



With the Colors

June 25,
1943

Sergeant Alfred Jansen writes Mr. and Mrs. Cletus Jansen of Newton from Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he is in the Headquarters and Headquarters squadron of the Second Air Force: "I've been intending to write ever since I got here, but we have been too busy for me to be able to get around to it. I've been working the early night shift and we are usually busy on it, but tonight I'm on the late shift and I will have plenty of time.

"We left Spokane (Washington) Sunday evening at 5:30 and got here about 3:30 on Tuesday. We went down to Boise (Idaho) by way of Pendleton, Oregon, then to some town next to Cheyenne, Wyoming, down to Denver and to Colorado Springs. It was really a nice trip, except that it seemed to be awful dirty in the cars. The soot from the engine seemed to work into the cars, which were pretty antique Pullmans. We had three cars of enlisted men, one car of officers and girls from the offices, a diner, and I don't know how many cars of equipment. The whole train was made up of Second Air Force stuff. I spent a good deal of the time playing 500 rummy.

The headquarters is located right in town, about fifteen minutes walking distance from the business district. The Army took over one of their fancy health resort hotels, to which they are adding a couple more big buildings. Our office is just about as swell as you ever saw. I am writing this at a desk in a sort of big bay window affair. The windows have venetian blinds or else I would be sitting out here like a fish in a bowl.

"We are living in tents and will be for at least another thirty days until they get the buildings around here completed. I rather like the tents except that it is so far to the wash rooms and you are always having to roll up and let down the sides. The weather changes faster here than any place I have ever seen. For instance, this morning at 11:00 it was hot as blazes and I rolled up the sides of the tent as there wasn't a decent cloud in sight. I went to dinner a little before 12:00 and while I was eating there was about a one minute downpour of rain and a strong, chilly wind and a half hour later it was hot and clear again.

"It rains almost every day. At least it has the last month, they say, mostly five minute showers, usually accompanied by hail. Most of the time the rain is just enough to get your clothes good and wet. I think the freaky weather is caused by the high range of mountains just west of the city.

"The mountains here are the finest looking and the highest of any I have seen. The elevation here in the city is over six thousand feet, compared to about six hundred at home, and this looks like low country compared to the mountains. Pike's peak is the tallest point, but a lot of others come close to being as tall. There are a lot of peaks which make a nicer skyline than the level ridges of mountains you see most places.

"Colorado Springs is a resort town, has a number of hospitals, and some swell hotels. I was out to a benefit dance at the swellest one tonight, located up on the side of Cheyenne mountain. It is a fine place. The cheapest rooms rent for \$35.00 per day. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are there for a rest but weren't at the dance. They have an ice arena that is open the year around, so I will probably be sending for my skates again soon, unless they have good ones to rent. The dance wasn't much; too large a crowd.

"Most of the soldiers don't like the town at all. I haven't seen enough of it to form an opinion yet. For one thing, it is lousy with soldiers. There must be about 40,000 soldiers around it, and you can hardly get into places of amusement and restaurants on account of the crowds. Most of the soldiers are in the Infantry and they have no love for the Air Corps. Several of our fellows have been beaten up on by gangs of the Infantry soldiers and they say it isn't a good idea to go uptown by yourself. I suspect one would get along all right as long as he didn't talk out of turn.

"They have an awful lot of work to be done around here and they are always coming around the tents looking for fellows to do 'detail' work. Tonight everybody had to help pitch a bunch of tents before they would issue any passes. Last night it was almost 2:00 before I got off work, and this forenoon someone would wake me up every half hour to try to get me to help at some job or other. The

fellows on the night shifts don't have to help during the day, but it doesn't help one to get much rest if they keep waking you up. I think I am going to put a big 'Don't Disturb' sign on my bunk.

"They expect four hundred Waacs in here soon, but I suspect they will have to keep that many or more enlisted men, so I might stick around here awhile.

"A lot of the fellows have gotten real sunburns here, due to the heat of the sun, the clear air and the high altitude, I guess. The high altitude causes one to get out of wind easily, and some of the fellows have been bothered with nosebleeding. So far I have escaped it. Food prices uptown, sandwiches, coffee and the like are only about half as high as they were in Spokane, and everything is better. The food at headquarters hasn't been up to par yet, but they think they will be able to improve on it again. So far it has been mostly wieners and beans."

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Private First Class William L. Lobmier writes from March field, California: "I received the first copy of the Press today since I came down here at March field. Getting the Press is like getting a letter from home. I am working in the squadron administrative office and I like my work fine. Like all jobs, some days are much harder than others. I will say that I like the Army fine, and never felt better in my life. I think that no young man should try to keep out of the Army. It is good for anyone to be in the Army.

"We have three Waacs in our office force. They are taking a lot of responsibility in the Army here at March field. I feel that this is a letter to all my friends, who read the Press and wish them all a lot of good luck and happiness.

"My address is Private First Class William L. Lobmier, 38th Bomber squadron (H), March field, Riverside, California."

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Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Fear of Willow Hill have received a letter from their son, Robert Fear, who is in the Thirteenth Armored division at Camp Beale, California. He enclosed the following clipping from the Sacramento Examiner of June 14.

"The State of California today formally adopted as 'California's Own' the United States Army's Thirteenth Armored division, 'The Black Cats.' In an impressive flag day ceremony, the red and green banner of the formidable Camp Beale's mechanized division was placed on display in the governor's office beside the flag of the United States and the blue and gold Bear flag of California."

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Friends at Willow Hill have received several letters from Corporal Clem D. Brinson, who is with a Marine division somewhere overseas. He celebrated his birth anniversary May 28 and writes about the party which friends held in his honor.

They had a big supper and big birthday cake which was beautifully decorated. It was a fruit cake, decorated with candy, flowers and greetings, with an American flag on it, and one of theirs, too. He received several gifts. He says he is still o. k. and is doing fine, but can't tell where he is.

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Private and Mrs. Delbert Wilson are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wilson, and his brother, Albert Wilson, of Newton. Delbert is on a furlough from Camp Robinson, Arkansas, where he is in the Headquarters detachment of the Twelfth regiment. Mrs. Wilson said that the water came up to within a block of where she was living recently and she was afraid that she would have to move. However, the river went down.

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Private Ralph D. and Seaman Harold E. Kelly have been spending a nine day furlough with their mother, Mrs. Anna Kelly of Willow Hill, their grand-mother, Mrs. Alvin Selby of Newton, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kelly of Tolono. Ralph is returning to Battle Creek, Michigan, where he is a cook in the United States Army hospital. Harold has completed his boot training at Great Lakes, and expects to go to school somewhere.

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John A. Connor was here from Great Lakes Naval Training Station near Chicago, Sunday, for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Connor of Newton. He is in a Naval Gunnery school and will graduate in five more weeks. He is receiving instruction in all phases of gunnery.

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Private First Class George F. Smith writes his wife, Jane, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith of Willow Hill, that he is somewhere in Iran, landing there about May 20. He says it gets 135 in the daytime.

His father also received a Father's day telegram from him.

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Private Ralph D. Kelly of the Medical section, Percy Jones hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan, and Harold

E. Kelly, apprentice seaman, United States Navy, Great Lakes, are spending several days this week with their mother, Mrs. Anna Kelly, and other relatives near Willow Hill.

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Will Piper of Camp Scott, United States Naval Training Station, Faragut, Idaho, spent last week here with his mother, Mrs. Irma Piper and family. He was joined Thursday, by another sailor, James Green of Flora, and they left Saturday to return to Camp Scott.

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Private First Class Oscar Rubsam will return to Camp Kearns, Salt Lake City, Utah, today or tomorrow, after a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Rubsam of Newton. He was recently released from the hospital after an illness from pneumonia.

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Second Lieutenant Raymond Wagner Jr. is here on a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wagner of near Newton. He was commissioned at Fort Benning, Georgia, this week after a several months' course at the Infantry Officer Candidate school.

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Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Maxwell received a letter Monday from their son, Lieutenant Otis Maxwell, written June 14, stating he had arrived safely in North Africa.

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Private Medford L. Wetherholt of Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, is spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Wetherholt of Wheeler.

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Corporal Jacob Flinn of Camp Robinson, Arkansas, is spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Flinn of near Latona.

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Private Melvin Bailey of Camp Bowie, Texas, is spending a furlough with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey of Wheeler.

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Private First Class Paul Davison of Chanute field, Rantoul, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davison of near Willow Hill.

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Harold Hann, a son of Frank Hann of near Sainte Marie, is home on a fifteen day furlough from March field, California.

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Private First Class Harold Coleman of the Army Air Base at Sioux City, Iowa, is spending a few days at Willow Hill with his wife and daughter Ramona.

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