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NEWS OF OUR MEN...WOMEN IN UNIFORM

(Continued from preceding page.)

Sis and one from Juanita yesterday too. Sure was glad to hear from them.

How is little Gene getting along with his work? Fine, I hope. I sure will be glad to see you and him again. I am started on my third year overseas now.

Well, Mother, we were just in another battle. We hit Saipan and captured same. I am at Saipan at the present time. I made it through all right and am just fine. Sorry that I have not written sooner, Mom, but I didn't have much time to write. But, they told us today that we could write and say where we had hit.

I don't know when it will be when they let me come home, but very soon, I hope. Tell Joe and Cliff hello for me when you write. I sure would like to see both of them.

Well, Mother, I am sorry to close but I have no more paper. But, will write again soon. Tell Juanita hello for me. And, don't worry about me, Mom. Everything is O. K. Tell little Gene hello and to write. Bye for now. With lots of Love,

Your son,
Francis

P. S. Please answer soon.

The Joe and Cliff mentioned in hsi letter are his brothers, both in the navy. Francis h a private first class.

* * *

Here is a letter from R. Kenneth Dever, who is at Camp Croft, S. C. His letter follows:

July 29, 1944

Dear Mr. Miller:

Sorry I have not written you before but, as you know, the army keeps you a little busy. Have finished my 17 week basic training in the infantry. Was a little tough at times but after losing 20 pounds I was able to make it.

Was lucky, believe I will stay in the states for a while. Infantry training and now am supposed to be an instructor and am still attached to my old company at Camp Croft. Don't know how long, but will be here for a while.

Want to thank you for the paper. I do enjoy it very much. Usually get it Saturday afternoon or early Sunday morning. Again many thanks for the paper.

Just,
Pvt. R. Kenneth Dever
Camp Croft, S. C.

Your basic training is the roughest part of army life, excepting actual combat duty, of course, and maneuvers. Glad you made it all right, Ken, and to hear that they are going to keep you in the states for awhile. Good luck, soldier.

* * *

Here is another letter from France. This one is from August Meyer and follows:

July 23, 1944

Dear Mr. Miller:

Will write you to let you know that I am fine and doing good somewhere in France and hope you are the same. I got here the (censored), and at times it was pretty tough and still is. The French people we met so far are happy to see the Yanks. I guess it is a good feeling to be free again.

When we saw all the apple trees over here, the boys said this ought to be a good country for cider and later on we found out it is. I don't care so much for cider but anyway, it's better than water. We have a couple of boys in our outfit that can talk French and we find out a lot of things from the people that way. As for the rest of us, we are stopped in that line, but we are learning some words out of the book we have. I sure saw a lot of things since I left the States just about six months ago and what we see now makes a fellow wonder and be glad he lives back in the good old U. S. A. The pillboxes and forts the Germans have are strong but they are not good enough for our guns.

Well, Mr. Miller, how is everything going back home? A lot of the boys over here sure think the St. Louis Browns are doing a fine job and we hope they keep it up. I don't know any news about back home because our mail didn't catch up with us yet. We had a change of address and they told us we would get our mail soon. Sure hope so because I sure miss the Missourian. When I was in Wales, and England, the Missourian reached me pretty good. I want to thank you for sending it to me and the rest of the people in service. I should have written sooner, but I never had time.

That's about all for now. We often wish we could visit Wales and England again and have some more of the good times we had there. Well, I think I'll have a chance to get a little sleep tonight if things don't get too tough. I'll get in my little hole in the ground and try it.

So, till next time, hello to all back home.

Your friend,
Pvt. August Meyer
APO 654
New York, N. Y.

And so when you fellows over there in France want to go to sleep, you just find yourself a little foxhole and crawl in. Is that right, August? Anyway both

This Ensign Thomas M. Bennett, dive bomber, who has just returned from Saipan, where he did his part taking the island from the Japs by dropping bombs on them. He also took part in the missions at Guam and Tinian. Thomas is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Bennett, who moved here sometime ago from Alton, Ill., and a nephew of Clint and Ward Bennett. Thomas enlisted in the navy as a flying cadet in June 1942 and finished his training at Pensacola, Fla. He went to the Pacific area last January and has been operating off of a plane carrier ever since then. Sometimes he was on patrol missions. He said it wasn't so hard to land on the deck of a carrier once you get used to it, buts it's a little tough getting used to it. He is home on a 30 day leave and will go to the east coast September 1 for his future assignment. He is married and he and Mrs. Bennett are dividing their leave with his folks and her folks at Alton.

you and Marvin Klingsick mentioned sleeping in your foxholes. We didn't have anything like that in the last war. They had trenches or those days and they were probably just as bad as foxholes. Take care of yourself, August, and the very best of luck.

* * *

And now to see what antics our friend, Cpl. Robert Otte, has got himself mixed up in again. He is still at Pratt, Kansas. His letter follows:

July 30, 1944

Dear Mr. Miller,

As this is another hot, dry Sunday here in Kansas with nothing to do but lay around and rest up, I have decided to let you in on a little of my life during the past week.

I didn't want it but they made me take it. I said I wasn't interested and wouldn't know what to do with it but they forced it on me. I had no choice. I finally had to accept a three day pass.

Back in my hut, I was really worried. Such a thing had never happened to me before. A three day pass with authentic signature—well, it was just too much. The gate MPs would never believe me. It wasn't according to the Otte traditions. And besides, it's no fun to go to town on a legitimate pass.

I hastily blasted the coveralls loose from my frame and donned an only slightly used set of sunfatas which I found at the bottom of my barracks bag. Gee, they felt funny. It had been a long time since I had had them on and it was hard to get used to wearing cotton after wearing burlap for so long. The latrine orderly showed me how to tie my shoes and also assisted in the making of a window known as my G. I. foulard. Finally, I set my hair in an upsweep, smeared a pint of "cobra" behind each ear and set out to look for a joker with a car.

I finally found another character who was bent on a night of self-destruction and who also had a car. It was a modest little heap, powered by an 18-cylinder, twin-row, air cooled radial with a bell in the back. Best little wreck this side of Willow Run, he said, as he lowered the flaps and turned off on route 54, the only link between Pratt and the outside world. It had a wonderful roadbed made of tar, asphalt, and the scattered remains of a few thousand GIs who fell by the wayside waiting for a lift to Wichita. Sometimes, on quiet nights, when the moon is full and Saturn has stepped out of his orbit for a quick one, you can see, if you look ever so closely, a few thumbs which belonged to some long-dead dogfaces, rise up out of the ground and with a weaving motion, instinctively point east. Turrytown was never like this.

About two miles out, we stopped to get some fuel, both for the car and our throats. It was a quaint little sewer we stopped at and you can't miss. It's exactly twenty Burma-Shave signs due east of Pratt. The women were very nice and filled the tank with no questions asked (and with gas, too.) But, when the subject of gas ration coupons came up, she became very shufty and called over the town marshal who doubles in

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ARMY NURSES PREPARE FOR OVERSEAS HARDSHIPS—"Toughening up" instruction gives members of the Army Nurse Corps as part of their basic training courses is paying dividends around the globe where these army nurses are serving. Dressed in G. I. overalls, then nurses speed hours on an obstacle course crawling through barbed wire entanglements, jumping over water hazards and walking over rough terrain such as shelled fields afford. They learn to climb rapidly and easily in the meshes of a cargo net, as shown on the right.

Pvt. James D. Sims, son of Mr. and Mrs. J.D. Sims of Clover Bottom, is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood now. He has been in the army since October, 1942, and took his basic training in the medical department at Camp White, Ore. Later he was transferred to Camp Adair, Ore., and recently to Ft. Leonard Wood. He was home on a week-end pass.

Here is T/Cpl. Victor Elbert, who recently returned to the states after being stationed in the Aleutians for 25 months. He entered the army in February 1941 and received his basic training at Camp Robinson, Ark. He was then sent to Ft. Ord, Calif., and Ft. Lewis, Wash., and from there went overseas. Victor came home July 24 to visit his father, Ben Elbert, and reports back to Camp Shelby, Miss., August 17. He has one brother in service, Pfc. Joseph Elbert, stationed at Camp Hood, Tex. He was with the 138th Infantry and was with George Jasper, Hassel Weirich, and Charles Grannemann.

lar.

Two hours in that place and I began to lose the sight of those eyes which had turned color from red to purple to a natural white (a very dangerous sign). The pink with the car thought it was about time I headed back to KP.

The trip back was quite dull except for one thing. Passing through Hutchinson doing about seventy, my buddy, the one who was driving, raised his hand to leave the room and then left the room. The poor boy hasn't been seen or heard from since. Got lost in the dark, I suppose.

As for myself, I'm back in camp now and healing very nicely. The flight surgeon says the stomach pump can be removed next week. That's what they think. My body may be back at the field, but I'm still in Wichita.

Before I close now, Mr. Miller, I want to caution you not to take this all to seriously, as you know I seldom say what I mean.

Needless to say, I still enjoy the Missourian immensely each week.

So long, Jim,
Cpl. Robert H. Otte
Pratt, Kan.

I'm stuck, Bob. For awhile you had me a little worried. For one crazy moment I thought you were talking seriously, and I could almost hear the humane society members buzzing around my head for playing catch-as-catch-can with that sharp clawed kitten, and then, too, there was the consideration for the poor harmless slot machine operators, who have such a hard time keeping a pace ahead of the law that I was afraid publicity might add to their worries, but when I saw in the last paragraph that you were just joking, as usual, I felt a deep relief. Good luck, Bob, and we are looking forward to hearing from you again.

* * *

The next one is from Sgt. Orlando Mittendorf, Lowry Field, Colo. His letter follows:

July 27, 1944

Dear Friends,

I will have to ask you to change my address. I'm now at Lowry Field, Denver, Colo. Lowry Field is just out of Denver. We will stay here only five weeks to get actual experience in code storage operation. Two other fellows and myself work at the quartermaster market center, some work at Beatrice Creamery, Cudahy Packing Co. and Armour and Co. The QM Market center buys all the meats, butter, eggs, fresh fruit and vegetables for the army. At first I worked at Beatrice Creamery Co.

Elmer Jones from Washington is in the same company with me. He and I went to visit Denver Saturday night and Sunday. Denver is a very nice city. During the daytime, it gets very hot here but the breeze from the mountains makes the nights cool. I would like to have been in Cheyenne this week because they have their big annual Frontier Rodeo.

This is all the news for this time. Please change your mailing list to the new address below for I do not want to miss any of your papers.

Sgt. Orlando Mittendorf
Lowry Field,
Denver, Colo.

It's much better out there this time of year, Orlando, than it is in this part of the country. The heat of the last few days has been almost unbearable. Even the nights are hot. Well, like the war, it can't last so very much longer. Good luck, Orlando.

* * *

The next is a V-mail letter from our old friend, Bob Hoffmann, who has been over in France for some time now. His letter follows:

July 18, 1944

Dear Jim,

Have been here in France for quite some time and today received my first Missourian dated May 25. Even though the news is nearly 2 months old, it's today's news to me.

This is some show over here and would like to tell you about it, but it's no use to go into that. Have found a lot of German equipment so you know they are making a quick retreat. Have found a few Frenchmen here who speak German so I at least can talk some with them.

My APO is 250 now and hope it doesn't change for the duration.

Sincerely,
Pvt. Robert Hoffmann
% Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Glad the paper is reaching you over there in Freddie, Bob, and I hope it won't be two months late

Marine S/Sgt. J. W. Scott of Labadie is home on furough after 28 months in Honolulu, guarding Italian prisoners. He enlisted in the Marines in January, 1942, and took his boot training at San Diego. He left for Honolulu shortly after he finished his training and this is his first time home since then. He will leave August 20 to report at the Floyd Bennett Field Naval Air station in New York.

the change, so I will receive the papers a little sooner. I sure miss the paper. I haven't received it since the issue of June 1. Thank you.

I am over here in England now. For how long, I don't know. This sure is a beautiful country. Reminds me kinda like the hills of good old Missouri. How I wish I was in good old Missouri now. As yet, I haven't met anyone from home. I hope to run into someone soon.

Well, paper is short so I'd better sign off. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Pvt. Harold Hoelscher
% Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

A lot of the boys have mentioned the beauty of England. It's a good deal cooler over there, too, isn't it, Harold? It would be, of course, since it is so much farther north and entirely surrounded by water. Take care of yourself, Harold, and good luck.

* * *

Here is one from Cpl. Ernst W. Puhlmann, who is in the European area:

July 21, 1944

Dear Mr. Miller:

It has been quite some time since I have written you so I thought I would write and at the same time I have a small change in address. The APO number is now 512, thank you.

I have been getting the paper right along but, of course, it is a little late. I at least get to hear from the folks out there which helps a lot. Will close until later.

Thank you.

Cpl. Ernst W. Puhlmann
% Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

We have changed your APO number, Ernst, and hope the paper will reach you a little more promptly in the future. Good luck, and write again soon.

* * *

Harold A. Webbink writes the following letter from Hutchinson, Kans.:

July 28, 1944

Dear Mr. Miller:

I know I should have written long before this and I'm sorry I haven't done so. But, you know how little things always step in front of you and get in your way when you want to do something like this.

At any rate, I want to thank you very much for sending the paper. I really do enjoy reading it and most of all the letters of the other fellows from home.

I have finished school at Norman, Okla. and have now moved to Hutchinson, Kan. I'd like to have my address changed, too.

They have a swell base here. It consists of operations mostly with Liberators.

Once again, I want to thank you for the paper and best wishes to all of you.

Sincerely yours,
Harold A. Webbink AMM3/C
Hutchinson, Kan.

We have changed your address from Oklahoma to Kansas, and hope you will like it up at Hutchinson. Not a bad part of the world at all, thht section. Jack Pace was an instructor out there for a long time. Good luck, Harold.

* * *

Here is one from Sgt. Barney Lefmann, who is out at San Luis Obispo, Calif., now. His letter follows:

July 25, 1944

Hello Jim,

Just a few lines to thank you for the paper and to trouble you to change my address again.

I had a swell trip out here on the train and like this camp very much. It's quite a bit different from most camps I've been in.

We are located right on the coast, so it's very cool. The camp is completely surrounded by mountains. There is so much hay that we cut our way out of our hutments every morning.

I was lucky enough the past week to get into Los Angeles. I can understand now why so many people move out to the coast.

Thanking you again for the paper, I remain,

Sgt. "Barney" Lefmann
Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Certainly glad to hear from you, Barney. Those cool mornings you mention appeal to me, but I would rather take them without the fog. Tell Wilbur hello the next time you write him, and also tell him to get back here. We've changed your address, Barney, and good luck.

* * *

Here is another one from California. This one is from Pfc. Louis H. Vondera, Blythe, Calif., and follows:

July 26, 1944

Dear Mr. Miller:

I received your paper and was sure glad to get it for it sure had a lot of news from out home and names of a lot of boys in all branches of service I know, and used to work with. It sure means a lot to me to read about the people of and around good old Washington.

I will get a fifteen day leave soon, I hope, and if I do, I sure will stop in and see you.

Thanks a lot for your paper.

Yours truly,
Pfc. Louis H. Vondera
Blythe, Calif.

That's a promise, Louis. When you get your furlough, you are coming in to see us. Hope you get it and we'll talk things over then. In the meantime, good luck.

* * *

The last one on this week's list is from Cpl. Henry Glosemeyer, Camp Maxey, Tex. Here it is:

July 26, 1944

Dear Mr. Miller:

Just a few lines to let you know about my address. I also want to let you know that on the 21st of June I was made a Pfc. and on the 11th of July, I was made a corporal. I am a machine gun corporal. The only

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