

Ralph R. Hotel, Major, AUS  
27 Central Avenue, Hartsdale, N.Y.  
Phone 211-4660 Plains 4660

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

### THE ROAD HOME

(This is the trip that millions will make - your men. They are not the same men you sent away. They have been living in a different world; a world of violence and suffering and death sudden death. It has changed them and they talk different and think different. What each man in this particular shipment found when he finally got home is your story, Mr. and Mrs. America this, for what it's worth, is theirs.)

The big, gray transport is headed out of the harbor straight into the westing sun and two Navy crew teams are playing basketball and the wounded are listening in their layered bunks just one deck below. It is a small court on the boat deck and funny shaped - each corner deeply rounded off by the ack-ack gun turrets that rise high above the playing surface. Some wounded are watching, too; those who could walk or crutch their way up the steel stairs. The others just listen over the ship's loud-speaker system, manned expertly by a Navy kid who rattles off the plays into a microphone, glibly and professionally.

Loud speakers carry the game to all parts of the vessel - to the colored boys in the galleys, the blank gang, and the kids in the gun turrets, and, because they know Harrigan and Levy and Armstrong and the other players the probably enjoy the game a little more. The Army wounded have just come aboard a few hours ago and they don't know anybody yet. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~  
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Hundreds of unwounded GIs and officers are listening, too; tough young infantrymen, middle-aged quartermasters and old colonels. The Air Corps has sent its share; youngsters, mostly, with silver wings and ribbons and leather jackets saying "Mr. Five-by-Five", and "Beetle" and "Jolly Roger". Many are fighter pilots. Others are bomber boys and these have