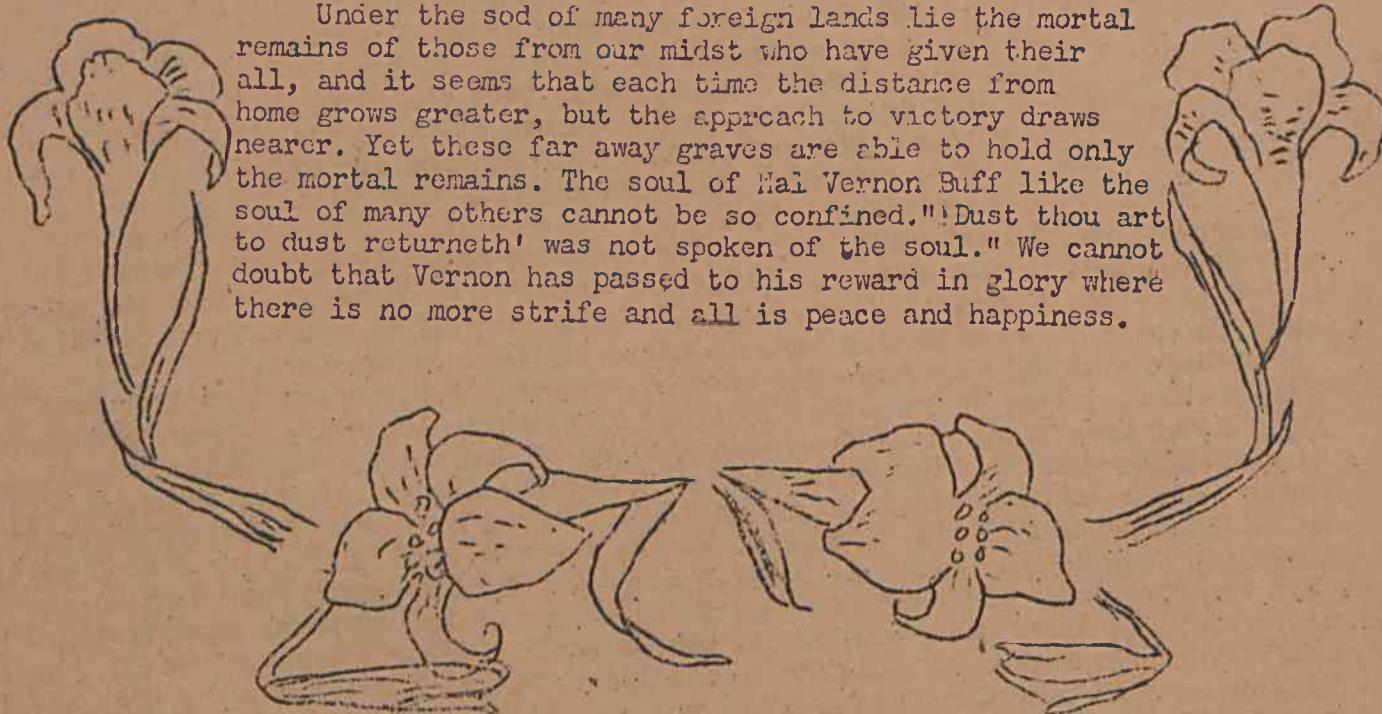


Vernon mentioned card and crap games that were going on but said he took no part in them. He said by doing so he lost no friends and gained many. His letters indicated his desire to be home but at the same time his realization that he had a duty to perform. He was interested in the education of his younger brothers and specified that they stay in school until they finished high school. He wrote that he was proud of his part in carrying on the fight. He showed interest in his dog he left at home. His last letters show a great interest in the welfare of his mother and brothers. These letters give a better idea of Vernon as a man than anything we could say.

Vernon's former Principal, L.C. Broome of Morganton wrote of him as follows:

"I remember Vernon as a young man of many sterling qualities. He was honest and fair in his dealings with his fellow students. He was kind and courteous to everyone. He was a good student and used his time wisely. I shall not soon forget how well he played the part of "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick" in the play by that title which was presented by the graduating class of 1941. I know he gave his life to his country willingly for he loved it and his fellowmen with a love that great, and greater love has no man than to lay down his life for his friends."

Under the sod of many foreign lands lie the mortal remains of those from our midst who have given their all, and it seems that each time the distance from home grows greater, but the approach to victory draws nearer. Yet these far away graves are able to hold only the mortal remains. The soul of Hal Vernon Buff like the soul of many others cannot be so confined." "Dust thou art to dust returneth" was not spoken of the soul." We cannot doubt that Vernon has passed to his reward in glory where there is no more strife and all is peace and happiness.



ERNIE PYLE, "THE LITTLE GUY", KILLED IN ACTION

Ernie Pyle, America's favorite War Correspondent was killed on Ie Jima, Ryukyus Island on April 18th, while in line of duty. "The Little Guy" had been with the Army every since it landed in North Africa, stayed with our GIs right on thru' the Italian Campaign, thru' D-Day until after the Battle of St. Lo. After this battle, Ernie confessed to friends that this experience had been the most horrible and horrifying of all his war experiences - "I don't think I could go through it again and keep my sanity", he said. So it was, that after two and one half years with the Infantry, he left for the rest he needed so badly. He came back to America, to Albuquerque and to Jerry (his wife) last fall, when for the first time perhaps, he realized just how very much he had come to mean to all the folks back home, he was the patron saint of the GIs and also their Moms and Dads.

A few short weeks ago, he left for the Pacific where he boarded a small aircraft carrier to write of the Navy. It was his plan to rejoin his beloved Army GIs in the Phillipines or on some other bitterly contested island. This he did, on Ie Jima, he was once again with his "mid-rain-frost, and wind boys"; when Death overtook him.

Ernie is buried on Ie Jima with scores of his GIs, he would have wanted it that way.

We shall miss you "Little Guy".