

LIEUTENANT HARRIS LAUDS COMPANIONS IN BATTLE ZONE

High praise of his fellow fighting men was given by First Lieut. Robert W. Harris in a recent letter to his parents, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Harris of 701 South Woods Avenue



The lieutenant's job is piloting a heavy bomber on missions over Germany, but at present he is at a Liverpool rest home.

A former student of University of California, Los Angeles campus, and Chaffey Junior College, he has been overseas nearly a year.

His letter follows:

Dear Mother and Dad:

This morning is grand. Blue skies with a few lazy high clouds, a sharpness in the air, a cool crispness that only happens on a rare day in autumn. Another nice thing about this particular, morning, I had two fresh eggs for breakfast.

Now it is ten in the morning, and I am listening to rebroadcasts of last night's programs. They select the best of the previous day's entertainment for those that could not listen. It will seem strange to get back to advertisements and soap operas. We have none of that. Instead we have all sorts of programs that we really like. Though I wonder what has happened to Ma Perkins and Pepper Young's family. There is news every hour on the hour with several complete roundups during the day. We heard the World Series

and now we are getting the football games. The difference in time makes it a bit odd to have all the day games at night.

I would like to tell you about some of the places I have been to in Germany. The list reads like a "Cook's Tour." Of course that is impossible as it would be in violation of security regulations. Something that I can tell you about is the men who bring the war to Hitler's Fortress. They are of all ages, sizes and shapes, from all walks of life, with southern drawl and northern accent, Republicans and Democrats with a Prohibitionist here and there.

Yet with all those differences they are every inch American soldiers. Men whose courage and loyalty and guts is beyond belief. I have seen my buddies "go down" to save a few members of their crew when they could have easily saved themselves instead. I have seen men bring back ships to fly again that looked like a junk pile. The men I live with and fly with are just ordinary guys, each wanting to get home to their loved ones, each willing to fight the devil in his hell if need be and a lot have to when the Jerries come up.

America can well be proud of her fighting men. We want to be proud of you at home. Sometimes it is a little difficult to overlook the things we hear about, we know that only a few are guilty. We never have time to think about strikes, graft and greed in the middle of a flak barrage or when the air is filled with Hun fighters. We go right on into the target.

Back in the barracks we read where twenty thousand have walked out of factories. We wonder what would happen if twenty thousand airmen were to "walk out," Then after a few hours in the sack we forget and are back in high spirits.

There are all kinds of shortages, but we don't worry. We have a good time and have a lot of laughs. In spite of all that is said about Anglo-American relations, I think that we are getting to understand the English people, and that they understand us. I find them to be friendly and good company even if they don't have washing machines and refrigerators.

Don't worry Mom and Dad. I am here to do a job, and do that job I will. When I have done my share I will return knowing that we have the best country, the best government, the best way of life, and I know that I have the best parents.

Lots of love,

Buddy.

This letter was published in the East Los Angeles Tribune, December 1944.