



## With the Colors *September 7, 1943*

Bobby L. Bower writes the Press under date of August 30: "I know some of my friends wonder where I am, so while I have the time I will write you all a few lines about the great country of India. John Flanagan and I were talking the other night about good old Newton and thought maybe you would like to know some of the things we have seen, since we have been here.

"The first thing I want to tell all of you, is you don't know how to appreciate the good old U. S. A. It is very warm here and the natives do all their work with their hands. For instance, to wash our clothes they beat them over a cement railing, using no soap. They do a very good job, considering the time they hame.

"Another thing is the sacred cow. You might wake up in the morning and find a cow near you. They are allowed to wander where they please. Most of them are used for work like the old ox teams used in the pioneer days in the states.

"They have very good bananas and coconuts here and are very cheap. Twelve bananas cost about 15 cents in American money.

"The Indian money is very hard to get on to. Their highest value of money is rupee. That is equal to 33 cents in American money. Three rupees make one dollar, and sixteen annas make one rupee. One anna is equal to two cents in American money.

"For taxicabs they use the horse pulled jerries, and they do a rousing business. The food we are eating is cooked by the natives and I have gained about two pounds since I have been here. Flanagan is looking better also.

"We are fed a lot of fruit and the things they cook are very spicy. Well, I guess I have told all of you all I can think of and am allowed to tell, so I will close. Also it is dark and no more writing.

"I don't know when you will receive this, but I would sure like for all of Flanagan's and my friends to write and you don't know how much it will be appreciated. I haven't received a good old Newton Press yet but when I do I am certain I will read the want ads and household hints. We will be so eager to hear. Keep that home front going and don't forget we are all thinking of you and pray often for all of us boys in the service.

"Tell Joy Waggy to keep those Cardinals on top. If anybody can do it he can. Hoping to hear from all of you."

Bobbie's and John Flanagan's addresses may be obtained from the Press or from their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Bower and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Flanagan of Newton, if anyone wants to write them.

Miss Lois Weck of Newton, who is in training as a Wave at Memphis, Tennessee, writes her sister, Mrs. Harold Smallwood of Newton:

"As you know, I have been a mess cook (we really don't cook—just serve and clean up) for a couple of weeks since arriving in Memphis. We are on our feet from 4:30 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. I could write volumes on the life of a mess cook. Everyday but Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we get a two hour rest in the morning and a two hour rest in the afternoon. On these other days, we work straight through until evening, with just five minutes now and then. But it isn't so bad. The cooks are swell boys and they tease us a lot and if there's any (and there usually is) fruit, cake, pie or ice cream left over, we get it. They're surely swell to us.

"I have some news tonight. Most of us girls are on mess duty about six weeks, before starting school. The old group starts to school Monday and since some of the girls in that old group have been discharged or in the hospital, they were four girls short and took them out of our group of seventy. I was one of the four chosen because they took the last four in the alphabet. For once the end of the alphabet got a break. So I'm through in the mess hall and school started Monday, August 30th. I'm so thrilled I can hardly wait.

"It has been almost too hot for me to eat here. It certainly doesn't bother these boys, though. I never saw anyone eat like they do. For breakfast they eat fruit, bread, butter, cereal, and milk, fried potatoes, beans, toast and coffee. The Navy loves beans and fried potatoes for breakfast; beans or potatoes or both at least twice a day. Beans are a meat substitute, the cook says. We have ice cream three or four times a

week. It takes 100 loaves of bread each meal for our section and we are one-fourth of the mess hall. That makes a total of 4,800 loaves of bread to be baked every day by the station bakery not including officers' mess.

"Meat is very scarce here. The mess hall is rationed just so much. I feel so sorry for the boys. They work so hard and they need lots of meat. It just breaks our hearts to hear them beg for another little piece and the cook says, 'no.' If it weren't for some people buying meat illegally and trying to take more than their share, these boys could have a second piece. We had fish today about the size of a good sized goldfish—just one apiece. The boys griped terribly. I wish everyone could know just how serious the meat situation is for the boys.

"We are still in doubt about being transferred to Norman, Oklahoma. Of course we're going for sure. We must be out within a month or two. But if so, why are we starting to school here Monday? Be prepared for a telegram anytime.

"I really enjoy your long letters from Newton. I would love to get home and see everything and everybody. Tell everyone 'hello'."

Her address is Lois Mildred Weck, Seaman Second Class, N. A. T. T. C., Barracks 63, Memphis, Tennessee.

Private First Class Dick Fasnacht, United States Marine Corps, is visiting relatives in Jasper county. He recently returned to the United States after service at Guadalcanal and other outposts. While there he met Private Samuel Beverlin of Newton last May.

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Private Benjamin Fuller Franke writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fuller Franke of Newton, that he helped guard some prisoners, including an Italian general, recently.

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Private John Acklin, who is in North Africa, writes his mother, Mrs. George Acklin of near Newton, that he is well and feeling fine.

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Sergeant Basil Auteberry, who celebrated his birthday recently, asks the Press to thank his friends for the cards and letters he received. He is at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas.

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Lee Russell Gorrell of Marine, formerly of Newton, has enlisted in the Navy. He is at Farragut, Idaho, for his boot training.

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"I want to stick around and see how this dam thing pans out now." That is the sentiment expressed by Private Justin S. Litzelman of Sainte Marie, at one of the Antilles Air Command bases in the Carribean after declining an over age discharge from his second World war.

Back in the Army after twenty-five years, Private Litzelman observes that "things have changed quite a lot since I put in my last hitch, but the most important factor, that of destroying the enemy, remains unchanged."

He saw action in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne and also at Somme and Amiens, where he received the Purple Heart medal as a result of shrapnel and gas wounds. His infantry battalion engaged both Germans and Austrians, and he claims that the Germans were the toughest but crumpled quickly once they began losing. After the Armistice he remained in the Army of Occupation in Germany for three months.

By some strange quirk, the commander of the opposing German forces had the same name as Litzelman, a coincidence that proved a constant source of amusement for the men in the American ranks at the expense of the American corporal.

Called into the armed forces for the second time last August, he requested assignment to the tank corps and was promptly sent to the Air Forces and an airplane mechanics school, where he was graduated last spring. He now is a member of one of the ground crews working to keep planes on daily patrol missions over the command that extends from Cuba to the equatorial South America, an area thirty-six times the size of his native Illinois.

Justin is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Litzelman of Sainte Marie, where he was born and reared. He has a brother, Henry Litzelman, a gunnery sergeant in the Infantry, who saw action in Guadalcañal and now is stationed "somewhere in the Southwest Pacific."

Clarence E. Collings, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence K. Collings of Teutopolis, formerly of Boos, has gone to Chicago to take up his new duties as a member of the Navy Air Corps, into which branch of the service he enlisted several months ago.

Clarence or "Mac," as he is familiarly called, graduated from the Teutopolis Township high school with the class of 1940 and immediately preceding his departure has been employed in defense work at Wilmington. He was the 102nd young man from Teutopolis to enter the service of his country.

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Kenneth Jones, writes his wife at Newton that he sees Maynard Honey every once in a while. Maynard is about four or five barracks from the barracks where Kenneth is.

Kenneth has been receiving the Presses she sends him and says "I sure enjoy reading about Newton and the people I know."

He adds that he has been doing the same thing every day since he has been in Camp Percy—drilling and listening to lectures all day long.

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Private First Class Marion Eugene Crouse, a son of Mrs. Lillian Fuson of Newton, was to graduate from the Armament school at Lowry field, Denver, Colorado, today. He was inducted into the Army last February and has been in training at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, and University California, Berkeley, and Lowry field.

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Sergeant Bertrand Richards is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Richards of Newton. He has just been released from the hospital after

illness. He has been taking the Army's specialized Training at Fort Custer, Michigan.

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Second Lieutenant Noel A. Cunefare is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Cunefare of Gila vicinity.