



“LET OUR HEARTS BE STOUT”

This is the invasion prayer which President Roosevelt wrote while Allied troops were landing on the coast of France and which he read to the nation by radio.

My fellow Americans:

In this poignant hour, I ask you to join me in prayer:

Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our republic, our religion, and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity.

Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness to their faith.

They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. The enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again; and we know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

THEY FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, JUSTICE

They will be sore, tired, by night and by day, without rest—till the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violences of war.

These are men lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and goodwill among all Thy people. They yearn, but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy kingdom.

And for us at home—fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters and brothers of brave men overseas, whose thoughts and prayers are ever with them—help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

Many people have urged that I call the nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts.

Give us strength, too—strength in our daily tasks, to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and material support of our armed forces.

... than at any time since they have been in the Army.

Reaction of German prisoners of war to news of the liberation of the continent is not permitted to be published, under the rules of the Geneva convention.

No official observance of D-Day was held here.

Letters From New Guinea

Devens WAC Writes Of Tribute To Lost Comrade

(A former member of the 34th WAC Headquarters Company, the first band of WACs to arrive at Devens for duty, wrote the following article from her station in Dutch New Guinea.)

By PFC. RITA DANEALT

Somewhere in Dutch New Guinea a tattered green and yellow flag waves in the hot breeze. The yellow is streaked and in blotches. The seams around its edge are irregular. The tabs that hold it to the staff are makeshift. The green head of Pallas Athene, superimposed on the yellow, is ravelling. The white fringe surrounding three sides is coming loose and falling, thread by thread, in the breeze.

The flag is crude and unofficial, but behind it lies a touching story of an ignored group of young American women.

These women are the only Air Force WACs in New Guinea. The flag is the first WAC flag to fly over a WAC detachment. The WACs of New Guinea look as little like the WACs of Washington or Michigan Avenue as the soldiers of New Guinea resemble the polished, super-soaped, super-smiling, super-tailored soldiers of the shiny advertisements. Their skin is yellow from daily doses of atabrine. They wear rough shirts, hot, heavy, olive drab trousers, and Army field shoes. They sleep on Army cots with an Army blanket for a mattress and a mattress cover as a sheet. They work in an enervating, sapping climate once said to be impossible for white women. And they work hard.

on it and the wind chops at its edges. It probably will be tattered and completely fringeless before it eventually comes home. But it is doubtful whether any flag in the Pacific is raised and lowered each day more proudly.



TO WORK WITH 11,000 BOOKS . . . Cpl. Earlene Garrigues, right, and Pfc. Ella Gedney of the WACs are shown helping to fill the many shelves of the new library with some of the 11,000 books which will be at the disposal of GIs shortly.



By T/4 BOB VARTANIAN and Pfc. NICK KORAYOS
 LIFE BEGINS AT 42 for T/4 Jim Garvey, T/5 Leo Maher, Pfc. Carl Johnson and T/5 John Lang, all of Bks. 4 in view of the ship's deck. Grad. when he shook the old RC-1 Branch, ran across an old RC-1 City, T/4 Vincent O'Brien of C &

A few weeks ago one of the girls drowned while swimming in the Pacific, and the Detachment needed a flag for her funeral. They had none, nor did they have any means of getting one.

The WAC flag is of gold and green satin, but gold and green satin was as unobtainable as a handful of icicles. Then one girl remembered she had two Australian sheets of good material: white, of course. Someone else recalled that the dispensary had atabrine tablets and tincture of merthiolate. Another said the drafting department had green India ink. Condemned parachutes had silk strings in the shroud lines of the harness.

The WACs hurriedly went to work. The funeral was to be held the next day.

Seven hours later, at 4:00 a.m., the flag was finished. The girls' hands were stained yellow from dyeing the sheets, and green from the ink used to color the head of Pallas Athene, official insignia of the WAC. Hands were cut and sore from untangling parachutes' silken shroud lines and laboriously cutting and tying it into fringe, later sewn on the flag at half-inch intervals.

The girl who cut out the head of Pallas Athene had been confined to quarters all day, ill, but she worked that night until the face which had to be drawn on both sides of the sheet was clear and precise. Then she struggled to hem the edges.

Even now the flag is disintegrating as the sun beats down on it and the wind chops at its edges. It probably will be tattered and completely fringeless before it eventually comes home. But it is doubtful whether any flag in the Pacific is raised and lowered each day more proudly.

LET OUR HEARTS BE STOUT

And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long travail, to hear sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons where-soever they may be.

And, O Lord, give us faith. Give us faith in Thee; faith in our sons; faith in each other; faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment—let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose.

With Thy blessing we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogances. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

Thy will be done, Almighty God. Amen.

DEVENS REACTION

News of the invasion of the European continent was received here at Devens with spontaneous interest from military and civilian personnel.

Most soldiers were not aware of the invasion until reveille, for Allied confirmation of the amphibious attack was not released until 3:20 a.m. Many enlisted men, informed of the news while still in bed, left the sheets faster than at any time since they have been in the Army.

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"Colorado"
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