



With the Colors *8/8/44*

Sergeant Albert Wells Jr. of Company D, Twenty-second Tank battalion, Camp Cooke, California, writes: "I'll try and scribble a few lines today. I'm just fine and hope this finds you and all the people in good old Jasper county just fine. We are having very chilly weather out here, almost as cold as you have back in Illinois in November.

"I'm enclosing an open letter to Hitler. I think it will explain just what we, the American soldiers, are fighting for. I hope you like it. It is entitled 'Why We Fight.'

"I don't think we will be here much longer. But where we are going, I'm unable to tell you. As if I knew. I'll send you my change of address as soon as I get it."

My Dear Adolf:

You've had a good many open letters written at you in the last few years. For the most part, you've ignored them, or at least you've learned nothing from them — amenability to suggestion being one of the least prominent of your Nazi traits. You'd better listen to this one, though, because I'm going to tell you why you've lost your war.

You've already discovered, Herr Hitler, that military superiority — in numbers, in materials, and in training — will not get you everything you want. Men and guns are not enough. They influence the outcome of a battle, of course, but it is the spirit of a nation that wins wars. This spirit comes from a knowledge of what one is fighting for, and a belief that what one fights for is right and desirable.

I think that you know this—you've bombarded your people for years with promises, exhortations, dogmas, concerning the inevitable righteousness of your cause. Many of your people have followed you because of these promises. But men don't fight forever for promises. They fight for tangible things. We have words for these things here in America, Adolf. Words like freedom, liberty, justice. Words like, home, family, truth, democracy. These words, and what they stand for mean a lot to us, Adolf. You don't understand them, and because you don't, they're going to cause you to become one of the world's most defunct "has beens."

You have said, Adolf, that the democracies are degenerate; that they are weak. Your ruined cities are feeling the effects of that degeneracy and weakness now. Perhaps there is some strength in a free people, fighting together so that they may live independently, eh Adolf? We think so, and we're fighting together to preserve that freedom. Oh, we have some weaknesses, and your propagandists have made the most of them. We've always had a little racial friction, and a lot of "labor trouble." But, Adolf, when a moving part in a machine causes friction, you don't call the machine "degenerate" and throw it out. You simply oil the part, and the machine works better than before. That's democracy, Adolf. That's the thing you're fighting.

You've made much of the fact, Adolf, that the American soldier wants to go home. He doesn't want to fight. That's very true, Adolf. He does want to go home. But this is not a sign of weakness; it is our greatest strength. For we want to go home to the way of life that we have always known, and we want our children brought up to that way of life. And we'll fight like hell until

we know that we have / won these things. Yes, we want to go home, Adolf. Over your dead body.

Some of the things that we fight for would sound silly to you, Adolf, but we Americans are a young people from a young land. But this is not immaturity; it's simply the youthful, optimistic, wonderful feeling of freedom, and all the things that go with it that you Nazis deny even to your children. Listen carefully, Adolf. Here are some of the things that are in our minds as we bomb your towns, sink your U-boats, and kill your soldiers:

Did you ever have a date, Adolf? Did you ever dance with your girl on a Saturday night? Did you ever go to a ball game, and see 50,000 people to whom the most important thing in the world is whether or not DiMaggio gets a hit? Did you ever vote without having a slugger behind your back to see that you voted the right ticket? Did you ever read the funnies on Sunday morning? Do your schools teach the poetry of Heine, Dryden, Sandburg? In your army, do the soldiers know the truth about what goes on in the world? Tell me, have you ever heard Fred Allen? Or Walter Winchell? Have you ever seen Dorothy Lamour in a sarong? Have you ever ridden the ferris wheel at Coney Island? Of course not.

These are things which are possible only in a free land. These are some of the things that you're fighting against, Adolf. Your soldiers are well trained, and you still have a lot of ground, and a lot of guns. You've got a good fighting machine. But it's not enough, Adolf. How are you going to fight a dream of a picnic with dad and mom and the kid sister by a peaceful lake? How can you beat a man with a vision in his heart of a car, a girl, and moonlight on the river? Do you think, Adolf, that a mere super state can beat a family, a home, a job, and bids? These are the things we're fighting for. These are the reasons for your defeat."

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In a letter to his mother, Mrs. Edith E. Jones, Private Russell W. Jones, stationed with the United States Army in Australia, tells about the products and farming habits in his new location.

Private Jones said that he was recently "surprised to find a cabbage in a fruit market which measured two feet across the top, and tipped the scales at twelve pounds. Cauliflower is also plentiful, most of the heads being the size of a water bucket. Cane is the principal crop. Corn, grown in the southern part of the country, is called maize. However, grains such as rye, wheat, oats, and beans, are called corn in Australia.

"In Australia, farming country, instead of being referred to as 'a farm,' is called the 'bush,' while the farmers are called 'plow jockeys.' There are very few tractors to be seen but many nice draft horses, and fine race horses.

"Steak and mutton is the main dish at the table, varied occasionally by pork. Hamburger is ground beef and mutton with onions or carrots.

The 'plow jockeys' who own a tract of land back in the mountains still brand their own cattle. I was talking to one 'Digger' (Australian soldier) the other day, who was about 55. He told me he was getting a three day leave to go home and brand his 150 head of cattle, while his son was home from the army to help him."

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Camp Perry, Ohio, Perryscope:

"First Sergeant Lee Pictor, number one enlisted man of a POW unit, transferred from Fort Thomas, Kentucky, six weeks ago, and evidently they could not operate without Leo's support for the reception center closed the day he left. He pulled stakes in Sainte Marie, his home town, in 1922 to give the Army a try and serv-

ed four years in the Tenth and Eleventh Infantry.

"Forsaking his military career for the next eight years, he grabbed one of the lucrative jobs of that money wild era as a motor car assembler in Cincinnati. Later he was a salesman, then reentered the Army in 1934, since which time he has served continuously. The greater part of his past ten years service was with the 'wandering' Tenth Infantry and Sergeant Pictor claims he was in so many states during his tour of duty that he 'couldn't begin to remember them all.' From 1940 until June 24 of this year, Leo was at the Fourth Thomas reception center. He likes his work here and is learning to speak a few words of a new language."

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Glenn D. Matson, boatswain's mate first class of the Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph D. Matson, who has been in the Southwest Pacific three years, wishes to thank one and all for the many birthday cards he received. In a recent letter he said, "I sure would love to get back and see you all, but no hope of getting home yet for awhile."

An older son, Corporal Rupert Matson of the United States Army, writes from India." It sure is awful hot here, though I've been here almost a year. Maybe I can stand it awhile longer."

A younger son, Seaman First Class Daniel Matson, serving in the Navy a year and in the Carribbean sea area three months last winter, is in a Naval hospital now. Anyone caring to write him his address is Daniel J. Matson, s 1/c, United States Naval Hospital, Ward B., Charleston, South Carolina.

Anyone wishing the addresses of the above two can obtain them from Mr. and Mrs. Matson.

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Lieutenant and Mrs. W. J. Frazier Jr. of Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, announce the birth of a son, William John III, July 17 at Kenosha hospital, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mrs. Frazier, the former Normalee Andrews, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Andrews, formerly of Jasper county. Great grand-parents of the baby are Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Spencer of Hidalgo and Mrs. Ida Bliss Andrews of Rose Hill. Great great grand-mothers are Mrs. Margaret Brooks of Hidalgo and Mrs. Barbara Vanatta Andrews of Greencastle, Indiana. Lieutenant Frazier is attached to the armored forces at Camp Chaffee.

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Colonel Samuel C. Dunlap III, commanding officer of the Fourth Operational Training unit, Ferrying division, Army Air Forces, at Brownsville, Texas, announced the promotion of Staff Sergeant Franklin D. Jones to the grade of technical sergeant for his duties as purchasing and contracting agent for the Army Air Forces.

Sergeant and Mrs. Jones reside at the Glenwood apartments in Brownsville, Texas, and would be glad to hear from their friends.

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Paul K. Sims, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Sims, of Newton, received a commission as an ensign in the Navy, July 19. His present address is: Ensign Paul K. Sims, Camp McDonough, Plattsburg, New York.

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Harry "Stormy" Parr spent a four day leave with his wife and daughter Jane Ann of Newton. He left Monday morning for Chicago expecting to be sent to sea, possibly in the South Pacific.

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Corporal Corwin Manning of Turner field, Georgia, is spending a fifteen day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Manning of West Liberty vicinity.

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Mrs. Clifford Erwin of Richmond, Indiana, has received word of the birth of a son to Corporal and Mrs.

Richard E. Fasnacht, formerly of Newton. Corporal Fasnacht is in the Marines and is stationed at Santa Ana, California. Mrs. Fasnacht is the former Ora French of south of Newton.