staff for one reason or other, but I sure appreciate getting it. It is a wonderful paper.

I am doing same job as I was in the Good Old U.S.A. But under different circumstances. Isn't quite as peaceful. The climate is practically same as England. I don't believe they ever heard of a drought here.

I have seen a good many boys since I have been over here. But have never met anyone from around home. I used to be with fellows from Flushing, Barnesville, St. Clairsville, and Glencoe for two years. But we have been separated and I haven't seen any of them for fifteen months.

The farmers in this country don't seem to raise much corn or hay. They raise a lot of wheat, oats, and sugar beets and potatoes. France is a great apple country. Saw more orchards in France than I ever saw. But they were neglected for a long time. There is very little timber in this country and most of it is cultivated. It is set out in rows like corn. Maybe the man that planted it won't harvest it, but his ancestors will.

This is all for this time. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

- Clarence

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John McCloy's letter addressed to the Messenger was written Somewhere in England on November 29.

Dear Dorothy:

It has been so long since I have written a letter to the Messenger that you probably thought I had forgotten you. I hadn't, of course, but there really wasn't much to write about. I always enjoy getting the Messenger but doubly so now that I am so far away. The last one had quite a bit of news that I hadn't heard yet. I liked the story of Mrs. St. Johns' and I expect it expresses the opinion of many Mothers.

My trip of course was quite different from any I had ever experienced before but I didn't really mind it. Here I find things very different and of course new and interesting so far but I haven't gone far yet. I expect to visit London in the near future.

The Red Cross was right on the spot with coffee and doughnuts just before we got on the boat and just after we got off. One of the girls that gave us the coffee when we got off the boat was from Cleveland, Chic. The Red Cross has a field house on the post.

You can tell the Messenger Staff and the rest of the Church Members that I wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

May be able to write and tell you more later. I had a swell dinner Thanksgiving. Went to Church and saw a football game. I have been keep Bellaire's scores on the card Mr. Nelson sent.

Yours,

John

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December 6, 1944

Dear Friends:

I received the very nice Christmas package today, and I want to thank each and every one for it.

I have been fully intending on sending my new addresses, but it has been changing so often I hardly know from one day to the other what my address is. The address I have now is only temporary for I am just staying around here waiting to be

re-assigned again. I was assigned at Miami Beach for a while, but as an order came out to cut down the cadre there, it put me on the road again. It may be that I will take a short course in training here then be on the road again. I really do not know what they intend to do with me yet.

I never told you folks, but I had a very nice letter from Vincent a short time ago. He says everything is about as usual.

Well, folks, I want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours truly,

Bob (Giffin)

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NEWS ITEMS

The C. E. Christmas Eve meeting was led by Calvin Giffin. At the close of the meeting Calvin conducted a beautiful candle lighting service using the Christmas tree as the background. The candles were lit in honor of our boys and girl in service and following this Rev. Fuller offered prayer for them.

After C. E. the crowd went carol singing. Theodore Wise took them in his sled. They started at C. W. Wises and went up the road as far as Jerrows. Rev. and Mrs. Fuller and their son went along. They returned to Theodore Wises for lunch. Everyone had an enjoyable time.

The three small sons of Harold and Bertie Givens, and Hazel Ault (Hewetson's daughter) have all been confined to their homes with measles.

Kenneth Braun has moved into France.

About Thanksgiving time Donald Braun met up with about ten Ohio boys, some of whom were from around home here, and he spent Christmas day with these same boys.

Pfc. Martha Jean Stolz was home from her Cincinnati base for a few days at Christmas time.

Lois McAllister spent Christmas weekend with her family in St. Clairsville. They all attended the Christmas entertainment at the Rock Hill Church.

J. Edgar Wise was Santa Claus at the church program and of course was in the cantata and had a solo to sing. He came down the chimney with his bag in true Santa Claus fashion but when he came out of the fireplace his stomach had fallen. Laughter arose from here and there in the audience but Edgar went on not realizing, till he stepped out in front to sing. Everyone was roaring by that time and Santa Claus sat down in a near-by chair and doubled over himself. He left the stage and returned and someone had meanwhile performed an operation for his false stomach was again in its proper place.

John and Virginia Galloway have adopted a nine-months old baby girl, whose name is Shirley Ann.

Technical Sergeant and Mrs. Leonard Burlingame (the former Betty Lou Braun) are the parents of a baby girl, Beth Ann, born on December 19.

Edward and Isabelle Greenlee are the parents of their sixth child, a baby boy, name Thomas Richard, born on December 19. Isabelle's birthday is the same day.

Robert Giffin was home for a few days at Christmas time. He has been transferred from the engineering battalion to a military police.

Mr. and Mrs. John Greenlee are home from Delaware, Ohio, where they attended the funeral of their grandson, John Henry, Ruth and Cleon's oldest boy. They stayed on a few days after the funeral. Helen and Paul went out for the funeral.