

## A Moment of Valor – Sonny Hays-Eberts

*I received no contribution for this issue about a local veteran to be featured. If you know of someone you would like to see interviewed, please contact me (see page 2). I was prepared to consult my library to find a story, but decided to share several poems and an illustration from a volume entitled **Pupntent Poets**. This publication was produced by Stars and Stripes in the Mediterranean theater in 1945.*

*The poems fit with the emphasis on poetry within Groundwaters and they show different perspectives of service members, as well as personal and touching accounts of how they saw events at that time.*

### No Splendor Here --PFC Cecil Groseclose

So this is war, no splendor here.  
No martial music, no crowds to cheer  
Nothing but harsh reality  
Of the price we must pay for victory.  
For the lads at Cassino and Anzio  
These thoughts are worthless; too well you know  
Of the terrible misery and biting cold  
Endured at the front in a muddy hole  
Of Italy's mountains and Africa's sand,  
Of night patrols in no man's land;  
Of noble comrades and nobler dead  
Who battled on until the snow turned red.  
Even the glorious heaven above  
God's perfect promise of peace and love  
Is desecrated by roaring plane  
Out on a mission of death and pain.  
Oh, God, how long are we to stand  
Man's inhumanity to man?



### Hatred's Yield --Pvt. Jack P. Nantell

I've seen "the crosses row on row",  
I've seen the graves at Anzio  
In Flanders fields men cannot sleep—  
Their faith, the world found hard to keep.  
Versailles' fate was slyly sealed  
Before earth's gaping wounds had healed,  
And now again a row of crosses  
Mutely tell of nations' losses.  
In how many fields,  
In how many lands  
Will soldiers die by soldiers' hands?  
Until at long last mankind yields  
To truth and reason's studied choice  
Ignoring hatred's strident voice.

### UKASE --PFC C.G. Tiggs

When this is over  
And we come home again,  
Forget the band  
And the cheers from the stand;  
Just have the things  
Well in hand –  
The things we fought for.  
Understand?

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