

PFC. CHARLES A. CLONINGER KILLED IN ACTION OCTOBER 20, 1944

November 21 -- Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cloninger have been informed by the War Department that their youngest son, Charles (Moss) age 23 has been killed in action on October 20th on Leyte Island.

"Moss" entered service in August, 1942 and received training at Ft. McClellan, Ala. He was sent overseas in the early Spring of 1944. He is survived by his parents, five brothers, Russell of Lawndale; and four in the armed services, Jack, Gene and James of the Army and Hugh of the Navy, two sisters also survive, Mrs. Charles Willis and Miss Mabel Cloninger.

John 14: 1 - 3

"Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you and if I go to prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also--"

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Letters From The Boy

From some outlandish station came his letter yesterday,
We think he's in New Guinea, but he's not allowed to say.
The page is filled with humor, and in spite of dangers grim,
We feel certain that his chuckle still remains a part of him,
For he writes: "Oh, darling mother, in this filthy place I live,
I'd pass up all promotion for that bath you used to give!"

"Do you remember, mother, how I used to run away
When you said: 'Come on! it's a bath for you today?'
How I battled! How I struggled! How I filled the air with cries
When you covered me with lather and soap got in my eyes!
Well, tonight I'm fairly wishing you could lead me to a tub --
I would stand at attention and be glad to let you scrub.

"I'm wishing, darling mother, you could once more probe my ears
With those lovely, pointed fingers that I said were sharp as shears.
I'd be glad to let you lead me by my top knot and I swear
I would never once start shouting: 'You are pulling out my hair!'"
Oh, I wonder, little mother, in those fits of boyish wrath,
Did you think for one brief moment that I'd ever like a bath?

"Oh, we fellows talk things over now we're miles and miles away,
And we count the many blessings that were ours just yesterday,
And the joys we took for granted, let me tell you mother dear,
It's for those things we are fighting in these dismal swamps out here,
And there's not a boy among us trudging beach and jungle path,
But is longing every minute for his mother -- and a bath".

Edgar A. Guest