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DON HUFFMAN IN THIRD YEAR WITH ARTILLERY OVERSEAS

Pfc. Don Huffman is in his third year overseas, and is now stationed somewhere in the South Pacific. His letter of January 5, mailed January 17, was received at Genesee Jan. 24.

It reads:

"Dear Pete:

"I suppose you have been wondering if I've broken my arm or something since the last time you heard from me. Well, I haven't and I'll try to give you a little news from this part of the world. Of course, the more interesting things will have to be left out, so I'll do the best I can.

"It's still very hot here. A person can hardly sleep nights and the mosquitos are big crows. A person would think that they were dive bombers if he didn't see them. I'm still in the deep jungles. I didn't think it would be possible to hear so many imaginary sounds at nights. This place is full of them. A lot of our boys have become pretty trigger happy, and you can them blasting all through the night.

"For quite a while I lived in a hole (like a rat.) It became quite a place. Bed room, dining room and fox hole, all in one. I wouldn't even take off my clothes at night for a long time. It's nice to have things handy in case. Our water supply was pretty bad and still is. A person could consider himself lucky if he could wash once a day. Even had to drink cocoanut milk but now we have enough drinking water.

"I've seen some pretty good 'dog fights' and it's really something to see those Zeros get knocked down. Some of them explode mid-air. I've sweat out a few bombs that came prety close to us, but a guy soon gets used to it. It will be plenty swell when I can get home and not have such things bothering me. It kinda gets on a fellow's nerves. If you are up on your war news you should just about know where I am.

"I'm getting along fine and feel swell but I have lost quite a bit of weight and am beginning to feel like I'm getting old. I guess it could be the life I'm living, and believe me I'll sure be glad when I get back to civilization. I can think of a lot of places better than this.

"Haven't received a paper for a long time, but suppose they will come some time. I sure look forward to getting them. I got a card from Roy Weldin a few days ago so I guess he is still kicking. I had not heard from him for nearly a year.

"I suppose there is plenty of snow around there by now. Boy, what I wouldn't give for just one hand-full of snow. Snow has just about become legend to me. How is everything around the old town these days. I'll be sure glad when I get back.

"Well, Pete, there's nothing to write about so I will sign off for this time. Have some of the guys drop me a line some time. I'd like to hear from the gang I used to run around with.

"Don"

"P.S. Am enclosing something you might like to read."

The enclosure reads:

Dedication

Monday, November 22, 1943, will be the second anniversary of the 148th Field Artilery Battalion in this war. They stem from a parent organization that had taken the true meaning of the "Artillery song" for its motto, "Whenever—Whenever", and had proved it, not idle words but established facts during five major engagements in the First World War. The present unit, in whom the old battle streamers and traditions are vested, has carried on faithfully, by becoming the first American troops to land in Australia, the date being December 22, 1941.

The safeguarding of military information prevents the complete mention of duties and stations to date, but among the highlights may be mentioned their baptism of fire. As part of a task force on its way to Timor they were attacked to savagely by Japanese aircraft that they were forced back to Darwin Harbor, where once more they underwent bombing and strafing. In this engagement the unit received 34 Purple Hearts and five Silver Stars, for gallantry in action.

Pfc. Time and their many other friends wish them "Good Shooting" and full success.

Other letters can be found in this book available in Moscow, Lewiston and Genesee Libraries, thanks to a grant from Idaho Humanities Council.

