

The Monticello Drizzle

Subscription Price: A Letter a Drizzle

Roswell S. Richards

Produced by the Monticello Area Historical Society
P.O. Box 463
Monticello, WI., 53570

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Roswell S. Richards
"Roz"
The Drizzler

Produced by the Monticello Area Historical Society
P.O. Box 463
Monticello, Wisconsin, 53570

NOTE OF APPRECIATION

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to Roger and Madeleine Dooley for their generous and conscientious work to prepare The Drizzle manuscripts for publication. They worked diligently and with enthusiasm to do the necessary editing, prepared a helpful index and arranged to have the printing done. I have long thought that The Drizzle should be preserved and published to share that history in the voices of local servicemen. It would never have happened without the selfless efforts of the Dooley's.

Yolanda Elmer Richards

PREFACE

The Monticello Area Historical Society is proud to present “The Monticello Drizzle,” a series of newsletters produced by our former postmaster, the late Roswell S. Richards.

“Roz,”—the nickname he was fondly known by—was the focal point for distribution of far more than the U.S. mail during the W.W. II period from July, 1943 through November, 1945. He spent time corresponding with 10 – 12 local friends serving in the Armed Forces, using “carbon paper” to create typewritten, duplicate copies for each. As the demand for his brand of “home town news” grew, the “printers ink” that flowed in his veins inspired him to create “The Monticello Drizzle,” a newsletter containing quotes from his many correspondents, home town gossip, and general leg-pulling designed to cheer up the servicemen. It grew from a monthly “drizzle” of 10-12 copies to a ”DRIZZLE” of over 250 mimeographed newsletters.

His initial “newsroom” crew consisted of his “press foreman”, Yolanda, and his “copygirl” Rosanda Rae. Even many of Monticello’s townsfolk and school children helped with the mundane jobs necessary for regular monthly production and distribution. The high school commercial classes addressed envelopes. Several young men faithfully operated the mimeograph machine month after month, while others stuffed and licked envelopes. Families from Monticello and the surrounding area gave money to offset the increasing cost of production.

Praise for the Drizzle was fast coming from the European, Aleutian, and Pacific battle zones, warships in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, bases in Iran and India, training bases scattered throughout the United States, and even from coastal shipyards where defense workers from our area labored to create the tools of war.

“Roz” made the newsletter a labor of love, producing it even when in the early stages of lymphatic cancer. He succumbed to this dreadful disease less than a year after the final copy of the Drizzle was sent to press.

The Monticello Area Historical Society thanks Mrs. Yolanda Richards, “Roz’s” widow, for generously donating a complete set of “The Monticello Drizzle,” other printed material, and publication rights for this book. Her generosity and enthusiasm for this project have made this job a pleasure.

We thank Tommy Brusveen for first bringing this valuable series of documents to our attention.

Most of all, we belatedly thank the talented author of The Monticello Drizzle, “Roz” Richards, for his vivid prose, humor, and time spent doing his part to make the life of the serviceman just a little cheerier.

Last, but not least, we thank the Monticello men and women in the armed forces that, through their letters, shared a part of their lives with “Roz” who then passed this information on as a legacy to the future.

We hope this book helps the current generation understand the eccentricities of their parents, grand-parents, aunts, uncles, and cousins who coped with life at the battle fronts and accepted food and material rationing at home so that Monticello’s military men and women would be supplied with the best.

Without their sacrifices, what and who would we be today?

August 4, 1998

Roger P. Dooley

President, Monticello Area Historical Society

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Vol. I – No. 1

July 13, 1943

Editor: Roz Richards

Published whenever the editor feels the urge—which he hopes will be at least once a month. Subscription Rate: A letter from each subscriber in return for each copy of “The Drizzle” every month, each letter to contain a personal message or a few lines of interest to the rest of the fellows on the circulation list. If this idea hits the spot, probably with your help and co-operation, we can expand it into a longer “publication” to act as a sort of clearing house or exchange center of ideas, news, and greetings for many of the local boys in the service of Uncle Sam. Let’s have your reaction to The Drizzle and if it’s favorable, I’ll do my best to uphold my end of the job.

Other sample copies of this issue will go forth in the mails when I find the time, but the Lucky (?) Five Honor Roll Subscribers receiving this maiden blast are: **Sgt. Urho G. (Whizz) Hill**, famous stimulant to lonely feminine hearts and some times quite accurately known as “The Sparta Spoofer”; **C. J. (Jake the Joker) Dick**, vice-president of the Haddinger-Dick Trucking Trust and also becoming known as the “California Calliope”; **Lieut. Bo (Peep) Woelffer**, once almost-destined-to-be Adams township plantation operator; **Robert E. (Zoom) Blumer**, the Idol of Iceland, whose record of seven consecutive automobile smash-ups still stands unchallenged locally, and **Erwin (Boobleberger) Kissling**, distinguished lifeguard, student of current affairs, and widely recognized authority on love and romance.

WELL IF YOU’RE ALL SET, FELLAS, WE’LL START RAMBLING AT RANDOM:

Joe Legler, old Two-Gun himself, leaves Wednesday on his return to Georgia after a short furlough. Joe’s a sergeant now.. **“Doc” Harden** and **“Peg” Lynn**, with their families, returned recently from a fishing jaunt to Three Lakes, the doctor bringing home a 33-inch muskie. The local folks saw as many as 50 deer within an hour while they were upstate. Easy there, Sgt. Hill, get that idea out of your head about going A. W. O. L. and high-lining it for Three Lakes. It was 50 deer—NOT 50 DEARS! Incidentally, “Peg’s” a busy man these days, spending his spare time “down on the farm” east of town. They say he is perfecting a scientific development, which promises to revolutionize farming. Prof. Lynn has blended the Mexican jumping bean with his seed oats and now when he cuts his grain, it’ll just simply jump into shocks itself.. Word comes from Madison that on July 10th **Arthur W. (Slug) Babler**, the notoriously boisterous capital city insurance broker, was licensed to wed **Leone M. Krueger**. Too bad **Whitey Hill, Jake Dick**, and some of the other notorious local shakedown artists aren’t here to put the touch on Art for steak dinners, providing you could find the steaks.. HOME TOWN STREET SCENES: **“Doc” Horne**, president of the Monticello Polar Bear club, lolling on Main Street benches during his spare time, soaking up the sunshine.. **Jack Zweifel**, astride his beautiful Arabian horse, clattering up the Main Stem and into the side streets in the early hours almost any evening. Jack probably’d never admit it, but he may be grooming himself and his hoses for the Derby next year. Keep your eyes focused on Churchill Downs, gentlemen, and don’t be too surprised if Monticello is represented among the starters. And if you find my hunch is correct, take a tip from this tipster: Lay your jack on Jack!.. **Walt (Will-o’-the-Wisp) Haddinger**, renowned local capitalist, sportsman, trucking magnate, and feminine heart balm, strolling down the canyon between the bank and the bakery (Monticello’s Wall Street), whistling merrily to himself. Apparently, he had just made a fat-‘n’-flabby bank deposit to the credit of the Haddinger-Dick

Trucking Monopoly.. ODDS-‘N’-ENDS: **Lieut. Paul Voegeli**, stationed in England, recently had an eight-day furlough, took a trip to Edinburgh and other interest points in Scotland.. **Luke Lemon**, the Washington township rancher, becoming a father for the first time in seventeen years of married life. The stork brought the Lemons an eight-pound-twelve-ounce son at 9 p. m. Friday, causing **Grandpa Jesse**’s eyes to bulge with happiness as he exclaimed the next day: “Betcher life! That’s just what I wanted! Now the Lemon name won’t die out!”.. Well, fellas, we’re way down to here. Shall we keep Drizzling? Or shall The Drizzle drizzle into a fizzle? It’s up to you.

Reaction to the “test” issue of The Drizzle, sent to about 15 service men on July 15, has been so favorable that we shall make every effort to “Drizzle” once every month for the duration. Typical comments are these: “A swell idea,” says Dick Schoonover; Tommy Brusveen: “Most interesting.” Bo Woelffer: “Heartily endorse it. Keep Drizzling.” Wally Barlow: “A swell bit of writing.” Wilbert Marty: “Keep ‘em coming.” P. F. Blumer: “Like it very much.” John Steinmann: “Swell! Thanks very much.” And even Whitey (The Great) Hill weakens just for a moment to say: “Grand idea.”

This issue goes to 75 servicemen. Subscription rate: A letter for each copy of The Drizzle. Naturally it will be impossible to quote from each letter every month, but we shall try to rotate the space to bring you new and interesting news about your old pals in each issue.

LATE NEWS—

Lieut. “Bo” (Peep) Woelffer, looking fit as a fiddle, arrived home Sunday on furlough. Has to be back at Ashburn General Hospital, McKinney, Texas, by the 26th. Sunday afternoon **Boob Kissling** phoned his Dad from Clemson, S. C., where he has been taking special exams at Clemson College. Hopes to be sent to a northern college or university to study either dentistry or engineering.. **John Steinmann**, who receives his commission as a second lieutenant in the army engineering corps at graduation ceremonies at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, today, has been appointed to the faculty of the school of engineering there and will teach classes in graphic statics. He hopes to come home for a furlough soon and probably will move his family to Fort Belvoir.. **Sgt. Harry Van Houten** is due to arrive back at the Army Air Base at Harlingen, Texas, today after furloughing ten days at home. Plans to go in for aerial engineering upon his return. Harry reports that **Staff Sgt. LaVerne Sauer** is still at Harlingen. LaVerne has been transferred from the “bakery department” and his duties now include some of those ordinarily assigned to a mess sergeant but he has a staff sergeant’s rating.

HOME TOWN NOVELETTE—

Colonel J. Arlington Hughes, famous bugle blower, optometrist, optimist, and legendary hero of the Battle of Bull Run, has already established quite a reputation for himself (vocally at least) as a fishing wizard now that he’s director of music in the schools over in Boscobel and Blue River which, of course, are right smack in the heart of the fishing country where fish really and honestly do grow as big as this (I’m stretching my hands as far apart as I can.) The Colonel was in the post office the other day, nonchalantly announced that he was going fishing on the morrow, that there was absolutely no question but that he’d make a big haul of all varieties, and blandly asked various village natives to place their orders for any kind, quantity, and quality they wanted. It was all going to be just as easy and simple as that—something like falling off a slippery log. Listening rather skeptically to the Colonel was none other than that eminent citizen, **H. Adolphus Becker**, czar of the local temple of learning, who claims to be a fisherman of some distinction himself (having caught a half dozen or so fairly respectable minnows in his prime before old age began to move in on him and ruined his technique.) After J. Arlington had finished his “blowsting,” Beck crumbled the Colonel’s big build-up with this bold, reputation-wrecking proposition: “Say, J. A., I’ll tell you what I’ll do.

The only thing I'll bar is dynamite. But you can use all the set lines, nets, and seines you want to and I'll pay you a dollar a pound for all the fish you catch." For the first while in quite a while, the Colonel was buffaloeed—but only for a while. Day after the big fishing venture, J. A. was back in Monticello and apologized profusely to Beck, saying "I only caught 115 pounds of fish, and since all of my children and grandchildren are coming home today, I've just got enough to go around."

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Major "Les" Weissmiller, M. H. S. class of '22, force surgeon of the military hospital on the isle of Aruba just off the coast of Venezuela where he has been stationed nearly a year and a half, recently flew with some other officers to the South American mainland and there tasted his first glass of fresh milk in sixteen months. And you can wager plenty that this good, old favorite Wisconsin "beverage" tasted better to the Major than it ever has since he emerged from his swaddling clothes y'ars and y'ars ago.. **Lieut. "Ot" Blum**, U. S. N., Les's former classmate and partner in medicine and surgery, has just completed special studies in medicine at Pensacola, Florida, and is now expected to be located in the east, possibly in New York City.. **Gaylord Miller**, now in naval training at Farragut, Ida., (where **Al Moritz** is also stationed) likes the service a lot. His brother, Wendell, member of a military police battalion, is said to have left for overseas.. **Rex Foster**, son of "**Fos**" **Foster**, former local principal and coach, summer-schooled at Platteville State Teachers to win his degree, has signed to teach science in Cuba City high. His brother, **Roger**, U. W. track star, is in the army air corps at a Texas field.. **C. Jacob Dick**, silent (for the time being at least) partner in the prosperous Haddinger-Dick Trucking Trust, is a hospital registrar at Camp Beale, Calif. His hours recently have been from 5 p. m. to 12:30 a. m. In his leisure daytime hours, C. J. and a buddy of his worked for a time in an orchard loading peaches. Let me hasten to add that I understand the "peaches" were not of the Hollywood variety, but really real fruit.. **Louie (Tony) Wyss**, known in some society circles as The Nonchalant Lover, writes from somewhere in Australia that they're having cold weather there now, that he's "in the pink," and that he's slenderized sufficiently to enable him to tie his own shoe laces now. Tony must have been pretty bulgy in spots. His address is: **Pvt. Louis Wyss**, 36252207, 3224 Q. M. Boat Co., APO 923, %PM, San Francisco.. **Emil Leutenegger**, veteran of three months action in the Tunisian campaign in North Africa as a member of a combat unit, is hospitalized due to an injured back. His brother, Joe, Marine Corps member, is in the SW Pacific.. **Lieut. Paul Voegeli** was recently transferred to the European Wing of the Air Transport Command somewhere in England.. **Don Willis**, the erstwhile Monticello grocery prince, is now a staff sergeant at Camp Clairborne, La.. **Johnny Zimmerman**'s still in North Africa, chauffeurs for a General, and has the use of the car whenever he wants it. Recently had a chance meeting with **Freddie Lionhardt from New Glarus** and they see each other quite often. They recently attended an annual Swiss Festival there. Johnny says there are a surprising number of Swiss people residing in his particular section. He and Freddie were invited to the home of a Swiss family for dinner, wound up by playing a few rounds (you've guessed it!) of that great old game of jass.. **Lieut. (jg) Rufus Freitag**, M. H. S. class of '24, is connected with the naval supply depot at Bayonne, N. J.. **Lieut. Fritz Steinmann**, deputy paymaster in the Quartermasters' Depot in Chicago, "homed" over the weekend. He and Joyce will attend the All-Stars vs. Redskins game in Dyche Stadium Aug. 25.. From somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands comes word that **Capt. "Doc" Youngreen** is feeling fine and very busy. Whenever he finds the opportunity, "Doc" takes a dip in the Pacific and is rapidly regaining his swimming form.

DRIZZLE DISCUSSION DEPARTMENT—

Wherein “The Drizzler” devotes special comment to certain sections of certain subscriber’s letters. **Wally Barlow**, former Haresfoot Beauty, writes: “I just got a letter from **U. Gunnar Hill** and he states he is enjoying Louisiana swamps and snakes no end. Also I hear weekly—or is it weakly (?)—from the **Kissling**. By the way, Roz, I believe it proper and timely to tell you that Mr. Kissling, commonly referred to as **Boobleberger**, was re-christened by **Fred Gage**, **Johnny Tennant**, and myself while at the U. W. His new and now official—he gets Army mail under it—name is **King Kissling**. I’d thank you to inform all of King’s creditors of this change so that there’ll be no misunderstandings in the future. He’ll have grey hair if that gets out.” Well, Wally, I’m afraid you’ve really started something. Now, just lis’en to this: On the Saturday evening of Wisconsin’s victory over Missouri last fall, our good and ever genial comrade, “**Junior**” **Kissling**, then also a member of the Badger grid squad, came home, bringing with him such Wisconsin grid greats as **Pat Harder**, ol’ “Hit-Em-Harder” himself, **Mark Hoskins**, **Dave Donnellan**, and **Johnny Gallagher**. Yours truly joined the group and during the lofty discussion that followed, Pat turned to Boobleberger and addressed him as “Kiss” and honesty forces me to state that “Kiss” responded to his new-to-me sobriquet with a nonchalance that suggested it fit him just as snugly as a kid glove. You say Boobleberger’s new nickname is “King,” but not less an authority than Pat Harder calls him “Kiss.” In a spirit of tremendous self-sacrifice and with my sole objective that of preventing a bitter dispute between the Barlow-Gage-Tennant forces and the Harder-Hoskins-Donnellan-Gallagher confederates, I reluctantly assume the role of mediator. Therefore I have decided that you are all right. The decision I have reached is simply irresistible and inevitable. And here it is: “Kissling, the Kiss King.” (And Boob, please don’t glower at me like that.).. From Whitey Hill, the Louisiana Kid (der), etc., etc.: “Have been on maneuvers for a month and have lost 5 or 10 pounds—just the skeleton remains.” Confidentially, Whitey, how’d it feel when you finally took a peek at the ol’ chassis and discovered that most of your joints are held together with barbed wire.. Whitey speaks again: “It really gets hot during the day. Last Sunday we had a 25-mile hike and our regiment lost 600 men from heat and sun trouble. I lost my whole squad and came in as our sole representative.” Sole representative, did you say, **Whitey**? Lis’en, my good friend, you belong down in Washington in the House of Representatives where “the boys” get paid ten thousand sinkers a year for sounding off with a great deal less “hot air” than you just released in that little fairy tale of yours.. Now it’s Whitey’s turn at bat, swinging at The Drizzler: “Your idea has a faint aroma of intelligence. Now go ahead and try and convince me that it was all your own brainchild. Another thing, I always knew you had plenty of spare time.” (Ouch, Ouch, Ouch!)

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From “**Bo**” **Woelffer**: “Since my transfer to Ashburn General Hospital, I have practically forgotten about soldiering. However, for the past month we have had a little close order drill, which is fine in that it permits the use of the leather lungs that were built up in the sands of Camp Barkeley. The last two days the Colonel has called on me to drill the nurses. Don’t wander now—it’s platoon drill and not one at a time.” (Gosh, Bo, you never should have mentioned anything about those nurses. Think of poor Whitey over there in the next-door state, wallowing around in Louisiana’s swamps with nothing but snakes and lizards and alligators to associate with. I’m afraid his morale is gonna crumble to pieces when he reads about those platoon drills.).. From **Boob**, written well before his transfer to Clemson College: “Starting Monday we go on a week’s bivouac. Sleeping in pup tents and I’ve got the jiggers already. Well, Roz, I’ve got some swell news. There were 50 names sent to

the Fourth Service Command Office in Atlanta for A. S. T. P. and my name was among them.” . From **Sgt. Dick Schoonover**, 16101874, Co. C, 29th Sig. Tng. Bn., C. S. C. R. T. C., Camp Crowder, Mo.: “During the week I’ve been acting “somewhat” as a drill sergeant should—teaching basic manual with three other Ex-U. W. advanced corps R. O. T. C. fellows. We all bunk in the same barracks and have a sort of hybrid existence—going thru basic and at the same time instructing our classmates. I expect to take an advanced course at the end of my month of basic.”. From **John Steinmann**, Fort Belvoir, Va.: “My class of officer candidates is now nearly in its 10th week. In three weeks we become commissioned officers in the Engineers’ Corps. My graduation will terminate six months of really hard work—mostly physical—six months of taking orders from everyone or anything that wore stripes or bars and could talk.”. **Sgt. Wilbert A. Marty**, 589th Bomb Sqd., 395th Bomb Grp., U. S. A. Air Base, Ephrata, Wash.: Well, Roz, here I am—gunner in a B-17 outfit. I guess you know my ambition to become a flier. After quite a bit of trying ever since high school, I’m pretty close to what I’m after. I’d like to be a commissioned man aboard, but I’ll have to settle for this now. Don’t get me wrong. I like gunnery and it’s being able to fly. This is the place where the crows are rounded up. This afternoon I will meet most of my crew. I’ve already met the flight engineer and he seems like a swell fellow. Boy, things really must be going to get big as far as heavy bombardment is concerned. I’ve met a lot of fellows that were in 3rd place training in A-20 squads that have had the squadron broken up and were sent to heavy bombardment. Same with B-25 outfits and even dive bomber squadrons. **Leon Babler** is supposed to be here. It would be swell to have him in my crew.”. **Cpl. Tommy Brusveen**, 31st Chemical Co., Camp Bowie, Texas: “My wife and I have been able to be together quite a bit now since the latter part of May when I had my furlough. Incidentally, we have had many rumors of an ocean-ride and it looks quite promising now. But it might still blow over. Had a card from Hill, who is on maneuvers, and according to him, we are lucky we haven’t had that. We might even get that before we go overseas. We just don’t know.”. From **Cpl. “Erv” Spring**, the Peoples Supply Company’s outstanding authority on politics, pickles, and peanuts—either dipped or unshelled—whose address is, 36237069, Co. B, 198th Inf., APO 729, %PM, Seattle, Wash.: “We boys are fine and as usual are kept busy daily. I don’t know how we’re going to act whenever we get back to civilization. We’ll probably tear the old town down. I guess there’ll be quite a few changes in the old town by the time we get back, lots of the old faces gone and a lot of new ones around. I’ll have to have you take me around to get acquainted again.” (Okay, Erv, ol’ pal, I’ll be right on deck.).. **Pvt. P. F. Blumer**, 6834054, Co. A, Bks. 12, 25th Tng. Bn., Camp Lee, Va.: “Well, they sure have been drilling and marching the stuffing out of me here at Camp Lee. For the last two days I have been having what is known in the army as extended order drill—carrying the full army field pack along with the 30-cal. army rifle and then creeping and crawling on the ground under live machine gun fire with the bullets fired at a height of only 30 inches. So, believe me, I keep my old dome plenty close to the ground.”

SPEAK UP FELLOWS!—

With your suggestions for improving “The Drizzle.” I want to make it just as bright and entertaining as possible. But I need your co-operation. This will be all for this time. And in the meantime, here’s loads-‘n’-loads of good luck to every one of you!!

The **Capital Times of Madison**, through its regular Saturday editorial page feature, “Our Weekly Open Letters,” recently tossed this nice bouquet at The Drizzle: “To **Roswell Richards** (Dear Sir): We want to commend you for the launching and continued sprightly operation of “The Monticello Drizzle.” If sprightly seems the wrong adjective for a publication named “The Drizzle,” we are sorry, but we still think that your publication gives a lot of cheer to the boys who are away and will go a long way in aiding them fight off that feeling of home sickness for the green and lovely hills and dales of their homes in Green County. We who have stood in those long lines of khaki in foreign climes when the mail man yelled “come and get it” don’t need to be sold on the morale value of a letter or news from home, but if there is anyone who doubts the value of your enterprise just let them ask the next man who is home on furlough at Monticello.”

THE DRIZZLE SALUTES:

Second Lieut. Ray Burns, first Monticello boy to see real action in World War II and also the first to be cited for bravery by his country. When the Burns family left Monticello about 14 years ago, Ray was only eleven years old, a modest, fun-loving little fellow with a slow, infectious smile—characteristics which still distinguish his personality. Since then he’s kept coming back every now and then to visit his old pal, **Carl Stauffer**, now an army air corps staff sergeant down in Texas and expected home on a furlough almost any day now. Ray and Carl were always full of the dickens and on the search for excitement. They loved fun. And what did they call fun? Well, for instance, climbing up to the top of Stauffer’s 54-foot silo and hanging by their feet from the top rung! It is this same brand of reckless courage that has made Ray and Carl such good soldiers. After enlisting together Nov. 4, 1940, Ray was eventually sent to Pearl Harbor and Carl down into Texas. On the morning of Dec. 7, 1941, when the Japs unloaded their treachery on Pearl Harbor, Ray was asleep in the quarters above his office in the elaborate \$3,000,000 army barracks there. Awakened by the bursting of bombs, he thought at first that U. S. Naval units were engaged in practice gunnery across the bay. From his window, however, he could see Jap planes dropping their deadly cargoes on our battleships. Hurrying into his clothes, he hustled downstairs to his office. By then bombs were exploding near the barracks. Hardly had he slid under his desk only a few feet from the barracks’ outer wall when a Jap bomb blew out the wall, fragments of rock and plaster flying all over the office but fortunately missing him. When this wave of Jap bombers had gone over, Ray hustled out onto the field. An army lieutenant had taken off in a plane in pursuit of the Japs, but his ship crashed, shot down by another wave of enemy planes. Ray and some of his buddies rushed to the stricken lieutenant, dragged him from his plane, and hauled him to safety while Jap pilots circled low overhead, firing their machine guns at them. A few of the rescuers were wounded, but not Ray. “I guess they couldn’t hit me because I’m so small,” he says. One of the lieutenant’s legs was severed at the hip and he begged his buddies to end his misery. Medical science saved his life, however. Ray is modest and evasive about his citation for bravery, but his friends believe it must be associated with the rescue of the army pilot. The former Monticello boy left Pearl Harbor Dec. 28, ’42, went directly to the big aviation training center at Santa Ana, Cal., where he again met the maimed pilot, by this time aided by an artificial limb. In memory of his rescue at Pearl Harbor, he gave Ray a silk

shirt with the lieutenant's name inscribed on it. After three months at Santa Ana, where he frequently met **Leon Babler**, another former local boy then stationed there, Ray was sent to the Roswell (N. M.) Air Base, winning his wings as a bombardier-navigator in July. He was here recently for a brief visit at the Stauffer home, then left for Sparta to spend a few days with relatives before leaving for Lakeland, Fla., where he was due Sept. 11. By this time he has probably been assigned to a permanent bomber crew. And after Ray and the various members of the bombing team have been well co-ordinated in their many important assignments, they will leave for foreign duty to help blast the Allies to Overwhelming Victory.

DRIZZLE DISCUSSION DEPARTMENT—

Wherein The Drizzler devotes special comment to certain sections of certain subscriber's letters and to anything else he happens to think about: From **Sgt. Wilbert A. Marty**, tail gunner on a Flying Fortress and now in final training at Rapid City (S. D.) Air Base before leaving for "The Big Stuff": "The other day we were up 20,000 feet and our waist gunner passed out because his oxygen supply got low. Our pilot practically stood that B-17 on its nose and in a matter of seconds we were at 8,000 feet. We came down so fast, our co-pilot was grounded for two days because of ear trouble. Quite a thrill being back in the tail and coming down like that. I don't believe it is quite in the books to dive a B-17, but we did. Incidentally, that tail gun is really the spot, Roz. I wouldn't trade it for any other position on the plane. You really can see around." Well, Wilbert, that really must have been some thrill, alright, stuck way up there in the tail with the ol' Flying Fort whizzling earthward nose first. I'll bet "**Pat**" **Schoonover**, Green County's J. Edgar Hoover, and **E. Kissling, Sr.**, the former local bakery baron will agree with me when I say it would have been worth a crisp five-spot to have watched **L. A. Voegeli**, the Monticello Motor Magnate, or **W. Ernest Blum**, the grocery and dry goods king, had they been in that hot tail spot when the pilot stood the B-17 right on its snoot. Whenever either L. A. or W. Ernest get up on a stepladder, I have a hunch they think they're up in the stratosphere because they like it by far the best when their feet are planted solidly on good old mother earth... From **Whitey Hill**, frequently known as "The Sparta Spoofer" and believed to be "The Reason" for the large increase in the number of broken feminine hearts in the Camp Polk (La.) area: "Thank heavens for the maneuvers ending. Our last two problems were river crossings—by wading. When we crossed, the water reached our chins and naturally all of our equipment got wet. I ruined my watch and my disposition for the day. That same day I was captured while on patrol and went through the questioning process undergone by all prisoners. I played to the limit and gave nothing but name, rank, and serial number. Being caught some times has its consequences. For instance, one of our platoon sergeants was relieved of his rank because he was captured with a notebook full of information. After the problem, the enemy intelligence sent over a map made from his notebook and it was exactly like our tactical map. In warfare we would have been dead pigeons so I'm thankful that it happened in maneuvers and not in combat. We're still in the woods outside Camp Polk—what did I do to deserve it?".. Ah, Whitey, (I'm chortling a little bit fiendishly now) what didn't you do to deserve it! Well, you must remember those many mornings when you used to waft blithely into the post office lobby just at those very moments when I was buried in work (yes, I said Work!—W-O-R-K!!) Ah, but that made no difference to you. Not a bit. You just simply let loose with those vicious vocal chords of yours and you'd croon and croon and croon—sweetly—something like a crow. And don't you remember, too, how you met my urgent pleas to please cease—at once!—with a devilish gleam in your eyes as you bellowed even more lustily and ever more horrendously. So what else was there for me to do? In desperation, I finally appealed to the war department. Revenge has been slow, but it has been sure. And Oh! How Sweet!—When **Arthur W.**

(Slug) Babler, the Madison insurance broker and capitalist, was recently inducted into the armed services, he was told he could have his preference—the army or the navy. “I’ll take the army,” said Slug. And Sluggo! They stuck Slug right in the navy, proving once more that Missouri mules aren’t the only creatures that can be downright contrary. And now “Art” has finally wound up in the coast guard down in Brooklyn, N. Y., and he’s very happy about the whole thing. In fact, he thinks he’s had a swell break—which would probably break the heart of the guy that crossed up “Art” in the first place by sticking him in the navy. . **Pvt. Alvin Schmidt**, sniper in the Marines, recently completed two months of intensive jungle training in Australia and may be seeing real action now. Some months ago before he left the states, “Schmitty,” who will be remembered as one of Monticello high’s athletic starlets of recent years, was hospitalized in California for a month due to an injured knee received when he ran smack into a parked trailer during a football game. The fact that “Schmitty” ran into a trailer makes The Drizzler wonder if he probably wasn’t using a rather weird variation of the athletic strategy made famous by his two old coaches, those great master minds of the high school coaching profession—**Whitey Hill** and **H. Adolphus Becker**. The Hill-Becker brand of generalship is known as “The Trail Strategy.” In other words: Always Trail the other team.

YOU MAY HAVE WONDERED:

Why rationing is necessary on the home front. If you have, just listen to what **Lt. (jg) Rufus Freitag**, M. H. S. ’24, Naval Supply Depot, Bayonne, N. J., writes to J. W. Barlow and you’ll know why: “We have everything here from landing boats for commandos down to pins, needles, and candy bars. Virtual mountains of meat, potatoes, canned goods, etc. This depot supplies navy ships and loads supply ships for foreign bases. One ship that went out 10 days ago took, among many items, 10 tons of dry yeast. It also took over 800,000 lbs. of frozen boneless beef. Items on another supply ship: 1,167,500 lbs. of potatoes, 310,000 lbs. of chicken, and 184,300 dozen eggs. When one realizes the depot here is just one of many similar activities, it is easy to see where all our meat, butter, and other produce is going.”

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler, with a medical platoon in the Alaska area, recently accompanied wounded soldiers—apparently air transport flight to Seattle, Wash., where he enjoyed a three-days leave before flying back. It doesn’t seem so long ago, but it was way back in the 1920s when “Bab” and his old side-kick, “**Slim**” **Freitag**, invaded Chicago where their coming is said to have created quite a bit of heart fluttering among the debutantes of the Windy City’s social set.. **Pvt. Robert E. (Zoom) Blumer**, the former Main Street wit and philosopher, has been transferred from Iceland to England. Shortly after his arrival in the British Isles, Bob spent a 48-hour leave in London, had a big time, too.. **Lieut. Fritz Steinmann** has been promoted to officer in charge of the payroll branch, civilian personnel, at the Chicago Quartermasters’ depot. As such, Fritz has to sign all payrolls and all correspondence in his branch which embraces 32 employees.. **Eddie (The Machine Gunner) Zweifel** expects to get home within the next week or two on a furlough from Fort Jackson, S. C.. **Harry Schuerch**, stationed at the (*2 words of text indecipherable*), is here now. Harry’s chauffeur for an army captain.. **Leo Felts**, former local youth, is believed to be in Cuba where he is a pharmacist’s mate at the USMC base.. **Tommy Brusveen**’s been transferred to Camp Pickett, Va.. **C. J. (Jake the Jolter) Dick** left last night on his return to Camp Beale (Calif.) after a week at home. Although still in the army, C. J. retains his heavy holdings of common-or is it highly preferred?—

stock in the Haddinger-Dick Trucking Corporation. The president of this vast, far-flung transportation monopoly is, of course, none other than Sir **Walter Haddinger**, famed locally as a sportsman, capitalist, feminine heart throb, and teller of taller tales.. **Betty Jane Woelffer** expects to be inducted into the services as an army nurse within a few weeks. Betty will have a second lieutenant's rating and expects to receive her preliminary training at Camp Ellis, near Macomb, Ill.. **S/Sgt. LaVerne Sauer**'s still at Harlingen, Tex. Up 'till recently he had been taking a dip in the Gulf of Mexico, only 30 miles from camp, every now and then.. **Corp. Warren Murphy** is glad to get all the news about the boys and is enjoying his work at Camp Berkeley, Tex. He sends his regards to everyone, including, of course, his old boss, **J. Pierpont Lobbs**, president of the local Bank of Greece.. **Wally Barlow** offers this nice suggestion: To set up a typewriter pad in a few local business places with a sign something like this on it: "This letter to be sent to (name of soldier) somewhere in (wherever he is). Why don't you write him a note, too?" Says Wally: "I know this would make the fellows mighty happy because getting a note from 50 people, in one letter, that wouldn't have otherwise been written would make them realize just that much more how and what they are fighting for." Here's hoping this swell plan of yours'll be in operation soon, Wally.. **S/Sgt. Don Willis**, Camp Clairborne, La.: "Guess the maneuvers **Sgt. Hill** "enjoyed" so much were too tough for me. Have been in the hospital for six weeks with a few more to go. This camp and hospital are sure pains in the neck after Camp Swift and Ft. Sam Houston, especially Ft. Sam." **Lieut. O. S. Blum**, USN, has received his summons to foreign duty, probably will be located at a Pacific air base caring for flying personnel. The Blums have purchased a small home in Miami, Fla., where **Elsie and Grant** will reside during "Ot's" absence.. Later word from **Whitey Hill** says he's now a staff sergeant and'll be here on furlough Oct. 4-14. Swell!. Pvt. Armin Loeffel, Camp Baird, Redding, Calif., is guarding railroads and he's itching to be transferred for overseas duty. Armin wants to get in on the real fireworks.. **Major "Les" Weissmiller**, stationed near South America, hopes to get a month's leave this fall. Les is a rabid Badger football fan and how he'd "hate" it if he'd land in Madison right in the midst of the grid season.. **Sgt. Joe Legler**, Daniel Field, Augusta, Ga., is still drilling new men. "Riding herd on the drivers and vehicles" as he puts it. "Two-Gun," as Joe is called by that renowned local surgeon, "**Doc**" **Kubly**, "Would like to get out of this damp, sticky heat. The sweat is just rolling off of me as I sit here." **"Boob" Kissling**'s still at Clemson College, Clemson, S. C. There are rumors he's to be among the next group of transfers, slated for Yale University at New Haven, Conn., but nothing definite. Boob also has hopes of a furlough before his transfer—wherever he goes!.. This information should answer the question of **Lieut. "Bo" Woelffer**, who writes from McKinney, Tex., asking how the "Boobleberger" or "King" (meaning Prof. Kissling, of course) is making out? The lieutenant also adds: "This may interest Monticello's Ernie Pyle. We have a patient here—**Capt. John Kimbrough**, who is a brother of Texas A & M's highly touted "Big John" of about '41 vintage. From what I have seen in pictures, they can easily be identified as brothers." Pfc. Howie **Steinmann**'s been transferred from Parris Island to the Marine Base at Quantico, Va. Howie says: "I am now in O. C. S. Unless I'm washed out (as are about 40%), I should receive my commission on Nov. 3rd. It is really a stiff course—eight weeks of hard work and very little liberty. It will be worth it if I get through, however. Mail "The Drizzle" to my new address. Looking forward to its arrival."

MORE FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From **Lieut. Leon Babler**, 316 Bomber Sq., Walla Walla, Wash.: “Received my first “Drizzle” yesterday. Can honestly say it is the most enjoyable piece of “literature” I’ve read since being in the army. My opinion on it? Nothing better! Just what the boys have been waiting for. We have been having more trouble with the dust out here than anything else. At Ephrata we had a dust storm that really blew the top off of everything. You know, one of those kind that sneaks up silently behind you and slaps you gently on the neck with a handful of rocks. I actually had two inches of solid dust under my blankets. And then the local chamber of commerce had the nerve to come out with the following quotation: “Yesterday there occurred locally a change of atmospheric conditions whereby the air became impregnated with some of the finest particles of top soil in the world” (That’s really handing out the old blarney, all right, isn’t it, Leon?) I expect to leave here next week and will probably participate in navigational flights all over the country aboard a Flying Fortress. We fly 7 to 8 hour missions about five days a week. The missions are mostly for the benefit of the bombardiers and bombs are dropped on every flight.” From **Lieut. Harris (Hoppe) Babler**, stationed in the Alaska area: “Thanks so much for including me among the subscribers to “The Drizzle.” I am very much pleased with it. Still doing air transportation work and enjoy it a lot. Through my job I have seen a goodly part of this territory from the air. Have gotten in quite a little time as unofficial co-pilot and would like nothing better than to be able to do all by myself. On one of my trips I got to see **Fritz (Haldiman)** and **Erv (Spring)**. That was back in May and since they have moved, I haven’t seen them. The time I went down, I took along a small supply of “tornado juice” and we had a good meeting. I’ve always tried to keep them supplied as well as possible with “special service supplies” as I had or have access to transportation. They are on a good spot and getting along O. K. I might get back to the states on leave before March or April.”

WHAT A TRIP!—

Wilbert Marty’ll never forget the time he had getting back to camp after his recent furlough. He left here on a Saturday, due in camp at Rapid City midnight Sunday. At Madison he found he had been misinformed about train departures. All trains had gone. Wilbert tried to get a plane at Truax Field. No luck. It was mid-afternoon. What to do? He suddenly thought of **Louie Wulleumier**, Madison aviator and former Monticelloan. “Loopin’ Lou” flew Wilbert to Mason City, Ia., leaving Madison at 5 p. m. Circling over Mason City around 7, they couldn’t find the airport, had to land in a farmer’s field because they were running low on gas. Lou flew back to Madison while Wilbert boarded a train for Rapid City at 4:30 Sunday morning, had to ride most of the long tiring trip on his baggage, but he made camp safely at 11:30 that night, 30 minutes ahead of time!

MY THANKS AND YOURS, TOO!—

To **Ruth Karlson** for cutting the mimeograph stencils for this “Drizzle;” to **Marion Hoesly**, **Betty Lewis**, and **Delma Roethlisberger** for addressing the envelopes, and to “Those Three Musketeers”—**Buddy Achtemeier**, **Diz Zimmerman**, and **Sunny Lynn**—for running the edition off on Rev. Achtemeier’s mimeographing machine. “The Drizzler” hopes to keep this “staff.” In the meantime, fellows, here’s some more bushels of good luck. Keep your chins up, and come the fall rains in the month of October, The Drizzle’ll be Drizzlin’ again.

Announcement—To conserve both paper and postage, “The Drizzle” now uses a new type of paper which permits mimeographing of both sides of a sheet. Please bear this in mind. Turn to the back of each page.

THE DRIZZLE SALUTES: THE OLD HOME TOWN!

“Back the Attack with Bonds” That was the “battle cry” of the **Third War Loan Drive**. And how the folks back home here in Monticello backed it! The village quota was \$59,428, but this figure was sent flying in all directions when Monticello busted through the top early in the campaign—the first community in Green country to fill its quota—and then kept roaring on to a smashing grand total of \$103,075, thus exceeding its quota by more than 70% and far outranking any other community in the county in percentage of over-subscription. The per capita quota was \$83, but Monticello smashed through with a rousing average of over \$144 for every man, woman, and child in the community! That’s really mowing ‘em down, isn’t it, fellows? In the surrounding area, Washington township subscribed approximately \$36,000 of its \$55,796 quota while Mt. Pleasant township bought about \$26,000 of its \$51,045 quota.

WELL, WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE!—

If it isn’t a snappy letter from **Capt. Harold (“Doc”) Youngreen**, who had just received his first copy of The Drizzle over there in the Hawaiian Islands. “Doc,” who graduated from the U. W. School of Medicine with so many honorary academic pins hanging from his chest that he was in grave danger of becoming round-shouldered, catches the real spirit of The Drizzle right on the opening kick-off and scampers to an easy touchdown, leaving sprawled in his wake such noted intellectuals as **Whitey (The Great) Hill**, **C. J. (Jake, the Joker) Dick**, **P. Emil Voegeli**, **“Bo” Woelffer**, and **“Boob” Kissling**. Now if these worthy gentlemen will only rise in righteous retaliation and hurl a few shafts of humor at the captain and some of the other fellows on our circulation list, we’re gonna have an awful lotta fun. We’ll be waitin’. Okay, “Doc,” The Drizzle’s microphone is yours. Take it away: “As I was sitting here amid the luxuries of my ward tent, perspiration puddling about my feet and waging a spirited but hopeless battle with the flies, what should descend upon me but a most welcome Drizzle. One good Drizzle merits at least a little drip in return so here goes.

“I feel that The Drizzle was a most pregnant idea and we shan’t question its legitimacy. **Urho (The Terrible) Hill**, alias “The Louisiana Rebel,” refers to it as a brain child. Really, Whitey, you must allow me to take you aside some day and explain a few of the essential facts to you. I can see unmistakable signs of the influence of the sheltering army life. Perhaps you would say “half-sheltering,” Whitey.

“To **C. “Jacob the Silent” Dick**, let’s have a little more elaboration on this peach-picking episode. Skeptically speaking, I have met a few hospital registrars.

“I see that **Paul (erstwhile G-2) Voegeli** is literally up in the air again. His love for the higher altitudes was manifest in our college days when we always lived on the top floor.

“Not meaning to be at all personal, but would **“Bo” Woelffer** explain just how close “close order drill” really is? I know the instructor-pupil method of instruction is quite highly regarded by the army. What is your opinion on that, Bo? I understand those nurses are pretty snappy on the drill field—not to mention other places.

“I am surprised—**“Kissling, the Kiss King”**—tsk, tsk!

“I can understand how Major “Les” Weissmiller felt about that glass of fresh milk after sixteen months without a taste of it. And a Swiss on rye would make my old taste buds get right up and dance.

“Have been busy going to one school after another and now I am running a dispensary for quite a goodly number of men. There is something popping in all the time.

“Well, now that I have thrust my neck out in various directions, I think I shall retire to my bomb-proof shelter and await developments. Thanks very much for sending me The Drizzle. I thoroughly enjoyed it so Drizzle on. My best regards to all my old chums. As ever, Harold.”

DRIZZLE DISCUSSION DEPARTMENT—

Wherein The Drizzler devotes special comment to certain sections of certain subscribers letters, these comments appearing in parenthesis: From far-away Australia come these interesting lines from none other than **Pvt. Louis Wyss**, variously known as Tony, The Weazel, Louie, the Lonely Lover, and Brown Bomber: “Hi, Rusty. Just received the first issue of The Drizzle and had to read it twice as I couldn’t get all the laughs out of it the first time. I must agree with Whitey when he says that The Drizzle has a faint aroma of intelligence and that somebody else must be writing it for you. Come on, tell us who’s doing it?” (Leave it to Whitey to start a story in Louisiana that’ll spread way over into Australia). Louie continues: “The seasons are a little reversed over here. I had a taste of summer and I would gladly exchange places with Hill if he only has those minor troubles he talked about in the Drizzle.” (Now can you beat that, Whitey? Here you’ve been wading rivers up to your chin during maneuvers, ruining your uniforms, your wristwatch, and that glamorous, twenty-karat disposition of yours and Tony has the “noive” to speak of them as minor troubles!) “I’m still looking for the cigars that were sent to me weeks ago so now I’m wondering if you didn’t use them on some political campaign tour?” (I understand you’ve got them now Tony, but thanks for the idea. I’ll try to remember it next time). “We get plenty of everything but cigars. I’ve had two this month so I’m really looking forward to the package. Keep sending The Drizzle and I’ll do my best to send the subscription rate. As always, Tony.” (“Well, Tony, won’t it be swell when you can sit in again on one of those uproarious sessions of cut-throat jass with those three other master strategists of the stacked decks and marked cards—**H. Adolphus Becker**, former secretary and treasurer of the Becker-Jordan-Wyss-Wittenwyler Dog Kennels; **Emil (Chickereeno) Bruni**, the widely known New Glarus scholar, historian, and munitions expert, and **William Eddie Amstutz**, Monroe’s professor of science and the finer arts?). From **“Boob” Kissling**, now at Yale university in New Haven, Conn., where he is taking an army-sponsored course in civil engineering: “We are staying in a new dorm that was just completed in 1940 and it’s really a swell place. We have a suite of three rooms. There are six fellows in the suite, but we really have plenty of room. We eat in a civilian mess hall and is the food swell! Some of the regular Yale students eat there, too, and their checks run like this: Breakfast, 40 ¢; Lunch, 60 ¢, and dinner, \$1.00, so you can see how well we are getting fed. I’m up to 185 again.” (Why, Boob, You’re not in the army—you’re in Luxury!) “Boy, would this town ever be the place for Hill. There are so many women here, they drive along and pick you up. Not bad, but we have to study so dating is out.” (Boob, you should never have mentioned a word about those ultra-courteous co-eds because I doubt if Whitey’ll ever be the same

after he reads about them. And think of **Dick Schoonover** down there at Camp Crowder up on top of those breezy 30 and 45-foot poles stringing telegraph and telephone wires. He'll most likely be thinking so much about life at Yale after he glimpses this that he'll probably either get all tangled up in all those wires or else drop right off the pole. You surely remember "Dateless Dick," of course. They tell me he never even as much as glanced at a co-ed as long as he went to the U. W. Who's kiddin' me?

HOW HOT IS HOT?—

If you don't have any idea, just drop a line to **Wendell Miller** and he'll give you the correct answer. He's with the 788th Military Police Battalion over in Iran, also known as Persia. Wendell's outfit is camped right in the middle of the desert and the weather man really turns on the heat over in that part of the world. Some days the temperature hits as high as 180 degrees and it holds right around that mark most of the time, seldom very much less. Standing on guard duty in this torrid heat wouldn't be so bad, but they have sand storms over there as bad as the worst winter blizzards back here. "You know how it feels in the winter to come around a corner right into the teeth of a severe blizzard," Wendell writes. "Well, that's the way it is here except that it's heat and sand instead of cold and snow." For some time after his arrival in Iran, Wendell didn't receive any mail. Then came the deluge—37 letters in one day! "It was just like Christmas," he says. Wendell's outfit expects to move up into the mountains soon and he'll be glad when that time arrives. The Monticelloan also reports that his company has already lost 10% of its men, but that the morale is still good among the rest of the fellows whom he calls "a swell bunch of guys."

FROM THE PEN-'N'-PENCIL FRONT—

From **John Steinmann**, now on the faculty of the Engineer School at Ft. Belvoir, Va.: "The Drizzle" is really an achievement, Roz. You are certainly deserving of thanks and congratulations from all of us in the service for doing such a swell job. That goes for all your assistants. You're bringing a lot of fun into the mails of a lot of boys and you can bet they won't forget it. When you can get a compliment out of **Whitey ("When-Do-We-Eat?") Hill**, otherwise known as "The Swamp Banshee," you can be sure it's good. Say, I was really surprised to hear that **Art Babler** is now in the coast guard. I didn't even know that he had been inducted into the armed forces until I read it in the Drizzle. Knowing Art as I do, I would say that he entered the service in better physical shape than most of us. My job here at Belvoir is quite an interesting one, and certainly full time. I am the assistant course supervisor of the engineering drafting course for enlisted men. We have from 500 to 600 new students every 12 weeks. As assistant supervisor of the course, I am in charge of the instruction, although I don't have to do any class instruction myself. There are about 20 non-commissioned officers who do that. Recently I have acquired another job which is part of the training program in combat subjects that is given to all enlisted men in the school. The duties of the extra job include four-hour lectures and demonstrations each week on chemical warfare—poisonous gases. I want to use the next issue of the "Drizzle" to send my best regards to all the lads in service. I've intended to write to many of them, but since I've been in the army, one thing I'm always short of is time. Keep them coming, Roz, and thanks, John.". From **Dick Schoonover**, Camp Crowder, Mo.: "Am writing this in switchboard class as I have just completed operating and have time to sneak-write a letter. I'm just finishing two weeks on different types of army switchboards. We tear 'em apart, build 'em up, hook them up, and operate them. The next three weeks I'll be out in the field stringing wire through the Ozark Mts. That's the final part of our specialized course in army

wire communications. My specialty is pole line construction. I spent the last month and a half on top of 30 and 45-foot telephone poles constructing all types of telegraph and telephone lines. Because of my “Swiss wheelbase,” I spent most of the time stretched out practically horizontal trying to “reach and tie” some wire pegs out on the end of the cross arm. Most pole men are supposed to be big men. I do alright on the weight, but on the stretch—I have to! Was real happy to receive my second “Drizzle.” Got a big kick out of seeing that my “chancellor of the exchequer” and “Green county’s director of internal security” made the print. (The Drizzler interrupts to explain that here Dick, of course, is referring to his father, the **Hon. R. Henry Schoonover**, the county’s guardian of law and order). Thanks again for the best and longest reading in four months. Respectfully, Dick.” . . . From **Leo Felts**, with the U. S. Marines and believed to be stationed in Cuba: “I certainly want to thank you for sending me a copy of The Monticello Drizzle, I really can’t tell you how much it was appreciated. I surely agree with **Leon Babler** when he said it was the best piece of “literature” he has read since being in the service. Many times I have wondered where the boys that I used to run around with and knew in Monticello were stationed. My problem was surely solved today, thanks to you and the rest of your staff who put out this fine paper. When I enlisted in the navy, I wanted to become a gunner’s mate, but they said no and sent me to the Navy’s Medical School. Now I am serving with the Marines. The reason for this is that the Marine Corps has no medical corps and so it has to be furnished through the navy. Please give my regards, and the best of luck to the rest of the boys in service from that vicinity. My mind wanders back to Monticello a lot, and your paper really brought great joy to my heart. Thank you again. Sincerely, Leo.”

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Harris (Rusty) Wittenwyler’s still at Fort Knox (Ky.) where there are so many tanks and so much other machinery clanking around the place he says he can’t even hear himself think. Rusty has had some fine old visits with “Al” Lauridsen, for some years a “prominent” citizen of Louisville. In fact, he says they were fishing together recently and “Al” hooked a four-pound bass. But, Rusty, you neglected to tell me the name of the fish market where “Al” hooked his prize piece and also how much they charged him per pound for it. Anyway, give my best regards to the former local oil king and once-wizard of the Illinois Central’s telegraphy system... **“Bob” Blumer**, the former Main Street humorist and philosopher, writes from England that it is “sure a pretty place over here” and also that “The people are real nice to us. He inquires about **“Doc” Horne, O. D. Curtis, “Peg” Lynn, R. W. Woelffer, Bill Blum**, and **“Yank” Niles**. Says to say hello to all of them. Mentions, too, that he hasn’t heard from me in a long time. Well, Bob, there’s three different issues of The Drizzle apparently stranded along the way some place. Probably in Iceland, your old camping grounds. Incidentally, I forgot to mention what **“Rusty” Wittenwyler** had to say about you. Here it is: “So Bob is in England. I’d sure like to tangle with him again. There would be a lot of things done besides talking—you can bet on that.” Is Rusty right, or is he getting Rustier? . . . From **Fred G. Blum**, the Miami (Fla.) Marvel, we learn that his brother, **Lieut. “Ot” Blum** is still in San Francisco, awaiting orders for service overseas—undoubtedly in the Pacific theatre. He has now put in his required flying hours. “Ot”, who took a special course in aviation medicine, will be stationed at a foreign air base, taking care of flying personnel. F. G. has some nice things to say about the Drizzle which he saw over at “Ot’s” home in Miami.. **Lieut. Ray (Burn-em-up) Burns** writes: “Have changed my address again so this will be my correct station for a while. We still are flying B-26s, and I’ll be the Bombardier and Navigator on the ship. Am taking a hop to Havana tomorrow.” Ray’s stationed at Avon Park, Fla., now.. Writing from Camp Gordon, Johnston, Fla., **Emil Weigert**,

the former ace agriculturist of Mt. Pleasant township, says: "This camp is right on the Gulf of Mexico on the west coast of Florida. We are being trained for amphibian warfare and if there is any place in the good old U. S. A. that has more swamp and brushy jungles, I don't want to see it. We observed Regimental Day this morning and the Colonel gave us a pep talk. He told us to talk as little as possible about our training and whereabouts. He didn't say anything for sure, but the way he spread it on, there is a strong possibility that we may be "feeding the fish" before long. Well, I'm ready for anything." Atta Boy, Emil!.. **Warren Murphy** is still at Camp Barkeley, Tex., where he has just been promoted to sergeant. "Seems funny," he says, "To be called Sgt. Murphy after being addressed as corporal for so long." Then he adds, "In a few minutes I must change clothes and go to work. Tonight, I'm baking raisin cobbler cookies and biscuits. (They sound mighty good, Warren). The cookies are to take the place of spice cake which I can't make because we are out of spices and have no powdered sugar for icing. It's quite a problem to try to bake in the army now because we are either out of so much or don't have enough. I'll be looking for the next Drizzle." . . . From **Corp. Paulus Roth**, Camp Edwards, Mass.: "Certainly enjoyed The Drizzle. Always like to get news from home. Am enclosing latest issue of camp newspaper for your approval. **Sgt. Joe Louis** was here last week; **Secretary of War Stimson** this week. Trust you will continue The Drizzle since it is like a Camel to a soldier—gives him a lift." . . . Talk about your lucky hitchhikers! **Staff Sgt. Carl Stauffer**, formerly known as the Blacksmith Black Ball, certainly is one of them. Returning to the army air base at Hondo (Tex.) from a furlough home recently, Carl rode as far as Chicago with **Rev. L. E. Tooley**, local minister. Then a skip across the highway and into a truck for a 100-mile jaunt. A 10-minute wait brought him a ride nearly to Springfield, Mo. As this car was refueling at a gasoline station, another drove up headed for the Texas border and Carl bounced into this one. His next ride took him direct to Dallas. After that, his luck wasn't quite so good, but a total of only 13 rides took him clear from Monticello to "good old Hondo" in much faster time than he cares to tell.

THEY SAY IT'S A BIG OLD WORLD—

But it certainly shrinks in size in the light of incidents like these: **Pvt. George Wittwer**, son of **Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wittwer**, who reside at the Grand Central Hotel here, has been stationed in Australia for the past 20 months as a member of the 135th Medical Unit from Madison. Incidentally, **Major "Les" Weissmiller**, M. H. S. '22, belonged to this same outfit before it left the states and before "Les" was sent down into the Caribbean area off the coast of South America. George was standing in line for mess one day just a few weeks ago when someone tapped him on the shoulder. Imagine his astonishment when he turned around and discovered **Louie Wyss**, son of **Mr. and Mrs. Alois Wyss**, proprietors of the Grand Central. Louie, whose letter to the Drizzler, was picked apart in the Drizzle Discussion Department, has been in Australia for about eight months. Both he and George belong to entirely different outfits and they reached that country traveling widely divergent routes. All of which reminds The Drizzler of the recent experiences of **Lt. Paul E. Voegeli**, Monticello young man, who practiced law in New Glarus before he left for the army. Paul is connected with the European Wing of the Air Transport Command, and while he was stationed in England, he had a chance meeting with **Millard Tschudy**, a New Glarus boy, also in the armed services. Some time ago the honorable P. Emil was transferred to Scotland. And here, while he was walking down the street, who should he meet but **Lt. Eddie Vollenwider**, another New Glarus boy. Eddie belongs to the U. S. Air Corps.

STRAIGHT FROM THE STRATOSPHERE—

The Drizzler can always look forward to an interesting letter from **Sgt. Wilbert A. Marty**, tail gunner in a Flying Fortress (and how he does love it!) now in the final stages of training at the U. S. army air base at Rapid City, S. D. Here's Wilbert's latest: "Dear Roz: I can readily see that it must have been quite a bit of work getting out a four-page Drizzle, but the more, the better—for us, I mean. (Okay, Sarge, how does six pages suit you). Our training here is practically completed and it won't be long before we leave here. Time has gone terrifically fast, probably because we have been pretty well occupied. Our squadron really has been on the ball. We have dropped more bombs and engaged in more formation flying than any of the other outfits. As a result some of the squadrons have been borrowing our plane to catch up with us. Last Sunday we left here at 6 a. m. and flew to Minneapolis and back. It was a swell trip. The city looks good from the air. The countryside with the numerous lakes, colored trees, and brown corn fields was really beautiful. On the way back from Minneapolis we hedge-hopped for half an hour fifty feet off the ground. Every time we came to a telephone pole or a tree we had to climb to get over it. I've never had so much fun since I've been flying. The weather here now is almost perfect flying weather. They brought in six new B-26s here last week to be used for tow-target ships. I've been trying to beg a ride in one of them, but as yet I haven't succeeded. By rights, that is what I should be in as I went to a B-25, B-26 gunnery school. This isn't taking anything away from the B-17s as that is a plane of a different calibre. Those 26s can really get out and go. A couple of weeks ago we bombed a roundhouse and power plant at Omaha—with cameras, of course. On the way there, the right outboard motor cut out and on the way back, the left inboard started to throw oil and burned itself out. So we came in on two engines. We profited by that experience. This letter is rather short, but outside of our steady routine, not much has happened to write about. Keep Drizzlin'. Wilbert."

SHALL WE RAMBLE AT RANDOM AGAIN?—

All right, fellows, but I'm beginning to believe this Drizzle's drizzlin' a little bit out of control. Here I am on page 5 and I'm not wound down yet. . . **"Bud" Wirth**, at Great Lakes since Sept. 17th, is in "boot training" now. This in the navy is comparable to the army's basic. Expects to finish it by Nov. 17th. Has been on guard duty and battalion watch several times. Saw the Great Lakes-Ohio State football game. "Of course, our team won," says Bud. He continues: "We marched down the field between halves six abreast and our rows were about 3 ½ miles long. Never saw so many sailors. Passed my swimming test 100% so feel good about it." **Pvt. Joe Gmur**, the former local tonsorial artist, has arrived at the Marine Base in San Diego, Calif. He and **Eddie Loeffel**, another Monticello product, share a tent with four other Marines. They have received most of their equipment by this time and are now getting their shots. Joe also reports that they are receiving plenty of good food. . . **John Streiff**, Monticello's grocery prince and the last of this trio of new inductees, left for Camp Grant yesterday afternoon. We expect to have some news from John for the next issue. . . **Lieut. Fritz and Joyce Steinmann** dropped us a line from Chicago: "Just a note to tell you how much we enjoy reading The Drizzle and look forward to reading all the news of everyone. I expect one of these week-ends we'll be able to thank you in person. Are you still seeing the Wisconsin games? We hope to take in a few of the home Bear games." . . From Camp Chaffee (Ark.) **Louie Ubert** reports that he has a job driving a jeep, delivering messages for one of the lieutenants. Expects soon, however, to go to a school to prepare himself for leather and canvass work. It was really hot down there this summer, Louie says—108 in the shade and he was in the hospital for four days because of the heat. Another Green county boy, **Charles Dixon, Albany**, who plays in the camp band, is also at

Chaffee. They are able to see each other about once a week.” . . . From **Herb Burgy**, who of course isn't in the armed forces but is one of the old home town faithfuls, comes some interesting news. After 14 years on the faculty of the University of Illinois, “Herb” is now in our nation's capital where he has a position in the Department of Interior as a regional geographer on the board of geographical names. “About a week ago,” he writes, “I ran slam-bank into **Lt. John Steinmann** down town. He's out at Ft. Belvoir, as you know. Today I just missed “Slim” Freitag, who was in the city on one of his frequent business trips.” A loyal “old-home-towner” if there ever was one, “**Slim**” gets to Washington often in his capacity as vice-president and general sales manager for Howard Aircraft of Chicago. “Herb” adds this postscript to his letter: “I am actually going to write **Dr. Fred Hammerly** one of these days. If you write first, forewarn him!” Don't be too hasty, “Herb”. I've had a letter coming from the Hollywood specialist for so long, it'll have a heavy growth of beard on it by the time I ever receive it.. . . **Eddie (The Machine Gunner) Zweifel** leaves today on his return to Fort Jackson (S. C.) after about ten days at home. Eddie spent considerable time in Madison. What doing? I'll give you one guess! . . . **Betty Jane Woelffer** left Thursday for Camp McCoy to become an army nurse. She will have the rank of a second lieutenant . . . **Herman E. (Shy) Theiler** has received a promotion to mail specialist, second class, in the post office of the naval air base at Banana River, Fla. He received exceptionally high grades in the examination preceding the promotion. . . . **Vernie Block** arrived home a few days ago from his army camp in California, having been honorably discharged because of poor vision. He is considering enlistment in the merchant marine. . . . **Lt. Harvey Trumpy**, now a full-fledged army pilot, has arrived at the Hobbs (N. M.) air base for training in flying heavy bombers after a furlough spent mostly in Monroe. “Harv,” who is looking fine and dandy, also spend considerable time in Monticello renewing associations with the “bigger shots” of suburban Jimtown where “hot air” circulates with undiminishing fury the year around. . . . “**Al**” **Deppeler**, after five days at home, is back in Golden (Col.) studying at the School of Mines. . . . **Lt. (jg) Wilson Milbrandt** has returned to a Rhode Island naval training base after furloughing here and in Madison. While in Madison he became acquainted for the first time with his two-month-old daughter. . . . What's this! Nearly “press-time” and no letter from **Whitey Hill**! Why, the rascal! Suppose he's met another dazzling blonde and she's monopolizing his time. Whitey's due soon at Ft. Benning (Ga.) to begin officer's training.

NEWS NUGGETS FROM A JAP TRAPPER—

From far out in the southwest Pacific, **Don Trickle**, Monroe, formerly of Monticello, writes: “I received the first copy of The Drizzle and found it very interesting. Sure hope they continue coming. I have now been in the army 22 months, 17 of them overseas. My first location was the Fiji Islands where there were plenty of cocoanuts and fruit—which I sure miss now. The natives there had long, black bushy hair. Then I was sent to Guadalcanal and not long after to New Georgia Island. Here I saw action against the Japs and I came through without a scratch. The Good Lord must have been with me. The fight is all over and I am now resting a bit. I have my camera with me so I have taken some pictures of New Georgia. Have collected many souvenirs, some of which I have sent home. Among these are souvenirs of the Japs. It is blackout time now so I must blow out my candle. Please keep the Drizzle coming. Hope to be seeing you soon. Sincerely, Don.” (Here's hoping it'll be even sooner than that, Don! Awfully glad to hear from you and we'll see that you get The Drizzle every month).

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Ensign Wally Barlow returns Wednesday to Hutchinson (Kas.) air base after 10 days here. Recently Wally's been check flying, giving aviation cadets the final check-up to determine whether they really sprout wings as real airmen—or don't! . . . **"Rusty" Wittenwyler** pulled into home port from Fort Knox Thursday on a 15-day furlough. MY SINCERE THANKS—For all the nice things that have been said about The Drizzle. Don't forget to reserve some orchids for **Ruth Karlson** for cutting the stencils; (Ah, Roz, let's censor this. I enjoy my job very much; don't confuse typing with that of professionals!—r.k.); **Marion Hoesly** and **Betty Lewis** for addressing the envelopes, and **Buddy Achtemeier, Diz Zimmerman, Sunny** and **Gene Lynn**, our mimeographing wizards. Thanks, too, to **Jack Steinmann, Fred Steinmann, Wendell Barlow**, and **"Doc" Horne** for contributions to relieve The Drizzler of part of the expense in "publishing" The Drizzle. AND SO—This Drizzle drizzles into a drip. The next few months the nights at my typewriter will be absorbed by other "projects" but we'll squeeze in three or four-pages each month. In the meantime, You Keep Smiling and We'll Keep Drizzling. So long, and Loads of Luck!

Subscription Rate-

An Interesting Letter For Each Copy of the Drizzle

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!—You warriors with the weak writing wrists! Those of you who have yet to write The Drizzler a letter despite the facts that this issue marks our fifth month of “publication”—let’s have some interesting news about your activities by return mail. I’m sure the rest of the fellows are anxious to hear about you. So, com’on, you loiterin’ lads, let’s have a little action. Remember, it takes only a few minutes to write a few lines, but it takes a good many hours to assemble and prepare each issue of The Drizzle. Okay, fellows, we’re awaitin’.

AN ORCHID FROM “ROUNDY”—

Our good friend, “**Roundy**” Coughlin, widely read sports columnist of the **Wisconsin State Journal**, handed The Drizzle a nice orchid in his Saturday column. “Roundy,” who is variously known as the Sage of Mendota, the Madison Comma Assassin, the Knight of Knowledge Knoll, and the Dean of the College of Common Sense, speaks of the Drizzle as “awful good” and as “a darn clever idea.” Thank you, Prof. Coughlin!

SCRAM FOR YOUR BOMB-SHELTERS, MEN, WHITEY HILL’S ON THE LOOSE!—

Don’t get me wrong, m’lads, don’t get me wrong. I don’t mean to either insinuate or suggest that this gay feminine heart-throbber has gone on a “loose” spending spree. Not at all. Most of you gentlemen may recall that Whitey holds onto his nickels and dimes with a hold that is really something to behold. What I mean to say is that the way this former intellectual and character builder of the Monticello high school faculty tears some of the rest of us apart is simply tee-riffic. You will recall that in the last issue of The Drizzle, **Capt. Harold (Doc) Youngreen**, stationed in the Hawaiian Islands, took a few very choice pot-shots at not only “**The Great**” Hill (billy), but also at **Louie (The Lonely Lover) Wyss** of Australia; **P. Emil Voegeli** of Scotland; **C. J. (Jake, the Joker) Dick**, then of California but more recently transferred to the east coast; “**Boob**” Kissling, the Kiss King; and “**Bo**” Woelffer, the Texas Tycoon, also known as the idol of the Army nurses’ Corps. Well, to make a long story shorter, Youngreen of Hawaii punts to Hill of Georgia and, fellows, just look at the way Whitey parades with that pigskin. He’s away for a sure touchdown so watch ‘im go; “Doc (the Hawaiian) Youngreen withdrew to his bomb-proof shelter, the rascal, and sits there with that well known grin on his face, I suppose. I, too, withdrew, but for a different purpose—to the dayroom to be free from all noises while I try and give “I-can’t-write-it-all-Roz” some inside dope.

“I notice that Youngreen didn’t come out and dispute my claim that perhaps the editor’s wife was the originator of this most welcome paper The Drizzle. Nor did **Louis (I-can-forget-the-girls) Wyss** dispute that fact because I know that Looney and several of the other fellows share my opinion as to the amount of cerebral matter possessed by one **Roswell X. Richards**. (Honestly, Whitey, I don’t know nearly as much as you fellows think I do).

“So Lover Wyss thinks my troubles were minor. That, of course, depends on the interpretation of the word “trouble.” As any good heart player knows, trouble, in **Looney Wyss**’s case, is doing a minor detail like lunging out of bed before 10 a.m. The army probably gets **Louis (The Sleeper) Wyss** out from under by seven and so he thinks the whole world is set against him. “You know, Roz, that

whenever “**Boob**” **Kissling** speaks or writes about women, he wants you to come back fast with that oldee about what a woman’s man he is. No moss under his feet. If he has those Yale profs buffaloed as he had all but one of the high school faculty, he’ll probably make the grade. Here, again, women will play a prominent part—that is, the farther away they are, the better because whenever a femme is around, “Boob” is sure to be just around the skirt. “**John Steinmann** had the crust to insinuate that I am quite an eater. Did I ever tell you about the time John invited me up to dinner and the festival never came to pass. John’s excuse was that Irene, two, had her troubles. (The Drizzler’ll have to admit, Whitey, that your use of the word ‘two’ as an adverb is a pretty neat play on words, referring as it does to the Steinmann twins). Seems John did invite me to his wedding celebration, however. Gee, but this halo is getting tight.

“I got a letter from **Art Babler**, the coast-guardsmen, and he seems to be having trouble with his sea bag. And Art so recently married and already forgetting these words of faithfulness.

“Heard from **Carl Dick**, too, but it was almost a year ago so don’t remember what he had to say. Wonder if he has found any more Haddingers to do his work while he sits at a hospital desk with his feet cocked higher than his neck.

“Will someone tell me what strings were pulled by **Paul (Light of Tongue) Voegeli** to get that soft air corps job? He always could talk his way in and out of situations. I sure would have enjoyed seeing Paul in his winter uniform reporting in at Camp Wolters, Texas, in the month of June. Hot, wasn’t it?

“Have been going to school for about a week, and truthfully, I’ve never been so busy in all my born days. Naturally I worked hard and long while teaching, but never 16 hours a day, 6 days a week as I’m doing now. Nerve-wracking, too. You sweat out all morning waiting to get a peak at that gig sheet at noon to see if a speck of dust got on your shoes after you left, or a wrinkle developed in your bed. Seventeen weeks of this. I’ll come out a nervous wreck. Wish I had some of **Ed Zweifel**’s easy goishness. I understand he is almost straightened out. “According to your list of assistants, Roz, you don’t have much more to do than you do in your post office work.

“Lucky “Bo”, he always did get the breaks. What about that western flame, Bo? Any truth to the rumors?

“Waiting for the next one—either a Drizzle or a girl. Whitey.”

NEWS NOTES FROM THE ALASKAN SECTOR—

While we’re still trying to duck and dodge the shrapnel which Whitey Hill has just tossed around with such reckless abandon, let’s see what we’ve got comin’ up next. Well, well, if it isn’t a letter from **Erv Spring** and it’s about time, Erv, it’s about time. Prof. Spring is well and readily remembered, of course, as the former promising understudy of our eminent citizen and philosopher, **Henry Jeremiah Elmer**, former justice of the Monticello Supreme Court, some times known as Grocery Hank, and now the managerial wizard of the salmon and sardine departments of **W. Ernie Blum**’s General Merchandise Mart. With **Fritz Haldiman**, Erv has been located in the Alaskan territory for a good many months. Listen to what he has to say:

“I guess it’s about time I was paying my “dues” for my copies of the now famous Drizzle. I must say there really is some talent on the Drizzle staff. Some of the boys claim it can’t be you. Well, I’ve known you for quite some time and think you’re really at the old newspaper game again, and who could produce a Drizzle like that but you. (Nice going there, Erv, old boy, you’re a man after ‘me’ own heart. Just so Whitey the Whizz and Looie the Lover read this).

“Say, Roz, show some of your authority and send **Whitey (Girl-Shy) Hill** up this way where he won’t be bothered with mosquitoes and the terrible heat—and no girls to hide from either. I’ve

already broken “**Les**” **Weissmiller**’s record on the fresh milk deal and by the looks of things, I may make an all-time high mark on it. (The Drizzler interrupts here to explain that “Les,” who is stationed on the little isle of Aruba off the coast of South America, made a trip to the mainland some weeks ago and there tasted his first glass of fresh milk in 16 months. And, incidentally—just as a reminder—all comments appearing throughout the Drizzle in parenthesis are those of the Drizzler. We’re mentioning it now to avoid possible confusion). “I would like to be standing on the sidelines watching **Royal (Drill) Woelffer** doing his stuff drilling all those nurses. Now don’t show any favors with them, Bo. I can’t figure out how **Jake (The Silent) Dick** can hold down all those jobs, being president of the vast Haddinger-Dick Trucking Corporation back in the old home town and also production manager of MGM in Hollywood besides being in the army. Maybe you can answer that, Roz: (All I know, Erv, is that Jake is a very versatile young man. I believe that must account for it. Well I must close and be sure to keep Drizzling. Regards to all the gang. Your old backer. Erv.”

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

“**Art**” **Babler**, the former capital city insurance broker, is still at Brooklyn (N. Y.) where he is a member of the coast guard. Art writes: “Thank you for sending me The Drizzle. Enjoy reading every bit of it. My three-months training period of indoctrination at Manhattan Beach will be over in December. Will most likely be moved to another coast guard base at that time, but of course don’t know where it will be. As you know, the C. G. is part of the navy during war time so our uniforms and “boot” training is much the same as in the regular navy. Have found living out of a seabag a great contrast to my days as a civilian. Rather enjoy parts of my training here. Have heard that **Carl Dick** may be in the vicinity. Certainly hope we can contact each other before one or the other of us has to change locations again. Have been in New York City a few times and enjoyed it. Getting around the city in a dim out is not like going down State Street in Madison. Will appreciate you keeping me as one of the Drizzle subscribers. It is indeed a pleasure to know that I can get all the dope about my pals and acquaintances in this one source of information. Thanks again to you and your assistants.” . . . From **Cpl. Paulus A. Roth**, Monroe, who is well known to many Monticelloans and who is still stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass.: “Received the last issue of the Drizzle and enjoyed every word of it. Are having plenty of hard work here now. Fifteen-mile night hikes and the toughest obstacle course I have seen—40 odd obstacles, including “dummy” attacks from trees, etc. New “bayonet” course is also a peach. To top it all off—the “infiltration course.” It’s “heads down” instead of “heads up” 125 yards on your stomach close to the ground under barbed wire with live machine-gun fire only 30 inches from ground.” . . . **John Streiff**, the former local grocery baron, who was recently inducted into the army, is now stationed at Camp Wolters, Texas. Says John: “They keep us very busy down here so I haven’t had time to write a letter to you, but I will in a very short time. Boy, I’ll take all the snow and cold weather you have up there now to this country. About all it is is sand and brush. The days have been hot and the nights cool.” (John’s wife, **Olga**, expects to leave for Texas in another couple of weeks). . . . From **Sgt. Warren J. Murphy**, Camp Barkeley, Texas, former chief hash-slinger in the Midway Lunch Palace owned and operated by **J. Pierpont Lobbs**, president of the local Bank of Greece: “I certainly got a big boost to my low spirits when I read the last Drizzle. Roz, I thank you and all your helpers for it—it was so good to hear from all the fellows. Do you remember **Fred Marty**, who used to live in Jimtown? They moved to California a number of years ago. (Why, sure, I remember little Freddie. Gosh, when Freddie’s family left here for Albany to reside there before leaving a few years later for the west, he was barely knee-high to a cricket. And now he’s in the army! Say, am I getting old?—or what?) I

met Fred in Abilene recently. He is in training in the 54th battalion and is a truck driver. Two of his brothers are in the army, too. I'm writing this out in the bivouac area 22 miles from camp. Seems like we are miles from civilization and we must spend 15 days here. It's a very rough life. We have to do all kinds of improvising in the kitchen. Everybody must wear a gas mask, leggings, and steel helmet at all times. The helmet is so heavy that it makes my neck ache and my head is sore. The gas mask is uncomfortable, too. This morning we had to put on our masks in a hurry because they let some gas loose near the kitchen to get us used to the real thing."

THE DRIZZLE DEPARTMENT OF DISSECTION AND DISCUSSION—

Wherein The Drizzler devotes special comment to certain sections of certain subscriber's letters, these comments appearing in parenthesis: Says **Whitey Hill**: "If he (**Boob Kissling**) has those Yale profs buffaloed as he had all but one of the high school faculty, he'll probably make the grade." (Oh, modesty, where is they sting?) . . . Whitey speaks again in the same vein: "Naturally, I worked hard and long while teaching." (Aw, bull-o-ney, Whitey, Bull-OH!-ney! The Drizzler well remembers how you used to sneak out of school around 3 p.m. and then duck from light post to light post as you advanced along Main Street, hiding from members of the board of education. Boy, with all this rich experience you've already had outfoxing the "enemy" you oughta be a regular crackerjack leading your outfit when the time comes for The Big Attack. . . . Writes **Leo Felts** from Cuba: "The customs down here are a little hard to get used to. All girls have to be chaperoned, and you can't even kiss them until you have become engaged." (I'll bet some of our more talented Romeos like "**Bo**" **Woelffer** and **W. J. (Murph) Murphy** would sooner be sent to Alcatraz than Cuba. And what an awful spot it'd be for **Kissling**, the Kiss King!) . . . From **Carl (Babs) Babler**: "Has **Whitey Hill** changed, Roz? The reason I asked is that when Whitey went up to the Insurance Co. office to see Art the last time he was here, one of the girls wanted to know who that handsome sergeant was?" (He hasn't changed a bit, Babs, not a bit. The poor girl must have been merely suffering from a case of acute stigmatism).

FROM THE PEN-'N'-PENCIL FRONT—

If any of you fellows think that **Lieut. "Bo" Woelffer**—he's a first lieutenant now, gentlemen—doesn't wield a pretty wallopy pen, just listen to the way he lays it on: "Through channels to "**Heartless Harold**" **Youngreen**, a former campus lover, who learned his tricks while battling **P. E. (Duke) Voegeli**, the former Rentless Rack and King of the Court, to tie sets when Monticello had lawn tennis courts. Subject: Military Training. In regard to close order drill, I find that using the first mechanism of instruction diligently makes any of the methods of instructions easy. It brings results. What a platoon—snappy on the drill field, indeed. Youngreen, the "Swede," learned that the army stresses these mechanisms and methods at the Surgeon's West Point, Carlisle; the "Sparta Spoofer" is now learning them at Fort Benning and I, unfortunately, sweat them out on the sands of Texas. I am proud of the home town for the way the people supported the War Loan. That was fine spirit. So long for now, Chief, and how about some ratings for your staff—**1st Sgt. Karlson**, **Sgts. Hoesly** and **Lewis**, **Cpls. Bud, Diz, and Sunny**, and **PFC. Gene**." (A nice idea, Bo, and now just a minor little matter which I know you can take care of without much trouble. How about using a fleck of your influence with the war department and arrange for salaries to correspond with these ratings? I'm quite sure the staff wouldn't resist and then everything'd be as Jake as **Jake Dick**). . . . From **Tommy (The Barber) Brusveen**, erstwhile beautifier of Monticello's male population, now at Camp Pickett, Va.: "It was a real inspiration to see how the home town went over in the Bond

Drive. It makes us feel good to know the home folks are punching like that. We have been having some amphibious training at Camp Bradford and are going to have some more. The next part of the program sounds like a banana-boat ride. But, of course, we know nothing about that for sure. Really had some new experiences in this amphibious work. Will tell you about one rainy and stormy day we were out. We waded to our hips and on the way out it rained so much, water got into our craft. Some of the men were standing in water up to their knees. And half of the men, including the captain, got sea-sick and vomited right in the boat. I know that isn't nice to be talking about, but it wasn't nice to be in, either. I was lucky enough to be in another boat. Even though it was rough, only one of our men got sick." . . . **"Al" Deppeler**, student in the Army Specialized Training Unit 4765, Colorado School of Mines at Golden, Colo., writes: "My military classes are my most interesting classes. The teacher is a first lieutenant who fought in Java and New Guinea. He really gets the material across because he has actually experienced all the problems he gives us. He must have gone through some tough times because he only weighs about 130 compared to 180 when he left the states. I imagine my subjects are the same as **"Boob" Kissling's**. I sure wish I would have studied more in high school when Hill was trying to get the class of '41 to absorb a little chemistry and physics." (Come, come, "Al", you must be kiddin'. You don't really mean that you could've learned anything from Whitey, do you? I understand, however, that our good friend Hill is the peer of the professorial profession when it comes to teaching—not the 3 R's—but the 3 Uffs: Bluff, Fluff, 'n' Stuff). . . . When **Lt. Betty Woelffer** wrote her letter to The Drizzler, she was stationed at Camp McCoy, but since then she has been transferred to the 98th Evacuation Hospital near Yuma, Arizona: "It was a pleasant feeling when I received The Drizzle as I was really looking forward to it. The other girls think it's the berries, too. (That's mighty fine, Betty, but what I'm more interested in is what the girls think of the editor. May I assume that I'm included in that bunch of berries? Now, listen, fellows, no sarcasm from the sidelines.) The work on the wards is quite different from civilian hospitals, but it is a lot more fun. We nurses are the supervisors over the wardmen but truthfully they know more about it than we do so many times we are told what to do. We don't mind. The boys are really very nice patients and very willing to pitch in and help. As you recall Sparta is **Whitey Hill's** home town and the things I hear about him! Some Fellow!" . . .

HOW 'BOUT ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM?—

Okay, then, here we go: **S/Sgt. LaVerne Sauer**, the former Monticello pastry prince, is now stationed at Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, Texas, having been transferred from Harlingen where **Sgt. "Hank" Van Houten** apparently is still located. Verne has started out to become an aviation cadet and hopes to get his appointment any day. He writes that he misses duck hunting, but that he has been having much fun doing some white wing hunting—a bird something like a dove. By the way, Verne, how are things down in the Delavan direction? . . . A nice letter from **Frances Voegeli Hoskins** brings the very welcome news that her husband, **Lt. Jack Hoskins**, who has been ill for some months, is now much improved. Fran has "a ton of praise" for the Drizzle, and says that Jack, who is a Dodgeville product, also reads every word of it. The Hoskins are still in Atlanta, Ga. . . **Sgt. Wilbert A. Marty**, tail gunner on a Flying fortress and one of The Drizzle's most faithful war correspondents, has landed safely and well overseas, according to a cablegram just received by his folks. It is not known whether Wilbert made the trip across via water or air. Undoubtedly he'll be seeing some real action soon. His brother, **Cpl. Melvin Marty**, is still stationed at Camp Gordon, Johnston, Fla. It will be three years next March since Melvin and **Emil Weigert**, also at the same camp, were inducted into the army. "Mel" looked fit as a fiddle when he was here on a furlough recently, the principal object of his visit being to become acquainted with his infant daughter. . . .

Sgt. Debbie Moritz arrived home Saturday on a 15-day furlough after seven months of maneuvers in the state of Tennessee. He is now at Camp Atterbury, near Columbus, Ind. Transferring to the new camp, he went by truck as far as Fort Knox and then by plane to Atterbury where he was almost immediately given a furlough. . . **Mrs. Marion Voegeli Taylor** recently returned to Washington where she is now private secretary to the Flight Commander of the Royal Australian Air Force. Her husband, **Lt. Robert Taylor**, is aboard the U.S.S. Iowa, one of the nation's greatest and deadliest battlewagons of the sea. . . **Pvt. P. F. Blumer** writes that he is feeling fine and making good progress in the depot supply school at Camp Lee, Va., where he has been located for the past few months. P. F. has had lots of experience in the quartermaster's corps both as a civilian and as a soldier and so the courses he is now taking are right down his alley. . . **Major "Les" Weissmiller**, who had hoped to get back to the states on leave this fall, now probably won't make it before next March which will mark the end of his second year in the Caribbean area. . .

FROM THE FAR-FLUNG FRONTS—

From **Leo Felts** down in Cuba: "Received the second copy of the Drizzle on the 2nd. Boy! Was I happy to see it in the mails. I sure hope they keep coming. I'm expecting a transfer soon and I sure hope it is sea duty—which I think it will be. I have always wanted to go to sea, but so far haven't been that lucky. The customs down here are a little hard to get used to. All girls have to be chaperoned, and you can't even kiss them until you have become engaged. That isn't the biggest difficulty, though. Trying to find one that can speak English is the greatest problem. Please give my regards to all the boys." . . **Don Trickle**, Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: "I told you last time about our campaign in New Georgia. I am still resting a bit, getting ready for more action. If any of the fellows back home are itching to get into the thick of it over here, they'd better change their minds. Fighting in the awful heat of these jungle islands isn't what the movies picture it to be. Hope you can read my penmanship. Am writing this on a magazine in my lap with candles for light and half the time the wind blows them out. Please keep the Drizzles coming. They're the best inside info I've ever read. As ever, Don." . . From **T/Cpl. Louis (The Lonely Lover) Wyss**, Australia's famous favorite with the femmes: "Am a couple day's late with this letter, but I have a good alibi. One Drizzle at a time is Ok, but when I get two in one day, my frail little body can't stand it so I had to take a day off to recuperate. (D'you want me to send you a package of vitamin tablets with this one, Looie?) After a few beers—that's what they call it—and a porterhouse steak, I regained enough strength to carry on again. I hope **Whitey Hill** doesn't have the misfortune of coming over here after he completes his officer's training as we have open season and no limit on fellows like him. (Oh-Oh, Whitey, what did you ever do to merit such treatment. You must have taken The Lonely Lover through the cleaners in a few card games while he was still half asleep). I am wondering if **Jake the Joker Dick** has ever broken his silence and explained if he was picking his peach or peaches. I wonder what his partner **W. Morgenthau Haddinger** thinks of Jake's sideline. It is now time to fight for a seat at the G. I. movie. Until next time, lots of luck to all the boys. As ever, Tony." (Just a minute before you go to the show, Tony. Let's have you tell us just what that letter "T" before your new rank stands for? Oh, yes, I thought you'd say Technician or something like that, but that's too darned technical for me. I'll bet you one of **Roy Woelffer**'s extra heavys that it stands for Teahound! What do the rest of you fellows think?) . . . From **Wendell Miller**, who's way, way over there in the Iran desert: "Although the temperature ranges from 160 to 180 in the daytime here, it gets cool enough at night so we have to use a blanket so at least we get a good night's sleep. The people here are half wild. They live in mud huts. Some of them have herds of sheep, camels, goats, and donkeys. The animals live on the waste garbage from the army camps. The boys back home

don't know how lucky they are. I haven't seen any grass, trees, or flowers since I left the states. Next month the rains start. Then is when the boys will get sick and even now a lot of them are in the hospital" . . . **Pvt. Robert E. (Zoom) Blumer**, the former Car Crashing Champion of Monticello, is now stationed in northern Ireland. For months he was in Iceland. Recently he has been in England and also in Scotland. "England is quite a place," writes Bob, "Bet you'd like it, too." With him in the same outfit are Lloyd Deppeler and Johnny Blumer, both of the Monticello area. . . . **Sgt. Cecil Wirth**, the town's budding aeronautical genius in the years before he chose to become a Marine, writes The Drizzler from "In the Field" Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific. The sergeant is very enthusiastic about The Drizzle, but when he begins to say just a little something about himself, the censor steps in with his scissors and clips eight or ten lines. "Cec" is now on his 20th month out of the states and hopes that "it will not be too many more." . . . From aboard the S.S. Williamson out on the Pacific ocean, **Ensign "Ed" Klassy** pens these interesting lines: "Right now I am hanging on with one hand and trying to write with the other. This ship has rolled over 30% in this rather mild sea tonight which isn't bad considering the 56% rolls they hit last winter. The sensation of a bad pitch and roll is hard to explain. Guess we look more like a sub at times and I consider myself lucky in that I'm not bothered with sea-sickness. I like it aboard the S. S. Williamson. Willie we all call her. This Tin Can Navy of ours is everything you have ever heard. The men are a cocky but friendly group who have a rough life when the seas kick up and take it on the chin when the going gets tough. This ship carries many scars and has been very lucky to get back on several occasions. I'm kept busy these days taking care of the gunnery and commissary duties—our senior gunnery officer has been in the hospital for some time—along with standing my regular watches."

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN-'N'-PENCIL FRONT—

From "**Boob**" **Kissling**, the eminent Yale scholar, historian, and authority on romance: "there is a bunch of air corps fellows here taking a course in mechanics. We have a song we sing that gets them a little mad. It's about the junior birdman. In retaliation, they wake us up when they walk by our dorm—you see they get up at 4:30. So to meet this situation, we got some paper sacks, filled them with water, and bombed the air corps. Two days later the Yale college newspaper featured this headline: "A.S.T.P. Bombs Air Corps." It probably will end up like the lawyers and engineers feud at Wisconsin." ("Boob" was recently a Sunday dinner guest of **Howie Odell**, Yale's head football coach, who was backfield tutor at Wisconsin during the winter months a couple years ago. I imagine Odell is plenty short on ration points after Boob's knife and fork performance). . . . From **Carl (Babs) Babler**, who's taking much the same course at Wisconsin as Boob is at Yale: "they really have us hopping here, Roz. We just finished our mid-semester exams for the second term and were they Luloos! A guy really has to stay on the beam because low grades mean back to the troops. Have another vacation coming Dec. 4th and it's awful nice to walk only two blocks to get home on furlough. Keep The Drizzle coming. It's the best I've seen yet." . . . From **Emil Weigert**, Camp Gordon, Johnston, Fla.: "After reading how Monticello backed the bond Drive, we all know and feel sure you folks back home are behind us all the way. Even this lost and forgotten section of Florida seems brighter. We're now exploring the swamps on this reservation. We captured a couple of baby alligators and killed a number of rattlers. After every problem we always carry a good portion of Florida mud back to our barracks on our shoes and uniforms. Well, my whistle is getting dry so here I go for a Budweiser. More power to you, The Drizzler, and all my good friends who help make it possible for us to receive it."

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

“**Bud**” **Wirth** is here from Great Lakes on a 9-day furlough, spending most of his time getting acquainted with his infant son. Bud’s a second class seaman and likes the navy a lot. Enroute here who should he bump into at Madison but **Armie Loeffel** on his way home on a 17-day furlough from the army camp at Redding, Calif. . . **Olin Mitmoen** leaves Hamilton Field (Calif.) today, arrives here Tuesday on a 14-day furlough. . . **Howie Steinmann** has received his commission as a second lieutenant in the Marines at Quantico, Va. . . I was just going to say that since **Dick (The Dateless) Schoonover** is back at the U.W. I don’t suppose he ever, ever goes near sorority row when what do you suppose should drop out of the clear blue sky and land on my typewriter but this tidbit by Pat Hogg in “Hitting the Badger Beat” in the Daily Cardinal: “Help! Help! **Dick Schoonover** is about to the point of calling on the army for help. It seems that since his return from the wilds of Missouri where they made him into a soldier, the entire Law School moved in on **Alice Dusold**. What can a poor soldier do against a bunch of Lawyers?” All I’ve got to say, Dick, is that you don’t know how lucky you are. ‘Sposing Whitey, Bo, “Murph” and Jake the Joker, those royalists of romance, were in Madison? You’d really have competition then! Incidentally, it might be well for you to keep a watchful eye peeled on “Babs.”

MANY THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **R. W. Woelffer, W. E. Blum, C. M. Stauffer, Adam Schuler, L. R. Pease, “Doc” Baebler, Jack Steinmann, B. L. Clarke, H. E. Babler, Jake Burgy, Edw. Wittwer, Erwin Kissling, Fred Stauffer, Mrs. John G. Blum, “Doc” Horne, and Anonymous.** Thus ends another Drizzle. Until December, then, fellows. Loads of Luck to every one of you!

THE DRIZZLE'S DRIZZLING AGAIN—

So if you'll get all set, you soldiers, sailors, wacs, and waves, we'll turn on the news spigots. But before we do, let The Drizzler say he is sorry that circumstances prevented publication of a December issue. By the 12th of the month, only ten letters had come to our desk from members of the service and this was an insufficient number to justify going "to press." And immediately after that, the Christmas rush began with a vengeance, robbing us of any spare time we might have had to devote to a December issue.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS—

The Monticello Drizzle is sent to nearly one hundred members of the armed services. The subscription "price", as you all know, is merely a letter—even only a few short lines—in return for each copy of The Drizzle. Many of the boys—and girls—have cooperated splendidly and have written us every month. Through their loyal teamwork, we have been able to make The Drizzle a miniature newspaper which has been enthusiastically received by Monticelloans stationed in various parts of the nation and throughout the world. Unfortunately, there are many boys who have not yet responded with a single letter despite the fact that this is our sixth issue. We need the cooperation of these "delinquents" as well as "the old faithfuls" to make The Drizzle as interesting and entertaining as possible. Unless we receive it, we shall have to restrict our subscription list to loyal subscribers only. Surely it is just as easy for all of you to spare twenty or twenty-five minutes writing a few lines that will be of interest to your buddies as it is for The Drizzler to spare twenty to twenty-five hours preparing and editing each issue of The Drizzle. So, com'on, you loiterin' lads, let's prance for those pens and pencils!

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. We might also add that we have had numerous requests for copies from former Monticello residents in civilian life and we shall try to weave into each issue news which will interest them as well as all of you.

JANUARY 6TH A DAY OF HISTORIC HAPPENINGS—

World-shaking events occurred on Thursday, Jan. 6th. The Rampaging Russian Army launched its tremendous new drives which have sent the Nazi Rats reeling back on their heels for terrific losses; the American and Royal Air Forces hit a new tempo in their enormous aerial onslaughts against the German homeland, and last but by no means least, **Albert Matthias Lauridsen**, former Monticello telegraphy wizard and later monarch of the local oil industry, came back to the "old home town" on a visit after an absence of over twelve years. Now married and for several years a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, where he is successfully engaged in the roofing business, "Al" breezed into town in his sleek new Pontiac sedan with none other at the wheel as his chauffeur than that eminent and distinguished "resident" of nearby Fort Knox, **PFC. "Rusty" Wittenwyler**, the former Mt. Pleasant township tiller of the soil, who has now been stationed there for some time. Known as

“The Kankakee Kid” in the years when he dwelled in that Illinois city before coming to Monticello over twenty-five years ago, “Al” took his scores of Monticello friends completely by surprise when he bobbed into the old burg Thursday afternoon. And to say that he was warmly welcomed by the local populace is putting it very, very mildly. “Them Were the Days” was the theme of the many discussions along Monticello’s Main Stem as “Al” and his pals recounted the good times they had together before he left Monticello back in 1932. And while we’re on the subject of reminiscence, “Al,” do you remember that Saturday back in the fall of 1927 when you, **Jack Zweifel**, the local cheese and turf kind, **W. Dunham Elmer**, founder and owner of the Elm Grove Mink Ranch, and **William Ernst Blum**, the Monticello dry goods and grocery magnate, breezed over to Iowa City to watch Wisconsin’s Badgers defeat Iowa by a score of 6 to 0 on a rainy, snowy day. Ah, how the hearts of those Hawkeye co-eds must have throbbed and fluttered when you four paragons of masculine pulchritude strode into the massive Iowa stadium with your characteristic snappy, militaristic step. And I’ll wager a rusty fish hook that never has such melodious sweetness been injected into the singing of Wisconsin’s sacred song, “Varsity,” as it was when this gay Monticello quartet of splurging sportsmen filled the air with their delightful discordancies. I could reminisce a lot more, “Al”, but I think I’d better stop for this time because if you stay up until four o’clock in the morning reading and re-reading this issue of The Drizzle, as you did the other copy I sent you, I’m afraid I might get into trouble. It was swell seeing you again, “Al”, and now don’t stay away from what you say is “The Best Little Town in the Whole United States” any longer than twelve months. Twelve years is too darned long!

STRAIGHT FROM THE STRATOSPHERE—

From **Lt. Leon H. Babler**, 407 Bomb Sq., 92 Bomb Gp. (M), APO 634, writing from “Somewhere in England: “Dear Roz: I received the November issue of The Drizzle and can only say that it’s certainly an inspiring piece of literature. It’s so nice to hear about all the fellows in such a humorous way. I’ve been over here for a few months now. Never had such experiences in such a short time before in my life. If a guy wants thrills, he certainly can get them here. I’ve been on a number of raids and as I look back upon them they seem to have passed in no time at all. The faster the better. We are sent to rest homes after so many raids or harrowing experiences, for seven days and also get 48 and 72-hour passes each month. London is usually our destination and we always have a good time there. Marty, if you’re sent over here, give me a buzz at the 92nd Gp. Hdqts. So Paul Voegeli is in Scotland. I’ve been there for short periods, but didn’t have any idea that he was stationed in that vicinity. Keep The Drizzle coming. Sincerely, Leon.” “The Drizzler neglected to mention that Leon is a navigator on a Flying Fortress. We’ll keep The Drizzle coming, Leon, and you be sure to do the same with those interesting letters of yours. You ask about **Sgt. Wilbert Marty**. Yes, he’s in England, all right, and I understand he’s been on a few raids, too, although he says nothing about them in his letter. Let’s listen to what he has to say: “Dear Roz: It has been some time since I’ve written. I hope you don’t think I’ve let you down. It has taken some time to get situated. I think you’ll understand. We are living in barracks—three crews to each one—and we’ve been together since our last training in the states. What a madhouse! Arguments—everyone gets his two-bits worth in. We have a radio. It sure is good to hear American music. There is a special American forces program broadcast just for the armed forces overseas. Every day one of the fellows has to stay in the barracks and sweep, mop, and build a fire. Every man has his turn. You ought to see the crew members ride their bikes. We ride in a formation like we fly—so close that if one guy spilled, the whole bunch would. The food is good and plenty of it. We have dry cereal and all the fruit juice we want at breakfast. Carrots are served at least once a day, if not twice. That is understandable, as

carrots are rich in nutrition for the eyes. I can't talk about my work as I did in the states because of military reasons. I've played in a lot of games, but this is the biggest and most important I've ever been in. I might add perhaps the roughest. No punches are pulled and you to in beating the other guy to the punch. There are very few stars, if any at all, just well functioning teams. And there are no set-ups or breathers on the schedule. To the fellows who have gone ahead of me and played the whole game, I'll give them all the credit in the world. They deserve it. It is not uncommon to wake at night and hear fellows talking in their sleep. The tension at times gets pretty high. Therefore the fellows are keyed up. I've learned a lot since I've been over here. Experience is the best teacher—it still holds true. Oh, yes, I might add that the combat crews have a separate mess hall. Fried eggs are on the menu quite frequently. Boy! They sure taste good. This is all for now. **Sgt. Marty**. (Wilbert is a tail gunner on a Flying Fort. His address is 305 Bomb. Grp., 366 Bomb. Sqd., with the same APO—634—as Leon's. Here's hoping you two boys can get together—soon! And keep "Them" letters coming!

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

After nearly two years in the Caribbean area, **Major L. L. Weissmiller** arrived in the states early in December on a month's leave before going to Baltimore on Jan. 4th to report to the Surgeon General for assignment elsewhere. During his absence from the states, "Les" was stationed on the little isle of Aruba just off the coast of Venezuela. Here he was force surgeon and commandant of the military hospital. On his return to Madison, where he spent his leave with Mrs. Weissmiller, Les flew over 4000 miles in a transport plane. He looks like "a million dollars" and hopes to be sent overseas again at an early date. . . **Sgt. Perry Janes** leaves today on his return to Asburn General hospital at McKinney, Texas, where he expects to remain for two months for treatment of a skin disease contracted in service on the Southwest Pacific. He has been here since Dec. 20th, visiting his wife, the former **Clara Ubert**. **Lieut. "Bo" Woelffer** is stationed at Asburn General and he and Perry met before the latter came here. . . Ensign Wally Barlow has just been promoted to lieutenant (junior grade) in the Navy Air Corps . . . **Corp. Melvin Marty**—Wilbert's brother—was recently elevated to sergeant. From all indications, Melvin may be on his way overseas. With **Emil Weigert**, he will have been in the service three years in March. . . **Louie (The Lonely Lover) Wyss**, whose coming to Australia some months ago was marked by much feminine heart fluttering—especially after the girls glimpsed his handsome profile—is located in one of that country's seaport cities. He's a full-fledged corporal now. Thanks for the newspaper, Louie. Mighty interesting. . . **Pvt. P. F. Blumer**, stationed at Camp Lee (Va.) for the past several months, is now back at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., where he spent a number of years in the quartermaster's corps both as a soldier and civilian. . . **"Boob" Kissling** is now back at Yale university, hitting the books and entertaining the co-eds after a week's furlough at home. He's looking "in the pink" and had nothing but praise for the swell set-up he and the rest of the boys have at New Haven. "Boob" left for the east last Saturday, was scheduled to arrive at his destination the next night. . . **S/Sgt. Bill Bontly**, nephew of **Ed Bontly** and son of **W. A. Bontly**, Madison, writes his Dad a few lines to let you know that I am feeling fine and still kicking around. I am still crewing an airplane and I sure do get a kick out of it even if I do sweat it out on take-offs some times, but that's where the work comes in." Bill was located in North Africa for many months, but I don't know for sure if he's there yet or has moved on. . . **Pfc. Raymond Zumkehr**, stationed at Camp Grant, says to "tell the boys across the pond I may get to see them in 1944." Before he winds up his letter with "Keep The Drizzle dripping because we enjoy it a lot," Raymond relates this hilarious little story about Pat and Mike, now in the army and in action overseas. One day their unit was advancing in the face of heavy machine gun fire. Pat and Mike

took to cover, ducking behind a big rock. “Say, Mike,” asked Pat, trembling, “What color is blood?” Replied Mike: “I don’t know—I’m too scared to think.” Trembling worse than ever, Pat declared: “Well, if blood is yellow, I’m all shot to hell.” . . . **Pvt. Joe Gmur**, the former local tonsorial artist now in the Marines at an “air regulating squadron base” near San Diego, Calif., writes that he is waiting patiently for a move to another camp and “then a furlough—I hope.” He adds, “Played basketball an hour and a half one night and made six points. Had to guard a fellow 6 foot 2. Had the opportunity of going into Mexico one week-end.” **Eddie Loeffel**, who went into the Marines with Joe at the same time and was in the same tent with him for some weeks, has been transferred to another camp.

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From **Wally Barlow**, who throws some nifty curves around the necks of such self-proclaimed feminine idols as **Whitey (The Great) Hill** and **Kissling**, the Kiss King: “I believe your Drizzle really has succeeded in getting all the lowdown and dirt on some of our local roustabout Romeos. It’s getting so The Drizzle is a much better source of local high lights than all the local bridge clubs could get together. Say, when did the beautiful hunk of Finn (Wall is referring to The Great One here) start advertising for a girl, as one gathers he is doing from his closing line in his last letter to you. I really always was under the impression that he only had to gesture, then they came crowding around. He always was criticizing the board of education for their selection of female teachers, was always so hard to please. There was just one I can remember ever having him in a whirl. That was his first year at Monticello before he got into the clutches of the confirmed bachelor club of **Haddinger, Dick, and Freitag**. She was the ravishing beauty, blond at that, from Freeport. Now when he gets away from these gentlemen, he seems to fall back into his old habits—always on the lookout for a dazzling dame. I hope that the Kiss King is pleasantly surviving the trials and tribulations of the “open house” season that the New Haven younger set is throwing at him, especially the one little girl that comes and gets him and also takes him back later in the wee small hours. Leave it to King to get one like that. I certainly did enjoy the last Drizzle more than any copy since the first. It really was very newsy and sure was a treat. That’s all for now, Roz. Regards for Everyone.” . . . From **Jim Knoblauch**, Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.: “I am stationed here as an instructor in physical hardening—teaching all types of physical conditioning. **Helen** and I went to San Diego last Saturday and met **Edwin Klassy**. Sure seemed good to meet and talk with somebody at home. Helen is now working at a rationing board office—in charge of shoes, boots, and stoves—at Mission Beach. Thanks again for sending me The Drizzle and hope that you can continue sending it.” . . . From **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, U.S. Marines, Quantico, Va.: “Our officers training was very broad and general. We received instructions and training—both in classroom and field—in such subjects as tactical employment of weapons and units, defensive and offensive combat, communications, intelligence, administration, naval law, terrain appreciation, map reading, aerial photography, chemical warfare, and numerous other subjects. In but ten short weeks, that sort of a program keeps you on the move. Our life as an officer is much more pleasant than it was during “boot” or “O.C.” training, but even this life has much to be desired. It will be great to get back to normal civilian life after this is all over—which I hope is soon. Well, Roz, give my best regards to all. I wish I could do that myself. Maybe, if I’m lucky. I will be able to in January.” . . . From **Lieut. Betty Jane Woelffer**, who since the receipt of her letter has moved from the 98th Evacuation Hospital near Yuma, Ariz., across the border to another hospital in California: “It was a happy day when I received The Drizzle again. I certainly do enjoy it. Yes, we are situated out on the desert just a few miles from Yuma and are becoming quite accustomed to the frequent dust storms. They sure

are miserable things to endure—you can't see; you eat sand as well as walk on it, and there is just no getting away from it. We are just completing our basic training which has consisted of lectures, gas mask drills, drilling, calisthenics, etc. They put us in a gas chamber one day to test our masks and we all came out sobbing. That tear gas sure was powerful. Then our next experience was going over the infiltration course which **Cpl. Paulus Roth** wrote about. Yes, we, too, were quite dirty and tired when it was completed. You see, we nurses have to be rugged, too, so we take in stride almost everything the fellows do. Roz, we are getting an experience of our lives we will never forget, and truthfully, we all think it is swell. The whole gang here at the 98th Evac. is tops and we are all one happy family. Wish everyone could enjoy it as much as we all do. Will be waiting for the next Drizzle." . . . From **Mrs. Ted (Shirley Curtis) Butler**, who is temporarily a resident of Marianna, Fla., where her husband is stationed at the army camp: "We—or should I say Ted—received The Drizzle today. Sure think it is a great little paper. Frankly, it's the only way I have of keeping in touch with **Frances Hoskins**. Talking about weather—well, I sure will take all the cold, snow, ice, and sleet I can get compared to this part of Florida we are in. I have never been so cold in all my life. None of the houses are built warm. We have cracks in our floors so wide we can see the ground underneath it. The wind and cold sure do a good job. Milk is rationed down here, and unless you are sick, an invalid, or under twelve years old, you can't get milk from a dairy. Our landlady is grand. She is a young widow with a little boy two years of age whose name is Ted. So we have big Ted and little Ted in the house. She has never seen snow so we are trying to persuade her to come home with us in January. Thanks a lot for The Drizzle and keep it coming so I, too, can keep up on all the boys from home."

THE DRIZZLE DISCUSSION DEPARTMENT—

Wherein The Drizzler devotes special comment to certain sections of certain subscriber's letters. Says **Lt. Leon Babler** in his letter from "Somewhere in England": "These English girls! Oh Boy! They're becoming "Yankeeized" in a hurry." (It wouldn't surprise me a bit if **Whitey Hill, Richard (The Lion-Hearted) Schoonover**, and **Warren J. (Murph) Murphy**, those well-known royalists of romance, will try to hook the first boat leaving for England right after they read this). . . . Leon speaks again: "I'd like to see Whitey sweat over those books (in officer's training school) after the way he used to throw those chemistry formulas at us." (I think you're wrong there, Leon. Nobody has ever seen Whitey sweat over school books and I don't think they ever will. The only books that guy's ever sweat over are telephone directories because he's consulting them almost constantly for the numbers of new girl friends. Can't you just see him pawing frantically through the pages?) . . . And, well look at this! Here we have Leon, the Looey, at the microphone again: "So Kissling is at Yale? Remember, boy, you're there as a student, not as a diligent follower of high-heeled slippers." (Mighty sound advice, Leon, but I doubt if "The King" will listen to it, especially not after reading what he's confided to Wallie). . . . From "The *-two words indecipherable-* self: "I see where my father has left on his deer hunting trip —some indecipherable text- he'll probably buy one again." (Easy there, Boob —indecipherable text- might cut off your allowance if he reads that.)

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Pvt. Florence Pluss will leave on her return to Camp Gordon at Augusta (Ga.) today after a fifteen-day furlough at home. She likes the "army" a lot, has now been in the service in the WAC for six months. Florence has been on Special Service as cashier in the camp's service club. Expects to be transferred to California soon and hopes to see foreign duty. She promises the Drizzler a letter in the

near future. We'll be looking for it. . . **Pvt. June Murphy**, at the WAC Det. Army Air Base at Clovis, N.M., writes: "The base here is about nine miles from Clovis, which is about the size of Monroe. Was there twice today. That's my job—driving. Have driven ambulances, staff cars, and trucks so far. I can't see why more women don't join the army. I surely like it. Warren was here to see me a couple of weeks ago. That's when we had a snow storm. I think that's why he said that Clovis seemed more like home than where he is at Camp Barkeley, Texas." . . . Calling McKinney, Texas—calling "**Bo**" **Woelffer** at McKinney Texas! Say, "Bo", what's the big attraction over on the west coast? Is she a blond or brunette? . . . "The Drizzle is sure a dandy little paper," writes **Pvt. Morgan Phillips** from Camp Hood, Texas. "Hope they keep coming. We have nice weather here, but it's a little chilly nights. Watched bombing demonstration Sunday. Sure would have been a hot place in that airplane. One of the planes opened fire too soon and riddled an ambulance." . . . When **Seaman 1st Class Forrest Babler** penned his letter, he was at sea aboard the U.S.S. Vance. At the time, he could not reveal his location, of course, but said the weather was "just grand." Continuing he says, "When making liberty we can wear whites—which should be quite a change from back home now. I like my work much better than a shore job. Also am seeing things that are very interesting." . . . **Paul Marki** sends best wishes to The Drizzler and "everyone who gets to read your funny paper." After his induction at Fort Sheridan, Paul spent 14 weeks at Camp Wolters, Texas, then two months in "damp" Camp Inglewood, Calif., followed by eight weeks at San Luis Bispo and two months at Camp Rucker, Ala., which ended his active duty. He is now married, lives in Los Angeles where he is assigned as a guard at a defense plant. Paul concludes by saying "So now I am enjoying a serene married life and learning to understand why people call a place home." . . . "Have we ever been busy," writes **Emil Weigert**, the erstwhile Mt. Pleasant agricultural ace then still at Ft. Jackson, S.C. "All signs point to a boat ride on our next move, but the devil only knows when and where? I only hope this merry-go-around is not just another brainstorm. We've been all ready to go abroad before, but never have gone. I hope it's the McCoy this time." Indications are that Emil and **Sgt. Melvin Marty**, both in the same division, have now left for overseas. Incidentally, Tommy Brusveen, until the beginning of his army career a member of the local tonsorial triumvirate, is believed to have left about two weeks ago for a foreign destination. . . **Sgt. Joe Legler**, ol' Two-Gun himself, arrived in England some time ago.

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN-'N'-PENCIL FRONT—

From **Lt. "Ott" Blum**, M.C. USNR, writing from the Southwest Pacific. "Dear Roz: I hope the Drizzle is still going strong. I want to be sure you have my correct address which is exactly as it appears on this letter. Before I left the U.S. I thought the Drizzle was a wonderful periodical. Now it means every so much more. While I censor this letter myself, still I am not at liberty to reveal where we are. I left the States about a month ago on a transport and landed a few days ago without being attacked by any planes or subs. It was plenty hot most of the way and is very hot here. The scenery is beautiful and utterly tropical. There are cocoanut and banana groves and dense, exceedingly green jungles over every foot of ground right to the tops of the mountains, but there are few conveniences as we have them at home. There is lots of activity here and we see large numbers of all kinds of ships. My outfit is expected to move up soon, but I don't know just when or where. Best wishes to **Yolanda and Rosanda**, the same to you, with congratulations for the highly appreciated thing you are doing. I wonder if Les has had any leave and has been back. I hope so because he surely deserves it. Sincerely Ott. (You've undoubtedly read about Les earlier in the Drizzle, Ott. And thinking of you two medicos makes me think of our "collich days" at Wisconsin. How long ago was it—fifteen or twenty years? So long ago, anyway, that I don't like to think about

it. Well, what I was going to say was this. Do you remember those uproarious jass games you and **Les and Ken Kennedy** and **Laurance Marty** used to have? And how I used to “sit in” once in a while, too, when you boys needed someone to teach you the finer points of the game. Ahem! I can just see the Major snort when you read that. I was just thinking—how long is it now that Ken has been with the TVA down at Knoxville? Six or seven years? . . . From **Lt. Harris F. (Hoppe) Babler**, Air Transport Officer in the Aleutians area: “Dear Roz and Staff: Looking out the window and viewing the usual Aleutian weather who and what do I think of? “The Drizzle”, of course. Your latest copy arrived a couple of days ago and I see you are definitely “hard pressed” for filler because you had to devote much space to **Capt. H. J. Youngreen**, the ex-dispenser of assorted refreshments, and **U. G. Hill**, the one-time king of the hardwood alleys. (This hardwood alleys’ business is all news to The Drizzler, Hoppe. How’d he get this new title? I imagine he must have bribed the pin boys into kicking over the other nine maples as each of his throws accidentally tickled the front pin and then flobbered off into the gutter) That guy Youngreen must be spending all his time acquiring that Hawaiian tan and presenting various local beauties with leis. A couple of my friends here were in the Pearl Harbor affair, and from what they tell me, that entire Hawaiian area is now one large “gravy train.” Alright, Cap, so I do envy you. We are still “sweating it out” here in the Aleutians fighting a rugged battle with the weather and things in general. Glad to see **Erv Spring** and **Fritz Haldiman** have done some penning to the Drizzle staff. They were so occupied with their duties the last time I went to see them that they were unable to keep up social graces and visit with me. My plans were changed and I cannot return for flight training. Will have to last out about another year in this area. Thanks much for your splendid publication. Until next time, Hoppe.”

HERE WE GO AGAIN—

“**Bob**” **Blumer**, the former sage of Main Street, writes from northern Ireland that if The Drizzler wants to try something that’s really tough, he should hike 25 or 30 miles in a blackout as he has done several times recently. He inquires about Doc Block (**Jack Zweifel**) and **Chevrolet Leon (Voegeli)**. Both of ‘em are fine and up-‘n’-at-‘em as usual, Bob. . . . Writing under date of Jan. 2, Don Trickle sends us his new address from the Southwest Pacific. He’s been transferred from the infantry to the medical corps. His present location is the sixth island he’s been on in the Southwest Pacific. “They are all alike—jungles, mountains, mosquitoes, and heat. Have received two Drizzles and am looking for the November issue. Hope I receive it tomorrow.” . . . It’s always swell to see that “old reliable,” **Slim Freitag**, and he bobbed in on us the other day for an all-too-brief visit. Slim’s still vice president in charge of sales for Howard Aircraft in Chicago. . . . “**Herb**” **Burgy** is very happy in his new job with the Department of the Interior in Washington. Says not to believe all we hear about that war-minded city which he thinks is a swell place. . . . Attention, **Dr. Fred Hammerly**, the Hollywood (Calif.) obstetrical specialist. When (?) do I get an answer to the letter, that I wrote you weeks ‘n’ weeks ago? . . . **Cpl. Carl Dick** is located near Cardiff, Wales. His hospital unit is all set up and in operation. He’s in charge of the office and also of his hut which houses 12 men. The country around Cardiff is beautiful, green the year ‘round. C.J., who is somewhat of a genius when it comes to letter writing—owing The Drizzler a letter ever since he entered service many months ago—now has a bicycle and he expects to take frequent “tours” through the countryside. Was in Cardiff the other day and had “fish, chips, and tea.” There’s an old castle in the city and C.J. hopes to go through it at his first opportunity. . . . Did you know that **Jimmy Doolittle**, leader of the sensational air raid over Tokyo and now heading the American Air Force in England for the invasion of Europe, is a distant relative of **Mrs. Jim Dooley**, east of Monticello, whose mother before her marriage was a Doolittle? Mrs. Dooley’s uncle, **Dr. S. W. Doolittle**, Madison, corresponds with the

ace aviator regularly. . . Thanks to **F. G. Blum**, lolling in the sunshine down at Miami while we're shivering up here, for those Miami newspapers. Enjoyed browsing through them very much. . . **Mrs. Robert Taylor**, the former **Marion Voegeli**, and her husband, **Lieut. Taylor**, are on their way to Los Angeles where he expects to soon board a battleship for duty in the Pacific. Recently saw service on the U.S.S. Iowa in the Atlantic. . . **Nathan Burgy** leaves Norfolk shortly for Boston, then expects to be assigned to destroyer duty in the Pacific.

LATE NEWS FLASHES—

Major Les Weissmiller's been assigned to the army hospital at Butler, Pa., a 1000-bed layout. Already on duty and very happy about the set-up. Butler's 40 miles from Pittsburgh. His wife left yesterday to join him. . . **Lt. Leon Babler's** completed 12 air raids over Europe. . . **Lt. Howie Steinmann** due home today on 19-day leave. Reports later at Ft. Meade, Md., to study mess management in army baking and cooking school, then to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif.

MANY THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **H. L. Karlen & Sons, Irene Marty, Edna Haldiman, L. C. Marty, Elmer Freitag, W. A. Bontly, Adolph Arn, Fred Steinmann, "Slim" Freitag, "Doc" Horne, and Henry C. Elmer**, I see I've "over-shot" my space. Sorry to close so abruptly, but here's bushels 'n' bushels of the very best of luck to every single one of you.

“OVER-THE-TOP” AGAIN—

With the **Fourth War Loan Drive** due to end Feb. 15, the folks back home here in the village of Monticello have again hurdled their quota—this time \$34,204—by a substantial margin. Figures released by the Green County Campaign Chairman as of Monday evening, Feb. 7th, credit Monticello with sales of \$48,455, and when the final sales are added to this figure, the showing of the village should be even more commendable. First community in Green county to go “over the top” in the Third War Loan Drive, Monticello’s performance in the current campaign is also noteworthy because the purchases were purely voluntary. No solicitors were sent out this time to canvass village residents. Even so, Monticello was the second community in the county to reach its quota, ranking next to New Glarus.

In the surrounding rural area—also as of Monday evening, Feb. 7—Mt Pleasant township had subscribed \$15,832 of its \$29,379 quota, while Washington township was credited with sales of \$12,340.50 against a quota of \$32,102.

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler.

“LOOKA” HERE, FELLOWS, THE DOC’S DONE IT ONCE MORE—

A few Drizzles ago, that genial, scholarly gentleman of the Southwest Pacific, **Capt. Harold (Doc) Youngreen**, the erstwhile high-powered dispenser of refreshments and personality-plus at the **Graf Chateau**, tossed a big bombshell right smack in the middle of a Drizzle, the explosion of which showered a bunch of beautiful wisecracks upon such distinguished global gentlemen as **C. J. (Jake the Joker) Dick**, the Monticello trucking tycoon now the pride of Cardiff, Wales; **Erwin James Kissling**, the Yale Yodeler; **Whitey Hill**, well-known character builder and ping-pong coach, now known as “The Georgia Peach” (with The Drizzler’s most humble apologies to Ty Cobb; **P. Emil Voegeli**, who is over in Scotland teaching the Scotchmen new tricks about economy; **Louie (The Lonely Lover) Wyss**, ex-glamour boy of the Grand Central Hotel but more recently acquiring new romantic prestige and acclaim as the “Dandy Dan” of Australian society; and **“Bo” Woelffer**, the Texas cowboy, who thinks that California is a mighty fine state and not just because of its oranges, either. After “Doc” had heaved this bombshell at his old cronies, he left us with this parting note: “I shall now retire to my bomb-proof shelter to await developments.” The very next Drizzle brought forth some bursts of righteous retaliation from a number of the doctor’s victims. Other issues of The Drizzle passed without even a peep from “Doc.” The Drizzler began to worry. Had Doc fallen asleep in his shelter and was he still snoozing all these weeks, or did the door jam and he was unable to get out? Happily we were wrong. Because this week, from far out in the Southwest Pacific, “Doc” fired another blast at his comrades in arms—no you’re wrong there, Whitey—I mean firearms!

Just look at the way **Capt. Youngreen** pours it on in his latest exhibit of nimble literature:

“Dear Drizzle: I couldn’t resist that salutation, Roz, honest. Now if I were a stinker like a certain fair-haired Lothario I know (Poor Whitey), I would add the “puss” to that. (Call me anything you want to, Doc, so long as you keep shootin’ along these interesting letters.)

“Now, after that preparatory burst, I shall go back a bit. After the shelling I took in the November attack, I was left fairly dazed but not beaten. My rigorous army training brought me back full of fight—and I didn’t say Budweiser. After getting my G-2 reports, however, I decided on a tactical withdrawal. And therein lies another tale, so please pardon a brief divergence from the main effort.

“I am now in the South Pacific after spending an un-Christmas-like Christmas on board boat. The ship was a very nice one and the meals were wonderful. All in all, the trip was enjoyable and uneventful. New Year’s Eve was spent in a pup tent with about six inches of mud and water. A highly enjoyable evening! And of course all the garnishments necessary to a New Year’s Eve were totally lacking. Aside from the water—of which there is an abundance—this is the driest spot I have yet encountered. After a great amount of work we have our area built up so that it is practically livable. We do our own laundry and some of my men have devised some ingenious washing machines. They will probably never put Maytag out of business, but they do the trick. We are wearing shorts now, except when evening comes when we have to cover up in deference to “Dame Anopheles.” We have outdoor movies almost every night.

“I have been in constant conference with my staff working out our strategy and plan of attack. My immediate objective is a certain Hill which we have designated as Whitey, or the Lover of the Louisiana Lagoons. My intelligence reports that the objective is well-entrenched behind a formidable array of blondes, brunettes, and what have you. That is the question—what do you have, Whitey, that the rest of the army doesn’t have. Possibly Roz has the answer! (Ask me something hard, Doc, ask me something hard. Why, Whitey’s got everything—a pretty profile, poise, prestige, punctuality, pride, personality, but why go on. It’s endless, I tell you, Doc, it’s endless so I’m going to end it right here and save my breath.) Seriously, Roz, I wouldn’t encourage him in these horrible puns. You can’t tell what it might lead to. (Most likely to another blonde or brunette.)

“Another report I received tells me the Texas Rangers have oiled up their long rifles and are in pursuit of a certain Wolf. Imagine my surprise and consternation to learn that it is none other than that answer to a nurse’s dream—“Wolf” Woelffer. I understand he was somewhat nonplussed one day while drilling the nurses when he gave the command. “About, Face!” and one little nurse asked, “What about my face?” But, cool and calculating as he is in the face of any emergency, the “Wolf” comes back with, “That will require a bit of home work.” A neat bit of rapid thinking, I would say. It is easy to see he had his early tutelage under that master of mind-molding, **H. Adolphus (you-should-have-seen-the-one-that-got-away) Becker**.

“Have lost contact with a couple of worthy gentlemen—the title assumed by an act of Congress. One of them is **P. Emil (Who’s-got-the-Gavel) Voegeli**, the former legal larcenist located at the Limburger Special Terminal. The last I heard he was wearing Scotch kilts. The other is the peer of the pool hall **H. (Hoppe) Babler**. I understand he was going to emerge from his igloo where he has been keeping his touch using an icicle for a cue and frozen codfish balls. You recall he became famous for his no-cushion, no-ball shot. (Say, Hoppe, way up there in the Aleutians: Are you going to stand for these cruel aspersions on your billiard ball wizardry—you, whose brilliance with the ivories has caused you to be nicknamed after none other than the great Willie himself? Why don’t you go out and devour a good chunk of raw polar bear, then come back with a real sizzler at the doctor. I’m awaitin’.) Hoppe’s running mate, **Fritz Haldiman**, is up to his usual tricks—training in the park-a.

“Well, Driz, old boy, I am running short of ammunition. Here’s hoping 1944 will see a reunion of all the drips contributing to The Drizzle. In the meantime, back to my coco-hut. I have a charming little room-mate—Louie, my pet lizard. Cheerio, Younggreen”

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Lt. Frederick Steinmann, chief paymaster at the Quartermaster’s Supply Depot in Chicago where he has been stationed for the past six or seven months, leaves next week for Duke University where he will spend a month taking special studies in accounting. . . . **Clarence Wittwer**, until his induction into the army some months ago employed in an office position by American Airlines in Chicago, is a corporal, stationed at Brookley Field, Mobile, Ala. “Swanny”, as we used to call Clarence, played guard on Monticello’s 1926 district championship basketball team which also included his brother, “Hoot,” also in the army but just where we don’t know—**Marv Babler**, **Colie Blum**, **Wilson Milbrandt**, now a naval lieutenant stationed in California, and **Glenn Ripley**, the local painter and decorator. . . . **Major “Les” Weissmiller** is now well established in his position as executive officer of Deshon General Hospital at Butler, Penn., 40 miles from Pittsburgh. **Mrs. Weissmiller** is in Madison this week making final arrangements to move their household furnishings to Butler where they were fortunate to find an apartment after a considerable search without success. “Billy” Conn, the well-known Pittsburgh pugilist, visited the hospital the other day and he and the Major had their pictures taken together. I imagine that when William makes his next appearance in the ring, he’ll probably come up with a lot of new and fancy stuff that “Les” tipped him off to. . . . **Louie Wyss** of Australia and **Fritz Haldiman** of the Aleutians are both sergeants now. . . . **Leonard Felts**, oldest son of **Rev. A. R. Felts**, formerly of Monticello, is serving with the army overseas. Drizzle readers know, of course, that his brother, **Leo**, is in the navy because Leo is one of our regular correspondents—we have a letter from him for this issue. . . . **Roger Foster**, son of **E. W. Foster**, Port Washington, former local principal and coach, is stationed at the army air base at Pueblo, Colo. “Rog” was Wisconsin’s leading pole vaulter during his last year at the state university and also scored heavily in the broad jump. **“Heine” Reese**, the former Albany newspaper magnate and for some years assistant at The Messenger office here, is also at the Pueblo air base. . . . **“Ken” Kennedy**, who has held a position in the public information division of TVA at Knoxville (Tenn.) since 1936, leaves the first of the week on his return there after a ten-day visit at home. His father **C. D. Kennedy**, submitted to a major operation in St. Clare hospital at Monroe last Saturday morning and hoped to be able to return to his home here today. “Ken,” who reigned the Western Conference as quarter-mile champion while attending the University of Wisconsin, from which he graduated in 1926—later to become national quarter-mile title holder running under the colors of the Illinois Athletic Club—relates this interesting little incident: When he received a letter recently from his old high school and university classmate, **Dr. “Ott” Blum**, stationed in the Southwest Pacific as a lieutenant in the navy, “Ott” had this clever, indirect way of telling him just where he is located: “I am on an island with a name which begins with the same letters as the village north of Roswell’s home town.” Can you guess it? Awfully easy—almost like tumbling off a log.

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From **Pfc. Orville Anderson**, Co. G. 112th Infantry, Somewhere in the British Isles: “Received my first copy of The Drizzle some time ago. Sure was surprised to get it, as I am a New Glarus boy, but thanks a lot, anyway, because I know a lot of Monticello fellows. I am married to a girl from west of Monticello. Her dad’s name is **Conrad Elmer** and we were married by **Rev. Achtemeier**. As you said, the subscription price to The Drizzle is an interesting letter, I’ll try my best. We’ve been over here for some time, stationed somewhere in the British Isles—the land of hedges instead of fences, and two-wheeled carts drawn by one horse. Very beautiful country and the people sure are friendly. I’ve become acquainted with a few families in town, and whenever I go to visit them, I have to have tea almost right away. Tea is a favorite drink in this country. We are stationed only 20 minutes walk from town where we can get beer and some times spirits. They have a good Y.M.C.A. and two different places to go and rest, drink tea and eat tarts or cakes. Also have two places for movies. We get plenty to eat and good, warm huts to stay and sleep in—for which we should be thankful. Don’t know if this letter will pay my subscription to The Drizzle today. Each copy is more interesting and dear to me. Thanks to you and the rest of the staff for the fine work you are doing. Keep them coming! The Drizzle certainly makes one realize what a fine job the rest of my buddies are doing. I am planning very strongly on coming home in March. I’m surely looking forward to visiting all my old friends in Monticello, but the big day will be when this is over and we can all get together again. Being in a place like this really makes a fellow realize what a wonderful place one has left behind. I’ll never forget the days we boys used to hang around the post office and argue about baseball and Wisconsin’s football and basketball games. This isn’t much of a letter, Roz, but I will write more next time. Will be waiting for the next copy of The Drizzle. Wishing all the boys the best of luck, I remain, Leo. (Yes, I remember those athletic arguments, too, Leo. Fun, weren’t they? In the meantime, I’ll be looking for your next letter). . . From **Lt. Betty Jane Woelffer**, 98th Evacuation Hospital, APO 184, C/O PM, Los Angeles: “Received The Drizzle yesterday after a 35-mile ride in a G.I. truck and it sure did brighten up my spirits. I do believe our driver hit every bump in the road and there were plenty. I wish Uncle Sam would cushion those seats, but I suppose the best way is to grin and bear it. We are in maneuvers now and it seems all we do is pack and unpack. All we have with us are our bed rolls and musette bags, so you see we just get along with the bare necessities. At one time I would never have dreamed that a hospital could be folded up and put on a truck, but it can. It is a lot of heavy work, though. I am in surgery at the present time and like it real well. We have a very good set-up—nothing elaborate, just convenient. Our camp is now situated near the mountains and the sand dunes are just a short way in front of us. Very beautiful, especially in the morning and evening. Oh, Whitey, you should see that moon come over the mountain. Woo! Woo! (Ah, after all these year’s. The Drizzler has found out what makes Whitey act so peculiar at times. He likes “moonshine.”) Time to crash that chow line so must rush off. Will be waiting to hear from you again. Sincerely, B. J.” . . From **“Art” Babler**, **Sea 2/c**, Class 38, Coast Guard Trng Sta., 138 So. Virginia Ave., Atlantic City, N.J.: “Received the January edition of The Drizzle a couple of days ago and enjoyed reading every word of it. Even get a few new angles on my kid brother (**Leon**, who is a navigator on a Flying Fortress and has already participated in many raids over the European continent) over there in England through your publication. Suppose I’ll have to dig up a bicycle for myself now, too, seeing C. J. is roaming around Wales on one of them. Can’t let him get ahead of me. How about it, Whitey? As you will notice from my new address, I am now located in Atlantic City, N. J., where I expect to remain another four or five months going to Radio Operator School. Really don’t mind hitting the books again after a several-years lay-off from them. We are living in a

hotel, which is situated one block off the famous Atlantic City “boardwalk.” Living conditions are good. From our “crow’s nest” up here in the hotel, we can look out over the ocean which is especially scenic this morning because of the beautiful sun rise. Say, Roz, how are **“Elm” Freitag** and **“Walt” Haddinger** doing back there? (They’re coming along fine, Art. Both of ‘em are engulfed in a wave of prosperity and they’re rapidly acquiring the status of captains of capitalism.) So long for now and thanks much for sending The Drizzle. Sincerely, Art.” . . . From **“Boob” Kissling**, well-known both as “The Malted Milk Kid” and the idol of Yale university’s sorority row: “Dear Roz: I’d better write so I’m sure of getting that Drizzle. I’m so used to it that I’d be lost if I didn’t get it. The reason I haven’t written before is because they’re really pouring it on this term. They’re trying to cut A.S.T.P. as much as possible and you know how they’ll do that. One of the fellows from another company just came over with his pay. He got \$102, all in ones and what a roll that makes. I wish I had it. Course I’ll go out and help him spend it—I hope. Right now some of the boys are playing imaginary hockey, using the roll as a puck. Say, has Whitey received his commission yet? I hope so. Then I’d like to get back in an outfit with him. Course don’t tell him that. (“Boob,” I solemnly promise not to tell Whitey, but he’ll probably read it. Anyway, the poor guy’s taken so much “guying,” he deserves at least a little break.) Well, Roz, I can’t think of any more to write so I’ll close. Oh, yes, we play for the basketball championship tomorrow afternoon. Be good, Boob.” (Here’s hopin’ your eye for the hoop was just as sharp as it used to be, Boob, and that your team breezed through to the title by a comfortable margin.)

LET’S TAKE ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Sgt. Wilbert Marty, tail gunner on a Flying fortress, who already has numerous raids over Europe to his credit, says the medical officer of his squadron, a captain, is a Lake Geneva boy. Some of these days soon, Wilbert’s going over to talk about “good old Wisconsin.” . . . **Marine Private Eddie Loeffel**, who went into that branch of the service last October with **Joe Gmur**, the former local razor and scissors sensation, was sent into the Pacific area with his unit several weeks ago and is believed by his parents to have taken part in the conquest of the Marshall Islands, Joe is still in the states, stationed at the Marine base near San Diego as barber in the post. **Mrs. Gmur** left here Saturday to spend several weeks with him. . . . **Eddie Loeffel’s** brother, **Pfc. Armin**, stationed at the army camp at Presidio near San Francisco, writes “Just a line to tell you I am receiving The Drizzle and enjoy it very much. I like my work. It is doing town duty in Frisco, working with the civilian police. They sure keep a fellow busy. The weather isn’t bad out here. A little wet at times, but warm. Well, how’s everybody in Monticello? Say hello to them all. Must quit and hit the hay. Tomorrow is another work day.” . . . **“Bud” Wirth** telephoned Saturday night from California, informing his wife that he was graduating on the 7th from a two-months course preparing him for office work, also that he expected to be shipped out to sea shortly. **Mrs. Wirth** left Chicago Sunday for the coast, due to arrive in Oakland on the 9th. . . . **Sgt. Warren J. Murphy**, famous as an authority on problems of the heart and home while he was achieving equal renown as the culinary ace of the Midway, that well-known mecca of local wind-jammers owned by **J. Pierpont Lobbs**, president of the local Bank of Greece, is here on a 15-day furlough from Camp Barkeley, Texas. Warren expects to be sent overseas at an early date. Since his arrival home, he has undoubtedly gone into several confidential huddles with his two old confederates, **G. Clarke Zimmerman**, Monticello socialite, who dwells at 315 Aristocracy Knob in the Gold Coast District, and **G. Kooreman**, the local waltz king. . . . Warren’s sister, **Pvt. June Murphy**, stationed with the WACs near Clovis, N.M., is also here. . . . An interesting visit with **Cpl. Paulus A. Roth**, Monroe, home from Jan. 27 to Feb. 6 for his first furlough in 11 months. After leaving Coyne Electrical School in Chicago, P. A.

finished the Anti-Aircraft Fire Control School at Camp Davis, M. C., then was assigned to the 509th A. A. A. Gun Battalion at Camp Edwards, Mass., which is located right out on the cape, 70 miles from Boston. He has charge of the maintenance and servicing of fire control equipment for his battalion. These 120 mm. anti-aircraft guns are really “big boys.” Each gun, with its mount, weights 61,500 pounds, according to Paulus, and they are towed by 16-ton tractors. The two component parts of the shells they fire weigh 100 pounds. . . **Walter Zentner**, USN, writes that he recently wrote The Drizzler a letter, but that it “was rejected for a word I happened to put in it. Which reminds me to tell you that there is no such thing as a Private in the navy—only secrets. My other letter was somewhat longer than this one, but you see our censor does not stop to cut part of it out—he just returns it and we have to rewrite it. I’ll try to write more some time later.” (That’s fine, Walter, and we’ll be looking for that letter.)

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From “**Bob**” **Blumer**, the bard of northern Ireland: “Just a few lines to say hello. By the way, how’s that Two-Gun-Totin’ Sheriff by this time? Tell him I said to write when he hasn’t anything else to do. How’s Farmer Clark and the rest of the rural route kids—still whistling while they work? Give my regards to the old Irish Chief, **C. F. Jordan** of Jimtown. Tell him and **Bill Blum** to drop me a few lines one of these days.” . . . From **Pvt. Melvin H. Elmer**, from Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: “I received my second copy of The Drizzle recently and I want to send my appreciation and gratitude for it. A paper like The Drizzle with news about our buddies is one of the things that can encourage us boys in the service. I am looking forward to the day when I can return and see all my old friends. By the grace of God and the strong right arm of Uncle Sam, that day may come soon. Until then, best wishes for the continued success of The Drizzle.” . . . From **Pvt. Alvin Schmid**, member of the Marines and former local high school athletic enthusiast now also stationed in the Southwest Pacific: “I’m getting used to the jungle climate now. The heat doesn’t bother me much any more. The natives here are real small. They are about 5 feet 2 inches tall and weigh about 110 pounds. A few of them can speak English. Some of the fruit is O.K. I saw the motion picture “Song of the Island,” and **Betty Grable**, who had one of the leading roles in it, said that she’d rather have one of these islands out here than 10% of the rest of the world. Well, she can have my 10% of the islands for a ride to the states and I’d work like hell to pay for the trip. But it isn’t bad after all. We are still getting plenty to eat, but they could learn a new way to prepare corn beef. I saw some of the members of Co. K of Monroe. There isn’t so many of the old boys left. I saw **Harris Germann**, **Nathan Ringhand**, **Clarence Gessler**, **Walter Shield**, and a **Marty of New Glarus**. **Bob Amans** was transferred just before I met them. He’s a second lieutenant now.” . . . From **Frances Voegeli Hoskins**, who with her husband, **Lt. Jack Hoskins**, is now living at West Palm Beach, Fla.: “Got your welcome Drizzle the other day and it was sure good. They insist on trying to make Florida crackers out of us, don’t they? Only now we, too, think it is beautiful. Our trip down was all down the east coast and this side of Florida is truly beautiful. Palm Beach is just across the bridge so between the two towns we have everything. Camp Murphy is 28 miles from here so we are doubly grateful for our car. Jack drives out every morning and back every night. It surely seems grand having him up and at it again. He feels perfect and looks better than ever. (Drizzle readers will recall that Jack was seriously ill for a number of months. Incidentally, Jack, it’s swell to hear that you’re feeling so swell). He’s on six months limited service, after which he will have to be reclassified. Guess, I’ll have to close for now Roz. Just wanted to tell you that we appreciate The Drizzle so much. Regards to everyone back home in Monticello. As ever, Fran and Jack.” . . . Ah, and look what we have here! A nice letter from “**Chet**” **Becker**, the Monroe merchant prince and

golf wizard, now of Camp Phillips, Kans. Whereas **“Doc” Youngreen**, the esteemed medico of the Southwest Pacific, was a bit bashful about the manner in which he addressed The Drizzler, **“Chet”** steps boldly forth without as much as wiggling an eyelash, just like this: **“Dear Drizzlepusser: A bit tardy I am in thanking you for The Drizzle, but I want you to know I enjoy every bit of it. I’ve kept in pretty good contact with ol’ Monticello ever since school days when we used to tour up to “Monkeytown” to take our usual thumping in track from Ken and How Kennedy, Les Weissmiller, the Marty boys, Chip Babler, Susie Richards, and the rest of you upstarts. By the way, what was your prof’s name and what’s happened to him? (Earle Foster and he’s on the physical education staff at Port Washington high where’s he’s been for ten years or more.) You certainly got The Drizzle here in a hurry. I just barely had time to visit Monticello and check on the school teacher situation (How does the situation look, Chet?—promising?), get back from furlough, and lo and behold, The Drizzle was awaiting me. Quicker than a dun for a subscription. I’d like to say a lot of noble and uplifting things about the army, but I’m just another soldier doing a job. After wearing the fuzz off my chest for eight months in the infantry, they finally discovered that supply work was more up my alley so I’m storekeeping for Uncle Sam. Again, thanks a million, keep up the good work, and regards to you and yours. Pvt. Becker. (Swell hearing from you, “Chet!” Now, don’t get out of the habit.)**

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Jack Steinmann, Walt Haddinger, Otto Babler, Arthur Miller, L. R. Pease, Frederick Voegeli, Jacob Stauffer, O. D. Curtis, J. W. Barlow, Dr. H. J. Horne, George Griffey, C. M. Stauffer, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Marty, Mrs. C. F. Jordan, Mrs. Rose Roth, Mrs. Olin Mitmoen, Mrs. J. P. Zweifel, Mrs. R. W. Nelson of Madison, Mrs. Thomas Brusveen, and Klassy Milling Co.**

HERE WE GO AGAIN!—

It just occurs to The Drizzler that he never answered those questions put to him by that distinguished citizen of Northern Ireland, **“Bob” Blumer**, whom that famous song writer must have had in mind when he wrote that great favorite, **“My Wild Irish Rose.”** Those questions concerning the health and well-being of the **“Two-Gun-Totin” Sheriff (Pat Schoonover)**, Farmer **F. Gilbert Clark**, and **C. F. Jordan**, known in the more aristocratic society circles as **Sir Cecil Frederick Jordan**. Well, Bob, Pat’s as deadly a shot as ever. Understand he’s never missed a bull’s eye yet. **Farmer Clark** is engaged in a lofty research project which he hopes will cause two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, and **Sir Cecil Frederick** devotes most of his spare time to his mink interests when he isn’t lounging in his study, browsing through the Shakespearean literary classics. . . From far-away Iran comes word from **Wendell (Windy) Miller**, the military policeman, that he enjoys The Drizzle very much and also that all the boys in his outfit also read it. He says that the weather is really swell there now, that for two months he’s been on military guard every night from 4 p.m. to 7:30 a.m. His brother, **Gaylord**, USN, is now at sea, apparently in the Pacific. . . **Tommy Brusveen’s** in England, much impressed by the scenic beauties. . . **Louie Ubert’s** back at Camp Campbell (Ky.) after a furlough. **Kenneth Pearson’s** also at the same camp. . . **Sgt. Debbie Moritz** is expected to leave for overseas soon. . . **Pvt. Ted and Mrs. (Shirley Curtis) Butler** are here from Marianna (Fla.) . . Ted has a 15-day furlough, due back the 18th. He’s stationed at the air field there. . . A few lines from **“Bob” Marty**, who’s doing such a fine job as editor of The Roll Call, the newsy, attractive Monroe servicemen’s publication published by Lakeshire-Marty Co. Says

Bob: “Just read your Jan. issue as **“Doc” Cunningham** yanked a wisdom tooth. Very good!” I’ve always felt that “Bob” and “Doc” were a couple of extremely capable gentlemen and now I absolutely know it! Such versatility!! . . . To **“Al” Lauridsen**, the Louisville (Ky.) roofing magnate: Did you know that when you were here on your recent visit after an 11-year absence, **“Doc” Cunningham** waited nearly two hours to tell you about your old mutual pal? **Harold Metcalf**, still on the Oak Park (Ill.) H.S. faculty, but he couldn’t get in touch with you. You were in **F. Harold Kubly**’s “Inspiration Inn” at the time. . . . **Whitey Hill** was due to waft blithely into the hamlet yesterday after completing his officer’s training at Fort Benning, but haven’t seen him yet.

AND SO—

Another Drizzle drizzles into a drip. In the meantime, tons of good luck to all of you! Until one month from today, Cheerio!

RALLY ‘ROUND THE ROSTRUM, LADS ‘N’ LASSIES—

While The Drizzler turns on the drizzlets from all over the world, bringing you news ‘n’ views from your buddies stationed at their posts throughout the universe. So lis’en closely and we’ll give you nuggets of news from such distant lands as Italy, North Africa, Scotland, England, Wales, Iceland, the Hawaiian Islands, New Caledonia, and other far-away countries.

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout the Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

CROWD AROUND CLOSER, FOLKS—

Because The Drizzler’s going to kick off clear across the goal line with a literary gem from that frisky, frivolous favorite of fickle females, **Lieut. Whitey Hill**. Incidentally, Whitey was in Monticello recently on a furlough from Fort Benning and he was looking even better than the proverbial million dollars. Unless a new order has come through in the meantime, the former Monticello high school athletic director and character builder has been assigned to Fort Benning as an instructor for the coming year. Apparently the war department was reluctant to send Whitey overseas for fear that news of his transfer abroad would be accompanied by a frightful collapse of feminine morale all along the home front. That’s just The Drizzler’s guess, but it sounds logical, doesn’t it? I thought you’d all agree. Well, Whitey’s ready to step to The Drizzle microphone so let’s all lis’en to what he has to say:

“Dear Drizzle: Seems I skipped getting in my nickel’s worth last month, but I was so doggone busy that I just couldn’t find the time. (Who’d’ya think you’re kidding, Whitey?) I wonder how much wool I’m pulling over whose eyes? Unless I get worked too hard, I promise to make an effort to pay the subscription price each month. (That’s the spirit, ol’ boy. All the rest of you lads, please note.)

“I thought **Carl (“I-can-figure”) Dick** would start practicing on a bicycle before long. It still irritates him when he thinks of that trip we took into Door county and down the shore of Lake Michigan and all he did was eat my dust and all I did was wait for him and even tow him at times. Those were little things that weren’t told before because he threatened me with violence, but now that he’s way over there in Wales, I’m safe.

“Wasn’t there a lawyer from New Glarus living in Monticello just a few years back? Let’s see, Voegeli by name, I believe. Whatever happened to him? Seems I never see any of his moronic expressions lighting up the Drizzle? (Be patient, Whitey, be patient. At long last, P. Emil has stirred from his literary slumber as you will note from his letter later on in the Drizzle.)

“So Booby still has the professors fooled at Yale. Boy, he really must turn it on or, of course, if his instructors are women, the answer is obvious. At least we’re both in the ASTP except that I’m practically in the woods on the edge of camp. The officers have little hutments to call home and a

fifty-yard walk to get a shower and shave. I thought the life of an officer was one of luxury—sad day when the truth dawned on me. The food, however, is excellent.

“I wonder how much work **Capt. (“I-wear-short-pants”) Youngreen** really does? Seems to me he is always on the move from one place to another—no doubt being chased for throwing verbal insults thought up by some poor medico who has to endure his commands. My one regret is that all those gals—blondes, brunettes, etc.—that I’m supposed to be entrenched behind are imaginary and not real. Now, two good South Sea Islanders like Youngreen and **Tony Wyss** could surely come to my rescue and solve my problem of getting from the imaginary to the real. Man, if that isn’t down Tony’s alley!

(Whitey’s last paragraph is in answer to “Doc” Youngreen’s nimble poke at him in the Feb. issue of *The Drizzle*, to wit: “I have been in constant conference with my staff working out our strategy and plan of attack. My immediate objective is a certain Hill which we have designated as Whitey, or the Lover of the Louisiana Lagoons. My intelligence reports that the objective is well-entrenched behind a formidable array of blondes, brunettes, and what have you.”) Whitey speaks again:

“A word of warning to you men returning to Monticello on furlough: don’t let these card sharks talk you into a friendly little party and card game because if you do, you’ll be putting the touch on the folks for train fare back to camp. I couldn’t even make four jacks stand up playing against **Jim Dooley, Doc Horne, and Mac Knobel**. No wonder they give you the royal welcome! (If you’re angling for some sympathy, Whitey, you’re not going to get very much of it from *The Drizzler* because you should’ve known better. Haven’t you heard by this time that Jim and Doc and Mac form one of the cleverest and cagiest card combination this old town has seen in a long time. They’re really a trio of smoothies. This is only my guess, of course, but I imagine Doc lulled you off-guard with a flow of soothing talk about “the good old days” and right at those very moments, Jim and Mac were most likely pulling aces out of their shirt sleeves and trouser cuffs and probably even out of their hair with a sleight-of-hand magic that would’ve made old Houdini himself furious with envy.)

“In spite of the fleecing, I really enjoyed being back in the old town as the treatment is A-1 plus. Time’s up. Whitey.”

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Lieut. Leon H. Babler, navigator on a Flying Fortress and recently awarded the air medal and oak leaf cluster for action in flights over enemy territory, now has nearly 25 missions to his credit. That Leon has participated in some thrill-jammed sky battles is clearly indicated by the fact that in a recent large-scale bombing raid over Germany, three members of his crew were badly wounded. Their Flying Fortress received some damaging blows from enemy fire in this particular air battle, and on their way back to England, they decided to land at a Royal Air Force Field rather than try to make their home base. **Leon’s older brother, Art**, is still enrolled in the radio school at the United States Coast Guard Station in Atlantic City, N. J., while his younger **brother, Carl**, is in ASTP training in the U.W. at Madison. For the information of “old-timers” who receive the *Drizzle*, I might add the three Babler boys are sons of **Mrs. Florence and the late H. O. (Terry) Babler**. . . **Corp. Clarence Blumer**, who is stationed on the Island of Kauai, also called the Garden Island and which is situated in the Hawaiian Islands, rounds out three years of service in the armed forces this month, a distinction which is shared by **Sgt. Melvin Marty** and **Emil Weigert**, both now in England. For excitement on the Garden Island, Corp. Blumer says he goes to shows and does a lot of swimming. “This place isn’t as nice as it is painted,” he writes, “And as for women, I’ll take

those back in the good old U.S.A.” . . . An interesting program marking the commissioning of the U. S. S. Richard P. Leary, to which he has been assigned, has been received by the Drizzler from “**Nate**” **Burgy**, Monroe, formerly of the Green County highway police patrol. . . . Up in Alaska, where **Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler** is stationed, malted milks cost 40 cents and ice cream \$1.25 a quart. Say, Bab, isn’t it about time we’re having a letter from you? I’m sure that whatever you have to say will be devoured with much interest, not only by myself and other Drizzle readers, but also by your famous old side-kick, that gay and garrulous gentleman of Chicago and Villa Park—“**Slim**” **Freitag**, who reads *The Drizzle* regularly. I’m right, “ain’t” I, Slim? . . . **Lieut. “Howie” Steinmann** of the United States Marines completed his 30-day course in mess management at Fort George Mead on Feb. 29. The Fort is 12 miles south of Baltimore. That same day Howie and his wife left by auto via the southern route—a distance of about 3,000 miles—for Camp Pendleton, Calif., which is half way between San Diego and Los Angeles where the lieutenant was to report for duty yesterday. If time permitted, **Howie and Gladys** hoped to branch into Mexico for a day or two enroute to Camp Pendleton which is situated at Oceanside, Calif. . . . **Pvt. Morgan Phillips**, who for several months was stationed at Camp Hood (Texas) with the 603rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, has been transferred to Camp Maxey which is up in the northeast corner of Texas, only a few miles from the Oklahoma line. Says Morgan: “This is not nearly as nice a camp as Hood. They burn coal here and I haven’t smelled coal smoke for seven months. It’s really bad. But the water here is a lot better. Thought I’d let you know my new address so *The Drizzle* wouldn’t have to look me up.” . . . From Somewhere in the Pacific comes word from **Pfc. Hilmer Gordon** that he has just received his first Drizzle. “I think it is a great paper. Keep it coming.” Continuing, Hilmer says, “Since I left Monticello, many strange things have happened and I have seen many unbelievable sight. I will soon have in two years of service overseas, but it doesn’t seem that long. When a person is kept busy, time goes very fast. These islands are not what they’re cracked up to be. I haven’t seen any of the beautiful scenery the books tell about. Nothing like good old Wisconsin.”

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From **Lieut. (jg) Wally Barlow**, who was still instructing air cadets at the naval air base at Hutchinson (Kans.) at the time he wrote his letter: “Dear Roz: I guess I owe you for a couple of issues of *The Drizzle* so rather than risk having my subscription cancelled, I’ll write to you. As usual my letter will be pretty dull because of the continual similarity in my duties here, nothing exciting—no bombing raids or thrilling missions to tell you about. Just the same thing every day except some days our fledgling pilots come closer to getting you than others. I did get a bit of a thrill today when a cadet I was checking put us into the start of a spin at 600 feet and later fell out of a slip at about 30 feet and came in half on a wing before we could straighten out again. We have been getting all kinds of scuttlebutt, Navy rumors, about the base here at Hutchinson being closed in favor of officers and men in bombers transitional training. We haven’t had definite confirmation of this yet but it does seem quite authentic. If that does go through, I don’t know where I’ll go from here—probably to the fleet because I’ve had over a year’s shore duty now, but they may keep us in primary training for a while yet. Haven’t heard much about the Wisconsin basketball team this year. I hope the fellows have been doing a good job. Sure wish we could get home to see a game. I guess that’s it for now. My regards to all the fellows. **Wallie Barlow.**” (Say, Wallie, have you any inside information on “**Bo**” **Woelffer**’s current heart ailment? No, it isn’t a physiological condition. It’s that disease they call love. I understand she’s a California cutie. And what’s the latest you have on **King Kissling** of Yale? “Boob” may be leaving there some of these days and can’t you just imagine the heavy pall of grief that’ll hang like a thick fog over Yale’s sorority row when he does?) . . . Well,

now just look what we have here—if it isn't a letter from the ol' King himself. But notice, Wallie, and the rest of you fellows how shrewdly **"Boob"** evades all mention of his romantic activities. He has some other interesting things to tell about so let's lis'en: "Dear Roz: Thanks a lot for the recommendation. I passed the physical and mental Tuesday, but Wednesday an order came out stopping all enlistments in the air corps for the fellows in the service. It seems all the A.S.T.P. students in the U.S. were trying to get in, and since about 90% of them were passing, they closed it up. Darnit! I guess its back to the infantry for me. The fellows that were shipped out of here last December are in Italy already. Boy, it didn't take them guys long. Our college team won the basketball championship and then we played the air corps Lieutenants for the Red Cross fund. They beat us 59 to 56. Kessler, the old Purdue star, made 37 points for them. Boy, was he stinky! Everyone on our team took turns guarding him, but no one could stop him. It'll probably be quite a while before I get home again, Roz, so be sure and keep that Drizzle coming. Be good. Boob." . . . While we're on the subject of basketball, let's switch The Drizzle microphone over to Dauntless **Dick Schoonover** and have him tell us about the cage court capers of **Carl (Babs) Babler**, who used to team up with Boob at the guard positions for the M.H.S. before moving to the capital city to become a star performer at Madison West. O.K., Dick, we're all ready: "Dear Roz: As usual, the last Drizzle was enjoyable to the last word. Even my room-mates, who don't know any of the fellows mentioned, get a big kick out of reading it. I noticed that **Boobie (Chubby) Kissling** played in the final championship game at Yale. Thought you might be interested in hearing about his old teammate, **Carl "Speedy" Babler**. It seems that when Babs company organized its BB team, Carl was told he couldn't make the grade—too short. This sort of roiled Carl so he organized a team of his own, a team No. 2, just for the fun of it. Well, to make a long story short Team No. 2 beat every outfit in the league, including the elite Team No. 1 twice and then ended up playing exhibition games against "All-Star" challengers, among them a highly touted officers team—which all the G.I.'s enjoyed immensely. All this time Carl was averaging over 10 points a game besides being the big gun on defense! In the championship game, which offered some swell gold medals to the winners, Carl's quintet again came out on top. In fact, they ran all over the best opposition the other sections could offer—which all goes to prove you can't judge a good old Green County athlete by his height! I don't doubt but that Boob proved that point out on the Yale front, too. Incidentally, the team I played on didn't roll up a record like that, but we had a helluva lot of fun, anyway. Right now, I'm hopefully waiting for traveling orders to the east coast, but don't let that hold up my Drizzle. You can always use the Green County jail as my forwarding address! Thanks a lot and good luck. **Pfc. Dick Schoonover.**" (Dick leaves shortly for Fort Monmouth, N. J., which is the main signal corps camp in the United States. He expects to be stationed there for four months.)

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Lieut. Ray (Burn-'Em-Up) Burns, for the past several months in training with the 336th Bomb Group at Lake Charles, La., expects to be sent overseas any day now. Ray, who is a bombardier-navigator—"bombagator" for short—on a Flying Fortress, was at Pearl Harbor when the Sneakanese unloaded their treachery on Dec. 7, 1941. . . . Some time ago **Barney Karlen** sent a copy of The Drizzle to **Pvt. Art Zweifel**, New Glarus boy (Nick's youngest son), who is with the United States Marines in New Caledonia. In acknowledgement, Art has this to say: "Received the Drizzle and found it to be one of the most interesting and amusing bits of news I have ever seen. If it's possible, I'd appreciate the next copy of it." We'll see that you receive The Drizzle regularly from now on, Art. Most of you fellows undoubtedly remember this enterprising young New Glarus gentleman. For two years he was catcher for Barney's Bearcats, the local baseball team which terrorized

southern Wisconsin baseball circles with its spectacular performances. Incidentally, Art recently met up in New Caledonia with **Dr. Palmer Kundert**, a former New Glarus boy, who before joining the armed services was practicing medicine in Florida where he had been located for several years. . . .

Lieut. John Steinmann and wife and twins, John and Jorene, are still residing at 163 Yale Drive, Cameron Valley, Alexandria, Va. John drives 12 miles each morning with four other officers to Fort Belvoir, Va., where he is supervisor of one of the drafting rooms in the engineering school. . . . From England comes a letter from **Pvt. Emil Weigert**, Co. D, 1st Bn., 8th Inf.: “Hello Roz: Here is my first letter from across the waves to you. The country is nice around here and in peace time, a fellow would probably have a good time, but everything is rationed. We get plenty to eat, but the beer is no good—no kick to it at all. I haven’t had a smell of whiskey since I got here. I get plenty to smoke, but no matches to light them with. Otherwise I get plenty of everything I need. We don’t get much candy, but that doesn’t bother me. Well, I hope we soon get a chance to finish up this war over here for I am sure getting dry of a good “shot” of Kessler’s. I hope by next Christmas I am having one in Monticello. I see by the Drizzle that I am not alone over here. Hope I meet up with some of the boys. Here is good luck to all of you. As ever, Emil.” (Here’s hoping that you and all the rest of the boys will be back home by next Christmas, Emil.) . . .

Sgt. Erv Spring, the former power-politician and political prognosticator of the public relations department of **Bill Blum**’s Merchandise Mart, drops us a few lines from the Aleutians where he and that other worthy representative of Monticello, **Sgt. Fritz Haldiman**, form a deadly combination against any would-be Jap invaders. Says the Honorable Erv, who owes much of his success to the masterful tutelage he received from that genial gentleman of the Merchandise Mart, **Henry Jeremiah Elmer**: “I never did get the Jan. issue of the Drizzle and I sure missed it. At the present rate of expansion, you’ll be needing a larger staff. The Drizzle’s one of the very few newspapers that isn’t plastered with advertisements, except, that is, for **Whitey Hill**’s want-ads for female telephone numbers and social addresses. I notice quite a few of the boys have been sent overseas. But none of them up this way. I don’t know when we’ll be getting back home once again, but certainly hope it isn’t too far off. Well, Roz, I hope this finds you and your family all O.K. Give my regards to the old gang. As ever, Erv.” . . .

Sgt. John J. Theiler is still with the 35th Finance Disbursing Section in North Africa. John belongs to that illustrious M. H. S. era just before the 20’s which produced such intellectual geniuses as the **Edwards twins—Ray and Roy**—successful accountants and auditors of Philadelphia; “**Al**” **Blum**, with the Securities & Exchange Commission also in the Quaker City; **Adam Albert Schuler**, head of the Monticello insurance monopoly, and **James Fennimore Dooley**, the local oil baron and rancher. John is situated in one of North Africa’s largest cities distinguished mostly by its “dirtiness” and narrow streets and sidewalks which are usually crowded with both vehicles and pedestrians. He says he had often read of the peculiar smell in these foreign places and he knows what it’s like now because it is especially noticeable in this particular city.

STRAIGHT FROM THE STRATOSPHERE—

From **Sgt. Wilbert A. Marty**, tail gunner on a Flying Fortress based in England: “Dear Roz: Received The Drizzle today. Have been looking forward to it. Sure glad it contained **Leon Babler**’s address. I’ve heard of his outfit and it shouldn’t be too hard to locate him. (I understand, Wilbert, that you and Leon are stationed in the same general area. Am I right?)

“Evidently Leon can write more freely than I can. Some groups are not as strict as ours. No. of missions is out and we can’t mention where we go on raids—even if large cities. It is just a group policy. I guess I can say Leon has a few more raids in than I have.

“Leon is right. There are plenty of thrills over here. He isn’t beating his gums when he says these English girls are becoming “Yankeeized.” (And what’s this I hear about the ol’ tail gunner, Wilbert? But The Drizzler’ll go into that later.) I don’t envy Leon his job at all. A navigator is about the busiest man on the ship.

“I don’t think the fellows should jump too hard on **Whitey (The O. C. S. Kid) Hill**, idol of the females and mentor of so-called athletes, about him being a teacher. Now and then he threw a tough chemistry formula or physics problem merely as a bluff. He was strictly a character builder. At least so it said in fine print on a piece of paper pinned on his coat one day. It was after a certain basketball game, but that’s beside the point.

“So **Carl Dick** is over here. Sure would like to see him. Glad to hear “**Mel**” (Wilbert’s brother) made sergeant’s rating. That was news to me as my letters from home don’t seem to come through so fast.

“Plenty has happened over here to talk about after it is all over. There’ll probably be a lot more. All for now as it is getting late. As ever, Sgt. Marty.”

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From Somewhere in Italy come these welcome lines from **Capt. Norman Steussy**, Milwaukee, who is well-known here because of his frequent visits to the home of his grandfather, **Otto H. Babler**, the famous local sports dopester and internationally known dog fancier: “Many thanks for The Drizzle. I appreciate the news of the whereabouts of my many friends and relatives. It doesn’t look as though many of the local lads are in Italy, but they aren’t missing much I can tell you that. I don’t know how “**Doc**” **Youngreen** deserves such a break as to be in the Hawaiian Islands. **John Streiff**, the Monticello grocery baron, doesn’t seem to know when he’s well off. I’d like to be in the state of Texas or any other state after what we’ve been through in the last year. Thanks again for the Drizzle. Send some more if it’s possible. Sincerely, **Norman Steussy**.” (We’ve added your name to our “circulation list,” Norman, so you’ll be getting the Drizzle regularly from now on.) . . . **Lieut. Russ Howard** writes from Iceland: “Have received two copies of the Drizzle and have enjoyed reading them a lot. In fact, just finished reading them for the fifth time. I have traveled quite a lot and now I find myself on “The Rock.” We have long nights here and I do enjoy reading so keep The Drizzle coming, please. Would it be possible for you to send me **Erv Spring**’s address” (Here it is, Russ: **Sgt. Erwin Spring**, 36237069, Co. B, 198th Inf., APO 726, Seattle, Wash.) The capital of Iceland, Reykjavik, is a pretty nice city of about 40,000 people. The girls here are very pretty and nearly all blondes. They are rapidly learning English, but believe me, Roz, it’s funny to hear them say, “What’s cookin’?” (I’ll bet most of ‘em can say, “**Bob**” **Blumer**,” can’t they, Russ? You’ll probably recall that this rollicking Romeo from Monticello was in Iceland for many months before moving on to Northern Ireland.) I guess I’ll close this letter now. Good luck. Sincerely, Russ.” . . . From **Lt.**

“Bo” Woelffer, who is both the pride and the pet of the nurses’ staff at Ashburn General Hospital, McKinney, Texas: “Tonight I am operating as O. D. while the mercury is dropping faster than the law of gravity permits. The last time I was O. D., I spent a little time admitting a corpse to the morgue. Right now there are three on the seriously ill list so there’s a possibility of doing some business. What a spot for **Frederick Voegeli**. I just mention this to somewhat neutralize that bit of gravey-train stuff that **Whitey Hill** and **Doc Youngreen** think goes with the detail of drilling (close order, of course) the army nurses here. (Just a minute there, Bo. In the last Drizzle, I asked you for some inside information on that lovely little thing that’s been monopolizing your dreams so much lately. And what do you do? Right off the bat, you switch me onto the morgue! What kind of a run-around are you giving me?) This week a demonstration team from Ft. Sam Houston showed our G. I. cooks and dieticians how to prepare dehydrated foods. As assistant mess officer I sampled some of the scrambled eggs, vegetables, and even a cake and found them to be delicious. When I go overseas, I hope that the cooks will know how to prepare these groceries because I have heard some poor reports about powdered eggs and milk—a bit stinky. This concludes Asburn’s bit in the war effort. Sincerely, Bo.” . . . Hold onto your chairs, ladies and gentlemen, because here, after all these months, is a letter from the “long-lost” lieutenant, now a captain—**P. Emil Voegeli**. Writing from the British Isles, Paul says: “I have just finished reading the January Drizzle and decided to write tonight instead of putting it off “later in the week”—which in the past just never seemed to come. Letters and The Messenger keep us informed on some things but you have been treating us to news of a kind that we otherwise just don’t get. Those items are always most welcome. I notice by the Drizzle that at least five other fellows from home are in the United Kingdom. I was especially interested in **Carl Dick**’s address as back in August I happened to be in the city near which he is stationed, and had a day of “in between time” to spend there as I wished. Carl mentioned fish, chips, and tea. That is a combination I usually stay away from. I had some there, too. The chips were O.K., the tea was as good as tea usually is, but the fish was bad—pre-war, I believe. Sincerely, Paul.” (Now that you’ve broken your silence, P. E., let’s hear from you more often. And how about a ringing, bristling rebuttal to the many humorous quips that’uv been tossed your way. For instance, Doc Youngreen, that wily warrior of the Southwest Pacific, calls you “the legal larcenist” or “Who’s-got-the-gavel?” Voegeli and even suggests that you may be wearing Scotch kilts. We’re awaitin’ for a vigorous counter-attack.) . . . From **Sgt. Melvin Marty**, Co. A, 8th Inf., Somewhere in England: “Received the Jan. Drizzle and it’s tops. The Drizzle is a great morale booster—even better over here than in the states. Well, Roz, I am somewhere in England. I might be able to get in contact with Wilbert. (Surely hope you do, Mel.) The other day **Gen. Eisenhower** was here to look us over. I didn’t get to see him because I was in charge of quarters. The fellows say he is sure one swell fellow. Notice **Sgt. Joe Legler** is in England. Have you got his address? (Here it is, Mel: 91st Sta. Comp. Sq. (S. T.) Det. D. APO 635). This leaves me okay and keep The Drizzle coming by all means. So long, **Sgt. Mel Marty**.” . . . From **Staff Sgt. “Cec” Wirth**, USM, former oratorical oriole of M. H. S. and also known as the boy “with-a-way-with-the-women,” writing from “In the Field, Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific”: “Dear Roz: If there are many people home on furlough whenever I get there, the way Monticello is represented by commissions, most of my excess energy will be exhausted from saluting half the male population. But you can let “Romeo” Hill know that if his nose still wiggles when he thinks something is funny, he had better control it when I give him a G.I. Leatherneck arm-bend. From the way it sounds, the “Kiss King” has himself a firm hold on a good racket. Do you suppose he would lend a poor, beat-up Marine one of those extra femmes he has chasing him around the Yale campus? (Uh-uh, Cec, the King, like all other monarchs, is funny that way.) Have to shove off. Duty calls. Just keep that Drizzle coming. It’s a booster, the like of

which has yet to be seen. Sincerely, Cec.” . . From **Ensign Ed Klassy**, aboard the U.S.S. Williamson in the Pacific: “Have seen many islands, historic spots, natives, etc.—some not very interesting. Talked to a few of these natives and also shook hands with a chief who has signed some sort of treaty with the U. S. and carries a watch presented by the President. These natives aren’t too dumb as they sure have learned what the American dollar is for--\$5 to \$10 for a string of shells or carving. Feeling fine. Best regards to all the fellows.” . . **Cpl. P. A. Roth**, Camp Edwards, Mass., writes: “In Boston over week-end. Taking in wealth of historic sights. Plenty of them here. Waiting for the Drizzle. More later.” . . From **Lt. “Ott” Blum**, M. C., USNR, in New Guinea: “Just read Jan. Drizzle. One of best yet. Especially interesting were items about **Slim Freitag**, **Al Lauridsen**, the **Blumer Brothers**. Glad Les gets some duty in the States now. Hope the Drizzle continues to come until the krauts and monkeys are all washed up. Ott.”

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Stoll**, **Art Escher**, **Karl Holsinger**, **Al Moritz**, **P. J. Aultman**, **Jacob Burgy**, **Mrs. John G. Blum**, **Mrs. Alois Wyss**, **Al Knobel**, **W. J. Marty**, **Helen Roethlisberger**, **Joe Voegeli**, **Adam Schuler**, **James Lobbs**, **W. A. Loveland**, **Pat Schoonover**, **Fran Kubly**, **Fred Stauffer**, **John Dick**, and **Dr. H. J. Horne**.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Carl J. Dick, the new Prince of Wales, is a sergeant now. . . **Ted Butler** (**Shirley Curtis’ husband**) leaves soon for overseas. **Bud Wirth** shipped out Tuesday. . . **P. F. Blumer’s** back at Chanute Field after a furlough here. **Wilbert Marty’s** now a Staff Sgt. S’long!

PLEASE REMEMBER—That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

GET SETTLED IN YOUR SEATS, YOU WACS AND WARRIORS—

Because here's The Drizzler again, all poised for the kick-off with another big batch of interesting news about your buddies in various parts of the United States and throughout the world. Interesting news and views from such distant lands as New Guinea, the Marshall Islands, England, Wales, Northern Ireland, Italy, Cuba, and Battleships in the Pacific.

HOW 'BOUT WARMING UP BY RAMBLING AT RANDOM?—

So it's all right with all of you lads and lassies. Okay, then, hold onto your hats because here we go: **Ensign Edwin Klassy**, aboard the U.S.S. Williamson somewhere in the Pacific, recently had a dandy surprise, meeting up with a very good friend of his from Colby, Wis., where "Ed" was Smith-Hughes agricultural instructor in the high school before his induction into the armed services. "It was one of those chances in a million," he writes, "That our ships would put in at the same port at the same time. Keppel is the chap's name, and since he is an engineering officer and also on a destroyer, he has quite a job on his hands. He makes the third person I've met from back home since leaving there. **Jim and Helen Knoblauch** back in San Diego and now Keppel out here. If such meetings could be arranged a bit more often, it sure would be nice. If these censors would let up a little, one could write some very interesting letters, but as it is, about all we can write is of a very general nature." . . . Writing from Somewhere in Scotland, **Capt. P. Emil Voegeli**, former fancy-feed legal counselor for the far-flung Haddinger-Dick transportation Trust, says: "I have one criticism of your paper that I am sure some of the other fellows will agree with. It is the title, Roz. "Drizzle" is a word many of us have really learned to dislike. I would like to suggest "Sunshine," or, if you must get people wet, something like "Snow Drift." (Ah, but Paul, isn't it nice to expect to be drenched by another drizzle and then wind up in a burst of sunshine or land in a snow drift, instead?) . . . **Sgt. Melvin Marty**, who is with Co. A of the 8th Infantry, Somewhere in England, reports that the farmers over there already have their crops in—that they don't waste any land and farm every bit of it. The roads are good in England, but even the main roads are narrow. Melvin says that he was surprised to learn that **Leonard Felts** is also stationed in England and he doubts if he'll get to see his brother, **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, because his outfit doesn't get any time off. . . . From far-away New Guinea comes a few lines from **Lt. O. S. Blum**, who had just received another issue of the Drizzle which caused him to reflect that so many of the boys who are doing such a good job in this war were just youngsters in their teens when I left Monticello. Believe I'm about due to move up where there will be some action, I still haven't seen any. By the way, I wonder where **Prof. W. J. Urben** is now?" (You're referring to "Walt, the Wildcat," of course, aren't you, Ott? He's still state director of the division of mental hygiene. For the first time in a month, Walt was in the office the other day on one of his famous in-and-out-of-the-door-in-a-minute visits. He had been out to the

farm, presumably to give the cows and chickens a peppery little pep talk on production. This is going way astray of the subject, Ott, but you must remember **“Beebo,”** that professor’s little son who amused you no end with his antics one fall when we were in our early years at the university. He couldn’t have been over three or four years old then. It is nearly a year ago that I noticed in the Madison newspapers that **“Beebo,”** then in the army had given his life for our country—killed in action, I believe, in the North African campaign. I meant to send you the clipping at the time, but it slipped my mind. Yes, little **“Beebo”** died—so that his country might live. . . . After 38 months in the service, **Sgt. Perry Janes** is back in Monticello, having received a medical discharge from the army. Recently Perry had again been receiving treatment for skin infection at Ashburn General Hospital, McKinney, Texas, where, it is safe to assume, **Lt. “Bo” Woelffer** still reigns supreme as the idol of the army nurses’ corps. Nineteen months of Perry’s service were spent in the Southwest Pacific mostly in New Zealand and the Fiji Islands. He was with a Field Artillery Battalion.

STRAIGHT FROM THE STRATOSPHERE—

From **Staff Sergeant Wilbert Marty**, who is tail gunner on a Flying Fortress and now has many missions over Europe to his credit: “Dear Roz: Whom should I meet on the field the other day but old “Fizzletop”—**Leon Babler**. He has been transferred to my base. A couple of nights later we got together and had a good old gab-fest. Everything from incidents on missions to the basketball team of 1938-39. Gee, it sure was swell. Same old Leon—hasn’t changed a bit. The old routine hasn’t changed, either. All I can say is read the newspapers and note where the (deleted by censor, but it looks like “Forts” to the Drizzler) are going. Got a clipping from home stating that my closest friend at Whitewater State Teachers college is a German prisoner of war. He was a pilot of a Fort—only 19 years old. Feels good to know he is safe. Say, Roz, I wish you could meet our ground crew. Boy, are they a swell bunch of guys. They’ll go all out for you. Every once in a while you read an article about ground crews, but it’s just a drop in the bucket compared to the space and recognition they should get. I sure envy these fighter pilots over here. Boy, some of those fellows are really “Hot Rocks.” Every now and then I get a chance to talk to one of them. It’s really a pleasure to listen to those guys. They have told me, too, that they respect us for what we go through. You’ve probably read about these pilots over here—**Mahurin, Johnson, and Brown**—to name a few. Spring is rolling around and we have been shagging flies at every spare moment. Last Sunday, the E. M.s of our barracks played the officers of our crews in softball. We won, 14-13, in the last of the seventh. The medic captain from our squad played with the officers. What a slugger! All for now. Sincerely, Wilbert.” (But, Wilbert, you neglected to say what Marty, the Mighty Mauler, did at the plate? Seems to me it must have been you who broke up the game in the last of the seventh with a “Babe Ruthless” drive over the center field fence. By the way, Sarge, how d’you suppose your old side-kick, **Staff Sgt. “Cec” Wirth** is faring with those dusky damsels of the Southwest Pacific? How ‘bout it, Cec? Or are you yearning for a little social jaunt up into Mount Vernon or over around Blanchardville? What’s that? You bet I’ve got a good memory.)

NEWS FROM THE PEN ‘N’ PENCIL FRONT—

An extremely interesting letter from **Lt. John Steinmann**, Fort Belvoir, Va., who tells of his various duties on the faculty of the engineering school and also gives much fascinating historical data about the Fort and the surrounding area. “Being as close to Washington as we are (16 miles),” says John, “Our program is constantly subjected to diversion in the way of inspections by officers of high rank, visits by celebrities—several movie stars have been through our classrooms—and visits by foreign

officers who are sent here to study American methods. Yesterday 16 Brazilian officers were here. In the past few months, officers from Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina, Holland, Mexico, and England have all been conducted through our courses on instruction inspection tours. According to The Messenger, **Paul Voegeli** and **Leon Babler** are up for congratulations—Paul on his promotion to captain and Leon on his Air Medal and Oak Leaf Cluster. **Wilbert Marty** is also to be congratulated on his promotion to Staff Sergeant. Both he and Leon have probably completed their 25th missions by now—which alone makes them worthy of the best this country has to offer. Include my good word to them along with yours in the next Drizzle, Roz. That goes for all the boys from home with whom I’ve lost contact. That town is really going to be some place when we all get back. It’s really going to look good to us.” (Thanks, John, for your generous praise of the Drizzle. It’s swell to know you think it’s so swell!) . . . From **Pfc. Emil Weigert**, Co. D, 1st Bn., 8th Inf., Somewhere in England: “Hi, Roz: See by the Drizzle a lot of us are winding up over here, but haven’t met any of the boys yet. I sure would like to meet one of the old-timers—like **“Bob” Blumer**—who could give me a few tips. (Imagine Bob’s the guy that could do it, Emil.) Feeling swell. Plenty to eat and army routine gives us plenty of exercise. In our spare time we try to build up better relations with our English neighbors—if you get what I mean. But I sure would like a good bottle of Budweiser for a change. Happy Easter. Emil (Hope you get that Budweiser, Emil, and I’m wondering if you ever got that “shot” of Kessler’s you were thirsting for in the last Drizzle. Here’s a tip to Emil’s superior officer: Make sure that Emil gets a few snorts of Kessler’s and a couple bottles of Budweiser right at invasion time and the war’ll be as good as over because then Emil’ll be a Battling Bearcat Bound for Berlin! . . . **Sgt. Carl J. (Jake the Joker) Dick**, with the 348th Station Hospital near Cardiff, Wales, writes that during the past winter they have had frost only a few times, and that because of the golf stream, the temperature changes very little. Says C. J. : “It remains light until after 8 o’clock now. I am told that in summer darkness does not come ‘til 10:30 or 11 o’clock. Last Saturday afternoon four of us from the office walked to a village nearby (name scissored by censor.) This village is situated in a valley, a small river passes through, and an old canal that hasn’t been in use for a long time, is still in evidence. On the crest of a high hill overlooking the town is—that’s right—a beautiful little castle. The whole thing presents a story-book appearance. While not a real large one, this castle is still quite a building. The towers are about 100 feet high and the entire structure covers more ground than the school house. From a native we learned that Oliver Cromwell laid siege to this castle and one of his cannons placed on a spot near the canal blew part of the largest tower apart. This was rebuilt and now the castle is in a perfect state of repair. The original castle dates back to the days of the Romans and a five-mile escape tunnel still remains.”

A REPORTER’S REPORT ON THE ROYALISTS OF ROMANCE—

To all you lads from the old home town who are so widely scattered throughout the universe, this tidbit of society news will undoubtedly come to you as a thunderbolt out of the blue. Sir **Walter Haddinger**, famous locally for his humor, sportsmanship, snappy haberdashery, and high standing among the captains of capitalism, has toppled from his lofty perch atop the pedestal of bachelorhood with a resounding thud. This is not mere fluff, boys. It’s the McCoy, straight from the trusty typewriter of that famed diagnostician of masculine heart afflictions, **Lt. Wallie Barlow**, recently transferred back to the Naval Air training Station at Glenview, Ill., from Hutchinson, Kansas, where he had been situated for several months. Wallie got a glimpse of this gorgeous bundle of feminine pulchritude when he and Walt were playing a friendly little game of pool in **Sophie Wyss’s** Sports Emporium on a recent week-end. The game was moving along beautifully with Walter uncorking one sensational shot after another. At this point, however—says Wallie—in strolls little (?) **Eleanor**,

and right at that very moment, Walt went completely to pieces. In fact, he couldn't have hit his cue ball with a tennis racket. And surely there is no surer sign of love—real, solid, substantial, undiluted love—than that. For more inside information on this rapidly blossoming romance, contact the naval lieutenant at Glenview. I'm sure he'll give it to you with plenty of enlightening embellishments thrown in for good measure. . . . Incidentally, Wally is now at work trying to chase away the secrecy which shrouds the latest love affair of **Lt. R. W. (Bo) Woelffer, Jr.**, a romance which is still wrapped in much mystery because "Junior" continues to huddle behind a wall of silence (or nurses) in the Ashburn General Hospital down at McKinney, Texas, refusing to even as much as recognize the repeated inquiries concerning the identity of his lucky little lump of loveliness which The Drizzler has shot in his direction. It may take Wallie some time to get to the bottom of this affair, but be patient, boys, because I'm sure he'll get there eventually. . . . Latest press dispatches from New Haven, Conn., state that although it is now over three weeks since **Erwin (King) Kissling** has been gone from the Yale campus, the thick, tear-drenched pall of gloom which settled over Yale's sorority row immediately after The King's departure, has barely commenced to lift. . . . Paging **Art (Slug) Babler**, the United States Coast Guardsman at Atlantic City, N. J. Make sure that you're set, Art, because I shall expect you to give me the correct answer to this \$64 question. Here it is: If **C. J. Dick**, Monticello's Prince of Wales, should ever ascend the royal throne, do you think that he, too—like former King Eddie—would renounce it for his lady love??? (Please don't glower at me like that, C. J. I really didn't mean it—just sorta slipped out.) Remember, Art, this is a \$64 question. If you win, please collect the money from Whitey Hill. You know—he's always so loose with his money, anyway. . . . have any of you fellows heard of the nice little "friendship" **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, the ol' tail-gunner himself, has struck up with an English gal? And, boys, is she ever a peach! How do I know? Well, her name is **Margaret Peach!**

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Walter Zentner, MM 2/c, who is aboard a destroyer in the Pacific, has high praise for his ship and also for the chow they get on board. It's almost like home, Walt says, except that when you go for a walk you can walk as long as you like but not as far as you like—otherwise you might find yourself swimming. Walt's worst experience since he's been in the navy was getting some wisdom teeth pulled. . . . **"Bud" Wirth**, former interne in the **H. L. Karlen & Sons** auto repair hospital and now also in the navy, is apparently in the Hawaiian Islands—or was the last time he was heard from—because he speaks of trying to locate **Herman Baebler**, another Monticello boy, who is employed in the naval yards at Pearl Harbor. . . . **Joe Gmur**, the erstwhile local whisker king—hopes a "y" isn't substituted for the "r" in the final copy—writes from the Marine Corps Air Depot at San Diego, says he appreciates the Drizzle very much. "There isn't much to say about this place," states Joe, "Because all I do is barber at the P. X. shop. I'll be there until I join an active squadron. Out of 27 barbers there are 14 left and they'll take six more in a few days. Looks like they'll keep us older fellows 'til last." . . . From far out in the Southwest Pacific, **Eddie Loeffel** of the United States Marines, pens these lines: "Hi Roz: It sure was a surprise to get The Drizzle way out here. It sure is wonderful to read about friends all over the world. I never knew where half the fellows were. It sure is great to get The Drizzle. Yes, I was at the Marshall Islands, but we only stayed there for three days. Then we went back aboard ship and came to this rest camp. I can't tell you where it's situated or its name. All it does is rain. So we have been resting because they can't drill us in the mud. When we hit the Marshall's I was with an explosives squad. Now I am getting a B. A. R. rifle. So my work has changed. Our rest camp is nice. I weigh about 210. Not bad. All I do is eat and sleep. Soon time for taps again. Thanks a lot for The Drizzle way out here. A friend, Eddie." . . . and here

the Drizzler is way down to here and it's just dawned on me that I haven't thanked those of you who have included congratulations in your letters over the arrival of the new daughter, **Ronda Kay, born March 11**. She's a little dandy. **Ronda Kay** weighed 7 pounds, 15 ½ ounces at birth and I'm still just a little bit provoked at the young lady for not having taken a deep breath right at the right time and made it an even 8 pounds. We're having a regular circus at our house now, watching big sister, **Rosanda Rae**, who was four years old April Fool's day, take charge of things. . . **Pvt. Leonard D. Felts**, Band Det., 360th Eng. Regt., breaks into the Drizzle for the first time with an acknowledgment of his first copy. Says Len: "It brought back many memories to me. I'll have to be looking around for some of the old gang here in England. I get around some over here playing in the band. Well, Roz, I am not much of a letter writer so will close for this time. Was very pleased to receive The Drizzle. Will be waiting for the next issue to come drizzling down my way." . . And here we have a letter from **Len's "little" brother, Leo, PhM2c**, USNR, USMC, base in Cuba: "A few lines to thank you for the March Drizzle. I was certainly looking forward to it and each and every word was truly enjoyed. I have been doing quite a bit of swimming and golfing during my spare time. We get plenty of liberty, but I'm afraid it would cause quite a bit of suffering for most of those Monticello Romeo's unless they are up on their Spanish and have had plenty of experience with the company of a chaperone. (What a bea-ooti-ful spot for Whitey Hill! Come to think about it, though, he'd get by somehow.) Saw **Bob Hope** and his radio performers last Sunday. The encores really had **Francis Langford** holding the microphone. Wonder why? Have to go on patrol in a few minutes so I had better cut it. My regards to all! Adios, Leo." . . **Roger Klassy**, with the Navy V-12 Unit at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn., says he's not as lucky as **King Kissling** was because that school is not co-ed. "Our life isn't too bad, but the study hours seem to be too short for the amount of studying to be done. We get up at six and hit the sack at ten except on week-ends when taps are at eleven. Good luck to the Drizzler and his Drizzle." . . **Royal Voegeli**, enrolled in a similar naval course at Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn., reports that he finds school much the same as Roger—quite a bit harder than the U. W. with more subjects and less time to study. Most of the free periods during the day are devoted to drill and calisthenics. . . Camp Pickett, Va., doesn't appeal very much to **Erwin (King) Kissling**, Co. (*indecipherable*), 309th Infantry, but little wonder after several months as the toast of the co-eds at Yale University. "This division," says Boob, "Just came off of the Tennessee maneuvers and they beat the dickens out of the 106th. Ask Eddie about that! Oh, yes, April 10th is the start of our training and we get five months of it! Must close. Be good and I'll try." . . **Lt. Betty Jane Woelffer** is now stationed at Ft. Jackson, S. C. Enroute there, she and other nurses had a 4 ½ -hour stop-over in New Orleans and visited the French quarter. "Everything was so interesting," says Betty, "that the time went too fast. Some sailors even gave us a ride in a landing barge—it sure was fun." We're mighty sorry to hear that Betty has been hospitalized for more than the past week due to severe headaches and here's hoping, B. J., that you'll soon be feeling fit as a fiddle again. . . **Norma (Prexy) Freitag**, until recently in the cardiology department at the Wisconsin General hospital and now employed in a similar position on a vast DuPont project near Hanford, Wash., asked to be remembered with a Drizzle each month. "Now that I am out here and can see what I am doing," writes Norma, "I feel as eligible as the boys in Texas, Africa, and other places. I might add I also feel like I am living on the desert in North Africa instead of the state of Washington." We're very happy to place your name on our list, Norma, and we hope you enjoy every issue of The Drizzle. . . **Pvt. Morgan Phillips**, with a Tank Destroyer Battalion at Camp Maxey, Texas, may be on his way across by this time. Morgan sent the Drizzler the insignia of his outfit, suggested that the rest of the boys do likewise with the thought that they be sewed onto something or fixed up in some way. Sounds like a fine idea. What do the rest of you fellows think

of it? . . . **Pvt. Robert (Zoom) Blumer**, whom the gals of Northern Ireland are constantly serenading with that famous old ballad, “My Wild Irish Rose,” sends The Drizzler these pointed observations: “Well, I ‘spose the force there at the post office, including yourself, will go “Dewey” this fall. How’s **Jimmy Lobbs**? Wish I had one of his Baby Beef hamburgers and a good cup of coffee. How’s **Yolanda**? Still able to boil water without burning it? How’s “the Bake” these days? I suppose **Leon, the Chevrolet Kid**, from 68th and Cottage Grove, is right on the ball these days? Wish I could drop in on **Herr Kubly at the Bucket of Blood**. Imagine he still pitches one every now and then, along with Sonny Boy, the type-setter. Imagine **H. A. Walters** will soon be putting the swimming pool in trim for the local flying fish. Good thing I made use of it while I was there.” . . . **Sgt. Warren Murphy**, Camp Barkeley, Texas, former famous understudy of the equally famous **J. Pierpont Lobbs**, the local “Ketchup King” predicts that now that **Whitey Hill**’s a lieutenant those dolls just never will leave him alone. “Murph” is now on a 17-day bivouac and he’s not too keen about it. Says that when he got the last Drizzle, “I just flopped on my bed and devoured every bit of it.” . . . **Tommy Brusveen**, stationed in England, hopes to meet a few of the numerous Monticello boys also there. Tommy and a buddy enjoy many of the comforts of home, staying in the living room of a nice residence equipped with gas heater, R. C. A. radio and record player, 3 easy chairs, davenport which they use for a bed, piano, table, and writing desk. . . . **Lt. Leon Babler**, navigator on a flying Fort based in England, writes briefly that nothing unusual has happened since his last letter, that the food is good there—even got fresh eggs and ice cream occasionally. Also says “We have a very nice club that sports an old American type bar, record players, radios, and many other types of entertainment.” . . . **Corp. Paulus Roth**, Camp Edwards, Mass., has been transferred to the Enlisted Cadre Pool where he works in the personnel office. His future assignment is uncertain. May be sent out on cadre as a fire control man or as an administrative personnel non-com. Recently cracked two ribs on the obstacle course, but is feeling 100% now. Paulus asks to be remembered to all Drizzle readers.

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN ‘N’ PENCIL FRONT—

Lt. Howie Steinmann, USMC, Camp Pendleton, Calif., tells of the grand trip he and Gladys had motoring from Washington, D. C., to the west coast. Then Howie says: “Roz, you can tell **Betty Woelffer** for me that she can have all of Yuma, Ariz. (How about it, Betty, you gonna take it?) We passed thru Yuma and we were anchored there for 6 hours trying to get a flat tire fixed. What a town to be held up in by a tire. I imagine it has its good points, but I never saw them. Well, Roz, that’s all from here for now. I imagine Lt. Hill gives you all the dope for your “Society and Love-Lorn Page” so all this Hollywood gossip would seem mild in comparison. I’ll send weather reports—O.K.?” (No, Howie, we’ll leave that to the California chambers of commerce. Remember, **Whitey Hill** operates on a national scale. If you hear anything about his social activities out there, let’s have it.) . . . From **Capt. Norman Steussy**, Somewhere in Italy: “Dear Roz: I want to congratulate you and your wife on the new arrival at your house. I notice the stork brought you a little “Wac” or “Wave,” just as he did us last September. (Looks as tho we’re both in the same boat—without any Skipper—doesn’t it, Norman?) While I write this, I am sitting in my tent eating peanuts and drinking a bottle of Scotch ale. Isn’t much to say about this country. Hope another Drizzle will catch up with me soon.” . . . From **Vincent Gerry**, also Somewhere in England: “Sure is great to receive The Drizzle. Just back on duty after several weeks in a hospital. Suppose you know I am in a parachute outfit and I sure like it. It’s a great privilege to be in this branch of the service even tho it is pretty dangerous. Wish I could see some of the boys from home I used to play ball with—**Leon Babler, Wilbert and Mel Marty**, and “**Bo**” **Woelffer**—to name a few of them. When **Harris Babler** said, “Sweat it out,”

I know just what he means. That's what we do every time we go up until they say, "Stand up and hook up." Then one feels at home. You really have an awful feeling tumbling head over heels in midair, but when your chute opens, you just want to shout with joy. Must close. God bless all the boys and Roz. Your friend, Vincent."

THOSE LOVERS OF THE 'LEUTIANS AND THE LOUISIANA LAGOONS LET LOOSE AGAIN—

Lt. Hoppe Babler blasts back at "**Doc**" **Youngreen** for his aspersions anent his billiard ball wizardry: "I can't endure the assault of "slings and arrows" from that old dispenser of "sneaky Pete"—**H. (Doc) Youngreen**. You know, Roz, some people are never satisfied and this so-called wearer of "the Caduceus"—Youngreen--says his New Year was totally lacking in garnishments. Since the Doc is an old hand at the dispensing art and inasmuch as all medics have easy access to the G. I. supply—well, it just doesn't add up. Who does he think he's kidding? Spent most of the winter entertaining visiting movie queens such as **Ingrid, M. O'Driscoll**, and **Olivia de Havilland**." (Come, come, Hoppe, please remember **Whitey Hill** reads *The Drizzle*, too. How he'll long for the Aleutians now!) . . . And now God's gift to the girls—Whitey himself—speaks: "Dear Drizzle plus 1: Well, how about a cigar, Roz? (You're a little young to be smoking cigars, Whitey. Wait until you're a little older and I'll buy you one—maybe.) Congratulations. Looks like you're trying to raise cheer leaders. How about a quarterback? (What's the use of raising quarterbacks: Stuhldreher calls all the signals from the bench, anyway.) Not much coming out of me this month—never known myself to be so reticent. Eats are good here. Might even get a steak now and then. Saw a honey—I mean steak—in Temple the other night. One plate wouldn't have held it. What sort of an excuse has Becker dug up for the misfortune that befell him at the Brodhead tournament? I'll bet it's a dandy story. (There was a report that "Beck" jumped off the Main Street bridge the night of the debacle. I don't know who could have started such a vicious rumor. Oh, that's right. I just happened to think. I guess I did.) Have to ring off. Keep 'em coming—*The Drizzle*, too, Whitey."

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Robert F. (Bob) Marty**, Monroe; **Connie Stauffacher**, **Fred Stauffacher**, **Nathan Crouch**, **Dr. Baebler**, **H. J. Elmer**, **Glenn Zimmerman**, **Emma Marty**, **Irene Marty**, **Fannie G. Benkert**, **Fred Escher**, **Mrs. John Streiff**, **Dr. Horne**, **Casper Blum**, **Mrs. Harry Edwards**, Albany, and **Dr B. L. Clarke**.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Awfully sorry to have had to boil so many of your letters so drastically, but the last three pages have been a struggle for space. Just in "over the wires!" A flash from **Emil Weigert** in England. Emil's rarin' to go, itchin' for the invasion to start, and he says that when the Yanks land in France, they'll make it so hot for **Hitler**, he'll think Hell is just a side-show! S'Long for now. And in the meantime, here's tons of the very best of luck to each and every one of you!!

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

AT EASE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AT EASE!—

Because here, if you please, is another issue of The Drizzle brimming with all sorts of the newest news ‘n’ views about your buddies in the service. So now if all of you’ll come over here and gather around The Drizzler in a cozy little circle, I’ll step to the microphone and tell you about many of the latest activities of your old pals who are now scattered in many different parts of the world—from far-away New Britain way out there in the Southwest Pacific clear to the British Isles and Italy. That’s the stuff! Now that you’re all comfortably settled, I’ll—oh, oh, I was afraid of that—come on there, **Whitey Hill**, get that dreamy look out of your eyes and stop longing for that gorgeous, captivatn’ blonde you met on your last leave from Camp Hood. And you, too, **King Kissling**, please quit nudging **Carl Babler** in the ribs and gushing to him about that beautiful brunette you happened to meet in between trains in Chicago on your way back to dear old Camp Pickett. There, now. That’s better. Okay, then, if you’re all set, let’s get amovin’:

“BAB” BABLER ALIGHTS FROM ALASKA—

Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler, who was lionized by the ladies when he was one of the gayer swains of the hamlet before he left Monticello some 24 years ago, alighted in the old home town from Alaska the other day and it was mighty nice to see the sergeant whose stellar play in the back court as a guard on local high school basketball teams stamped him as one of the most effective defensive players the M. H. S. ever had back in that illustrious athletic era. It will be two years in August that “Bab” has been in the service and he has spent 17 months in Alaska as a member of a medical unit. He made the trip back to the states in a large, twin-motored passenger-cargo plane which traveled the nearly 1700 miles from Anchorage to Seattle in less than 9 hours. Besides himself, there were 17 other passengers in the plane and the rest of the space was occupied by cargo.

“Bab” is feeling fine and looks it, too, says that while he naturally would sooner be back home, he likes Alaska which abounds in rare scenic beauties. His visit with me was short, but nevertheless was interesting and it stirred me to many fond memories. It made me think of the time that “Bab” and his famous old side-kick, “**Slim**” **Freitag**, now vice-president in charge of sales for Howard Aircraft Corporation in Chicago, “bummed” a ride to Monroe one Sunday night with **Tommy** (Big Tim) **Elmer**, now a resident of that city for many years but then one of Monticello’s leading Romeos. Automobiles were not so plentiful in those days. Tommy had one, however, and his social obligations required his presence in Monroe at least every Sabbath evening. Consequently, “hooking” a ride with Tommy was just about the surest way of getting to the county capital and getting to the county capital and taking in a show was really something in those days.

Tommy had quite a reputation locally as a night owl and both “Bab” and “Slim” quizzed the big boy pretty closely to make certain they’d arrive back in Monticello at a fairly decent hour. “You don’t have to worry,” Tommy assured them, “I’ll call for you at the Ludlow hotel at 12.” The boys were still a little skeptical. “Are you sure?” they demanded. “Why, of course, I’m sure,” was the reply. “I’m a man of my word. Besides, I want to get home early tonight myself.”

So along with Tommy they went, these two young Valentinos—“Bab” and “Slim”, the same two sheiks who after their graduation from high school later on, invaded Chicago together to study pharmacy at the University of Illinois—“Bab” to continue his studies and win his degree and “Slim” soon to take advantage of his rare talent as a trombone player which enabled him to scale such lofty musical heights that he eventually played with such nationally famous “name” bands as Art Kahn’s, Jack Denny’s, Frankie Master’s, Roger WolfeKahn’s at President Coolidge’s inaugural ball in Washington, and Wayne King’s. Well, “Bab” and “Slim” got to Monroe with Tommy, all right. And they went to a movie and then to Ruf’s for a malted milk because Roof’s Gardens was the mecca for all of the county’s blue-bloods in those days. They may even have downed two malted milks for all I know because “Bab” and “Slim” were in a mighty reckless mood on this particular night, bent upon going “all-out”, if necessary, to have a really rip-snortin’ time.

Then, at 11:45, these two “hell-raisers” went to the Ludlow. Twelve o’clock came, but not Tommy. And they sat—and they sat—and they sat! And every time a car would appear around the corner of what is now the Montgomery Ward store, “Bab” and “Slim” would raise off their porch chairs and exclaim with joyous relief, “Well, here Tommy’s finally coming—AT LAST!”

But every time they were wrong. The clock on yon court house tower struck one—two—three—four o’clock, and still no Tommy. Finally, a little over three-quarters of an hour later, he rounded the corner and pulled up to the curb in his Big Buick.

“I guess I’m a little late,” yawned Tommy in that slow, familiar drawl of his.

“You guess you’re a LITTLE LATE!” snorted “Bab” and “Slim” in unison and they continued to snort beautifully descriptive adjectives at Tommy practically all the way home to Monticello. Big Tommy, however, would just merely chuckle with a deep, guttural chuckle. And the more they’d snort, the more he’d chuckle.

Some times I’ve wondered if “Slim” and “Bab” probably weren’t a little too hard on Tommy. Because, after all, hadn’t Tommy assured them that he was a man of his word, that he would call for them at the Ludlow at 12. And didn’t he? Why, of course, he did! At 12—minutes to 5!!

NOW LET’S TAKE A LITTLE RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Leave it to **Staff Sgt. Debbie Moritz** when it comes to perfect timing of the mails between the British Isles and the old home town. On April 12th, he mailed his mother, **Mrs. Albert Moritz**, a gift for Mother’s Day—which was Sunday, May 14—and it reached Monticello the day before! The gift was a pair of pretty hand-made silver flower vases, made in India, which Debbie purchased near his army camp. Debbie, who is affiliated with the Radio Signal Corps, is believed now to be stationed somewhere in Scotland after having been situated in South Wales for several weeks. **Sgt. Carl** (Jake, the Joker) **Dick** is a registrar for the 348th Station Hospital near Cardiff, Wales, but so far as is known, these two old neighbors on Monticello’s South Main Street never got to see each other. . . . **Lt. Otto S. Blum**, with the Medical Corps of the U.S. Navy, is ill with malaria. Apparently “Doc” became sick with the disease in New Guinea where he had been stationed for some time. Details regarding the seriousness of his illness are lacking, but it is known that plans had been made to fly “Doc” to Australia for treatment at a rest camp at Sidney or Melbourne. Here’s hoping, “Doc”, that you’ll soon be feeling more and more like your old self again.” . . . Do you fellows like to fish?

Well, listen to this: **“Pat” Schramm**, Freeport, who drives one of the mail trucks through Monticello, went fishing Sunday in the backwaters of the Mississippi near Savanna, Ill. With him were his wife and another couple. The Schramms caught 193 bullheads, ranging in weight from one-half to tree-quarters of a pound. The other couple hooked 235 of them. There were over 50 boatloads of fishermen on the lake and one of the anglers, who stayed out several hours longer than the rest, came in with a catch of nearly 400. I agree with all of you. Yes, there must be an awful lot of “bull” in so many bullheads, but that’s not what I’m handing you. Really, it’s the straight stuff! . . . **Royal Voegeli**, with the V-12 set-up at Gustavus Adolphus, St. Peter, Minn., says, “There has been some scuttlebutt around that our term here may be lengthened to as much as two full years. At that rate, I never will even see an airplane. Frankly, I am rather impatient to start flying. Things have changed very little since my last letter. We were finally issued uniforms which give the campus a military touch. Please keep the Drizzle coming.” . . . **Pvt. “Al” Deppeler**, recently transferred to Camp Rucker, Ala., from the Colorado School of Mines at Golden, Colo., reports that he’s now in the 66th Infantry Division, better known as the Panther Division, and he appraises it as a plenty rugged outfit. Says “Al:” “There are a couple of thousand A. S. T. P. men here and last week over a thousand air cadets came in. Some of these boys had up to 30 hours flying time to their credit. Almost all of us in the outfit now are between 19 and 22 so the officers really pour on the physical work. Have had lots of hand to hand combat classes. Looks like “Boob” and I are in the same thing.”

IT’S “HOME SWEET HOME” TO THE OL’ TAIL GUNNER!—

The grandest piece of news that has hit Monticello in quite a spell is the information that **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, tail gunner on a Flying Fortress, is soon to leave England for home and it may all be that he’ll be back in Monticello before the next issue of The Drizzle rolls “off the press.” Writing under date of May 6th from England to his parents, **Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Marty**, Wilbert merely said that he had “good news” for them because he and his bombing crew’s radio operator, **Sgt. Bayless of Texas**, were leaving for home soon. The exact purpose of Wilbert’s mission back to the states is not known. It may be that he has now completed the required number of bombing flights over Europe entitling him to come back home on a leave from active duty, and then again, the air command may be sending him over here to take advance courses in gunnery or to become an instructor in one of the army’s gunnery schools. That the ol’ tail gunner has been on a large number of missions over the continent is attested by the fact that he recently spent seven days at a rest home where fliers are sent only after they have seen lots of action in air combat with the enemy. Wilbert, as always, writes interestingly of his experiences at the rest home. So now let’s turn The Drizzle’s microphone over to the Staff Sergeant and let him tell us all about them in his own words. Okay, Sarge, we’re ready for the low-down:

“If paradise was ever lost, I found it at this rest home. We stayed at a heavenly estate with a beautiful old mansion—the kind you often read about or see pictures of—beautiful gardens with fountains, pools, and statues.

“We ate five times a day and the food was very good. There was a glassful of orange juice at our bedside when we woke up every morning.

“There were sports of all kinds—softball, baseball, football, tennis, fishing, horseback riding, and golf. Everyone is issued a bike while he is here.

“And I got a suntan—which I didn’t think was possible in England.

“I went riding and had a lot of fun. We could wear civilian clothes but we had to be in dress uniform for dinner. The rest home is something I’ll never forget as long as I live.

“Incidentally, while I was at the home, I met a young pilot officer of the Canadian Air Force. Just a year older than me and his home is in Ontario. He was staying at a private home near us. One day the lady of his house invited me over for tea. Her husband is a retired army colonel and quite a card. They have a beautiful home.

“One day we hiked over to an old abbey which was built in 1205 and went through it. It was simply beautiful.

“Also met a flight surgeon, a major. He was a swell guy. Used to be a country doctor in Indiana. He played ball and went riding with us all the time.

“Yes, if paradise was ever lost, I surely found it at this rest home”

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From **Sgt. “Al” Baehler**, writing from Somewhere in Sicily: “Dear Roz: Received a copy of The Monticello Drizzle and was both very much pleased and surprised. Even though I have been gone from Monticello for a long time, I still have a warm spot in my heart for the place where I spent so many happy days of my youth. Reading about all the fellows in the service who were just kids when I left Monticello makes me feel like an old-timer. Like **“Doc” Youngreen**, I was also on a boat Christmas Eve. In fact, that was my first night on the ocean. Spent 27 days on the boat—which is a long time for a fellow who is used to having both feet on the ground. After 3 weeks in a replacement camp in Italy, I was assigned to the 34th Air Depot Group here in Sicily and at present am working in the Requisition Department of Air Corps Supply. We live in a nice apartment house here. We have very good food and plenty of it. This is a very rocky island; in fact, it seems to be mostly mountains. Everything is nice and green and the countryside is really beautiful. There are lots of carts and donkeys on the streets. The milk man takes his cow, or goat, right with him when he delivers milk. Seeing **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**’s name in The Drizzle reminds me that he was out to our house in Rapid City several times while he was stationed at the Air Base there. Both my wife and I enjoyed his visits very much. Thanks again for The Drizzle.” . . . From **Don Trickle**, with the 31st Station Hospital: “Well, Roz, I am still on this island called New Caledonia, but I don’t see anything new about it. It’s as old-fashioned as last year’s Easter parade. I didn’t realize it was Easter Sunday until I went to dinner because we had an unusual chow. Good, fresh food and not that dehydrated stuff “Bo” Woelffer has been sampling in Texas. Outside of holidays, all of our meals are made up of dehydrated foods. You know, Roz, this dehydrated food is like this dehydrated mail (V-Mail.) No good. I have been awarded the Good Conduct Medal for exemplary behavior, efficiency, and fidelity for over one year while the United States has been at war. (Congratulations, Don! That’s mighty fine!) Thirty-eight other boys also received the award at the same time. I read in The Drizzle of the medals **“Fizz” Babler** was awarded for action over enemy territory and for his many missions over Europe. Keep ‘em flying, Fizz, and we fellows on the ground will finish ‘em off. (Say, Don, or any of you lads, please tell me where Leon picked up that nickname. In the last Drizzle, Tail-Gunner Marty spoke of him as old Fizzletop. Let’s have an explanation. All right, Leon, you give it to us yourself.) Notice where **Art Zweifel of New Glarus** is also on New Caledonia. Sure would like to meet him. Guess I’ve written enough for now. Thanks again for The Drizzle. From across the waves, Don.” . . . From **Lt. Ed Klassy**, aboard the U. S. S. Williamson in the Pacific: “We are under way much or most of the time and are really piling up the miles. It is nice to be in port, but I prefer to be at sea. (Must be, Ed, that you’re getting to be a regular old sailor just like your famous uncle, Sir **Cecil Frederick Jordan**. I have heard rumors that Sir Cecil once sailed the Pacific ocean in a wash tub, but I guess the reports lack verification.) We live a very routine day-by-day life. When at sea, it is steam and stand watches; in port, it is stand watches, but

not nearly so often as at sea. Very seldom do we see a white feminine face except a nurse or USO show girl on rare occasion. (What a spot to stick **Whitey Hill** or "**Bo**" **Woelffer** in just for punishment!) I've had my surprises, tho. I was sitting here in my shorts one quiet afternoon in port, writing to a pal over in England. I was telling him of the absence of women out here when what should I see but a beautiful dream stroll by my open door. It took a second look to prove it wasn't a dream and indeed a beautiful blonde. She was a member of a traveling USO show and an old friend from the skipper's home town. He just happened to meet her on the beach and brought her aboard for a good meal and also to entertain the crew a bit. By the way, tell the boys if they ever see a Destroyer numbered 244 to make themselves known and I'm sure we can get together if it's at all possible. From the stories the ships bring back from their two weeks recreation in Australia, **Louis** (The Lover) **Wyss** must really be in his glory. All is fine and dandy here. Just waiting to get home, though."

BITS OF NEWS FROM NEW BRITAIN—

Monticello now has two representatives on New Britain, that far-away island in the Southwest Pacific. One of them is **Capt. Harold (Doc) Youngreen**, Co. B, 115th Med. Bn., that astute, scholarly medico, whose nimble humor at the expense of some of his comrades in khaki has contributed much hilarity to several past issues of The Drizzle. The other New Britainer from Monticello is **Pfc. Don Pearson**, D-Btry., 2nd Bn., 11th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. "Doc" insinuates that he's been a pretty busy man these past several weeks. (What do you think about it, fellows? Is "Doc" giving us the McCoy here or is it just a little fluffy stuff? That's one for **P. Emil Voegeli** of Scotland to answer. How about it, Paul? You used to room with "Doc" at the "U." Do you really think he's been busy or does he just think he's been?) Well, anyway, here's what the good doctor says: "I haven't had an opportunity to write for quite a while. I am now on New Britain. A lovely place, with plenty of jungle and mud. It really is quite beautiful here when viewed from a distance—and I would like to view it from a distance of about 9,000 miles. We are getting along okay and I am feeling fine. Got in on a little surgery today. They brought in a Jap prisoner with a bullet wound in the head. We removed the bullet and he seems to be doing all right. More later." (Just a minute there, Doc. You can't run out on me like that. You've got to promise to go on another one of those humor sprees, peppering your old pals with your witty jabs and jibes. I'm awaiting.) . . . And now it's **Don Pearson's** turn to speak: "Just received my first Drizzle and liked it very much. Hope to get it every month. (Now that we've finally got your address, Don, you'll get every issue.) I want to say hello to you and all the fellows and wish them the very best of luck. Have hoped I might run into "**Cec**" **Wirth** or **Joe Leutenegger** over here, but no such luck as yet. (Hope you and **Doc Youngreen** can get together, Don, now that you know each other's addresses.) I've been in combat for quite some time and participated in the initial landing on Cape Gloucester. Things went fairly smooth, as you undoubtedly know from radio and newspaper reports. Hope to see some liberty before long—but? Thanks a million for The Drizzle, Roz. Looking forward to the next issue. Best wishes to all. Don."

HERE WE GO AGAIN—

Lt. Ray (Burn-'Em-up) Burns, who was at Pearl Harbor when the Sneakanese unloosed their treachery, is now in North Africa where he says the Arab kids have learned just enough English to enable them to beg for things from American soldiers: "Hey, Joe, gimme Bon-Bon (candy), Chew gum, Joe, Smoke, Joe." Ray's a navigator-bombardier with the 2nd Bomb Sq. . . What do you think

of this, “Slim?” When your old side-kick, **“Bab” Babler**, dropped in from Alaska, he brought with him many interesting photographs, the most interesting of which was an autographed picture of the screen star, Olivia de Haviland, who toured Alaska entertaining our troops. Do you ‘spose the ol’ boy is getting that funny feeling in his heart? . . . **“Bob” Blumer**, the bard of Northern Ireland, reports getting an airmail letter from home in just four days. “In fact,” says the former Main Street humorist, “When I got it, the cloud formations were still on the envelope and I had to shake the snow off the letter in order to read it.” No, fellows, this isn’t “Bob” Ripley telling one of his famous “Believe-It-or-Nots.” It’s “Bob” Blumer, the old sheik of Nickle Plate avenue, who closes his letter like this: “How’s **Chite Clark** and **Chip Babler**, the rural route skeletons? Still working themselves to the bone? Suppose since gas is rationed, they can still make pretty good time around their routes if there’s a good wind and they hold up a large handkerchief.” . . . A few welcome lines from **Frances (Voegeli) Hoskins**, who says that she and her husband, **Lt. Jack**, have now been back in Red Bank (N. J.) for two months. They were delighted to return there because they have so many old friends living in that community. Thanks for the congratulations, Fran. . . **Pvt. Morgan Phillips**, Hq. Hq. Co., 603 Tank Destroyer Bn., is now in England which he describes as “a beautiful country. Am staying at a private home and like it fine so far. Have a brother here, but haven’t seen him yet.” Incidentally, Morgan recently sent The Drizzler a shoulder patch symbolizing his division, suggesting that you other fellows do likewise. Since then, **Cpl. Paulus Roth** and **“Boob” Kissling** have sent me theirs. Many thanks, fellows. . . **Pvt. Vincent Gerry**, Btry D, 376 Paracht. F. A. Bn., 82 A/B Div., was in Italy when his letter was “published” in the last Drizzle, and I erred then in stating he was Somewhere in England, but now that happens to be the very spot he’s headed for. “You can tell **Wilbert Marty** and the rest of the boys I’ll be seeing them.” Well, you’ll have to hurry to see the Tail Gunner, Vincent, because he’ll be headin’ for home most any day. “We are known as the roughest bunch overseas,” the paratrooper continues. “Ours is a small division, but as you know, they can really put some pretty powerful stuff in small packages.” Incidentally, Vincent wishes he could have a chat with the Two-Gun-Totin’-Sheriff, the fancy nickname which **“Bob” Blumer**, the old bard of North Ireland, hung onto **“Pat” Schoonover** in a recent Drizzle. . . **Jim Knoblauch**, who used to hock the basketball through the net from all angles when he was performing with the Oshkosh All-Stars and **Barney Karlen’s** Hustling Hurricanes, is now a corporal at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas, where he is a physical education instructor. Helen’s there with Jim. . . **Cpl. Paulus Roth** has been assigned to Btry. D, 10th Bn., AARTC, at Camp Steward, Ga., which is only 60 miles from the Florida border. There he is working as a non-com in group headquarters personnel. “Lots of new inductees here to be trained as replacements.” Says Paulus. “Camp Stewart is an anti-aircraft replacement training center. Received the Drizzle and enjoyed it lots.” Glad to hear that you did, Paulus. . . It may be wedding bells some of these days for **Sgt. Joe (Two-Gun) Legler**, whose heart has been skipping beats lately because of a nice little English girl. Really, fellows, it’s that serious! . . . **Pfc. Emil Weigert**, the former ace agriculturist of Mt. Pleasant township, sends us some interesting reminiscences from England. Even though he was born in Hamburg, Germany, Emil regards Monticello as his old home town because he spent so many enjoyable years here. He recalls a few times when he “had a little schniggle on”, and with his car, tried to straighten the road east of town on one occasion and made a heroic attempt to move the Railroad Avenue bridge on another. After the war, Emil’s going to tackle the bridge with a jeep and then he hopes to make it all the way up the girder this time. “It’s hard to believe,” he says, “That **Dick Schoonover**, **Boob Kissling**, **Wally Barlow**, **Leon Babler**, and the rest of those young Monticello lads are comrades in arms because I can remember when I first came to Monticello, they had barely started grade school. I must be getting old, but I don’t feel that way. At least I can hold

my own with the youngest man in my outfit.” . . . **W. A. (Bill) Bontly**, better remembered by many Monticelloans as “Hooch,” recently started the pinochle profession at Lake View Sanitarium near Madison by getting 1000 aces—something which happens very, very rarely. When Bill glimpsed those eight aces, he danced around and jumped up and down like an Indian. Thanks for sending me “Lake Views.” Bill. It’s a mighty swell lay-out.

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From “**Boob**” **Kissling**, whose recent transfer to Camp Pickett (Va.) from New Haven, left Yale university’s sorority row littered with the shattered romantic hopes of many broken-hearted co-eds: “Dear Roz: Was blessed with The Drizzle today while on K. P. again. Boy, they really are pouring it on—I mean, K. P. Every other day for me. Must be making me a cook’s helper. Say, Roz, ask Wilbert in the next Drizzle if he ever meets Mahurin (one of the crack fighter pilots in the European war theatre) again to ask him about Moe. They’re first cousins. Moe is here at Camp Pickett—one of the buddies at Yale. Tell **Whitey (Ugh) Hill** that we have a shave-tail in our company we call Whitey. He gets madder than heck when we “sir” him except when the C. O. is around. Say hello to **Eddie Loeffel**, **Leo Felts**, and all the boys. . . . From **Lt. “Bo” Woelffer**, Ashburn General Hospital, McKinney, Texas, who continues to remain blandly and irritatingly indifferent to repeated inquiries from this corner regarding the identity of his latest heart affliction: “Have been getting a little recreation by playing tennis on the concrete court next to our quarters. Don’t tell “Uriah” Hill about this, but the first time on the court, a couple of nurses walked by and asked if we would care to make it doubles. (And being very, very chivalrous, I suppose you took pity on the girls and let them play, too, even though you just simply hated to let them.) Can you imagine an Ace like Hill in a love game? (Let me ask you a question, Bo. Can you imagine Whitey in anything but a love game?) I played with an officers’ basketball team which won the tournament here. It was fun, but quite a burden on the respiratory system. Saw Perry Janes the day he was discharged and was he happy! So long.” . . . From **Sgt. “Erv” Spring**, idol of the Aleutian islands and former protégé of **H. Jeremiah Elmer**, that winsome little bundle of personality in **W. Ernie Blum**’s Merchandise Mart: “Hope it’s not too late to congratulate you on the new member of the Drizzle staff. Looks like they’ll have to have a girls football team at Wisconsin or the Richards name won’t get in the line-up. (What a happy thought, Erv, old pal! Maybe they will have a girls’ grid team at the U. W. by that time and there’ll be a “W” winner in the family after all.) I’m wondering what has happened to the great **Whitey Hill**. We haven’t heard from him in quite some time. I understand Gen. Marshall wants to keep him in the states because of his value to the army as an instructor. Can you give us any information on that, Roz? (This is strictly between you ‘n’ me, of course, Erv, but that instructor stuff is just a bunch of fluff. The real reason The Great Profile has been kept in the states is to avert a terrible collapse of feminine morale, a collapse that was almost sure to follow once the gals from coast to coast learned of his departure for overseas.) Time to close. I’m about to get in a few hours flying time. Best regards to all the boys.” . . . from **Mrs. Olin Mitmoen**, San Rafael, Calif.: “Olin is still one of the guards at the main gate at Hamilton Field which is 7 miles from here. One of the Sgts. told me the other day that Olin is one of the best men they’ve had at the main gate. (A pretty swell “Comp” I’d say, Olie.) It’s a very responsible job. I’m working at the Base Bank. I never saw so many government checks in all my life as I saw yesterday and today. We sure enjoy the Drizzle, Roz. (Swell to know you do, Norene.) It’s surely some sight to see so many big planes coming in and taking off out at the field. Will write more later.”

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moritz, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Blum, F. H. Steinmann, W. E. Blum, Frieda Benkert, Margaret Blum, Elizabeth Rolph, Helga Nichols, Mrs. Wilbert Christen, Florence Loveland, Dr. Clarke, Chas. Youngreen, H. C. Elmer, C. M. Stauffer, Anonymous, Jake Legler, Matt Bissig, Dr. Horne, H. J. Wirth, C. W. Lengacher, Monroe; Ruth Tomlinson, Edgerton; Mrs. Anna Elmer, Ruth Abley, and Herman Babler. AND A SALUTE**—to these loyal Drizzle staff members: **Ruth Karlson, Marion Hoesly, Betty Lewis, Marian Stauffer, Buddie Achtemeier, Diz Zimmerman, and Sunny and Gene Lynn.**

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

It's nice to hear that **Lt. Betty Woelffer** is gradually improving from her illness at Ft. Jackson, S. C. How about dropping her a line? Betty's address is N-772929, 105th Evacuation Hospital, and she's been a patient there for nearly two months. . . **Pvt. June Murphy** is here on a furlough from Clovis, N. M. May go overseas soon. . **Pfc. P. F. Blumer**'s here from Chanute Field (Ill.) on furlough 'till May 30. He's with an Army Air Force unit, performing quartermasters' assignments. . . Not since January have his folks heard from **Pfc. Wendell Miller**, with the Military Police in far-away Iran. The Red Cross is now investigating. Here's hoping that the long absence of word from "Windy" is due merely to a disruption in the mail service. Time to say "So long."

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

THE OL' TAIL GUNNER'S BACK FROM THE FLAK, FIT AS A FIDDLE—

Winner of the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with Three Oak Leaf Clusters, **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, whom the Drizzler likes to call the “ol’ tail gunner” even though he won’t be 21 until next December 14, set foot in the old home town the other day and it was undoubtedly his most delightful experience since leaving the states for England last October. Yes, the sergeant was mighty glad to get back home—and the folks back home were mighty glad to see the sergeant, too.

Wilbert arrived in England Nov. 2nd and went on his first of 27 missions over Europe on Dec. 13, the day before his 20th birthday. In the next six months he was to go through more harrowing and thrilling experiences than many persons would undergo in two or three lifetimes.

For instance, Wilbert participated in five big daylight raids over Berlin, some of them in huge 2,000-plane formations. His group also raided both Kiel and Frankfurt three different times among other Axis armament targets.

The local boy’s last mission, a raid into France, provided two rare experiences. On the way back across the English channel, the No. 3 engine of their Flying Fortress began to smoke and the crew members feared that it might be afire. This, of course, would have meant that the flames would spread quickly through the gas lines to the gasoline tank and blast the whole ship to pieces. There was only one thing to do. Rip off their flak jackets and fasten on their parachutes for the leap down into the turbulent channel, several miles below. Just as the crew members were preparing to jump, the pilot succeeded in feathering (stopping) the engine and thus averted the danger of an explosion. When the crew landed at its base in England, they discovered that they had just enough gasoline left for only one minute of flying time!

On his 26th mission—over Berlin, the round trip to the Ratzki capitol ordinarily requiring 9 ½ hours, every minute of which Wilbert was on his knees because the cramped quarters of the tail gunner make no other position possible—the crew happened to be flying a Fortress which Wilbert describes as “an old crate of a ship.” The result was that they limped back to base a half an hour behind the other American bombers to find upon their arrival that they had been listed as missing.

Wilbert’s crew participated in at least two continental raids which were marked by particularly heavy losses of Yank bombers. They were on the giant raid over Brunswick—which had an exceptionally thick fighter belt to protect enemy plane plants—when 60 American heavies were shot down by the German vermin. Forty-eight big bombers were lost on one of their raids over Augsburg.

On these two raids, the Monticello staff sergeant could see these huge Flying Fortresses plummeting earthward around him. Some of them were blown to bits the second enemy shells struck them, apparently hit in the ship’s vitals—the gasoline tank. An enemy strike in that vital spot

is the dread of all fliers because usually the plane bursts into flames and the crew members have no chance to parachute to safety.

Fighting on some of these raids was at very close quarters—so close, in fact, that enemy pursuit ships came thundering in at 350 miles an hour with their guns blazing and dove right under the Fortress wings. There were times when Wilbert could see the outlines of the Ratz pilots as they blurred past. Their ship often felt the stab of enemy fire and once came back to base with 40 bullet holes in it. The bombardier, Lt. Jimmy Wallace, San Antonio, Texas, was seriously wounded in the right thigh and along the right cheekbone when the Fortress was caught in the fire of a nest of enemy anti-aircraft batteries on one of the Frankfurt raids.

Wilbert's crew members called their plane, "The Duchess," which was the same sobriquet the ship's pilot, **Lt. Jim Howry, Danville, Ill.**, called his wife. Nicknames of some of the other Flying Forts in the local boy's squadron were: Wham Bam; You've Had It (referring to the devastating raids over Berlin); Liberty Run; Yo-Yo; Pistol Packin' Mama; We, the People; and the Barrel House Bessie from Basin Street.

Fate treated "The Duchess" crew kindly many times, but no more thoughtfully than on the one occasion when the members asked to go on a certain mission. The boys were anxious to "pull" their quota of raids as quickly as was reasonably possible. They were ruled out of this particular mission by the squadron operational officer, who instead piloted his own Fortress in the very same spot which "The Duchess" would have occupied on the formation and he was shot down.

The ol' tail gunner—you'll have to excuse me Wilbert because it just sorta slips out—was awarded the Air Medal after his 5th mission. His first Oak Leaf Cluster came after his 10th raid, his second after the 15th, and this third following the 20th. He received the Distinguished Flying Cross after completing his 25th mission, and had he finished 30 missions, he would have been awarded a fourth Oak Leaf Cluster.

Lt. Leon Babler, a navigator on a Flying Fortress and a former Monticello boy, who is stationed at the same base in England which Wilbert recently left behind, has the Air Medal and one Oak Leaf Cluster. "Old Fizzletop," as some of his high school pals call Leon—for reasons as yet unexplained to The Drizzler—had a swell start on his 25 missions, having completed his 13th raid when he had the misfortune to break his arm and he has been grounded ever since.

Wilbert, who has high praise for the courteous treatment and fine hospitality which the English people have extended to American soldiers, is due to report July 1st at Miami Beach (Fla.) Air Base for reclassification and reassignment. He also received his basic training in the air corps there.

For the information of some of the former Monticello residents receiving The Drizzle, I might add here that Wilbert is the son of **Mr. and Mrs. Albert Marty**. His older brother, **Sgt. Melvin**, is a machine gunner with the United States 8th Infantry and may now be in the thick of the invasion of France. **Lt. Leon Babler** is a son of **Mrs. Florence and the late H. O. (Terry) Babler**. His two brothers are also in the service—**Art**, the oldest, in the Coast Guard, and **Carl**, the youngest, in the army.

WELL, FELLAS, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Ah, that's fine. Now, if you're all set to go, let's get goin'. Let's see. How'll we start 'er off. I've got it! It's a letter from that astute agriculturist and former philosopher of Mt. Pleasant township, **Pvt. Emil Weigert**, who is in the same infantry outfit as "Mel" Marty. Writing from England some time before D-Day, Emil says: "Just received The Drizzle, or as **Capt. Paul Voegeli** would say, "Sunshine." Well, Capt. Paul, we get a lot of drizzles over here, too, but the Monticello Drizzle is

one I really like to see come. Of course, if there is a lot of fellows who would like to change the name of our monthly morale builder, it's o.k. with me, just as long as it keeps coming—may it be Drizzle, Sunshine, Hailstorm, or just plain Mud-Slinging, it is awful easy on the eyes and heart-warming under any name. (Well said, Emil, m'boy, very well said.) Well, I haven't seen any Budweiser or Kessler's so far, but I managed to get on the outside of a fair portion of Scotch last week and that ain't hay over here. (A couple of Drizzles ago when Emil was thirsting for some Budweiser and Kessler's, the Drizzler suggested that if Emil's commanding officer would see that he got a couple of bottles of Budweiser and a few snorts of Kessler's, Emil'd be a regular Battling Bearcat Bound for Berlin. Maybe the Scotch served the same purpose. How about it, Emil?) Happy memories 'til next time. Emil" . . . A card from **Herman and Georgia Baebler**, Honolulu, T. H., where Herman is employed as a machinist in the navy yards: "Thanks for sending us the Drizzle. We enjoy every bit of it. Will try to write a letter next time." . . . An orchid from **Don Anderson, Publisher of the Wisconsin State Journal** at Madison: "Dear Roz: Thanks much for sending me a copy of The Drizzle. This sort of a thing is an interesting way of maintaining contact with the home boys in service, and I think you do a swell job of it." (Thank you, Don.) . . . **Pfc. Don Pearson**, who has seen some stiff fighting with the Marines in New Britain, says to tell **Bo Woelffer** that overseas cooks will change his mind about the excellence of dehydrated foods. Don also wants to be remembered to "**Cec**" and "**Bud**" **Wirth**, then grows a little sympathetic with the remark that "I can't bear to take any more cracks at poor old, **Whitey Hill**." (Don't worry about Whitey, the Whizz, Don, because he'll take care of himself, all right. Take a look at those bouquets of thistles which God's gift to the girls tosses at some of his old cronies later on in the Drizzle. I'm saving Whitey's letter cuz I'll probably need some of his punchy paragraphs to help prop up the Drizzle if it starts to bog down. Say, what's getting into me! Praising Whitey Hill when I really didn't mean to. Guess I must be slipping.) Don closes his letter like this: "Give my best regards to all the fellows and keep that Drizzle coming. It can't come too often! (Okay, Don, we will!) . . . **Gaylord Miller, S 2/c**, aboard the U.S.S. Cowpens, writes that he has been in the Marshall Islands where he had a chance to eat lots of cocoanuts. Often goes swimming at night alongside the ship where the water is 190 feet deep. Gaylord reports watching U.S. Anti-Aircraft batteries firing on Jap planes at night and he describes this as a "pretty sight." He works in the ship's laundry—from 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. . . . **Leo Felts**, with the United States Navy at a Marine Corps base in Cuba, writes: "Just freshening up after a hot round of golf this afternoon. I won't say anything about the score because it's a little too embarrassing. I'll pin the alibi on the three Navy nurses who were playing just ahead of us. **Whitey Hill** used to tell us in school to keep our eye on the ball, but how could I under the circumstances? (Too bad Whitey couldn't have been there to show you just how to do it. Can't you just see the Sparta Spoofer heaving his own ball wildly into some sand trap on purpose, then tripping nimbly up to those three navy nurses, and with that coy little irresistible smile of his blandly suggesting that they make it a foursome. You know, Leo, that Whitey's a mighty smooth operator. I've often wondered why our state department hasn't hired him as a roving (or a raving) diplomat.) There isn't much of anything exciting to write about from here, Roz. I'm just hoping that in a short while the monotony will be broken with a transfer. Guess you'd call it tropical fatigue. Give my regards to Boob Kissling, Don Trickle, and all the gang. Be seeing you boys. As ever, Leo." (That's swell, Leo, we'll be looking for you.) . . . What's the matter, gentlemen, what is the matter? Weeks have passed and not a word from that literary genius of New Britain island, far away in the Southwest Pacific—"**Doc**" **Younggreen**—nor that old university cronie of his, **Capt. P. Emil Voegeli**, late of England and later still of Scotland. And here's a few lines—just a few!—from **Sgt. C. J. (Jake the Joker) Dick**, that letter-writing wizard of Cardiff, Wales? Come on there, fellows,

prance for those pens ‘n’ pencils! . . . It’s swell to hear that **Lt. “Ott” Blum**, with the navy medical corps somewhere in New Guinea out there in the Southwest Pacific, has recovered sufficiently from his “tussle” with malaria to permit his discharge from the hospital. Original plans were to fly “Doc” to a rest camp in Australia, but apparently this never materialized. His wife, **Elsie**, and son, **Grant**, were in Monticello over the week-end enroute from Miami to spend the summer in La Crosse. Glad to learn that you received my airmail letter, Doc, and let’s have a few lines from you whenever you have a little spare time. . . . A mighty interesting session at the business men’s dinner in the **Grand Central** Monday evening with **Lt. Wallie Barlow**, **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, the ol’ tail gunner—there I go again—present to give the merchant princes of the old home town all kinds of fascinating sidelights about their colorful experiences as airmen. What these two boys don’t know about flying you can stick in a thimble and still have plenty of room for your finger. Wallie returns to Glenview this week-end after a week’s leave at home. . . . I wonder what’s happened to **Sgt. Louie** (The Lonely Lover) **Wyss**, the Dandy Dan of Australia society? No letter from him for weeks. The sergeant is a stockholder in the notorious **Jordan-Becker-Wittenwyler Dog Kennels** in association with a trio of local shrewdies—**Cecil Frederick Jordan**, **H. Adolphus Becker**, and **C. Mathias Wittenwyler**, the local publisher. Lis’en, Louie, you’d better be hustling back home some of these days before you wake up and find that these three smoothies have converted you from a stockholder into a sockholder. . . . When **Pvt. John Streiff** dropped us these lines, he was with a demonstration company putting on demonstrations for the armored school at Fort Knox, Ky. Says the former local grocery baron: “We have put on demonstrations for officers from England, Russia, China, and other countries. I see **Squirt Wittenwyler** every once in a while.” Since then, the army’s decided to make a butcher and a cook out of John—a bit of news which should be of particular interest to his old pal, **Capt. Norman Steussy**, who’s probably out of breath right at this very minute trying to keep the supply lines intact over in Italy as those Yanks and Tommies pound at the heels of the fleeing Ratzis. Say, Norman, you’d never have known the grocery baron when he was here on his furlough recently. He was a mere 35 pounds thinner! And I wonder what’s going to become of John now, especially if they force him to eat his own cooking. Good heavens! I hate to even think of it.

AND NOW LOOK, MEN—JUST LOOK!--WHO WE HAVE HERE!—

It’s none other than **Lt. Urho G. (Whizz) Hill**, variously known as the Sparta Spoofer, Whitey the Whizz, the Lover of the Louisiana Lagoons, God’s Gift to the Girls, and From Coast to Coast the Toast of Fickle Females! O-kay, Whitey, the Drizzle microphone is yours so let loose with both barrels:

“Right off the pan, let me send “**Al**” **Deppeler** at Camp Rucker (Ala.) a message. I have a good friend in Co. B of the 263rd. His name is **Lt. McElwrath** and a prince of a fellow. Look him up, but don’t believe everything he tells you. We used to be in the 95th together. (In other words, Al, the things you shouldn’t believe that McElwrath tells you are most likely the wild stories that Whitey himself stuffed him with.)

“**Bo,**” (**Woelffer**) how come you’re able to play tennis—of course you can’t—why there used to be a day when your sister had to open all doors for you because you couldn’t lift your hands above your hips. You must be getting stronger or those nurses are doing things for you. Are they?

“Must be tough on **King Kong Kissling** to be working instead of having that soft touch at Yale. That ASTP was really a snap. Come on, Kiss, ‘fess up. (Reminds me I haven’t heard from The King for this issue, his first miss—which is a mighty fine record, anyway. What’s the matter, Boob? Are you yearning for Yale’s sorority row and all of its little lumps of loveliness?)

“Got back into the coaching racket the other night when I threw our company’s kittenball team at Company A’s bunch of cream puffs. I had the boys swinging from their heels and fielding the impossible to get ground balls and running a mile (You’re sure it wasn’t two or three, Whitey?) to catch long drives. They finally edged us, 11 to 3 (From the size of the score, it sounds to me as if the Great Hill musta been on the hill for the losers.)

“I notice that **Erv Spring** gets his mail in pretty regular, but what about those other balls of fire up Alaska way, namely **Fritz Haldiman** and that supposed-to-be-wizard at wielding the cue—**Harris (Hoppe) Babler**. (I wouldn’t know about Fritz, but apparently he’s too busy hunting Polar Bear and trapping Japs. And why, Whitey, haven’t you heard?—Hoppe’s hopped home ‘n’ hopped right into the sea of matrimony. You’ll probably read about it in the Messenger before you get this.)

“Texas is getting plenty wet from repeated rains and this mud really gets heavy when you carry it around all day and most of the night. We’re half through our cycle, but it just doesn’t seem possible. Seems we just got started. Must be because they keep us so busy. (A-hem) No comments please. (All right, Whitey, I’ll let this one slip by.)

“If I don’t forget, I’ll send three patches in this letter—one for the 95th, one O. C. S. at Ft. Benning, and the school replacement command patch. (You’ve got a wonderful memory, Urho, old boy. You didn’t forget a one of ‘em. Thanks—lots!)

“Bed looks good. Think I’ll hit it. Whitey.”

HERE WE GO AGAIN!—

Norma Freitag, who is a medical technologist in the medical division of the vast DuPont mystery project which covers a half million acres of desert near Hanford, Wash., is well pleased with her new connection despite the furious desert sand storms which some times rage as often as twice in every three days. Norma tells of one particularly wild storm which broke loose while two of her girl friends were in the camp grocery store which happened to have all of its windows open at the time. The sand literally poured in through the openings and it was impossible to see across the room.

DuPont is operating this vast project for the government and it is expected to be just as vital in peace as in war. The entire venture is shrouded in complete secrecy and it is so huge that an entirely new city of 15,000 is arising just to accommodate part of the workers. Norma asks about “the little baby girl?” **Ronda Kay** is coming along just fine, Norma. She was three months old June 11 and weighs 13 pounds, 9 ounces. . . **Pvt. Vincent Gerry**, with the Paratroopers in England when last heard from, writes: “Dear Roz: Just a few lines to let you know I really enjoy The Drizzle. It makes me feel right at home. The last two weeks of every month, I sweat out the mail waiting for it. “**Mel**” **Marty** was sure tight when he said that England is a beautiful country. Wilbert may ride backwards in his Flying Fortress, but that doesn’t seem to hurt his eyesight any when it comes to girls. The tail gunner is all right there. So “**Cec**” **Wirth** must have traveled up there where I used to go once in a while with **Armin Loeffel**. I wonder if **Armin** can remember the grand times we used to have up there. (All right, Armin, it’s your turn to speak. How about it?)

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

Well, well, well, look what the airmail brought in! If it isn't a nice letter from **Pvt. Huldreich (Witt) Wittwer, better known as "Hoot"** when he was cavorting at a forward position on M. H. S. cage quintets back there in 1926. After saying some nice things about The Drizzle, Hoot warms up in his best literary style like this: "I've been in the army about seven months now. Had 4 months of basic down deep in the heart of Texas—let's give it back to the Indians. Then was sent to Fort Ord, Calif.—the land of liquid sunshine. (Easy there, Hoot, if the California State Chamber of Commerce reads that crack, they'll have a pack of bloodhounds on your trail.) It wasn't long before they had me feeding the fish on the blue Pacific. Sure glad I didn't join the navy—those boats just rock too much. After zig-zagging all over the Pacific, the boat finally landed in New Caledonia. Wasn't long before I was back on board, feeding the fish again—maybe some of the same ones. I wouldn't be surprised if they waited for me. (Seems to me, Hoot, that you have a clear-cut claim to the Fish-Feeding Championship of the Pacific Ocean. I'll bet those poor fish flapped their fins in despair when you finally went ashore for good. What a meal ticket you musta been for them.) When the boat finally docked again, I found it was an island in the Southwest Pacific, a land of cocoanuts and no females—not even black ones—which should make it a land of paradise for some and hell for, I should say about 99 9/10%. I haven't decided which class I fall in. If I was 60 years older, maybe I would enjoy this. Our squad is trying to organize a basketball team, have plenty of players but no coach. How about you, Roz? Could you get away long enough to teach the boys the good old Meanwell system? Those were the good old days, eh, Roz? (You bet they were, Hoot. 'Member the day you and your brother, **Swanny, Marv Babler, Colie Blum, Rip (Van Winkle) Ripley, and Shimmy Milbrandt** trimmed Fennimore in the afternoon, then moved on to Mineral Point and toyed with the Pointers in the evening, 52 to 2?) The chow here is good under the circumstances. However, I miss my Swiss a lot, especially Kalberwurst and that notorious stinker—Limburger cheese. Save me some—I should be back in about 2 years. Well, old timer, must sign off. Your friend, Witt." (Now that you're in the swing of things, Hoot, let's hear from you more often.) . . . From **Sgt. Warren Murphy**, idol and idolizer of the ladies as well as former close associate of G. Clarke Zimmerman, the ace movie and detective story fan, and **G. Kooreman**, the local waltz king: "Still in Camp Barkeley, but now with the 74th, a newly activated battalion where they train men for general hospital duty. All of the trainees are non-coms who have been in the army for quite a while. Some are from the air corps, infantry, medic, and other branches of the service. Training period is only 8 weeks—no more bivouacs. The training periods in the 61st were 17 weeks with 15-day bivouacs. (A welcome relief, eh, Warren?) I believe I'll begin baking here tonight. (Okay, Murph, make mine an apple pie.) I'll let you know later how I like it here. Sincerely, Warren. (Now see that you don't forget, sergeant.)

HOW ABOUT ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM?—

It took that wizard of the billiard tables, **Hoppe Babler**, only about 48 hours to travel the distance of nearly 4,000 miles from his base in the Aleutian islands to Milwaukee. He had reservations aboard a transport plane. Hoppe, who is looking hale and hearty, hadn't been home for more than two years. He's a captain now and leaves June 26th, due to report in Seattle on the 27th on his way back to the Aleutians. . . . From far away Iran has finally come some letters from **Wendell (Windy) Miller**, with a military police battalion and now a corporal technician, who was unheard from since January. One reason for the absence of word from Windy was because he was away to a secret destination

for some time. Apparently he is no longer in the desert, where last summer he told of the heat hitting 180 and also of the terrific sand storms, but is now closer to the mountains. “The days,” he says, “are pretty warm, but the nights are sure swell—nice and cool. The moon shines brightly and there is never a cloud in the sky.” . . . **Staff Sgt. “Cec” Wirth**, stationed with the Marines Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific, pauses long enough from his duties to let his thoughts drift back home, wondering about the swimming pool and the baseball team. He also inquires about “**Ran” Elmer**, who now has a position in the legal department of the OPA office in Milwaukee. “Imagine Marty should be home soon,” writes “Cec”. “Sure wish my arrival would jibe well enough one of these years to enable us to get together. There would be a bit of h--- raising done if that did happen!” (Oh, Cec, please say hello to all of your girl friends out there. What’s that? You say you haven’t any! Apparently those dusky damsels don’t appeal to you.) . . . **Pfc. Orville Anderson** writes of the cool weather prevailing in England lately; also of the long days. “We get up around 5:30 and it is light already and it doesn’t get dark until after 10 p.m. It makes me homesick every time I see a team of horses or a tractor in the fields because I was a farmer before coming into the army. Well, Roz, news is scarce so will close. Hope those Drizzles keep coming my way always. Just one of your faithful readers, **Orville Anderson**.” (You’re on the list for the duration, Orville. Awfully glad to know you enjoy ‘em.) . . . “**Bob” Blumer**, the bard of Northern Ireland and former fashion plate of Nickle Plate Avenue, and **Johnny Blumer**, Mt. Pleasant township—no relation—were among 31 Wisconsin soldiers in Northern Ireland commended by the war department for their outstanding performances, competitive spirit, excellence in training, and outstanding teamwork after demonstrating fighting technique which they are probably now using against the Ratzis in the great invasion of France. The pair are members of a rifle platoon. Described as “a rough, tough preparation for a tougher job,” these rugged tests “require courage, physical endurance, and skill of a high order” and includes assault firing and bayonet charging by individual riflemen. (Mighty nice going, fellows!) . . . In his last letter to The Drizzler, “Bob” says: “Well, if the next two years aren’t any worse than the last ones, then I think I’ll manage alright. Some of those blokes back home don’t know what they’re missing overseas. It isn’t half as bad as some think it is. After you’re away for a while, you don’t mind it and learn to accept things as they are. Have my doubts about all of us guys getting back o.k. because I haven’t seen any super-men among us. (Seems to me, Bob, you and Johnny did very, very well.) Well, with the help of God and a good aim, I hope to be lucky enough to get back. Say, Roz, the Cliffs of Dover are really white. I was there once. ‘Til next time, Bob. P.S.—Say hello to **Harry Walters, Chevrolet Leon, J. W. Bill Blum, Chite Clark, and Dr. Horne.**”

WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SESSION THIS MUSTA BEEN!—

The city of Philadelphia, famous as the site of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was the scene of another great historical event recently when four distinguished graduates of Monticello high during that brilliant scholastic era preceding the 1920s gathered in the Quaker City for one of those glorious “Them Were the Days” sessions. Participating were the **Edwards twins—Ray and Roy**—who operate a highly successful auditing and accounting firm in Philadelphia; “**Al” Blum**, with the federal securities commission also in that city, and **Herb Burgy**, who has a position with the Department of the Interior in Washington. The Drizzler trusts that a phonographic recording was made of this historic pow-wow because if it wasn’t, posterity will suffer greatly for the thoughtlessness. Incidentally, Al, do you remember the time **Miss Schoenemann** caught you in the act of inserting a couple of live bull frogs in **Stasia McCann**’s desk while she was away to class? I do if you don’t. As I sit here reminiscing about those good old days, the names of other illustrious scholars of that glorious era parade my mind. There was **Adam Albert Schuler**, the Monticello

OPA czar and insurance magnate; **Barney Karlen**, the local sports impresario; **W. Dunham Elmer**, lord of the “Dude” ranch at the northwest edge of the hamlet; **Boscoe Zimmerman**, on the engineering staff of the Morrison Hotel in Chicago; **W. Casper Dick**, a supervisor at the Badger Ordnance Works near Baraboo; **J. Vincent Egan**, the Exeter township agricultural wizard; Sir **Cecil Frederick Jordan**, the renowned local poet, composer, and historian; **Sgt. John Jacob Theiler**, now a finance officer with the armed forces in North Africa, and **Cloyance Walter Karlen**, the Monticello car king. How heart-warming it must have been for **Prin. C. L. Stillman** and his assistant, **E. W. Foster**, to have such a brilliant group of intellectual giants under them. I was going to reminisce some more, but I just can’t spare the space. I’ll wait ‘till a later issue.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Jack Steinmann**, **Fred G. Blum**, Miami; **Norma Freitag**, Hanford, Wash.; **Ernie Spring**, Monroe; **Viola Rupp**; **Kathryn Stauffer**; **H. A. Walters**; **Emil G. Voegeli**; **Anonymous**; **Dr. Baebler**; **Glenn Zimmerman**; **Geo. Griffey**; “**Al**” **Blum**, Philadelphia; **Karl Holsinger**; **H. D. Freitag**; **Ernest Schuerch**; **Adam Duerst**; **Dr. Horne**; **Mrs. H. V. Babler**; **Mrs. Herman Klassy**; and **Mrs. O. S. Blum**, La Crosse.

AND SO, UNTIL NEXT TIME—

This is The Drizzle clearing off again. Please write—all of you!—if it’s only eight or ten lines. And in the meantime, may God bless and protect all of you in the crucial months that lie ahead.

PLEASE DON’T FORGET YOUR DRIP IN THE DRIZZLE! WRITE!! TONIGHT!!!

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

THE DRIZZLE'S ONE YEAR OLD TODAY—

It's just a year ago today that I conceived the idea of this little publication and this, in the midst of a heavy "brain storm," The Drizzle was born. I have tried to make it chatty, cheery, and bright, bringing to you each month some of the same sort of good-natured fun and kidding which you fellows used to toss at one another across Monticello's Main Stem before leaving the old home town to take up your battle stations in so many different parts of the world. The many expressions of praise and appreciation which have been received from many of you would seem to indicate that I have succeeded in at least a small measure. The only hope is that all of you will continue to enjoy The Drizzle as much as The Drizzler enjoys Drizzling.

HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!—

I'm fainting—I'm fainting! Quick, lad, the smelling salts. Hurry—please—before it's too late. No, they're not on the buffet. They're on the table! No! No! You've got the wrong stuff. Heavens! You've brought me ordinary table salt! Oh, well, don't bother. I feel a little better now, anyway. You want to know what's the matter? Well, what isn't the matter! At long last, after all these many, many months, I have just received a communiqué from that slumbering potentate of the letteriting profession, **Major "Les" Weissmiller**, executive officer of the Deshon General Hospital at Butler, Penna. "Les" belongs to the M. H. S. class of '22, having received his sheepskin along with such other fluttering social butterflies as **Ken Kennedy**, for the past eight years on the public information staff of TVA at Knoxville, Tenn.: **Dr. "Ott" Blum**, with the naval medical corps in New Guinea where he is recovering from a siege of malaria; **"Doc" Baebler**, the local dentist, and **"Jumbo" Feldt**, the Monroe mail carrier. Before he entered service over 3 ½ years ago, "Les" was acting assistant superintendent of Wisconsin General Hospital, Madison. Almost two of his years in the army were spent on the little isle of Aruba just off the coast of Venezuela. Now let's turn The Drizzle microphone over to the Major and let him speak for himself:

"Dear Roz: Please try to believe me when I tell you how busy I am. (You'll have to do some mighty tall talkin' to convince me.) I know it sounds like the same old story, but so help me, I have never worked so hard in my life.

(Say, who's this letter from, anyway?—Major Weissmiller or Major Hoople? Sounds a little like Hoople's floople. Well, I'll take your word for it, Les, but don't you remember how you used to come down off the hill when we were at the university and how you'd moan and groan about this or that examination." Invariably you would say: "Why, that was the terriblest, awfulest, goll darndest examination I ever wrote. I just know I flunked it." And **Ken and Ott and "Laura" Marty** and I would try to console you in our most reassuring, soothingest tones. You'd usually retreat just a bit—

but only a bit. “Well,” you’d concede, “Probably I didn’t flunk the exam, but I know darned well I won’t get more than a con. Why, that was the dog-GONE-dest examination! The professor threw every question in the book at us and a lot of ‘em that aren’t in it, too.” Then after all was said and done, you’d usually come home from the next class displaying, just a little sheepishly, a B or a B plus. You had quite a “line” in those days, Les. And now that you’ve mixed it up with some of this potent army technique, you can see why I’m, somewhat skeptical.)

“I get to my office at 8, take 20 minutes off for lunch, get home at 5:30 to 6, and often take along work to do at home. So far the only time off I have had has been Sunday afternoons—and I don’t always get them off. Besides the regular work, there are such extracurricular activities as attendance at dinners, speaking engagements at American Legion and Garden Club meetings and attendance at Service Command conferences at Baltimore. Don’t get me wrong. This is a grand spot to be in and I’m enjoying every bit of it—except the public speaking.

“This is the first military post I have been at where the old army custom of making formal calls is still adhered to. I thought at first it would be a nuisance, but it has turned out to be quite enjoyable.

“Fran is just about as busy as I am, what with Red Cross, military personal affairs, and social events—such as **Mrs. Roosevelt**’s recent visit to the hospital—to help look after. She has been particularly busy since the Colonel’s wife has been in the hospital for about six weeks.

“I want to tell you again how much I enjoy the Drizzle. Reading it is a grand way to keep track of all the fellows. Their letters are all very interesting. I have been especially interested in “**Ott**” **Blum**’s short notes and in **Harold Younggreen**’s epistles. It seems to me, though, that anyone writing as often and as long as Harold does can’t be too busy. Do you suppose this statement might draw a rebuttal from the good doctor? (I certainly hope it does, Major, because “Doc” Younggreen wields such a versatile, witty pen that I can’t hear from him too often. Sick ‘em, Harold, sick ‘em!) Must close for now. Sincerely, Les. P.S.—I realize now, although I didn’t at the time, that I had a nice two years’ vacation in the Caribbean.” (Listen, brother—I mean cousin—you’re not telling me anything new. I’ve known that for a long time. And, let’s see, during those two years you spent acquiring a nice sun-tan in the Caribbean, I received one short, slender little letter from you! Ah, how lucky you are to be safely sheltered in far-away Butler at this moment. Well, anyway, Les, it was grand hearing from you and it’ll be grander still if you’ll only write more frequently. And please say “hello” to Fran for all of us.)

HOLD ON TIGHT, MEN, ‘CUZ WE’RE GOING TO RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Lt. (jg) Rufus Freitag, USN, M. H. S. class of ’24, was home recently on leave from his duties in the huge naval supply depot at Bayonne, N. J. Some of the requisitions that are received at the depot there are just simply staggering in size—thousands of tons of meat and butter, for instance, leave by boat in single shipments, say nothing of huge accompanying consignments of smaller articles. . . . The Drizzler understands that **Arthur W. (Slug) Babler**, with the United States Coast Guard and for several months stationed at Atlantic City, N. J., has been transferred to Duluth, Minn. Say, Art, I’m still waiting for your answer to that \$64 question, the one I asked you a couple of Drizzles ago. Come on now, don’t try to pretend you can’t remember it. Well, here it is again: Do you think that if **Carl Dick**, Monticello’s Prince of Wales, ever ascends the royal throne that he’ll renounce it for his lady love—just as former King Eddie did? The only reason I’m repeating the question now is because Whitey Hill’s going to fork over the \$64 for the correct answer and the money is burning such a hole in his pocket that I fear that Whitey may be in danger of suffering second degree burns. So hurry, Art, hurry! . . . **LaVerne Sauer**, the erstwhile dean of dough (bread,

not currency) at the Winiger bakery, is now holding forth at Lowry Field near Denver, Colo., where he's apparently in advanced training to become an air pilot. How are things coming, Verne? . . . After months of guard duty in California, **Armin Loeffel** is now at Camp Maxey, Texas, where **Pvt. Morgan Phillips** was located before leaving for England with a tank destroyer outfit. Armin was home on a furlough prior to leaving for Texas. . . **S/Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, the ol' tail gunner, has not yet received his reclassification and reassignment at the Miami Beach (Fla.) Army Air Force Center which happens to be the same place where he received his preliminary training shortly after joining the air corps. Wilbert has met a number of old friends at Miami Beach where he is staying in a nice hotel. . . **Sgt. Harry Van Houten** is now back at the Harlingen (Texas) Air Base after a furlough at home. His brother, **Pvt. Lloyd**, stationed at Camp Grant, was here at the same time. The "Van" brothers have promised the Drizzler a letter every once in a while so I'll be lookin' for 'em. . . **Marion Schultz**, better known as "Butch" and also known as the tire retreading wizard at the **E. G. Voegeli Tire Station**, has been assigned to Co. H, 3rd Ord. Tng. Rgt., Aberdeen, Md., where he is waiting to be shipped to another point for his basic training which he hopes will be over soon so he can "really get going." . . Hey, I wonder what's happened to **Dick Schoonover**, Fort Monmouth, N.J., and his cousin, **Carl Babler**, stationed "Somewhere in California"? The Drizzler hasn't heard from either one of you lads for a long time. How about warming up and curving us a few paragraphs?

FROM THE FIGHTING FRONT IN FRANCE—

Monticello has three known participants in the great invasion of France—**Sgt. "Mel" Marty** and **Pfc. Emil Weigert**, both with the 8th Infantry, and **Pvt. Tommy Brusveen**, who used to pretty up Monticello's masculine mugs in his tonsorial palace in the Grand Central hotel basement before his induction into the service. "**Mel**" writes briefly that he is fine and is getting good food and plenty of it. He adds that the folks back here probably know more about the whole picture of the invasion "than we do." **Emil**, who is one of the Drizzle's most faithful and colorful correspondents, pauses this time for just a moment in the hurry-scurry of battle to say that he is now with the Headquarters Co. of the 8th Infantry, that he is more or less on the move. And that girls are not worrying him any right now because he has more important things on his mind. Emil winds up with the hope that "we can put an end to things over here soon."

Tommy writes interestingly and at considerable length about his experiences since landing in France:

"I landed on a beach in France a day after D-day. We had to dig in when we landed. Since we were wet and cold and there was a terrific bombardment under way, we couldn't sleep. I have lost much sleep as we have been very busy. We work in shifts on detail. It is very heavy work, but we want to be sure the boys at the front get all the things they need to finish off the Germans.

"I have tried to make my home, which is just a foxhole, as comfortable as possible. I have dug it out so it is about 10x6. I put logs over the top of it, then covered it with brush and dirt. Some barrage balloons came down in our area while I was on guard and one of them landed near me. I cut a big section out of it and then put it over my "house" to keep out the rain and cold. I have a bed which I found in a castle left by the Germans. I think it was there before they took over. I am pretty comfortable now, but very busy. The French are overjoyed to see us and they are very friendly. They have treated us to lots of cider.

"The Germans put big poles all over fields to prevent our paratroopers from landing, but they did, anyway. The French are now taking them out and are making hay and doing their farm work. It is a very nice dairy country and I have seen some nice cows, gardens, and fields.

“I have been taking many pictures. I don’t know when I’ll get them developed, but I’ll hang onto them. I have taken some pictures of German pillboxes, many of which have living quarters. Most of the Germans died right in them.”

(The Drizzler might add here that Tommy, who is a crack amateur photographer, has a swell collection of snapshots which he took during his stay in England and which **Mrs. Brusveen** has arranged neatly in an attractive album.)

FROM FAR-FLUNG FRONTS—

Settle back into your chairs, gentlemen, because The Drizzler’s going to take all of you on a long, gigantic global swing. First of all, I’ll take you down into the Southwest Pacific to New Caledonia where “**Art**” **Zweifel, of New Glarus**, a former stellar performer with **Barney Karlen**’s “Dashing Diamonddeers,” is awaiting his turn at The Drizzle microphone. Okay, Art, she’s yours: “Things here at present are busy as usual. The weather has been very pleasant, but those T-bone steaks are still few and far between. Have met several fellows from home, among them **Gerry Disch**, **Matt Solbraa**; **Don Trickle** from Monticello, **Frank Farmer from Blanchardville**, and **Dr. Palmer Kundert, Madison**, who is my cousin. When I heard **Don Trickle** was here on the island, I hitch-hiked up to see him. He is looking very well and is due back in the states soon. You certainly deserve to be commended on the fine job you are doing with The Drizzle. Since I know most of the fellows mentioned in the Drizzle, I am always anxious to get it” . . . I thought we’d find **Don Pearson**, D Btry., 2nd Bn., 11th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., still on New Britain, but he isn’t. Anyway, Don, wherever you are, come on in: “Am sorry to say my chances of seeing “**Doc**” **Younggreen** (still on New Britain) are slight. Haven’t been there for some time. Sure would like to see him. All I can do now is say “Hello Harold.” Hope you don’t have to stay in that mud hole long, but where I am now is almost as bad. Went to the show last night and was practically drowned when a heavy storm broke loose, but you’d be surprised how few of the boys left. Glad to hear **Wilbert Marty**’s headed for home. He sure deserves it! Congratulations, Wilbert, and the best of luck in your future operations. Am playing on a soft ball team and it reminds me of the old gang and fun I had on the Phillips “66” team with **Erv Spring**, **Fritz Haldiman**, **Hoppe Babler**, and Manager **Ernie (Joe McCarthy) Spring**. Those were the good old days. Suppose **Barney Karlen**’s V-8s are taking ‘em all in stride again. Say hello to all the fellows—also “**Doc**” (**Card-Shark**) **Horne**, **Herman (Dead-Eye) Wirth**, **Matt Zentner** and **Lorie Pease**. So long everyone, Don.” . . . Now let’s switch back to New Britain island and try to pick up a few words from that distinguished medico and word juggler of the Southwest Pacific—“**Doc**” **Younggreen**. Ah, there he is and he’s just simply rarin’ to toss a few fast ones at his old pal, **Capt. Harris (Hoppe) Babler**, whose billiard ball wizardry stamps him as the “King o’ the Kue” all the way from Alaska to the Aleutians. Lis’en closely fellows while “Hilarious Harold” pours it on: “It appears as though our “Aleutians Hoppe” friend is hurling a few barbs himself. His reference to the ethics of the medical profession hurts me deeply. You know us better than that Bab. But don’t answer that. I shall endure those slings in dignified (?) silence. One little comment: I hear the master of the ivory ball is in the market for orange blossoms shortly. Flash!—It is rumored that feminine hearts are breaking from Florida to the Aleutians. Just to keep the record straight, I am now sweating it out (and I mean that literally) on New Britain. A cozy little spot as long as our neighbors stay on their side of the fence. Work is abundant, food lousey, and mail welcome. Everyone down here is trying to learn the “Rotation Waltz.” One is supposed to learn it in 18 months, but after 22 months of trying, I just can’t seem to catch on. The tempo is too slow. Cheerio, Harold.” . . . Here’s a surprise for all of you chaps because the next warrior I’m going to bring in on The Drizzle network is none other than Monticello high’s greatest

athletic enthusiast of recent years—**Pfc. Alvin C. Schmid**, better known as Schmitt, who is with Hq. Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Mar. I don't know just exactly where Schmitt is, but anyway, he's "Somewhere in the Field." All right, Schmitt, ol' boy, take 'er away: "I was in Australia for a short time and it's a swell place with very good liberty. Also was at Cape Gloucester on New Britain (**Don Pearson** was there, too, probably at just about the same time. Just noticed that you two fellows both belong to the 1st Marine Division.) New Britain island is pretty rough country, about the same as all of those South Pacific islands. Also saw part of New Guinea which I liked the best of them all. Any chance of getting "**Al**" **Deppeler's** address. (Here it is: **Pvt. Albert Deppeler**, 16157092, 263rd Inf., Co. L, APO 454, Camp Rucker, Ala.) The Drizzle is great, Roz. Keep it coming. Good luck to you and all the fellows. Schmitt." . . . Get set for a long hop over into the Hawaiian islands, men, because here we go to see what **Lt. (jg) Wilson Milbrandt** has to say for himself. "Wilce," of course, is the son of our eminent citizen, "**Hank**" **Milbrandt**, who along with his famous old cronies, **Jacob Jasper Legler** and **Henry Casper Elmer**, has acquired quite a reputation as a judge of livestock and also of other stock that isn't so lively. The lieutenant's address is CEC-V(S), USNR, CBMU 581, NAD #66, Fleet P. O., San Francisco. Well, here's "Wilce" standing before the mike so let's lend him our ears: "Just finished reading your June 17th issue of The Drizzle which was enjoyed immensely like all the rest I have received. After 4 weeks indoctrination course at Camp Peary, Va., I was assigned to CB 126. The battalion received advance base training at Camp Endicott, R. I., Camp Parks, Calif., and Port Hueneme, Calif. There was a demand for smaller units so the battalion was split into two maintenance units and a one-half battalion. As a result, I was assigned to CBMU 581 as executive officer and the unit left Frisco March 10. This unit has finally settled in the quarters they built for themselves on the Island of Oahu, T-H, Naval Ammunition Depot #66. The camp is made of Quonset huts. There is plenty of activity here with the war in the Pacific going as it is. Oahu is an attractive island with its mountains, beautiful trees, and flowers, fields of sugar cane and pineapples, and several good sandy beaches. Hearing from "**Hoot**" **Wittwer** through The Drizzle reminded me of good old days at M. H. S. Cheer up, "Hoot", after a couple more trips on the ocean blue, you'll get your sea legs. Say "hello" to the gang and tell **F. Kubly** and **D. Zweifel** that I could go for some of that good old beer and Limburger any time now. Sincerely, Wilson. P.S.---What's "Hoot's" address? Here it is, Wilce: **Pvt. Huldreich R. Wittwer**, 36689607, 71st Service Sqd., 6th Service Group (Air), A.P.O. 292 %PM, San Francisco. . . . If it's okay with the rest of you fellows, how about wafting away up there in the Aleutians where the Sneakanese pulled stakes in an awful hurry apparently because they must have heard that those two burly Monticello sergeants—"**Erv**" **Spring** and **Fritz Haldiman**—were hot on their trail. Come on, Fritz, how about a few words from you: You say you would sooner have Sgt. Spring do the talking. Oh, oh, here's Erv on the air now and the first thing he does is take a few gentle little digs at Whitey Hill: "Say, Whitey, are you complaining about the mud down there in Texas? O. K. I'll trade places with you. This is God's country up here. I guess nobody else would want it. You must have improved in your ball playing because your teams used to get beat by much bigger margins. How about dropping us a line once, Whitey? I'm wondering if **Capt. Paul E. Voegeli** didn't have a hand in that invasion? Gen. Eisenhower couldn't have slipped up on a man like P. Emil. We'd sure like to get a look at the states once again, but still don't know when it will be. I think a couple of years around here should be plenty. Regards to all the gang." (Say, Whitey, Erv's address is **Sgt. Erwin Spring**, 36237069, Co. B, 206th Inf. Bn. Sep., APO 729, Seattle, Wash.) . . . From the Aleutians, we're going to rocket clear across Alaska and Northern Canada to Iceland where **Lt. Russell Howard** is standing by to say a few words. All right, Russ, we're all listenin': "I have been very lucky to visit some of the scenic points on the island and have found them beautiful and interesting. I hope to climb Mt. Hekla soon

and the last two hours of the hike will be through snow. We have 24 hours of daylight up here now. The sun sets at 11:30. I really believe this is the land of “the midnight sun.” The last time I was on the Drizzle “network,” Roz, I told about the long nights and now, as one of the boys here has said, “It’s day all night.” It seems **Bob Blumer** and I are moving over the same course in reverse order. I spent a few months in England before landing on “The Rock.” Thanks a million for sending me The Drizzle. I enjoy it very much.” . . . Since Russ mentioned **Bob Blumer**, let’s drop down into Northern Ireland and see if we can’t locate the former fashion plate of Nickle Plate avenue. Just as I thought. The old sheik is out on another date. Anyway, Bob, I got the pin cushion and it’s a little dandy. Thanks a lot. . . . Here we go again, fellows, this time to England for an interview with **Sgt. Roger Foster**, 491st B. Grp., 854th Sqd., APO 558, former U. W. track star and son of **E. W. Foster**, local high school principal and coach some years back. We’re all ready, Roger so let loose: “Have often wondered how **“Doc” Youngreen, Boob Kissling, the Babler brothers** and the rest of the boys are making out and The Drizzle is doing a good job of keeping me posted. Here’s hoping the co-eds at Yale didn’t turn Boob traitor to his old alma mater, nor too many tropical germs capture the attention of **“Doc” Youngreen** so as to keep him from returning to his old haunts. Good luck to the whole gang.” . . . Next let’s hop way over to Sicily where **Sgt. “Al” Baehler**, 34th A. D. G., Supply Sqd., APO 650, N.Y.C., is still stationed. That’s the stuff, Al, step right up to The Drizzle microphone: “I certainly enjoy getting The Drizzle and got a big kick out of that story in the May issue about **“Bab” Babler, Slim Freitag, and Tommy Elmer**. Was glad to hear that **S/Sgt Wilbert Marty** is home. I’ll bet he has had some thrilling experiences. Not much to talk about—weather is getting warm and soon it’ll be plenty hot. So long for now.” . . . It’s just a short skip over onto the Italian boot so let’s wind up this long global sweep by contacting **Capt. Norman Steussy**, O-341621, 3482 Q. M. Truck Co., APO 464, PM, NYC. Well, by golly, there’s Norman now, all ready to say a few words, too: “June 17th issue of The Drizzle reached me in good order today. So my pal, **John Streiff**, the former Monticello grocery baron, has now turned to cooking. I wish I’d have known that as I could use an extra cook in my company and would have requested that John be transferred. (Smile) I’ll bet he’s a whizz at making tasty dishes from dehydrated foods and camouflaging “bullybeef.” Our boys have been doing their part in this latest drive in Italy. Hello to all the Monticello boys.”

GOINGS-‘N’-COMINGS—

That gay galavantin’ gentleman of Alaska and the Aleutians—**Capt. “Hoppe” Babler**—is now temporarily stationed in Anchorage before moving on to the Aleutians where no doubt those two enterprising “natives” of that “paradise” (?)—**Erv and Fritz**—will be on hand to give him a hero’s welcoming home providing , of course, that “Hoppe” brings a good supply of “torpedo juice” with him. The captain, who entered the temple of wedded bliss on his recent leave back in the states, is an air transport officer with the 11th Air Force, directing air corps cargo and combat crews and routing of planes in relation to weather and other conditions. He hopes to be transferred to the Air Transport Command, also is anxious to see service in China before the war ends. In his official capacity, “Hoppe” has often traveled 5,000 to 6,000 miles a month by air. The captain can tell some “whalish” stories, too, because he has frequently seen whales in the Bering Sea and says that when you fly over them at 300 feet, they look fully 40 feet long. Last December, the Japs bombed his sector a few times, but all of the bombs fell into the sea. . . . **“Walt” Zentner, MM 2/c**, is due back on ship in Frisco Monday after a 30-day leave. Three years ago Dec. 8th he enlisted in the navy and he spent almost two years aboard a submarine tender in an Australian harbor. There are 1000 men aboard the tender and the crew refuels and re-supplies all submarines coming into the harbor as well

as repairing them. "Walt" says his outfit had fine living, often getting fresh milk three times a day. . . S/Sgt. "**Cec**" **Wirth**, that Rollicking Romeo of the Southwest Pacific, is still reveling in the comforts of home after breezing into the old home town unheralded the other day. Twenty-eight of "Cec's" 30 months in the Marines have been spent in the Central and Southwest Pacific where he visited 14 islands and saw considerable action on some of them. "Cec" has sketched the high lights of his months abroad for The Drizzler, but first they must clear Marine headquarters. He leaves later this month for the big Marine camp at Big River, N. C.

JUST IN!! NEWS FROM NORMANDY—

Sgt. "Mel" Marty writes: "Well, Roz, we are now in Cherbourg for a rest, but don't know how long. We have been in the front lines for 22 days, ever since the day we landed. The going has been plenty tough. When the Germans have the advantage, they put up an awful fight, but get them cornered and they'll come out with a white handkerchief and their hands up. The prisoners we have taken are all ages—some boys only 14 or 15, others older men. They mix them up. Our success so far has been largely due to our artillery and air force. The air force is really on the ball and we have beautiful artillery. The Jerries also have plenty of it. Have been in some very tight spots. Being pinned down for 7 to 10 hours by artillery isn't funny. And lying in a hole isn't exactly a picnic, either. Those 88s the Germans have are some weapons. When we hear them we duck for cover and stay there. Will write again soon. As ever, Mel. (Swell hearing from you, Mel! The very, very best of luck and we'll be looking for more letters.)"

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Boob Kissling's really had a work-out at Camp Pickett, Va. Spent 2 weeks on bivouac at Camp Butner, N. C., then went on a 2-day problem, finished it at 3 a.m. Wednesday, then was roused three hours later to go on a 25-mile hike and only 16 men, all of them privates and "Boob" among them finished the jaunt. Consequently, Prof. Kissling insinuates that some of these officers, like **Whitey Hill**, are nothing but a bunch of softies. . . . Incidentally, Whitey was here over the week-end, due back in Camp Hood, Tex., today. Same old Whitey—same gift of gab—same fondness for femmes. . . . **Frederick Voegeli's** taking his "boot" training at Great Lakes and considers it a lucky break. Likes the navy very much. Has a swell commanding officer. Chow very substantial—and generous, too. Also has a nice bunch of barracks mates. . . . **Jim Knoblauch's** still in the physical hardening department at Fort Bliss, Tex. He and Helen have now been in El Paso four months. **Helen** works for the OPA there, has charge of rationing of boots, shoes, and stoves, and is learning to talk Spanish quite fluently. Two-thirds of El Paso's population are Mexicans. . . . **Johnny Bernet**, with the naval air transport service, expects to go abroad soon. . . . Ditto **Art Babler**, U. S. Coast Guardsman, now in Duluth. . . . Latest from **Tail-Gunner Wilbert Marty**: His new assignment—an instructor—most likely in gunnery, after 5 weeks of school . . . S/Sgt. **Carl Stauffer's** in Seattle, preparing for service aboard the giant new Boeing B-29s. . . . **Lt. Ray Burns** recently awarded Air Medal for accuracy in bombing in the Mediterranean theatre. . . . **Cpl. P. F. Blumer**, the Rantoul (Ill.) Rambler, recommended for promotion to Staff Sgt. . . . **Ensign Ed Klassy** now also acting as commissary officer of U.S.S. Williamson. . . . Marine **Eddie Loeffel's** believed to be in on the invasion of Saipan.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **W. A. Loveland, Albert Witt, Albert Marty, Mrs. Irma Marty,** Blanchardville; **Chas. Youngreen, Art Miller, A. H. Wright, Jim Dooley, Henry Spring, Ernest Wittwer, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Horne, Dr. L. A. Moore,** Monroe; **Mrs. Lena Babler, Luther Lemon, Tillie Bindschaedler,** Monroe; **Kate Stauffer, Jake Burgy, Mrs. Elfa Voegeli, Mrs. John G. Blum, Mrs. Ern. Gempeler.**

PLEASE DON'T FORGET YOUR DRIP IN THE DRIZZLE! WRITE!! TONIGHT!!!

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A Letter A Drizzle

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

THE IMPACT OF WAR HITS HOME—

Ever since the first vanguard of Monticello's many representatives in the armed forces began to move into battle stations along the war fronts in the major theatres of this vast global conflict, the old home town had been unusually fortunate for months in the absence of local names from the casualty lists. In the last three weeks, however, the full impact of war has hit home. **Eddie Loeffel** was the first casualty, wounded in the right shoulder in the bloody battle of Saipan. Then came word that **Emil Weigert** suffered a deep flesh wound in the right hip in the fighting in France; **S/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb**, waist gunner on a B-24 Liberator Bomber, was reported missing in action over Germany since July 20th, and only a few days later, news arrived that **Harry Schuerch** had lost his right leg below the knee in the Battle for France. Since the Messenger carries detailed accounts of these casualties, they will not be related here to avoid duplication. Along with everyone else back in the old home town, The Drizzler fervently hopes that Kenny was successful in parachuting to safety and is now a prisoner of war somewhere in Europe and also that Eddie and Emil and Harry are rapidly recovering from their wounds.

PAGING "BOB" RIPLEY!—

If "Bob" Ripley, whose "Believe-It-or Nots" have won him both fame and fortune, ever runs short of material, here's a true incident about a Monticello soldier that he can use without any embellishments. It happened on Biak Island way down in the Southwest Pacific where **Lt. "Bob" Amans**, veteran of many an island campaign in the area, and his platoon were attacking a bunch of Japs. Suddenly an enemy bullet struck a grenade in the lieutenant's grenade pouch on his cartridge belt. The grenade exploded!! "And," declares Bob, "Believe it or not, I never received a scratch." The Drizzler has heard a lot about the wisdom of "Killing two birds with one stone," but this is one of the relatively few times he has ever heard of anyone slipping out of two mighty tight spots in such rapid succession with one stroke of luck. In other words, the Goddess of Luck made a shield of Bob's grenade to protect him from the Jap bullet and then shielded him again when it exploded! Closing his letter the lieutenant says: "Give my regards to all the boys, and here's hoping The Drizzle will continue to find its way to me because I certainly enjoy it."

OKAY, GENTLEMEN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, LET'S RAMBLE AT RANDOM

So hang on tight because here we go: **Pvt. Johnny Zimmerman**, who was stationed in North Africa for many months, is now in Italy which he likes much better because there are trees and other green vegetation. . . **Sgt. Warren Murphy**, the former dispenser of soft drinks and philosophy at **J. Pierpont Lobbs'** Midway luncheon palace, is still at Camp Barkeley, Texas, where he has been situated for many months. In fact, Murph's been there so long that he thinks he ought to be awarded a medal for fighting the "Battle of Barkeley." He reports having received a letter from **Lt. Whitey Hill** while that great lover and character builder was still stationed at Camp Hood before being sent east. In it Whitey complained about "being eaten up by chiggers." I wouldn't know, of course, but I imagine that this was the most delicious dessert those chiggers had tasted in a long time. Murph's sister, **Pvt. June**, of the WACs, is now in England. . . **Frederick Voegeli** is enjoying the life of a sailor at Great Lakes where he expects to finish his boot training next Tuesday. There is a possibility that he may be held there longer, however. Frederick, who warbles a pretty nifty tune, has demonstrated that he's quite a vocalizer by "making" one of the great Lakes choirs. . . **Sgt. "Al" Baehler**, who since his graduation from Monticello high and Madison College about sixteen years ago, had been a resident of Rapid City (S.D.) recently tried his luck fishing in the Mediterranean sea, but reports that the results were most unsatisfactory and that he had much better luck pulling 'em out of the old mill pond back home in Monticello. . . **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, who is serving as a liaison officer, is now believed to be stationed somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands. Before leaving the states a few weeks ago, he was headquartered at Marines Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif. His wife, **Gladys**, has arrived in Monroe from the coast to make her home with her parents for the duration. Howie's address is: USMCR, (032090), Hd. Q. Co., 3 Rd. Bn., 26th Marines (Reinf.), %Fleet Post Office, San Francisco. . . **Pfc. Armin Loeffel** isn't so keen about Camp Maxey, Texas, where he says it's awfully hot and dry. He's with the combat engineers, and although he likes his work quite well, he still prefers the military police which was his assignment while he was in California. . . **Pvt. Karl Freitag** is receiving his preliminary infantry training at Camp Blanding, Fla., which isn't just the nicest camp in the country and is known chiefly for its sand and snakes. The closest town from camp is Jacksonville which is 40 miles away. He says he is getting the roughest kind of training imaginable. States Karl: "They really give us a workout on bayonet charging here. We have to run like mad and scream and yell at the top of our voice. The screaming and yelling, of course, is to scare the enemy." "**Mutch**" **Schultz** is enjoying the routine at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, where his assignments are keeping his time well occupied. He belongs to Co. C, of the 1st Ordnance Tng. Regt., and is nicely advanced in his basic training. . . Out at El Centro (Calif.) Air Station, where **Pfc. Joe Gmur** is stationed, it gets so hot around noon that they can't touch the airplanes so most of the flying is done either early in the morning or towards evening. Shade is hard to find at the station because it is situated in the desert. Outside of the heat, Joe, who is a former Monticello whisker assassin, likes the camp the best of any he has been at. He inquires about "**Professor**" **Boob Kissling**, the well known Camp Pickett (Va.) heart throbber, and wonders if the "prof" still gets that half-inch clip, declaring that the army barbers couldn't have found much hair to cut off of "Kiss" because "I really gave him a short one just before he went in." Joe asks for **Eddie Loeffel's** address. Here's the last one I have: **Pfc. Eddie Loeffel**, USMC, Co. I, 3rd Bn., 23rd Marines, 4th Div., %Fleet P. O., San Francisco. . . **Pfc. Eddie Zweifel**, Co. M, 117 Inf., APO 30, was in England only a few weeks before he was sent on to France where he and a buddy of his have dug a foxhole and are now living and sleeping together in it. For a while, he had been assigned to a different outfit, but now that he's back in Co. M again, he's met some of the friends he knew back in

the states. . . From down in the Mediterranean theatre comes word from **Lt. Ray Burns**, bombardier on a Flying Fortress, that he enjoys hearing about all the boys through The Drizzle. Everything's fine. **His brother, Gerald**, is in the Admiralty Islands. What's this rumor I've heard about you, Burnsy? Is it true that you signed away your independence to a nice little gal from the east by tripping up to the altar before you left for overseas? I'm listenin' for the answer. . . **S/Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, the ol' tail gunner, now leading the life o' Reilly at the AAF Base Unit in Miami Beach, Fla., recently had quite a thrill when he had the pleasure of a visit with **Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker**, air ace of the first world war, who happened to be staying in the hotel next to his. Wilbert had another run of good luck when he ran across **T/Sgt. Bayless**, of Texas, the radio operator on the Flying Fortress—The Duchess—on which the local youth was the tail gunner in 27 successful flights over the European continent. These two crew members made the ocean voyage back to the states together and Wilbert was under the impression Bayless was out in Santa Monica, Calif. . . **“Bob” Blumer**, the former Fashion Plate of Nickle Plate avenue and more recently known as the Bard of Northern Ireland, is now in the thick of the fighting in France. “So far I've been lucky and hope I can continue that way,” says Bob. “I've been through the mill, all right, and it ain't hay. You can believe that.” Here's loads 'n' loads of the very best of luck, Bob. . . “Keep The Drizzle coming, Roz, because it really is a great little paper,” writes **Royal Voegeli**, student in the naval air cadet course at Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn. There was a bad scare running around the college campus recently to the effect that the enrollment in the navy air corps was about to be slashed in half. Since Royal and some of his pals are in the first training phase of the program, they felt rather certain that they would be the ones to feel the axe, but luckily, it didn't touch them. **“Rog” Klassy** is studying the same course as Royal, but he's at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn.

FROM THE PEN-'N'-PENCIL FRONT—

Alas and alack! Just look what we have here! But wait a minute, fellows! We'd better look again to make sure. Yes, by golly, that's right, all right. It's a nice letter—and a nice, long one, too—from **Lt. Fritz Steinmann**, stationed at the Chicago Quartermasters Depot. After saying some mighty nice things about The Drizzle and The Drizzler, all of which are deeply appreciated, Fritz wields his versatile pen like this:

“As you no doubt know, my primary job is to keep 3600 employees happy by seeing that they get their pay checks promptly. The payroll amounts to 9 million a year, and under war department payroll procedures, I am personally liable for all of it. So perhaps I'll be working my way out of this army for a long time to come. It may not be an exciting job, but it can be interesting, particularly when a third of the employees are colored, un-educated, and quite unable to understand why Uncle Sam takes this and that away from them in retirement and tax deductions.

“Now a bit about the Depot itself. The Quartermaster corps is the largest of the services, furnishing some 70,000 items to supply the needs of the army. QM Depots scattered across the country are the procuring and storing agencies and each one specialized in those items most common to the locale in which it is located.

“The Chicago Depot, in the heart of the nation's bread-basket, is the chief agency for supplying food-stuffs for the armed forces. All army rations have been developed in our laboratories which rank among the best in the country. Research continues constantly and the boys can still hope to get something besides “Spam.”

“At the present time our Depot purchases 78% of the food supplies for the army, a portion of that used in the Navy and Marines, and much of the supplies sent abroad for civilian feeding in the re-conquered areas. Our inspectors watch over the manufacture of the foodstuffs and our

transportation officers route the supplies to posts, camps, stations, and points of embarkation for shipment overseas. So you can tell the fellows as they sit down to a tasty meal or damn the dehydrated eggs and “bullybeef” (to quote Capt. Steussy way over there in Italy) that back in Chicago, I had a small part in getting their meal to them.

“Hope to be seeing you soon, and in any case, carry on with the swell job you’re doing. Sincerely, Fritz.”

STRAIGHT FROM THE STRATOSPHERE—

Lt. Leon H. (Frizzletop) Babler, navigator on a Flying Fortress based in England, breaks his several month’s silence with an interesting letter to The Drizzler. Until he fractured an arm in an airplane accident some weeks ago, Leon had 13 missions over Europe to his credit. Undoubtedly he has swelled this number considerably since then. Say’s ol’ Frizzletop: “Dear Roz: About time, huh? (You took the words right out of my mouth, Leon.) Sorry, but I’ll try to do better from now on. As you probably have noticed, my address is the same as Marty’s formerly was. Yes, I was transferred to his squadron a few weeks ago—met his navigator and pilot and they were pleased to hear that he had arrived in the states so quickly. By the way, **Wilbert**, I received your letter from 12 RCD, but didn’t answer because I knew you would be leaving soon. Let me know his next address, will you, Roz? (Here it is, Leon: Sovereign Hotel, Room 401, Section C, Dept. 1, 1020th AAF Base Unit, AAFRS No. 2, Miami Beach, Fla. Incidentally, Lieutenant, I’ll have the ol’ tail gunner on the microphone in a few “minutes”). Sure would like to run into some fellows from home again. Last time I was in London I was glancing through a Red Cross Club signature book and found **Paul Voegeli**’s name in it. Quite a coincidence, I thought. Yesterday, the King and Queen and Doolittle were here. The princess christened one of our new ships and they took a general sight-seeing tour of the base. I could have gotten some nice pictures, but carelessly left my camera in the barracks. Was certainly glad you received a letter from **Don Trickle**. I had no idea where he was anymore. Keep that Drizzle coming. . . . And now The Drizzle switches you down to Miami Beach to hear from **Wilbert**, who, as you’ll all remember, was stationed at the same English base as Leon before completing his missions over Europe and returning home decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with three oak leaf clusters. Okay, Sarge, we’re all alistenin’: “Still taking it easy down here. Don’t know if my orders were jumbled up or what, but if they were, that’s all right, too, because I’m having lots of fun. For the benefit of **Lt. U. G. (Just-Call-Me-Coach) Hill**, I’d like to tell him what a tough day consists of. (What a modest little violet Whitey is, isn’t it so, eh, Wilbert? So, he just wanted the boys to call him “coach.” How noble and how ducky of the great master mind, whose grand strategy has landed his teams so frequently in the loss column. I really don’t mean this, Whitey; I’m just trying to roil you up enough so’s you’ll be sure to fire at The Drizzler and the rest of the boys in your finest and most welcome style, come the next issue.) Here it is, “coach:” Reveille—any time you feel like getting up. Noon—chow. From 2 to 5 p.m.—movies or an optional deep sea fishing trip, free. Chow. Then the interesting detail of night life—you know—beer, food, and entertainment. Deadline on pass—6 a.m. Lights out—6:05. (I think it’s mighty thoughtful of you, Wilbert, not to even mention a word about all those dazzling blondes and brunettes you’ve undoubtedly been escorting about Miami Beach because, after all, it wouldn’t be just right to cause Whitey and Bo Woelffer and Boob Kissling too much misery.) Sure would like to transfer into light bombardment or get into these new P-61 Black Widows. The new A206 is a neat job, too. But once you’re in the heavies, you usually stay there. Say, Roz, if you have the July 29th issue of **Colliers** or can get a copy of it, do so and read the article about the first B-29 raid on Japan. When I see you again, I’ll have a story about that article. At present I’m waiting for some word from

the Adjutant General in Washington for verification of some things. So keep that issue handy for when I'm home again. All for now. To Eddie and Emil, (Wilbert hadn't yet heard about Kenny and Harry.) I hope your wounds weren't too serious. And don't take up too much of the nurses time, fellows. They've got work to do, too, you know."

IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

When The Drizzler last heard from **Pfc. Thomas Runkle**, he was still in England which he described as a beautiful country, adding that "the girls aren't so bad, either." . . . Before **Emil Weigert** was wounded by a shell fragment and taken back across the channel to recuperate in an English hospital, where he is now up and walking around again, he had a chance to talk to lots of German prisoners. Emil is a native of Hamburg, Germany, and naturally talks the language fluently. He says most of the prisoners are tired of war—as well they should be after all of the terrible crimes they have committed. Emil regrets that he cannot talk French, declaring that they seem so glad the Allies landed in their country. "They sure are good to us—have had everything from fresh milk to champagne since we landed in France." (Ah, Emil, I'll bet that French champagne has it all over a "nip" of Budweiser or a snort of Kessler's) . . . Since **Sgt. "Al" Baehler** went on this unsuccessful Mediterranean fishing cruise, he has been moved from Sicily into Italy where he has been fortunate enough to see the Ruins of Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius—from a distance. "Have been pretty busy and don't have much time to play around. The food is good and lots of it. Finally got a little beer the last few weeks and guess we'll get a bottle a week now and possibly a coke or two. It sure hits the spot and we are fortunate enough to get it cold. What I miss is cold drinking water. Usually it's warm. Things are looking mighty good. Maybe we'll be home before we know it. (Surely hope so, Al.) Keep the Drizzle coming." . . . It's been nine months since **Gaylord Miller, S 2/c**, aboard the U.S.S. Cowpens, has been back to the states. He'd like to be back in "good, old Monticello" again, playing ball with the rest of the fellows. Gaylord asked for **Royal Voegeli's** address so here it is: **Royal Voegeli**, As, V-12a, Co. A, Johnson Hall, Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn. . . . **Lt. Dick Schoonover's** now back at Fort Monmouth (N.J.) after a leave on which he visited his parents, **Sheriff and Mrs. Pat Schoonover**, and also dropped in on his friends in the old home town. Dick writes: "I'm still stationed at Fort Monmouth and that's about as much as I can say about my activities. I spend most of my time in a special guarded area inside the Fort, with iron bars on all the windows of the buildings just to be sure it's 'airtight.' It's not that we are important, but some of the equipment we are working with—is! I guess I was the only one of the new bunch of officers that came in that didn't claim the barred windows made them nervous. It reminded me of the Green county jail and four years in and out of there is immunization enough for anyone. Sure hope all the gang will soon be coming home—not needing to bother about reporting back." (Now that you're back in the old groove again, Dick, let's hear from you more often.) . . . **Eddie Loeffel** wasn't the only ex-Monticello boy in on the invasion of Saipan. **Hilmer Gordon**, Co. E, 105th Inf., APO 37, was there, too. Says Hilmer: "Have been all through the battle for Saipan and it was plenty tough. Things are very quiet now though we still have very little time to ourselves. I'm so tired, I believe I could sleep for a week. I am well and have been all the way through. I have seen a few wild animals on the island so far, but I imagine most of them had been killed in the terrific aerial and naval bombardments which preceded our landing. I have never seen so many flies in all my life as there are here. (Well, Hilmer if you ever played in the outfield up at the high school baseball diamond while Whitey Hill was in the pitcher's box, chasing "flies" would be nothing new to you.) The weather is very changeable here. It rains one minute and the sun beats down fiercely on us the next. Not at all like the good old U. S. A. Received two copies of The Drizzle recently and sure was

glad to get them. Will try to write regularly from here on.” (That’s fine, Hilmer! I’ll be looking for your letters.)

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

The swell news that “**Ott**” **Blum** has recovered from his recent siege of illness and has now been back “in circulation” for some time is contained in the following newsy letter from the naval medical corps lieutenant: “Dear Roz: Was very glad to get your fine airmail letter with the last Drizzle. Can say that I had dengue and malaria. I was sick for only a short time and apparently have no after-effects of any kind. At last our outfit has moved up to an advanced area. We have left New Guinea—and I hope I’ll never see it again. Am on an island of a couple square miles not so very far from New Guinea and not so very far from the equator, either. It is the nicest spot I’ve seen out here, but still comes far short of the popular idea of a charming South Sea island. Evenings are surprisingly cool. The sun is certainly blistering, but if you can get in a little shade, the breeze is enough to make it pleasant. The tide runs out about a mile, leaving thousands of nice sea shells on the beach. I believe shell-hunting could be interesting as a hobby. Remember all the animals we studied in zoology? (Yes, I do, Ott. And, incidentally, what do you think about that little line **Major “Les” Weissmiller** had in his letter to me in the last Drizzle? You know. It went something like this: “So help me, I have never worked so hard in my life.” Just a little line, but whatta “line” the Major has. Or do you think we ought to believe him this time. Com’on there, Les, you’re not supposed to be reading this.) Well, the sea out here has all of these shells and it’s healthy to stay away from many of them. We’re close enough to the action to occasionally hear artillery fire, but that’s as close to it as I’ve been. Very best wishes, Ott.” . . . From down in sunny Camp Stewart, Ga., come these interesting notes to The Drizzler from **Cpl. Paulus Roth**, who hits the high spots of his observations and experiences in this nimble fashion: “Very warm here and lots of rain. Am blessed I can work in office with about 40 others under electric fans with forced ventilation. Am kept real busy so time moves rapidly. A number of battalions are just starting new “waves” as the 17-week training periods are known here. About 1000 men in a battalion at finish. Service records and details keep the personnel force plenty busy. As for trainees, we are getting them of all ages. Some of the draft boards must not only have scraped the barrel, but also thrown it in, too. Lots of physically limited men in all classes, but some real soldiers in the 18-20-year class. Have been taking heat O.K., but they can give the south back to the Indians.” . . . “Boy, I sure was glad to see him,” writes **Alvin (Schmitty) Schmidt**, local Marine in the Southwest Pacific area, in telling of his meeting with his old high school pal, **Don Pearson**, also a Marine, whose whereabouts he learned through The Drizzle. The boys were unaware they were in the same division and stationed in the very same camp. Says Schmitty: “Don sure has changed a lot since the last time I saw him back in ’42. I dropped over to see Don one evening and he was just as pleased to see me as I was to see him. We spent most of the evening shooting the breeze about the good old home town and the good old times we used to have back there. (But, Schmitty, after you got through shooting the breeze, what did you do with the “bull?” Didn’t you shoot “it”, too?) Yes, I guess both Don and I could go for some good old Milwaukee beer and a cheese sandwich, and also a glass of fresh Green county milk. You know, the kind that a guy can’t find any other place in this whole wide world. We’ll most likely be here for another year or so. In the meantime, we’ll have a little excitement all our own with the Japs. Just so it doesn’t last too long. Have had some fresh meat, vegetables, and fruit for a change and it made me think of home. This corned beef, hash, and powdered eggs are all right—if you’re hungry enough. The drizzle is swell, Roz. You can’t realize how we fellows “go” for it. So long!”

FROM THE FIGHTING FRONT IN FRANCE—

“**Mel**” **Marty**, now a staff sergeant, who has been right in the thick of the Battle for France ever since D-Day, relates some of his thrilling and harrowing combat experiences in a letter just received by *The Drizzler*: “Have not yet received the last Drizzle,” says Mel, “But am sure looking forward to it. Mail is a great morale builder and when a fellow has to stay in a foxhole in mud and rain for three or four days, it means everything in the world. I have really been in some tight spots, Roz. One day a bunch of us were along a hedge row next to a road when some German 88s opened up. The shells went so close over the top of our heads that we could actually feel the hot air created by them. No kidding, one of the fellow’s steel helmet raised right off of his head. And, of course, at night the Jerries usually send over a few planes to bomb and strafe us and we have to sweat them out. I have had only one chance to take a shower since D-Day and am still wearing the same clothes so you can imagine how clean they are. And I have had the opportunity to shave about seven times since then. Of course I have been on the front lines or only a couple miles behind them all the time so you can get an idea of what we’ve been through. One of the greatest sights I have ever seen, Roz, was on the day those 1800 bombers came over from England and bombed right in front of us, only 200 yards ahead. We were flat on the ground, but we couldn’t keep still because the ground actually vibrated so from this terrific bombardment. There were Liberators, Fortresses, A-20s, and B-26s. That was really some sight. When they stopped bombing, we jumped right up and off after the kraut-heads. The air corps is pounding ‘em day and night and I’ll take my hat off to those “birds” any day. Also to our tank and other armored units. Boy, are we ever glad when we see our tanks roll alongside of us and see our planes roaring overhead. Well, Roz, this will be all for this time. Will send you more sidelights for *The Drizzle* whenever I get the chance. As ever, Mel. (It’s swell to get such a swell letter, Mel. I’ll be lookin’ for more of ‘em and the same goes for all of the rest of the fellows.)

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Ray Edwards**, Philadelphia; **H. C. Roth**, Monroe; **Peter J. Elmer**, Montrose, Calif.; **Harvey Milbrandt**; **Mrs. Euphemia Urben**, Madison; **Mrs. W. R. Shisler**, Gibsonburg, O.; **Casper Blum**, **Mr. and Mrs. Al Knobel**, **Dr. Babler**, **Irene Marty**, **C. M. Stauffer**, **Dr. Horne**, **Erwin Kissling**, **Joe Voegeli**, **H. Milbrandt**, **Ed Bontly**, **Wilbert Christen**, **Hattie Yaussi**; **Allie Howard**, Belleville; **Albert Stoller**, Brookline, Mass.; **Mrs. J. P. Zweifel**, **Mrs. Bertha Keller**, **Mrs. Hazel Kundert**, and **John C. Elmer**.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Shortly before the invasion, **Tommy Brusveen** was stationed briefly near Cardiff, Wales, near where **Sgt. C. J. (Jake the Joker) Dick**, is on the staff of the 348th Station Hospital, and he believes he took pictures of the same old castle Carl mentioned in the April issue of *The Drizzle*. Tommy says he never thought he’d see or do what he saw and did during the invasion. . . **Fritz Steinmann** expects to be transferred from Chicago shortly. . . **Whitey**’s with an Excess Officer’s Co., may be on his way overseas by now. . . Thanks to “**Al**” **Deppeler** and **Wilbert Marty** for shoulder patches. . . **Cpl. P. F. Blumer** leaves today on return to Chanute Field, Ill., departs end of month for overseas replacement depot near Greensboro, N. C. . . A number of the boys have been home on furlough or leave in the past month. You’ve either read or’ll read about them in the *Messenger*. . . **S/Sgt. Debbie Moritz** has been in France ever since the invasion. He’s with a radio outfit. His

address: Hq. Btry., 230 F. A. Bn., APO 30. . . **Bob Blumer**'s with Co. F, of the 11th Inf. Also with him in France are **Johnny Blumer** and **Lloyd Deppeler**, Al's brother. . . Just noticed where I forgot to mention that Tommy never was able to contact Carl when they were in the same general area. . **Pvt. Florence Pluss** of the WACs, until recently at Camp Augusta, Ga., now has an overseas APO out of San Francisco. . . Say, Wally, how about a letter from you telling of some of the pilots you've tutored who've gone out and made names for themselves by ridding the skylanes of filthy "Germs" and Japs? I'm all set for it so hope you are, too. . . **"Boob" Kissling**, the former Yale Yodeler, spent four days in Philadelphia recently during the transportation tie-up. Detailed with soldiers from Camp Pickett. No wonder the strike ended in such a hurry. . . A letter just in from **Howie Steinmann** says he's on a rather beautiful island in the Pacific and parts of it remind him of California. His outfit is living comfortably enough in tents. "The sun shines every day, but we get our "shower" every day also." . . And thus ends this issue of The Drizzle. Until next month, then, the very, very best of luck to each and every one of you!!

PLEASE DON'T FORGET YOUR DRIP IN THE DRIZZLE! WRITE!! TONIGHT!!!

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

A GOLD STAR SHINES ON MONTICELLO—

Yes, a gold star shines on Monticello, a gold star symbolic of the courage and gallantry of a quiet, likeable, fun-loving country boy, **Pvt. Paul Derendinger**, who is the first soldier from the Monticello area to make the supreme sacrifice for his country in World War II. Serving as an ambulance driver with the 21st General Hospital, Paul met death in an accident in Italy Aug. 19. Details are not known. Paul had been in the army since December, 1941, and since November, 1942, when he was transferred to England, he had seen service there in North Africa, Sicily, and more recent in Italy.

Excerpts from a letter written to Paul's parents, **Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derendinger**, by his commanding officer, Colonel Lee D. Cady, show the high regard in which he was held by his army associates. Writes Colonel Cady, in part:

"I am personally touched by the entire circumstances surrounding the loss of your son. I saw him within less than five minutes, and know everything possible was done for him which could be done. It is to me, to this organization and to the United States Army, a loss which cannot be measured in words.

"I had many opportunities to personally observe your son, whose particular type of duty brought him into daily contact with many of the officers of this organization. He was an outstanding soldier, imbued with a fine spirit of responsibility, a credit to this organization, and to the Army of the United States. All who knew him, officers, nurses, and enlisted men alike, speak highly of him. He was the type of soldier who, given an assignment, carried it through with the utmost cheerfulness and co-operation. I was proud to have him as a member of this unit.

"I can think of no more appropriate way to close this letter than by quoting the words of one of my enlisted men, **Private Bob Glessing**, your son's best friend in the unit: "I knew Paul about two and a half years. He was the kind of man I should always want as a friend; always dependable and willing to do for others whatever he could do. He would go out of his way to do a favor for someone. He was always cheerful and honest about everything. I am going to miss him."

"I think Private Glessing expresses my sentiments and those of every officer and enlisted man in this organization. Your son was the kind of man I should always want to command."

The Drizzler never had the pleasure of knowing Paul intimately, but from the many fine things that have been said about him, I know that he must have been a grand boy. Like so many other gallant American young men in this vast, global conflict, he gave his life to give us the priceless liberties of democracy. Yes, Paul has left us, but he has left behind the sweet and unforgettable memories of a loyal and loving son, a fine citizen, and a brave and fearless soldier.

LET'S SETTLE BACK FOR A RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

“Hard-Luck Harry.” That’s the sobriquet that might well be pinned on **Cpl. Harry Schuerch** in view of the misfortunes which have dogged his trail within the past two months. Charging against the enemy with his infantry unit in the Battle for France at 11:30 on the night of July 26, Harry stepped on a Ratzki “booby-trap,” the explosion of the mine costing him the loss of his right leg below the knee. He was not found until 5 o’ clock the next morning. Since then he has been in a hospital in England where he has now had three operations on his leg. Two days after the third operation, he submitted to an appendectomy. After his return to the states, which is as yet indefinite, Harry will have to submit to still more surgery on his leg. . . . Monticello now has three wearers of the Purple Heart, medal awarded by the war department to the members of the armed services who are wounded in action. Harry is one of them. The other two boys are **Emil Weigert**, who received a serious hip wound in the Battle for France, and after six weeks in an English hospital, was sent back into combat Aug. 21, and **Eddie Loeffel**, former local high school athletic luminary and now a Marine, who received a bad shoulder wound in the Battle of Saipan in the Southwest Pacific. The wound has been stubborn in healing and recently Eddie was transferred to a hospital in Australia for treatment. . . . The ol’ tail gunner, **S/Sgt. Wilbert Marty** is now stationed at the Army Air Force training school at Laredo, Tex., where he is being groomed to become an instructor in gunnery. He passed the entrance exam consisting of 150 questions and says it was plenty tough. He’s learning teaching methods now starting out with five-minute talks and gradually building them up to 15 minutes. Wilbert arises at 5:30 every morning, has classes from 7 to 11 and 1 to 5. Says it seems natural to hear the roar of the bombers again. . . . **Sgt. “Al” Baehler** is performing pretty much the same old routine in Italy. His working hours are from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. His outfit has had a few drawings recently, the winners getting trips to Rome, but so far “Al” hasn’t had any luck. He saw an unusual sight the other day—two women street cleaners. He doesn’t think the Pacific war will last long after the Allies polish off the Ratzis and they concentrate the full weight of their combined power on the Sneakanese. That’s the way it looks to me, too, Al. . . . **Tommy Runkle**, writing from France, inquires about the whereabouts of **S/Sgt. Marty** and I see I have already answered his question. Yes, they still have wedding dances in Monticello, Tommy. Do you miss them? You say you haven’t seen a show for three or four months. Well, anyway, Tommy, you and the rest of the boys are certainly staging one whale of a show for those Germaniacs, “showing” ‘em how the Yanks roar when they’re on the march. . . . **Johnny Zimmerman**, now a corporal, got one of the thrills of his life when he was assigned as chauffeur for **Prime Minister Winston Churchill** during part of the latter’s tour of Italy. He also drove for Gen. Wilson, a 4-star British general, and a number of other generals. Johnny and his outfit are quartered in tents, but he says they have them fixed up pretty nice. He was recently in Corsica and then flew to France. Recently he has been driving a jeep again. His letter doesn’t state if he’s still in France or back in Italy. Let’s have a few lines again, Johnny. It was nice hearing from you. . . . **Lt. (jg) Ed Klassy**, aboard the U.S.S. Williamson in the Pacific, has been so busy these past few months that he hasn’t even had a “chance to see a movie, get a beer, take a swim, or have any kind of liberty.” He and a few of his buddies did set foot on land for a few minutes, but were glad to return to the ship because it didn’t look too inviting. His last liberty was spent on the beach of a small, uninhabited island and he would appreciate a “repeat” now even if there was only a choice of sitting or swimming. Ed also reports that he had a letter recently from the Honorable **“Doc” Youngreen**, better known as the “Hot Shot” of New Britain Island way out there in the far Pacific. . . . It was swell to hear from **Betty Woelffer**, who is having a grand time doing general nurse’s duty in a hospital in Dunedin, Fla., where at the same time she is also under a

doctor's supervision for the illness she contracted before her medical discharge from the army. She held a lieutenant's ranking in the army nurses corps. You must be feeling almost as fit as a fiddle, Betty, judging from the schedule you're carrying. B.J.'s old outfit, the 105th Evacuation Hospital, was at a port of embarkation at the time she wrote her letter. Let's have another letter some of these days, Betty. . . **Leo Felts** is still at the 'old stand' down around Havana, Cuba, where the past couple of months have found him doing a lot of patrol duty. He writes: "The Drizzle has been coming through every month and they are truly enjoyed. Reading it really makes one realize how Monticello is represented to the far corners of the earth and what a fine job the whole gang is doing in this war." . . . **Leo's brother, "Lenny,"** is in France where, up to the time he wrote, he hadn't seen so much action, but he had been in quite a bit of enemy artillery fire. "Lenny" also had a few experiences with Razzi snipers. Drizzle readers will recall "**Mel" Marty** mentioning what a mean weapon those German 88s are. Len agrees with him. "They're really quite a gun," he says. The former Monticelloan closes his letter with the hope "That the next Drizzle will be storming down my way soon." . . . "**Al" Deppeler** is still at Camp Rucker, Ala., where "They have really been giving me rough treatment the last two weeks." He started Ranger School two weeks ago and it has been the hardest training "Al" has ever received, either mentally or physically. They have a compass course there that leads right through swamps and across two creeks and it is no picnic going through them, intimates "Dep." **Sgt. "Al" Bassi**, all All-American tackle from Lehigh, who is almost a perfect physical specimen, is "Dep's" instructor.

"BURN-'EM-UP" BURNS CAPERS ON CAPRI—

Lt. Ray Burns, who was cited for bravery during the Sneakanese attack on Pearl Harbor and who was recently awarded the Air Medal for accuracy in bombing in the Mediterranean war theatre where he is a bombardier-navigator on one of Uncle Sam's big bombers, was privileged to enjoy the luxuries of a rest camp on the Isle of Capri not long ago. The Drizzler likes to call Ray "Burn-'Em'Up" Burns because he's a little guy who does big things. Let's turn The Drizzle mike over to the lieutenant and listen to him describe a life of luxury on the Isle of Capri in his own words:

"I just got back from a week at a rest camp on the Isle of Capri. Boy, is that ever a swell place for a vacation! The hotel I stayed at was really grand. We had our meals behind the hotel in a large, shady garden while an orchestra played. The meals were served in courses and were very good! We had cocktails and dancing every night in the garden, also tennis and badminton courts, ping-pong tables, billiards, several lounges and bars, and a theatre. Also went swimming, but stepped on a sea animal resembling a porcupine and was pulling quills out of my foot for two hours. (What a silly thing to do, Burnsy).

"There are some large summer villas there, including Benito's. One old lady now living in Switzerland left her place open for visitors. She has a swell art and book collection. Refreshments were also served so I hung around there for two days. (That's really using the old knob, lieutenant.)

"On the way over I piloted the plane almost all the way to Naples for a little practice. On the way back, I had to stay four days in Naples before I got a hop back.

"**My brother, Gerald**, is now in the Admiralty Islands in the Southwest Pacific and Irene's husband has arrived in England. About the only secret weapon that can save Germany now is a long pole with a white flag attached. We really mean business now. But, gee, we are finally getting some beer and ice cream and I don't wanna go home yet. As always. Ray."

HERE, THERE 'N' EVERYWHERE—

S/Sgt. **Carl Stauffer** is now stationed at Lowry Field in Denver, getting his final training as mechanic on the Big Boeing B-29 Flying Forts. . . The last The Drizzler heard from Emil Weigert was just before he was sent back into combat. “Haven’t received the Drizzle yet and I sure miss it,” he said. “I am getting dry for some French wine and lonesome for a chat with some prisoners. The doctors and nurses have been swell and I have had lots of fun in the Hospital” . . . **“Bob” Blumer**, the old maestro, who has left a trail of broken feminine hearts all the way from Iceland through England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, and parts of France, relays the news that he was the fourth fellow in his outfit to cross the Seine river in France. “And you can bet I wasn’t thinking of home then,” he writes. “I’ve been mighty, mighty lucky so far so will have to knock on wood for that. This is some of Jerry’s writing paper that I picked up from some devils that won’t be needing any, any more.” . . . Also from France come these lines from **Pvt. Morgan Phillips**, with a Tank Destroyer outfit: “Got my first Drizzle in France and sure was nice to get it. Not having a bad time here as long as the Germans keep running. It’s not so much fun, though, to be sticking around a foxhole. Sure have seen some awful bombed out cities and villages here. Some mess to clean up. Lots of the roads are the same way, all lined up with rubbish. Getting to see quite a bit of France. Don’t like their small fields of 3 to 4 acres. Watched them cut grain in one of them. Sure would not want to start in a field like that back there. **Emil Weigert** sure must be giving ‘em hell. (Leave it to Emil, eh Morgan?) Getting plenty to drink now and then. Not able to speak French, but am getting along fairly well.” . . . From **Cpl. George Wittwer**, stationed in the Southwest Pacific, who is the son of **Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wittwer**: “Really do appreciate The Drizzle. As you know, **Carl Dick and Art, Leon, and Carl Babler** are cousins of mine. **Major Weissmiller** was my old commanding officer before leaving the states. Have had four C. O.s since then. Sure hope I can get back with him when I return. Things are moving fast now and let’s hope it won’t be long before it’s all over. Can’t tell you where I am, but it may give you some clue to know we are paid in Dutch money. Sure have covered territory since landing here in March, 1942, making this my 30th month over here. Hope it won’t be long before I’m back in the good old U. S. A. In the meantime, keep up the good work with The Drizzle. It’s a great morale booster and I really do enjoy reading it.” (Glad to know you like it so well, George.)

NOTHING BUT NOTHING—

Back in Monticello after many long, dreary months in some of the remotest parts of the Aleutian Islands, those two scintillatin’, devastatin’ sergeants of the United States Army—**Erv Spring** and **Fritz Haldiman**—have been chanting “Happy Days Are Here Again” almost ever since they landed in the old home town Sept. 3. The boys are really “in the pink” and little wonder why the “Yaps” scrambled out of the Aleutians in such a heckuva hurry when the two burly sergeants from Monticello strutted onto the scene, bulging their muscles.

Much of their time was spent on the outer reaches of the Aleutians. And what a spot that would be for such reckless royalists of romance as **Whitey Hill** and **Bob Blumer** of France, **W. James Murphy** and **Bo Woelffer** of Texas, **Jake (the Joker) Dick** of Cardiff, Wales, and **Louie (The Lonely Lover) Wyss** of Australia. Army legend has it that there’s where there’s a girl behind every tree, but first of all, you have to find a tree. As Erv puts it, there’s absolutely nothing there—no trees, no girls, no nothing!

If this land of “Nothing But Nothing” is not a heavenly haven for Rollicking Romeos, then surely it is a poker players paradise. The Drizzler had read news stories of wild poker games with as

high as \$100,000 changing hands in a single night. “Is it so?” I asked the honorable Erv, and right here let me insert a little background information by stating that Erv is a polished product of that very distinguished Monticello citizen, **H. Jeremiah Elmer**, the well known local authority on soda crackers and sardines, whose amazing versatility now extends all the way from promoting jass tournaments to giving away brides at elaborate wedding ceremonies.

Well, anyway, Erv says it’s absolutely the McCoy, adding that he and Fritz had witnessed a number of games with a total of 100 grand stacked before the six players. The local boys confined their activity to spectator roles, but they report that every pay day was really “hay day” in the Aleutians where poker became the national pastime. Once a doughboy with a lucky streak swept through his company and then took other company and battalion “champs” through the cleaners, he was really a DOUGHboy! A buddy of Erv’s and Fritz’s sent \$30,000 of his winnings home and on the boat on the way back, one of their acquaintances won three pots inside of five minutes, each “take” running better than a thousand dollars. This same chap stepped ashore in the states with a cool 50 grand tucked in his belongings. Yes, the boys from the Aleutians play poker high, wide, and GRANDsome!

Oh, that’s right, Erv once saw a fellow win a pot of \$1,000 on a pair of eight’s! What a soft touch a timid, ‘fraidy-cat like that guy would be for some of Monticello’s wild and wooly penny ante athletes!

Erv and Fritz are due to report at Camp Swift, Texas, next Wednesday where they will be with the Anti-Tank Co., of the 159th Infantry, until they receive their reassignments which are expected shortly.

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From Lt. “Ott” Blum, now a naval flight surgeon Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: “The Drizzle has been coming through fine. You have no idea with how much pleasure I await its arrival. My brother, Al, wrote that he had seen a copy and thought it was the best paper of its kind he had ever seen, and that you are to be most highly commended. I fully agree. (Thanks, fellows!) When I arrived at this place about 7 weeks ago, it was then an area well up front. That is no longer true, thanks to subsequent landings. I think my outfit is due to move up again. Half way sorry to leave. I have not run into as nice a place anywhere out here. The navy has designated me a flight surgeon. I’ve done some flying on rescue missions—where navy seaplanes try to bring back fliers, usually of the army—who have been shot down into the sea. It surely makes me proud to learn what a fine job so many of the Monticello youngsters are doing. Many of them I remember as kids, but now they’ve got what it takes.” . . . “You asked about some of my students,” writes Lt. (jg) Wally Barlow, at the time still primary flight instructor at the naval air station at Glen View, Ill. “Usually they are pretty poor correspondents when you finish with them. However, some of my boys I did keep in touch with until their graduation. Thus far none of my students, to my knowledge, have washed. A couple of them are instructors, but most of them ended as fighter pilots, usually in the Marines. Also, one is a B-24 pilot who should be in the S. Pacific by now. I also heard of a tentative decoration for one of my first students, who is in the Marines, but thus far haven’t seen any official confirmation of it so it may have been a mistake. He supposedly wrecked a Jap transport. So long for this time, Wally.”

IT’S TIME FOR ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Cpl. P. F. Blumer, until recently at the replacement center at Greensboro, N. C., now has a New York APO and may be on his way across any day. . . **T/5 Louie Ubert**, the former Monticello and New Glarus oil baron, has been transferred from New Jersey to Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . By this time all of you have undoubtedly read the gratifying news in The Messenger that **S/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb**, waist gunner, radio operator, and technician on a B-24 Liberator bomber, who had been missing in action over Germany since July 20th, is “Safe and well.” Those three words constituted the text of a cablegram Kenny sent to his wife, the former **Alice Schenk**. His whereabouts are not definitely known. . . It is a week today since **Frederick Voegeli** arrived at the Naval Training Station at Farragut, Ida., to attend a service school. Frederick completed his boot training at Great Lakes. . . Farragut is where “**Al**” **Moritz** is stationed. . Al’s brother, Debbie, is in France, believed to be with the 1st Army. He’s a radio operator. . . **Spencer Milbrandt**, a former Monticello resident, who has been in the heating and refrigeration business in Aberdeen, S. D., for many years, recently received word that one of his sons, **Warren**, aged 21, a paratrooper, was killed in action in New Guinea. . . “**Herb**” **Burgy** is back in the nation’s capital after a visit with relatives and friends at home. Formerly on the faculty of the University of Illinois, Herb went to Washington a year ago to become affiliated with the Department of the Interior. He recently accepted a new position as agricultural geographer in the State Department. . . Incidentally, Herb, although **Dr. Fred Hammerly**, the Hollywood obstetrical specialist, opened new offices of his own Sept. 1st, you can still reach him by mail at the Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood. And, say, doctor, how about an answer to that long letter I wrote you at least three months ago? Come, come, I know you must be awfully, awfully busy, Fred, but why can’t you put off some of those movie queens for just a few minutes, anyway? . . A nice chat recently with good, old “**Slim**” **Freitag** and he’s not so old, either. (And, say brother, that gray stuff you see in my hair isn’t dandruff, is it, Slim?) Slim is no longer with Howard Aircraft, but is now doing co-ordination work for a Chicago aircraft parts concern and he spends most of his time in Washington. He and **Herb Burgy** recently happened to bump into each other in the Shoreham Hotel in Washington and you can imagine what a “bull” session that must’ve been. . . **Marv Babler**, Monticello’s all-state high school forward in 1926, is now in his 10th year on the faculty of Appleton high school where, besides teaching history and coaching the track team, he is also head of the department of social study. . . **Sgt. Fritz Haldiman** is in a deuce of a pickle. He has two commanding officers now. His company commander and the former **Helen Roethlisberger**. They were married here Sept. 12.

MORE NEWS FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONTS—

From **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, Somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands: “I am now sitting out here in the middle of “nowhere.” The island I am on has its fine points. However, I would much rather sit and enjoy the scenery back in the states. This island’s scenery is very beautiful; its wild flowers and natural fruits are just as fine. Then, too, we have a little rain almost every day as well as an ever present wind. The days are warm and the nights are about “four wool blankets cold.” All in all, we are very comfortable in our homes which consist of 5-man tents. I recently had a 48-hour liberty and took a hasty sight-seeing tour of most of the island and its largest town. It is well worth seeing, but no place to go on liberty. I have yet to find a place like it that goes to “bed with the sun.” Well, Roz, give my best regards to all. Best, Howie.” . . From **Vincent Gerry**, with a Parachute Battalion in France: “I’ll tell you a little about my experiences in Italy where I was before coming to France. No man can ever say he was never scared when he’s up there on the line. Although I am in a Parachute Battalion, I am now on a 57 M.M. gun, a strictly anti-tank gun and a darned good one, too. I was only a few yards behind the infantry all the time and when they make an attack, you had better find

the first tank you can see and knock it out or it may mean your life. While I was at Anzio, I was hospitalized and the Jerrys bombed us every two or three hours. The hospital was only 100 yards from where they unloaded ships and they really made it miserable for us. Let me tell you those nurses took it like real troopers. When the Jerrys bombed the hospital, I couldn't move, of course, due to my condition, and that's an experience I don't care to go thru again. They moved me to another hospital the next day and it was shelled, too. I would sooner be in the front lines than in an evacuation hospital on those beach heads. Must close now. God bless all, Vincent."

NEW BOMBSHELLS FROM NEW BRITAIN—

From far-away New Britain Island come these new bombshells dropped into The Drizzle by none other than that agile literary bombardier of the Southwest Pacific—**Capt. "Doc" Youngreen**. The good doctor pretends to be deeply aggrieved by the bald insinuation of a fellow medico, **Major "Les" Weissmiller**, executive officer of Deshon General Hospital, Butler, Pa., who declared that the captain must have quite a snap or he couldn't write so often and at such length to The Drizzler. The Major, of course, did it for the express purpose of drawing a nimble rebuttal from the Southwest Pacific. Well fellows, here it is so let's listen to the captivating captain: "Dear Roz: I have been stabbed in the back and hit below the belt. Today, after finishing a grueling day's work (no kidding, I'm on an 18-hour day now—18 hours of bunk fatigue) and just when I'm about to crawl into my steam-heated foxhole, complete with Kohler plumbing, I received a welcome Drizzle. But imagine my dismay to find that I had been the victim of a dastardly attack from an unexpected quarter. Yes, it was none other than that character from the Caribbean, **Les Weissmiller**, who campus legend has it, was The Lone Wolf of Langdon Street some years back. (So you know all about that, too, do you, Doc?) But can you imagine, Roz, Les intimating that perhaps I am not working night and day. All I can say to that is that I have never finished my day's work before 9 in the morning. There are a couple of things I would like to have you check up on for me, Roz. The first is that I hear Les is about to succeed Robert Benchley as America's No. 1 after dinner speaker. (Righto! And how the Major loves (?) those speaking engagements.) The second is a little more detailed history of that two years' "vacation" on the tiny isle of Aruba. How about that, Winchell—I mean, Roz? Is it true that he is the first American upon whom the Queen of Aruba has bestowed the honor of membership in the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Beachcomber's Bazaar? (Shh! Doc, Shh! I darsen't say anything that might disturb the Major. You see, he's in a very delicate frame of mind these days, learning to sing lullabyes preparatory to joining the diaper brigade early in 1945. **Lt. Howie Steinmann** and **S/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb** also are scheduled for duty in the same "branch of service." Now see, Doc, what you started when you called me Winchell.) I knew that **C. Jake Dick** was cutting quite a few cakes of ice, but didn't realize he was already pretender to the royal throne. Don't worry about that \$64 causing **Whitey Hill** even the slightest erythema. He keeps all his money in an asbestos-lined pocketbook. You know, Roz, Whitey would be terrific down here. These black Marys are wild about blonde hair. Was interested in seeing the letter from Roger Foster, one of my conspirators in crime when he lived next door to me in the university "Y". Well, guess I'll take my cocoanut night cap and roll in. Do you think it is safe to sign this, Roz? (Sure, go right ahead, Doc, I'm standing behind you—just as far behind you as I possible can get when the boys start bombing back.) You realize that any resemblance of any characters referred to in this letter and any characters living is purely deliberate. Harold."

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Frances Schilling Berling**, Milwaukee; **Herb Burgy**, Washington, D. C.; **Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duerst**; **W. E. Blum**, **H. C. Elmer**, **Glenn Zimmerman**, **Robt. Stauffer**, **Mr. & Mrs. C. Yaussi**, **Wilbert Strahm**, **Mrs. Bertha Klassy**, **H. Feenje**, **T. Senn**; **H.W. Elmer**, New Glarus; **Mrs. Thomas Runkle**, **John Dahnke**, **Walt Haddinger**; **Nathan Crouch**, Monroe; **Dr. Horne**, **Ernest Schuerch**, **Mrs. Woodrow Keehner**; **Marion Hoesly**, Chicago; **Eleanor Benkert**, Chicago; **J. J. Burgy**.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

John Steinmann, now a first lieutenant, is expected home on a 15-day leave from Ft. Belvoir (Va.) today. May bring his family with him. . . **Wally Barlow**'s now at the Atlanta (Ga.) Naval Air Station, studying instruments and navigation preparatory to taking a fling at flying DC-3s. After brief training as co-pilot on Pennsylvania Airlines, he's slated for naval transport service. **Bo Woelffer** wants to know if **Kissling**, the Kiss King—on guard duty in the recent Philadelphia strike—had as much trouble with the "Phillies" as he had with those co-eds at Yale? Also if **Urho (Look-at-Those-Bars) Hill** wore a campaign ribbon with a silver star on it for The Battle of Texas when he was home? . . . **Whitey**'s in the thick of it in France now. . . **King Kissling**'s back in Camp Pickett (Va.) after a furlough at home. . . **Lt. Harv Trumpy**, "graduate" of the local cold storage where hot air and balloney fly fast and furiously the year round, now holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with three oak clusters, needed only three more missions to complete his quota of 35 as Flying Fort pilot and may even now be on his way to the states. Harv says he gets a big bang out of The Drizzle. Until October, bales 'n' bales of the best of luck to all of you!!

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

ATTENTION, LADS ‘N’ LASSIES—

The next two months, particularly during the annual Christmas rush in December, will find The Drizzler literally swamped with work. If we are to have a December issue of The Drizzle, I shall need your full and prompt co-operation. Let me hear from all of you immediately upon receipt of the October and November issues so that I may get an early start on the December edition. Otherwise I shall have to skip it so the matter is entirely up to you. To make a longer story shorter, Remember!—For December!

“MEL” MARTY DIES A HERO’S DEATH—

The grim tragedy of war struck Monticello a sledge-hammer blow the other evening when a telegram arrived from the war department for **Mrs. Mary Ellen Marty** bringing the sorrowful news that her husband, **Staff Sgt. Melvin A. Marty**, aged 25, had been **killed in action** near Aachen, Germany, on Sept. 20. He becomes the second Monticello boy to make the supreme sacrifice for his country in this war, **Pvt. Paul Derendinger** having met death in an accident Somewhere in Italy August 19.

In the thick of the heavy fighting on the European continent ever since D-Day, Sgt. Marty, an army veteran of three and a half years experience, belonged to a motorized unit of the 8th Infantry in the American First Army under the direction of **Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges**. Also a member of the 8th Infantry but in a different company, **Pfc. Emil Weigert**, another local soldier, is believed to have been referring to the tragedy which befell Melvin when a letter was received here from him several days in advance of the war department telegram in which he stated that “I would like to tell you something else, but you will probably hear about it soon.” The American First Army was locked in savage tank and infantry combat with the Germans on Sept. 20th when the fanatical Ratzis were trying desperately to seal a breach which the Yanks had torn in the Siegfried line north of Aachen and Sgt. Marty is thought to have fallen in this battle.

Undoubtedly all of you have read “Mel’s” obituary in the Messenger by this time and I shall only summarize that information briefly here. He was the only brother of **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, former tail gunner on a Flying Fortress, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross with three oak leaf clusters, veteran of 27 bombing missions over continental Europe—five of them over Berlin when air defenses over the Razi capitol were still at their peak—and more recently a student in advanced gunnery at the Laredo (Texas) Gunnery School which he expected to leave yesterday for an undisclosed destination. “Mel” was a son of **Mr. and Mrs. Albert Marty** and besides his parents; brother, Wilbert, and his wife, **Mrs. Mary Ellen Marty** of Monroe—whom he married in North

Augusta (Ga.) on Feb. 6, 1943, while stationed at Camp Augusta—he is survived by a daughter, **Marilyn**, who was one year old Sept. 24, and a sister, **Irene**.

The news that “Mel” Marty had given his all—life’s greatest treasure—for his country was a cruel blow to relatives and friends alike and it left the entire community dazed with grief. It was as though everyone in Monticello had suffered a heavy personal loss because “Mel” was one of those robust, refreshing individuals with a lively, glowing personality which won immediate and lasting friendships. I can remember the visit so vividly it seems only yesterday when “Mel” was home on furlough for the last time just a little over a year ago and he dropped in at the office for an hour’s chat. Like so many of you other boys, he was never particularly fond of army life. Undoubtedly he longed for the peace and quite and contentment of home surroundings. But “Mel” never complained, and because he was devoted to his duty, he rose to the rank of Staff Sergeant.

Yes, I shall never forget that visit because “Mel” was so brimful of enthusiasm—the buoyant and magnetic enthusiasm so typical of young, care-free America. How happy and proud he was of that dandy little daughter of his, **Marilyn**, then only three weeks old! His face beamed with pride when he talked about his division, officially recognized as one of the best trained and most formidable outfits in the entire armed service. And The Drizzle. “It’s tops, Roz!” exclaimed Mel. “It sure takes the cake! You haven’t any idea how much it means to us boys.”

As I sit here at my typewriter, I am seized with a feeling of deep humility. I feel humble and insignificant as I try to fully realize the valor of fine young men like “Mel” Marty, who gave his life to save the life of his country. None of us here at home can even faintly imagine the hell and the horror which “Mel” went through for the rest of us and which many of the other boys from Monticello are experiencing at this very minute—and every minute of every day and of every night—as they fearlessly carry on the desperate struggle against the ruthless and cruel barbarians of the third Reich and the wicked little fiends of the far Pacific in the flaming and thundering inferno of modern battle.

“Mel” Marty has gone from our midst, but his courage and gallantry and his unselfish devotion to the cause of his country will live on everlastingly to serve as a noble inspiration to all of us.

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Lt. “Bob” Amans, Co. I, 163rd Inf., APO 41, %PM, San Francisco, writes as follows from far out in the Southwest Pacific: “Just received last issue of the Drizzle. I sure look forward to it. Sorry to hear about **Kenny Holcomb**, but feel sure he is okay somewhere. (You’ll be happy to read about Kenny and his hair-raising experiences later on in the Drizzle, Bob) It’s raining this morning and let me tell you it really rains here. Some times it will rain for hours—just a steady downpour. And the way we have our tents fixed, the wind blows the rain in on top of us. But the battalion commander likes his tents uniform so who am I to change? Received a promotion to first lieutenant the 5th of August. Someone started throwing decorations around and one fell my way. Don’t know what it is yet, but that’s a small matter. (Here’s a “double-barrelful” of congratulations, Bob, and now let’s have all the inside dope on that decoration in your very next letter) All I ask out of this war is my life and I guess that’s all any of the fellows want. Well, Roz, due to APO regulations, my letter will be short. I certainly wish our wounded a speedy recovery and return to good old Monticello. And to the rest of the lads: Keep ducking! Thanks a million for The Drizzle. It sure is swell to know what all of the boys are doing. Oh, by the way, Roz, I might as well do a little bragging for our outfit. Did you or any of the boys hear about the “Butchers?” Tokyo Rose gave us that name. Bob.” . . . Just a few years ago when they were both in high school here, **Eddie Loeffel** did the hurling for the

M. H. S. baseball team and he used to rifle some hot curves across home plate to his battery mate, who was none other than that likeable, little chatterbox—**Alvin (Schmitt) Schmidt**, also now a veteran of Southwest Pacific warfare. Eddie's with Co. I, 3rd Bn., 23 Marines, 4th Div., %FPO, San Francisco. Let's lend him our ears, fellows: "Hiya, Roz: I was wounded on Saipan July 4th so I had plenty of real fireworks. Not exactly the kind I used to have at home, though. Left there on a hospital ship the 5th. My wounded shoulder is all right now and I am back with my old company again. Just got a couple of Drizzles and do I ever like to get them! Wished I would have received a copy at New Caledonia so I could have looked up some of the fellows there. (I'll bet **Don Trickle**'ll be disappointed to know he missed you. You must have played ball against **Art Zweifel of New Glarus** and I believe he is still there. I don't think Schmitt is, tho) Have been all over the South Pacific since leaving Saipan. So "**Cec**" **Wirth** is home. Well, he can tell you all about these islands and their beautiful women. Ha! How about it, Cec? Don't snow those post troopers too much. The best to all the fellows. As ever, Eddie." . . . When **Cpl. Raymond Zumkehr**, recently transferred from Camp Grant to Fort Lewis, Wash., was out on the range recently, he had the misfortune to jam a clip in his gun, but even so, he won a medal for marksmanship and missed winning a sharpshooters medal by only 11 points. Ray speaks of the beautiful mountain scenery. Although Mt. Rainier is only 60 miles away, it looks as though it were only three or four miles distant on a clear morning. "Doing guard duty tonight from 10 to 12, the first time in two years of service." (Hope you didn't let anyone slip through the lines, Ray) "Several of my buddies read The Drizzle," concludes Ray, "So keep up the good work, Roz. It's a great paper." . . **Capt. Norman B. Steussy**, with the 3482nd Q. M. Trk. Co., Somewhere in Italy, recently had the thrill of visiting the historical city of Rome and he says it is by far the most modern city he has seen in his travels overseas. Norman is apparently plenty busy these days because he had time for only those few lines. Thanks for the shoulder patches, captain.

NO, THIS ISN'T A FAIRY TALE!—

But you'll probably think I've ripped a few pages from one when you read about the thrilling, spine-tingling experiences which were jammed into the forty-six days that elapsed from the time **T/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb** was forced to parachute from a B-24 Liberator Bomber at an altitude of 9,000 feet until the night he and other prisoners of war escaped from a derailed German prison train bound for Ratziland. In fact, some of Kenny's adventures are so exciting that they'll probably raise your hair straight up on end even if you're in the habit of plastering it down with "staycomb" every morning, noon, and night.

For instance, Kenny, now home on furlough until late this month and looking like the proverbial million dollars despite the rapid-fire series of nerve-gnawing experiences which constantly plagued him, was befriended by the Belgian underground, fell into the hands of the Ratz Gestapo, and was twice threatened with death by the German vermin.

Kenny was the waist gunner, radio operator, and technician of the B-24 Liberator Bomber, a ship with a slightly larger wing spread than the famed Flying Fortress. It was July 20th on the crew's 19th mission over Europe—this their 12th raid over Germany, while all of the others were over France—when the big plane developed engine trouble just as they were going into their target. Consequently, the crew's pilot had to turn the ship around and head back into Belgium, releasing the bombs along the way to lighten the load.

The plane was at 21,000 feet then, and when the engine trouble was becoming dangerously worse and they were losing altitude at the rate of 500 feet a minute, the time came when they were forced to abandon ship.

This was the very first time any of the crew members had ever attempted a parachute jump. Their training did not include any practice leaps. Imagine the flurry of thoughts which must have stormed their minds as they prepared to take this first and fateful jump! Below them was nothing but an enormous mass of white clouds blocking the earth from their vision.

One of the crew members, his parachute now all adjusted for the jump, stepped bravely to the opening, looked at the yawning ocean of air beneath him, then lost his nerve temporarily and backed away to permit another buddy to take the lead.

Then, one by one—Kenny at 9,000 feet—the fliers stepped into the vast, floorless expanse below.

Instructions to airmen in the fighting zones are to fall as far as possible before pulling the rip chords to their chutes because the large, white “umbrellas” provide a perfect target for enemy fire. Kenny must have descended a good 5,000 feet before he jerked open his parachute and he drifted down into a Belgian wheat field, about 40 miles east of Brussels, at 11:30 that morning. Some Belgians, working in a nearby field, saw him land and two of them who happened to be members of the Belgian underground, immediately came to his aid. “Are you English?” was the first question they asked Kenny, who had with him as part of his regulation equipment a little pamphlet with handy, emergency phrases in Flemish, French, Dutch, and German. By consulting this booklet, Kenny was able to ask them if they could help him and the Belgians replied eagerly in the affirmative.

Then the two men sneaked Kenny three miles away to a little peasant house, occupied by another member of the underground, his wife, and three children. They were kind and extremely solicitous about Kenny’s welfare, anxious to help him in every possible way. Here he was given civilian clothes. He was also fitted with wooden shoes, undoubtedly to make more complete his appearance as a regular Belgian native.

Fear that the German Gestapo may have heard of the landing of the Yank airmen in the vicinity and that they might come to search the little cottage for them, led the underground representatives to take Kenny to a nearby woods to sleep for the night. At 1 a.m., he was awakened by the Belgians and you can imagine what a thrill it must have been for Kenny to see one of his crew members—Staff Sgt. Spence of Detroit, Mich., the top turret gunner. Sgt. Spence had landed several miles away from Kenny, but the Belgian underground had located him and brought him to join his buddy.

A plan was formulated to get Kenny and Sgt. Spence into neutral Switzerland with the aid of the underground. From that night on, the two airmen made their way cautiously—by day and by night—from house to house and from field to field, usually following a path in a field away from the road where they felt more secure from prowling Gestapo agents and moving only when they were certain they would run no unnecessary risks of capture. Often they rode bicycles which were placed at strategic points for them by the underground which apparently passes word along the way to other members of the organization. The efficiency of these brave Belgian patriots in giving Kenny and his buddy assistance right when they needed it the most was utterly amazing.

By Aug. 11th, the airmen had traveled 40 miles from East Belgium to Brussels, slow progress to be sure, because they always had to keep well under cover and some times were forced to remain in one locality because the risks of moving on appeared too great. The underground directed them to a house in Brussels where they had plenty to eat, fine sleeping quarters, and even a radio for their entertainment.

What a splendid piece of luck, Kenny and Sgt. Spence thought.

On Aug. 18th, after they had been at the residence for a week, the gentleman of the house asked them to get into a car. Things were really looking up for them now because their host told them that the automobile was to take them to neutral Switzerland. With him now was an RAF flier, who also had been directed to the house by the Belgian underground.

As the car rolled away, the three fliers were almost overwhelmed with joy. Tiny little **Switzerland** loomed in their thoughts as a heavenly paradise. Once there, they would be safe and secure from the **terrors of the Gestapo** which they had so luckily eluded up to now. The fliers talked but little as the machine raced along the streets of Brussels, but the expressions of happiness on their faces told a story of joyfulness which would have filled volumes.

Suddenly the automobile swung up to the curb in front of a five-story brick building surrounded by a high iron fence. At the gate stood a haughty, erect German soldier, an ominous automatic revolver at his side.

Kenny and his two buddies, now torn by a rush of conflicting emotions, immediately became suspicious.

The fliers were ordered out of the car and ushered up three flights of stairs into a small office where they were greeted by a paunchy, spectacled German officer. As the Allied airmen glanced about the little room, the cruelty of Ratzis trickery hit them a hard, sickening blow.

“I looked at Spence and our RAF buddy and they were both as white as sheets,” relates Kenny. “And I must have looked the same way because we were all plenty scared and don’t think we weren’t!”

There, on the walls of the little office, were large portraits of two of the filthiest Ratzis—**Hitler** and **Goering**.

This was Luftwaffe Headquarters!

Here the fliers were searched and relieved of all their money, rings and watches. Kenny, however, was a little too slick for the slickers. Anticipating this eventuality, he had previously tied his wrist watch and two rings around his left upper arm with a string, and although he was searched twice more later on, the Germaniacs never discovered his hidden jewelry.

Then came the interrogation. The Ratzis wanted to know the identity of the Belgian patriots who had helped them. Kenny and his two buddies refused to tell.

“They shoved us around quite a bit,” said the Monticello youth, “But we never suffered any bodily harm.”

When these tactics failed to get the airmen to talk, the German officer slyly reminded them that, since they were wearing civilian clothes, they were to be treated as spies and not as prisoners of war.

“And you know what that means,” he exclaimed, with painful politeness, referring, of course, to death before a firing squad.

When the fliers still declined to divulge this information, they were taken to a criminal prison in Brussels “to think it over.” Most of the inmates were Belgian civilians or German army deserters. In here the airmen were separated and locked in different cells—Kenny with two Belgians and a German soldier. He was kept shut in for 24 hours a day and only once a week was he allowed 10 or 15 minutes outside in a small pen in the sunshine—if there was any.

Kenny’s meals consisted of a cup of what was supposed to be coffee for breakfast; a bowl of thin, watery soup at noon; a dab of margarine and a large hunk of black, mouldy bread—so hard you could have almost pounded nails with it—at 3 p.m., and another cup of coffee and another bowl of soup for supper.

“It tasted pretty good, though,” says Kenny, “because we were always so hungry.”

Apparently the Ratzis could not afford to give their prisoners such “fancy” meals every day of the week because they did not serve any supper at all on Saturdays, Sundays, or Wednesdays.

Quite a contrast to the tender treatment these German murderers receive in American prison camps!

Kenny and the other prisoners were strictly forbidden to talk. Neither did they dare look out of windows. Guards were stationed along the corridors on all floors and they kept shouting instructions or inquiries at each other in that haughty, arrogant German bellow until, in the otherwise deadly quiet behind the dingy prison walls, it nearly drove the prisoners crazy.

Once more Kenny was ushered before a high Ratzki official and questioned. Again he was threatened with death when he remained silent. The local youth later learned that any prisoner refusing to divulge information after a third interrogation was placed in solitary confinement. An American fighter pilot had spent 31 days in a dark, lonely cell by the time that British army was approaching Brussels early in September.

By then the Germans were getting uneasy and began to evacuate troops, prisoners, and all their belongings for transportation into Germany. On Sept. 3rd, they loaded Kenny and the rest of the prisoners, numbering well over 1,000—but of which there were only 41 Allied airmen while the remainder were mostly Belgian civilians—into a 50-car prison and troop train which for two days they tried frantically to get out of the city and headed for Ratziland, but they were thwarted by the Belgian underground which dynamited railroad tracks and bridges. At the end of the second day, the Germans derailed four cars—one of them in which Kenny was riding—trying to switch them onto another track. They uncoupled these cars from the rest of the train and left them there.

Events were happening rapidly now. The British were close to the city limits of Brussels now and advancing steadily. The rumble of their tanks and the boom-booming of their artillery could be heard in the distance. The church bells of Brussels already were tolling in celebration of the liberation of the city. The Germans became panicky, and as darkness settled over the railroad yards which were situated in the northeast section of the city, they began to pull out. The prisoners, however, were not certain but that some of the Ratzis had remained to give battle for that sector of Brussels. Around midnight, after a French terrorist, condemned to death by the Ratzis, had picked the lock of the lone prison coach of the four cars, the prisoners began to leave in twos and threes. They struck out at different intervals and in different directions to make detection less likely. As they stole stealthily along in the darkness, gun fire could now be heard in the streets above the railroad yards.

After remaining in hiding until morning, the escaped Allied airmen were happy to discover that the Germans apparently had withdrawn from the city except for isolated units which still battled on against hopeless odds. Then they went into the city, walking along the streets in pairs and trios. Real peace of mind was not yet for Kenny and his little group because, as they approached a street corner, they were suddenly confronted by the rifles of Belgian police, who evidently suspected them of being Germans. After each of the airmen were frisked separately to see if they had guns in their possession they were taken to the city police headquarters. Here they definitely identified themselves as Americans. The Belgian police officers were very apologetic and then proceeded to treat the Yanks like kings, giving them beer, wine, cognac, and all kinds of food.

Kenny and his buddies immediately contacted the United States Civil Affairs Officer. Then they registered at the Hotel Metropol, one of the finest hotels in Brussels and here all they had to do was to sign their names and they received all the food and anything else they desired. Here, too, Kenny and Spence met three of their crew members, who had been hiding out ever since parachuting to earth July 20th. Imagine what a joy it must have been for all of them to see one another again!

Through the Belgian underground, the fliers learned that one of their crew members apparently plunged to his death when his chute failed to open, while one of them was captured by the Germans. From this same source, they also learned that their pilot and bombardier had fallen into the hands of the Ratzis and were locked up in the very same criminal prison as Kenny and Spence. In fact, Kenny caught a glimpse of one of them once, but of course, he didn't dare to make his presence known. Unfortunately, the pilot and bombardier were taken to Germany by the Ratzis the week before, a fate which Kenny and Spence were extremely lucky to escape.

Before leaving Brussels, Kenny and his buddies got word to the Belgian underground of the presence of the German Gestapo agent in their organization. They have since learned that the Belgian patriots took very good care of him—which is just a nice way of saying they gave him a generous dose of lead in the head.

From Brussels, the fliers went by truck to Paris, then the next day by air transport to London where they reported to United States Army Air Force Headquarters for interrogation, physical check-ups, re-issuing of supplies, and completion of records. They left England Oct. 3rd by transport plane, landed in New York City the next day and on the Sunday morning of Oct. 8th, Kenny arrived in Monticello, supremely happy to see “Home Sweet Home” again after two months of hectic and harrowing experiences that would do credit to the best of the movie thrillers.

The Monticello youth is the holder of the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters and the Purple Heart which was awarded to him because his left hand was lacerated in pulling the rip chord of his parachute when he leaped from the big Liberator Bomber which, incidentally, the crew members called “Evasive Action.” He has two battle stars on his European Theatre of Operations ribbon, one for flights over Germany and the other for missions over France.

Kenny, who will not be 21 years old until Dec. 18th, is married to the former **Alice Schenk** of Monticello. He is the son of **Clarence Holcomb** and a grandson of the late **Ernest Holcomb**. On Nov. 2nd, he is scheduled to report at the Miami Beach (Fla.) Air Force Center for reclassification and reassignment.

HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!—

What'll I do, ladies and gentlemen, what'll I do? Here I am wading deep down into the last page of The Drizzle and I'm brimming with news about some of the rest of you, but there isn't nearly enough room for it. I believe you'll all agree that Kenny's thrilling experiences are so tremendously interesting that they fully merit all of the space given them. All I can do now is to hit a few of the high spots so here goes:

It's grand to know that **T/5 Harry Schuerch**, who lost his right leg below the knee in action in France July 26, is finally back in the states. He's at McClaskey General Hospital, Temple, Tex., and may be there for several months. His wife, **Margaret**, is joining him there. Harry had 21 blood transfusions while hospitalized in England for 10 weeks. Our very best wishes, Harry. . . Straight from the Siegfried line area come these “**Bob Blumerisms**,” right from the Honorable Bob himself: “Well, I've been awarded the Purple Heart because of my wounded shoulder and you can bet it didn't come through a bean-shooter.” “A fellow may not have believed much in religion before the war, but believe me, he learns how to pray in a foxhole.” . . . Bob and good, old **Whitey Hill**, now with Co. I, 317th Inf., APO 80, NYC, are in the same general locality with **Patton's** 3rd Army. -These two famous “hot air specialists” recently bumped into each other over there and take my word for it, fellows, the spontaneous combustion that resulted was really terrific. I've sent airmail letters to Bob and Whitey, asking them to send me a couple of war souvenirs. Wouldn't be a bit surprised if these two rough-riding, rollicking warriors'll be sending me Adolph's moustache some

of these days. Sudden thought: How about each of you sending back something for a Drizzle collection of war souvenirs for public display here at home?

Tommy Brusveen's company entered Paris the night before it was freed. The next day he was taking pictures of the victory parade and was right on the spot when French Fascists fired into the procession. Tommy also got some good "snaps" of the celebrants fleeing for safety. He visited **Marshal Petain**'s magnificent mansion and estate. To Vincent Gerry: Thanks for your shoulder patches!

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Jack Steinmann, Willis Babler, Karl F. Disch; Ernest Spring, Monroe; R. W. Woelffer, Florence Loveland; P. J. Babler, Monroe; C. M. Stauffer, James Lobbs, Dr. Baebler, Dr. Clarke, Emil Escher, S. W. Grenzow, Geo. and Lena Graf, Dr. Horne, John H. Baebler, Conrad Elmer, H. D. Freitag, Mrs. Abe Kubly, Jr., Edwin Steussy, Madison; J. A Hughes, Boscobel; Adam Schuler, Charles Deininger, Monroe; Jake Wittenwyler.**

THE LAST ROUND UP—

Cpl. P. F. Blumer has been in San Diego, awaiting shipment to the Southwest Pacific and may have left by now. . . **Pvt. Florence Pluss**, of the WACs, is in New Guinea and likes it a lot. I see I'm creeping closer to the bottom of the page so here's wishing all of you all of the luck in the world! And, be sure not to forget, get your letters in early—for November and December. So long!

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

THE DRIZZLE RECEIVES NATIONAL PUBLICITY—

The Drizzle and its editor are featured in an article appearing in the current issue of **The Quill**, magazine for writers, editors, and publishers, which is published by Sigma Delta Chi, national journalistic fraternity. The Drizzler's picture accompanies the story which was written by **Dan Albrecht**, a member of the **Elkhart (Ind.) Daily Truth** editorial staff. Dan and I were classmates and SDX brothers at the University of Wisconsin. The Publishers Auxiliary, a national trade publication also carried the article.

DID YOU KNOW—

That **Lieut. Ray (Burn-'Em-Up) Burns**, bombardier-navigator on a Martin Marauder Bomber, who was awarded a citation for bravery during the treacherous Sneakanese attack on Pearl Harbor nearly three years ago, before he entered the air corps, and a few months ago the recipient of the Air Medal for accuracy in bombing in the Mediterranean war theatre, has recently been given the Presidential Citation by the United States government and also the Croix de Guerre with Palms by the French government; that **S/Sgt Wilbert Marty**, the ol' tail gunner, participated in every one of the Five Great Sky Battles described in the recent thrilling article by Charles J. V. Murphy in Life Magazine, crucial battles which definitely broke the back of German airpower and cleared Europe's skies for the big invasion; and that way, way out there in far-away Iran, **Wendell Miller** and his buddies have great sport going "fishing" with knives and killing whoppers that weigh as much as 375 pounds. (Hey, you fisherman here at home, who thrill over the achievement of landing a three-pound carp, how'd you feel if you'd wage a winning battle against one of these little 300-pounders and succeed in hauling 'im ashore?)

Well, the Drizzler didn't think you knew anything about these interesting bits of news, either, but if you'll just drift through the Drizzle, you'll learn more about them besides a lot of other entertaining notes concerning many of your old pals who are doing such a grand job at their battle stations all over the world.

IF YOU'RE ALL SET, LET'S GO!—

The month of November is slipping away fast and the weather is commencing to turn cold so what do you say, fellows, if we warm up a bit by taking a little Ramble at Random. Now if you'll all cuddle right up close to the Drizzle, I'll "kick off" with the interesting news that **Wallie Barlow**, for the past 22 months an instructor in flying in the Naval Air Corps, will undoubtedly soon be piloting transport planes along some of the world's most famous sky lanes. Wallie, who has received secret

orders for regular trans-ocean flying and is now at an undisclosed air base, recently completed two months of special air transport flight training at Atlanta, Ga., and Roanoke, Va., getting the feel of the new ships he will fly. He spent the last three weeks piloting for Pennsylvania Central Airlines which has a contract with the Naval Air Corps under which navy pilots receive practical flying experience “on the job.” Among the ships which Wallie flew while with PCA was the huge new Douglas transport, one of those “big babies” which consume \$200 worth of gasoline every hour its in the air. Now bear this figure in mind. Then try to visualize the colossal gasoline consumption of the enormous bomber fleets and fighter escorts which are operating day and night out in all of the theatres of war, to say nothing of the staggering fuel requirements of our vast motor transport caravans, our giant battleship squadrons, the far-flung merchant marine, and our great submarine fleet, and folks on the home front will realize more clearly the crucial necessity for gasoline rationing. . . .

Lt. “Bo” Woelffer—I don’t know whether to call you the Texas Tycoon or the Texas Typhoon, Bo, so take your choice or take ‘em both—is now back in the saddle in the Lone Star state after a furlough with his folks and friends in Monticello. But, believe me, boys ‘n’ girls. Bo himself wasn’t a “Lone Star” when he was back here in circulation around the old burg. By the queerest kind of a coincidence, naturally, “somebody” just “happened” to be home from Seattle and you’ve probably guessed by this time that they just “happened” to meet each other, too. It’s a funny old world, but it’s a nice old world at that, isn’t it, Bo? Incidentally, the lieutenant is about to don his basketball togs and start tossing ‘em through the hoop for Ashburn General Hospital’s cagers at Camp McKinney. Closing his letter, Bo says: “You need not apologize, Roz, for having to leave out so much other news because of lack of space in the October Drizzle. Your tribute to “Mel” was grand and Kenny’s experiences were so thrilling, I’m sure all of the boys appreciated the chance to read about them.” . . .

“Boob” Kissling, the former favorite of Yale university’s sorority row and more recently the pride of Camp Pickett, Va., is now “over there—somewhere.” It is believed that he was stationed in England for a while, but indications now are that he may no longer be there. . . .

Recent promotions, some of them necessarily held over from the last issue of the Drizzle: **Major “Les” Weissmiller**, executive officer of Deshon General Hospital at Butler, Pa., to lieutenant colonel; **Lt. Jack Hoskins (Fran Voegeli’s husband)**, Rumson, N. J., to captain; **Lt. (jg) “Wilce” Milbrandt**, stationed on the Island of Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands, to the rank of lieutenant; **Pfc. Lloyd Deppeler**, with **Patton’s** 3rd Army, to staff sergeant; **Pfc. Olin Mitmoen**, with the Military Police at Hamilton Field, Calif., to corporal, and **Pvt. John Streiff**, on the staff of cooks at Fort Knox, Ky., to private first class. Congratulations to all of you gentlemen! . . .

“Mutch” Schultz, who won his degree as “doctor” of tires and tubes at the retreading plant of the Voegeli Tire Corporation, is still carrying on with his specialty at Fort Totten, N. Y., which is situated near New York City. Just for a little starter, “Mutch” and some of the other fellows in his department recently commenced the inspection of nearly 60,000 tires. . . .

Frederick Voegeli, S 2/c, is enjoying his studies at the Hospital Corps School at Farragut, Idaho, where he will remain for another few weeks before completing his course. After that he will have from three to six weeks of practical experience in a hospital before assignment to a definite unit. Frederick is much impressed by the excellent climate and scenic grandeur of the Farragut area. . . .

Staff Sgt. Jack Wittwer, son of **Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wittwer**, here recently on furlough, has now arrived in New Orleans where he will attend an Officers Training School to prepare himself for transport work. . . . It is now almost a year since **Sgt. Carl J. Dick**, known in the ritzier society circles as “Jake the Joker,” began his assignment as registrar at the 348th Station Hospital near Cardiff, Wales. He and one of his buddies recently spent five days in London where they visited many points of historical interest and also had the thrill of witnessing the impressive changing of the guard ceremony at Buckingham Palace. C. J. will

undoubtedly be pleased to hear that his trucking interests back home are progressing nicely under the shrewd direction of Sir Walter Haddinger, the well known local clubman, financier, and after-dinner speaker, whose dashy haberdashery has created much high blood pressure among the daintier sex. . . . From down below the equator on an island inhabited by fierce-looking cannibals and head-hunters, **Hilmer Gordon** writes that these “wild men” don’t cause us any trouble, however, so we don’t have anything to do with them.” He expresses a desire to be in the European war theatre because where he is there is so much filth and disease and people live like animals. . . . **Eddie Loeffel**, the old whizz ball artist on the M. H. S. baseball team, who was seriously wounded in the right shoulder in the Battle of Saipan, is now at a rest camp again, apparently somewhere in the Hawaiian islands this time. When he rejoined his old outfit, he found that the Battles of Saipan and Tinian had taken a heavy toll of his former comrades and there are only a few of his old buddies left. Eddie says there is nothing new in the infantry. “We just march and march and march.” He closes his letter with these lines which should be of special interest to **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, also stationed in the Hawaiian islands, but who may be moving on soon: “As for Howie finding a place that “goes to bed with the sun,” I haven’t found it yet, but I wish I knew exactly where you are, Howie, because I am in the same islands. I may get a chance to see you yet. Thanks lots for the Drizzle, Roz, and give my best to all the boys.” (Eddie’s address is Co. I, 3rd Bn., 23rd Marines, 4th Div., %FPO, San Francisco). . . . And here, Eddie, is Howie’s address: **Lt. Howard R. Steinmann**, USMCR, Hdq. Co., 1st Bn., 26th Marines, and here’s hoping that you two fellows get together. Howie writes: “The weeks here are completely taken up by our training schedule which includes day and night field problems and other such routine training. Our week runs from Monday morning through Saturday noon and then we have a holiday routine from Saturday noon until Monday morning. Our work day is from 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Although the days are full of activity, they are not hard. Incidentally, Roz, it will be four months Nov. 22 that I sailed from the States. The Drizzle is coming through in record time and I certainly look forward to its arrival. I can honestly say it is the only “letter” of its kind I have seen since I have been in the service. Many of the fellows in my outfit have seen the Drizzle and they all say it is certainly a grand idea and a fine piece of literature. (Thanks, Howie!) So long, until next time.” . . . When the crack Southern Pacific Challenger “cracked up” enroute to California recently, killing 12 persons and injuring nearly 100, **Roger Klassy, S2/c**, on his way to the Naval Air School at Alameda, Calif., after several months of V-12 study at St. Mary’s college, Winona, Minn., was riding in the next section of the train and was awakened by the cries of the dying and injured. “It was pretty awful,” says Roger, who ran from one train to the other carrying blankets and pillows for the unfortunates. **Robert Rosa**, son of the Monroe florist, helped carry some of the dead and injured from the train. “**Murph**” **Zum Brunnen**, a boy from Brooklyn, was on the wrecked train, but fortunately escaped unhurt. Roger is much pleased with the set-up at Alameda and expects to receive much of his training on huge four-motored seaplanes.

HERE, THERE ‘N’ EVERYWHERE—

Sgt. “Erv” Spring, with the anti-tank Co. of the 159th Infantry at Camp Swift, Texas, is so unimpressed with that state that he says, as far as he’s concerned, they can give it back to the Mexicans. But, Erv, I’m afraid you have a little argument on your hands. When the honorable “**Hoot**” **Wittwer**, who later established himself as the “fish-feeding champeen” of the Pacific while touring that little puddle of water a few months ago, was in Texas, he was equally unmoved by the so-called virtues of the Lone Star state, but he suggested giving it back to the Indians. You boys’ll have to get together on this matter and then, too, the good citizens of Texas might want to voice a slight preference before you hand down your decision. The sergeant says they’ve just received

some new 57 m.m. anti-tank guns and they expected to be firing ‘em soon. Erv’s side-kick—and dare I say—prospective brother-in-law, **Sgt. Fritz Haldiman**, also with the same outfit, is now enrolled in a radio school which will last for 16 weeks. . . **Cpl. Paul F. Blumer**, from whom no letters had been received for over 40 days, was still aboard ship somewhere in the Pacific when first word from him finally trickled through Nov. 18. Although P. F. has a New York City APO, he shipped out of San Diego. “I’ll be plenty glad when a copy of the Drizzle finally catches up with me,” he says. . . **Sgt. W. James Murphy**, who’ll soon be known as the granddaddy of Camp Barkeley, Texas, if they keep him there much longer, is temporarily cast in the role of cook instead of baker and he feels a little lost because it’s a year and a half since he did any cooking. I hope this isn’t telling any secrets out of school, but W. James met a nice little WAC on the train enroute back to Camp Barkeley and they’ve already struck up a correspondence. Be cautious there, W. J., because I imagine it’s very easy to go wackey over a WAC. . . Although **Eddie Zweifel**, along with a number of other Monticello boys, probably is now storming the Siegfried line in the giant new offensive, he was enjoying a few days rest behind the front lines Somewhere in Germany when he wrote this brief message telling that he was staying in a nice house with electric lights, hot water, and a radio which brings in all of the good radio programs from the States. Eats were good, too, with chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, peas, pineapple, bread and butter, and coffee on the menu for that day. Eddie is with an infantry unit of the American First Army while **Staff Sgt. Debbie Moritz**, another Monticello boy, is in the radio section of the heavy artillery, also in the First Army. The boys have never had the good fortune to meet each other, however. . . WAC **Pvt. Florence Pluss** apparently was lucky enough to land in one of the nicest areas of New Guinea because she is delighted with the surroundings. “It’s wonderful,” says Florence. “Never did I expect such luxury, lovely barracks with lights, showers, telephone, a free laundry, four free movies every week, and such a nice, sandy beach. Food is good and plenty of it three times a day. We stand retreat every night with a “sharp” band which usually plays “On Wisconsin.” She doesn’t expect to remain long in her present location, but she is enjoying every day of her stay to the very utmost. Florence promises to write again so I’ll be lookin’ for that letter.

MORE ABOUT “BURN-‘EM-UP’ BURNS—

Skillful execution of devastating bombing attacks against the enemy in Italy brought Presidential Citations and French Croix de Guerre with Palms to members of the Twelfth Air Force Marauders whose personnel includes **Lt. Ray Burns**, the little guy with the big fighting heart. The awards were made in recognition of outstanding achievement during the months of April, May, and June when the Marauders flew many important missions over Italy in direct support of the French forces. These highly successful precision bombing attacks in the face of enemy opposition were attributed in the citations to flight discipline, skill of the combat crews, and superior technique of command.

If any of you think that “Burnsy” is a little superstitious, you’d better get that notion out of your heads—and in a jiffy, too. Why? Well, he flew his 34th mission on a Friday, the 13th. Not only that. It happened to be his co-pilots 13th mission! Since then the little lieutenant has added a number of other missions to his credit.

“I suppose you have heard about the new secret weapons the Germans are using,” says Ray, adding a touch of sly humor to his letter. “The V-1, V-2, and V-3, but the one we are most concerned with is the V-Quit.”

OH, BOY! WHAT FUN—

That's the way **Cpl. Wendell Miller** describes the successful knife attacks which he and his soldier pals over in far-off Iran make on those huge "fin-flippers" that are found in the waters of that distant land. As indisputable evidence that he isn't telling an old-fashioned "fish story," Wendell has sent the Drizzler three different snapshots, two of which show catches of six of these big fellows.

"With a mouth like this 365-pounder has got on him," writes the corporal, "A fellow wants to be sure that he doesn't miss him with the first stab of his knife."

Wendell and his buddies also find great sport in hunting wild boar. This isn't without its dangers, either. "If you wound them on the first shot, or even if you miss them with it," he says "you had better make a "Good connection" with the second bullet."

I can't tell you about as many thrills and close calls as some of the other boys from home have related in the Drizzle," declares the Monticello young man, "But I can say that for the past 15 months we have been given plenty of hell getting supplies through to the Russians. Occasionally a few of our boys get killed, but our biggest job is to keep the native drivers from piling up the truckloads of merchandise some place because there are so many Arab gangs prowling the desert and mountains that they often have the merchandise before you can say "Boo." A lot of this is done purposely, too, because some of these gangs manage to worm their members into the motor convoys as drivers."

Wendell has high praise for the Drizzle and remarks that quite a few of his buddies read it regularly, too.

ALL ABOARD FOR ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

When **Tommy Brusveen**, the former local whisker assassin, was in Luxemburg, he had the pleasure of talking to an Austrian princess. . . . Since leaving that country, he has been in Belgium. Tommy, who is a crack amateur photographer, has now taken over 400 pictures since D-Day. His overseas ribbon embraces three stars designating major events in which he has participated since the invasion. . . . When **Alvin Moritz, SK 2/c**, was recently reassigned to the third Naval District in New York City on very short notice, he didn't loaf along the highways too much because he negotiated the 1850 miles from Farragut (Idaho) to Monticello in 47 hours. He had been stationed at Farragut since May 14, 1943. "Al," who was accompanied by his wife, **Lucille**, is now in Stratford, Conn., where his assignment consists of auditing navy war contracts for termination under the re-conversion program. . . . **Gaylord Miller—Wendell's brother**—has probably seen considerable action in the Far Pacific recently because he is aboard an aircraft carrier in those waters. . . . **Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler**, one of the better known "night owls" of the hamlet back in those balmy days 25 years ago when "**Slim**" **Freitag**, that distinguished gentleman of Chicago and Washington, D. C., and "**Willowly Willie**" **Amstutz**, the Monroe coaching wizard, were also numbered among the village cut-ups, is on his way back to Robin's Field at Macon, Ga., after a 21-day furlough at home. He was recently assigned to that field following 22 months in Alaska. "Bab" has now been in the army almost 26 months, having been sent to Alaska after four months of basic training at Camp Grant, Ill. His address is: 39th M. S. P., 5th Squadron, M. F. T. S., Robin's field, Macon, Ga.

THE OL' TAIL GUNNER MAKES A DISCOVERY—

Back in February, when **Staff Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, the ol' tail gunner, participated in five furious sky conflicts against the powerful Ratz air armada—all within six days—little did he realize at the time that these grueling engagements were to become known as the "Five Great Sky Battles" which broke the back of the German Luftwaffe. In fact, **Charles J. V. Murphy, writing in Life Magazine**, says

these five spectacular air encounters, which he sums up as The Unknown Battle, “may go down in history as the airman’s Cannae, a decisive battle in which one powerful air force, for the first time in history, annihilated another great air force.”

Wilbert came upon this information in a most unusual manner. While on furlough home early this month, he spent several days with friends in Madison. Awaiting his turn in the chair in a capital city barber shop, he picked up a copy of Life Magazine and began thumbing through it. The picture of a Flying Fortress zooming through the substratosphere lured Wilbert’s interest into the article by Mr. Murphy. Imagine the thrill that must have come over him when he discovered that he had not only participated in one or two of these flaming battles of the skies, but in every single one of them!

The huge American bomber formations fanned out to many different objectives, mostly in Germany, on each of these spectacular missions. Wilbert’s Flying Fortress crew was in the bombing group which hit Leipzig Feb. 20, Brunswick Feb. 21, Alborg, Denmark, Feb. 22, Schweinfurt Feb. 24, and Augsburg Feb. 25. And on Feb. 23, their Fortress crew was called out to fly an air-sea rescue mission over the North Sea, searching for crews that had “ditched” in the sea and were floating around in life rafts. They spotted three rafts, one empty and two of them with crew men. After obtaining their positions, the Fortress radio operator sent out a message and soon a British ship arrived to rescue the distressed fliers.

Those five spectacular air battles provided a week of blazing activity for the Yank airmen. For instance, the local youth was in the air 55 hours, more than 30 of which were on oxygen. He was so exhausted after his last mission that he slept straight through for 17 hours without awakening.

Wilbert is now an instructor in a machine gun laboratory at the Army Air Force Base Unit near Rapid City, S. D., where he himself received most of his gunnery training before going overseas. His address is: 225th A.A.F. 9.U., Sec. E, Box 428, R.C.A.A.B., Rapid City, S. D.

FRIDAY, THE 13TH, PROVES UNLUCKY FOR WHITEY—

Although “Burn-‘Em-Up” Burns slipped through unharmed with his 34th bombing mission over Italy on this day filled with superstition, **Lt. Whitey Hill**, that gay and likeable “wisecracker Jack,” then with **Patton’s** Third Army in France, had no such luck on Friday, Oct. 13th, because that is the day when, first of all, the truck on which he was riding went into a ditch, and then—some hours later—he was struck by a piece of shrapnel which penetrated his left thigh, severing a nerve and leaving him afflicted with “drop-foot,” which is the descriptive term for a condition in which a patient has no control over his foot. His leg is numb from the knee down. A medic found Whitey in no time and soon he was back behind the lines in an aid station where he had an operation early that evening. Later he was evacuated by air to a hospital in England and it was a rough, bumpy ride that the old Lover of the Louisiana Lagoons won’t soon forget. “I sure feel sorry for those fellows still up there in the front lines,” declares Whitey. “You can’t imagine how uncomfortable it gets there when it rains—which is nearly all the time. You should hear the boys here rave about the strikes and the formation of victory committees back home. Too bad every man in the world can’t have two weeks of tough sledding in the front lines. Then they’d be happy in their home front jobs and we’d have no more wars.” (I believe you’ve got something there, lieutenant. They ought to reserve a chair for you at the peace conference.) Latest word is that Whitey has now had his operation to rejoin the nerve ends and here’s wishing you a very speedy and complete recovery, old timer!

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Pfc. Carl (Babs) Babler, 16156412, Co. K, 381st Infantry, APO 96, %PM, San Francisco, who with **King Kissling** used to form a nifty-swifty guard combination on M. H. S. net quintets, has now been aboard troop ships in the Pacific four different times. He isn't too keen about the idea, either, because they're always so crowded and it's so hot in that part of the globe. "One thing I won't do," comments Carl, "Is get mixed up in those verbal feuds between Hill and his "adversaries." (Aw, come on in, Babs, the water's fine. Really!) "Whitey Hill always could get the best of me, although some times he had to resort to foul means." (Surely you're not talking about Whitey Hill! Why, the pill!) "Believe me, Roz, the Drizzle is a welcome sight at mail call. The best of luck to all the boys all over the world." . . . **Pfc. Leonard Felts**, 424 A. S. F. Bd., 360th Eng. Reg., APO 350, %PM, NYC, writes the Drizzler a letter on Ratz stationery, says he's never been lucky enough to meet any of the boys from home, but that he's often seen their names in Red Cross Register books in England. "Len" also states that he's had some narrow escapes that he'll never forget. . . . **"Don" Trickle**, still in New Caledonia, has now been overseas over 30 months. He runs the soda fountain at the post exchange, and altho his rating is private first class, he draws down the pay of a staff sergeant. "Don" recalls the time he and some other high school freshmen had a peanut rolling contest with **Whitey Hill**, and of course, Whitey won, but it's just dawned on Don that Whitey never rolled the peanut with his nose, but blew it instead. . . . **Plt. Sgt. "Cec" Wirth**, now an instructor in both basic and advanced fire control schools at Marine Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C., had a corking good article all written up for the Drizzle about his many thrilling experiences in the Southwest Pacific—Cec was on about 15 different islands—but Marine Corps headquarters didn't clear it. Better luck next time, Sergeant, and I'll bet that story would have been a dandy. . . . **Pfc. Emil Weigert**, with the American First Army, has been putting his farm experience to good advantage taking care of some cattle left behind by people who evacuated a village when the fighting got too fierce. "It's fun," says Emil, "But it would be more fun if they had left the hired girl behind, too." . . . **T/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb**, whose thrilling experiences as a German war prisoner were related in the October Drizzle, has been assigned to the Army Air Field at Romulus, near Detroit. He will be a radio operator in the air transport command, flying both in this country and abroad. . . . **T/5 Harry Schuerch**, now in an army hospital at Temple, Tex., who lost his right leg below the knee when a Ratz mine blew up under him while in action in France, submits to a skin grafting operation this week. Since the operation is expected to be only about 60% successful, at least three or four months will probably be required before new skin grows over the whole surface. Then Harry will receive a 30-day furlough, after which he will return to the hospital for a final operation to shape the bone of his leg for an artificial limb. . . . **"Bud" Wirth**, USN, was in on the invasion of Leyte in the Philippines, landing on Oct. 20th and remaining in the harbor nearly five days. He tells of the warm welcome they received from the thinly clad, emaciated natives, overjoyed at the sight of American soldiers after the reign of Jap terror. Every night they were there, Bud says the Japs staged continuous bombing raids and there were rumors that the Sneakanese fleet was closing in to do battle, but it never showed up. "It was a grand sight to see the great barrage the Yanks threw at those Jap planes when they came over," he comments. . . . That well known "King of the Cue"—**Capt. Hoppe Babler**—with the 11th Army Air Force, is home from the Aleutians and Alaskan areas, reports at San Antonio, Tex., at the end of his months. . . . **Lt. "Harv" Trumpy**, formerly of Monticello, winner of Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with oak leaf clusters as pilot of a Flying Fortress in 35 missions over Europe, is in Monroe, reports Dec. 6th at Miami Beach for reclassification and assignment.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Edwin S. Kennedy**, Milwaukee; **J. W. Barlow**, **Frieda Benkert**, **Rosa Roth**, **L. G. Marty**, **L. A. Voegeli**, **Glenn Zimmerman**; **Mrs. P. J. Aultman**, Thornville, O.; **H. C. Elmer**, **Jake Burgy**, **Emil Frehner**, **Leon Holcomb**, **Margaret Blum**, **Alvin Baebler**, **Al Schwerts**, **Fran Kubly**, **Fred Escher**, **Mrs. Jacob Zimmerman**, **Mrs. Geo. Bidlingmaier**, **W. E. Trukenbrod**, Monroe; **Dr. Baebler**; **Edwin Barlow**, New Glarus; **Rudy Speich**, **Herman F. Klassy**, **C. Schmidt**, **A. Kistler**, **Marcus Elmer**, **Jim Hancock**, **Mrs. Paul Ritschard**, Monroe; **W. Etter**, **W. S. Hoesly**, **H. Feenje**, **A. Aeberhard**, **Dr. Horne**, **A. H. Wright**, **Lester Schultz**, **Thos. Runkle**, **Walter Hammerly**, **Mrs. John G. Blum**, **Leo Sarbacker**, **Clyde Field**, **Merlin Schmid**, **Art Studer**, **Mrs. Warren Prisk**, **Mrs. Willard Prisk**, **Fred Hammerly**, **Jake Trumpys**, **J. H. Disch**, **Nic Freitag**, **O. D. Curtis**, **Jack Elmer**, **John Van Houtens**, **Albert Marty**; **Rev. A. R. Felts**, **Mrs. Fred A., Blum**, **Irene Marty**, **Rudy Switz**; **Fred C., Karlen**, **Ralph Kubly**, **W. A. Loveland**, **Emma Marty**, **Mrs. Edmund Dooley**.

PLEASE REMEMBER—

That comments appearing in parenthesis throughout The Drizzle are the personal observations of The Drizzler. However, many of the nicknames clothed in parenthesis in a number of the letters reproduced in The Drizzle are the brain children of the individual letter writers.

DO YOU FEEL MUGGY OR STUFFY?—

If you do, here's a little suggestion that's absolutely guaranteed to blow all of the cobwebs out of your belfry and make you feel as alert as a flirt. Just climb aboard a motorcycle without a windshield and do as **S/Sgt. Carl Stauffer** did—pilot the mount all of the 1200 miles from Denver to Monticello via St. Louis in 33 hours through one of the winter's worst blizzards in zero weather. Variously known as the Monticello Motorcycle Marvel, the Denver Dare-Devil, and Motorcycle Mike, Carl wound up his "non-stop flight" from Denver when he pulled into the old home town the night before Christmas after an eventful trip in which he spilled twice while streaking along about 65 miles an hour, once when he struck a dead dog laying in the road and again when his motorcycle swerved out of control and crashed into a highway guard rail.

Both times old Lady Luck must have been riding along on Carl's handle bars because he picked himself up from the first spill with nothing more serious than a bruised leg, while he stepped out of his second performance of highway gymnastics with only a banged up elbow. It was a painful bruise, however, raising a bump almost the size of an egg. Making the entire trip in one long stretch without once stopping for even a cat nap, "Careening Carl" was twice warned by gasoline station attendants not to proceed ahead because highway conditions were impassable due to the blizzard. He ignored their advice, however, and plowed right on through to Monticello to completely surprise his parents, **Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stauffer**, who didn't have the slightest inkling of their son's plans. Carl remained here 36 hours, then struck out for Denver the morning after Christmas, the return trip straight through Iowa and Nebraska requiring 36 hours—the same length of time he was home. The mercury clung to zero during the entire trip except when he struck the Colorado border when it shot up sharply. Arriving at Lowry Field, Denver, where he is stationed, the sergeant was much surprised to find that his face was frozen, this despite the fact that he was wearing one of those warm army flying suits with head enclosure and glass "look-outs" over the eyes.

The Monticello young man has been stationed at Lowry Field for the past four months, going there from the Boeing Aircraft Plant at Seattle, Wash., where he received a half year's training in flight mechanics for service aboard the giant Boeing B-29 Super Flying Forts. At the present time, Carl, who enlisted in the army air corps with **Lt. Ray (Burn-'Em-Up) Burns** four years ago Nov. 1, goes to school three days a week, studying radar, and then he assumes the role of an instructor the other three days of the week.

ALL ABOARD FOR A RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

First of all, The Drizzler wishes to express his sincere regrets over his inability to “go to press” with a December issue, but the Christmas rush at the post office was so heavy that it was an impossibility. But let’s not tarry any longer ‘cause I’m brimming with news. So if you’re all tuned in, let’s get to navigatin’: **Rufus (Nic) Freitag**, who is still with the naval supply depot at Bayonne, N. J., has been promoted from lieutenant junior grade to the rank of a full-fledged lieutenant. Back there before his graduation from M. H. S. in 1924, “Nic” was a member of that tricky triumvirate which included **Ted Burgy** and **Luke Lemon**, the Washington township agricultural whizzards. . . **Pfc. Armin Loeffel**, who has been itching for service overseas, has finally received his wish and is now in England, having arrived there about two weeks ago. He is with an engineers’ battalion. . . **Pfc. Orville Anderson**, shot thru the right shoulder by a German machine gun bullet while guarding a bridge near Paris Aug. 31, recently arrived at McCaw Gen. Hospital, Walla Walla, Wash., an institution which specializes in nerve conditions. Orville, who served with Gen. Patton’s 3rd Army for 44 days before he was wounded, will soon submit to an operation to restore life to his right arm which is now paralyzed. Orville, a New Glarus boy, is the son-in-law of **Conrad Elmer, Jr.** . . . residing west of Monticello. Here’s hoping the operation is a complete success! . . . **Leo Felts**, with the Marine Corps at Havana, Cuba, is glad to note that **Frederick Voegeli**, a member of the naval hospital corps at Bremerton, Wash., is in the same line of work as he is. Leo wants to be remembered to **Eddie Zweifel**, **Carl Babler**, **“Boob” Kissling**, **“Cec” Wirth**, **Wilbert Marty**, and the whole gang. He also promises to be “seeing you soon.” Okay, Leo, I’m on the look-out for you. . . **Pfc. Eddie Loeffel**, who has been having a hard time keeping his girlish figure down somewhere near the 200-pound mark, has a distinction owned by few, if any, of his old Monticello high school pals. For the second time while traveling from island to island in the Southwest Pacific, his boat has been sunk by enemy action, but fortunately no lives were lost on either occasion. The second sinking occurred last month. And, ladies and gentlemen, take it from Eddie, a December “dunking” in the icy waters of the vast Pacific ocean isn’t exactly what might be called fun. In the first sinking, Eddie lost his money and everything else because he had them locked in his locker. That made the “Big Boy” just a little bit peeved and he vowed, right then and there, that this was the last time the sharks were going to have a chance to play poker with **Eddie Loeffel**’s lettuce leaves. Since then he’s been carrying his currency buttoned in his uniform pockets. And so the last time Eddie took “the plunge,” his dough didn’t desert him. . . Thanks to you fellows scattered all over the world for those nice Christmas Greetings. They came from such far-away lands as England, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, the Solomon Islands, and India. . . **Raymond Zumkehr**, stationed at Fort Lewis, Wash., dropped in on the Drizzler during his recent furlough home. Army life apparently agrees with Ray because he’s looking tip-top. He’s a great booster for The Drizzle and says his captain and lieutenant are among a group of his buddies who read it regularly. . . From Somewhere in Italy, **Sgt. “Al” Baehler** writes that he recently had a chance to see a “little of Pisa,” but about the only object of interest he saw was the Leaning Tower. Parts of the city were badly damaged by artillery and aerial bombardment. “Al” says “Those Germans are really masters in destruction. I don’t believe we crossed a bridge in our last move that hadn’t been built by our army engineers. They are also fiendish at planting mines, but these don’t hinder our soldiers so much because the army has boys who know how to handle them.” . . . **“Hoot” Wittwer**, who is with the army air transport command making fine use of the great amount of valuable experience he obtained working for the Howard Aircraft corporation in Chicago, sends us an interesting picture of a quaint little native church where he attends services Somewhere in the Solomon Islands. Say, Hoot, how about another

letter with a humorous description of some of your recent experiences? That one telling how you fed the fish every time you went aboard ship was a dandy. Those poor pisces must be getting awfully, awfully hungry with you ashore these many weeks. . . **Capt. Norman B. Steussy**, Somewhere in Italy, takes time off from a busy schedule to drop The Drizzler these few lines: “Keep the Drizzle coming as it sure is interesting. My fellow officers also enjoy it.” Glad to hear it, Norman. And you can (be) sure I’ll keep The Drizzle rolling right along in your direction. . . **Corp. P. F. Blumer**, the former local bee and honey king, recently landed in India after almost two months on the ocean. Say, Hoot, you should’ve been with P. F., think of how many more fish you could have fed on a long voyage like that! You’d probably be the fish-feeding champ of the whole world instead of just the Pacific. For a while Paul was stationed at Calcutta, then was flown by army transport plane to Bangalore which is considered the best camp in India. P. F. speaks of receiving a “very most welcome Drizzle which happened to be the October issue. Please keep sending it.” You bet I will, Paul. . . **Betty Jane Woelffer** is back amid the familiar surroundings of her nurses training days, having recently accepted a position as surgical nurse in the Methodist Hospital at Madison. Betty, who assists in the operating room, is thrilled with her assignment. She began her duties Jan. 3rd. Prior to accepting the capital city position, Betty had spent five months on the nurses staff of the Mease Hospital at Dunedin, Fla. . . **Lt. (jg) “Ed” Klassy**, aboard the U.S.S. Williamson Somewhere in the Pacific, had a rare experience not so long ago. Way ahead of schedule, the Williamson was steaming along alone several hundred miles from the nearest land enroute to rendezvousing with another ship. The commanding officer ordered the “Willie” to stop, issued a swimming call, and in a few minutes, most of the crew were over the side and in the water. “It really didn’t make a bit of difference, remarks “Ed”, “But just the same it felt a little funny to realize there was nothing under me except water for over 30,000 feet.” Remind you of the ol’ pond, Ed?

BACK HOME FROM THE FIGHTING FRONTS—

Veteran of 35 missions over Europe and holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, **S/Sgt. Roger Foster**, tail gunner on the B-24 Liberator Bomber, “Dog Face,” is now in Port Washington visiting his parents, **Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Foster**. His father, “Fos,” is well remembered here as Monticello high school principal and athletic coach for many years and his mother as the former **Zoe Hancock**. “Rog,” who starred in the pole vault and broad jump on the University of Wisconsin track team before entering service a little over two years ago, participated in raids over Kiel, Bremen, Paris airfields, Munich, Aschersleben, and enemy military installations in support of Allied ground forces now fighting in Germany. He received his wings at Tyndall Field, Fla., and completed his combat training at Tucson, Arizona, and Pueblo, Colo. On Feb. 1st, he reports at Miami Beach, Fla., for reclassification and reassignment. At the U. W., “Rog” was an associate of such notable Monticello sensations of sorority row as **Capt. “Doc” (The Answer Man) Youngreen**, whose mental achievements won him numerous academic honors; **Capt. P. Emil Voegeli** of England, the former Duke of Langdon Street; **Carl (Babs) Babler**, the Pride of the Pacific, and **Lt. Dauntless Dick Schoonover**, who slowed down his brisk military stride long enough on his last furlough home to conform with the slower, more measured tempo of the wedding march which he performed with attractive **Alice Dushold** of Milwaukee in the culmination of a university romance.

Another recent arrival home from abroad is **Cpl. George Wittwer**, veteran of 34 months overseas, 23 of them in Northern Territory, which is a part of Australia, and the remaining months in New Guinea. A son of **Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wittwer**, residents of the Grand Central Hotel here, George served with a hospital unit in the Pacific war theatre. During his stay abroad, he lost 25

pounds, but his loss of weight in no way impaired his health. It was four years ago Jan. 13th that George was called into service with Madison's National Guard Company along with **Capt. "Les" Weissmiller**, now a lieutenant colonel serving as executive officer of Deshon Gen. Hosp., Butler, Pa. George leaves Jan. 28th to spend 7 to 14 days at a rehabilitation camp at Hot Springs, Ark., to receive a new assignment after he departs from there. **His brother, Jack**, is attending officers' training school in New Orleans. The Wittwer boys are cousins of **Sgt. C. J. Dick**, the new Prince of Wales, who is with the 348th Station Hospital near Cardiff; **Lt. Leon Babler**, navigator on a Flying Fortress stationed Somewhere in England, and **Art and Carl Babler**, Somewhere in the Pacific.

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS—

When "**Bob**" **Amans** wrote The Drizzler—the letter was a long time getting here—he was on the high seas bound for Sydney, Australia, for a little fun and relaxation. "Bob", a veteran of many Pacific Island battles, had just been promoted to first lieutenant. He is now in his 35th month overseas and hopes to get back home by Christmas. Here's hoping your hopes come true, lieutenant. . . . Incidentally, Bob, here's a letter from none other than **Tommy (the Tonsorialist) Brusveen**, then Somewhere in Belgium, who uses The Drizzle to send his heartiest congratulations to you for the fine job you've been doing out there. Tommy has seen much of France, Luxemburg, and Belgium. He says he used to be skeptical about the stories of German atrocities in the last war, but now he has seen and heard enough with his own eyes and ears to know that these stories revealed only half of the sordid record of Germany's fiendish and revolting brutality. Tommy says he is going to send The Drizzler a nice war souvenir, for which I shall be deeply grateful. I'll be looking for it, Tommy, and many thanks for your thoughtfulness. . . . Here's some more "**Bob Blumerisms**" right from the ol' Sage of the Siegfried Line: "I don't know why the Germans keep on fighting because they haven't any more chance of winning this war than a snowball has of freezing in hell." . "I've seen **Gen. DeGaulle** and heard him speak and he's quite a guy. The French are strong for him." . "Say, there's a drink over here called 'Calvados.' Well, some chap from a tank outfit put some of it in the radiator of his tank, then tested it, and it showed good for 35 below zero. It's liquid TNT, alright. The Yanks drink the bloody stuff, too. I've had some myself, and boy!, it's wicked, and how!" . "Well, **Deppeler**'s O.K. Talked to him about a half hour ago. **Johnny Blumer**'s in England, not wounded, but probably all thru with combat. I hope so because it's no picnic." . "Bob," who recently stepped up from private first class to sergeant, is with the 11th Infantry Regiment of the 5th Division which has been storming the tough Ratzki fortresses around Metz. He tells of having previously seen some of the beautiful French scenes pictured recently in **LIFE**.

ADD IRONIES OF FATE—

For weeks **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, stationed Somewhere with the Marines in the Hawaiian Islands, had been looking forward happily to the arrival of an heir in Monroe where his wife, the former **Gladys Bayrhoffer**, is staying during his service overseas. In letters to The Drizzler, he always included a few personal lines about the impending blessed event, lines which seemed to throb with the great pride and joy with which he contemplated the little tike's arrival.

In his last letter, dated Nov. 22, Howie said, in part, "Well, Roz, soon I will be a proud father. Probably I am already, for all I know." And Howie was so anxious to receive the happy news that he had instructed his dad, **Jack Steinmann**, not only to cable him when the little shaver did get here, but also to send the glad tidings by telephone, airmail, and any other possible means so that he would be sure to receive the message one way or another.

Finally, on Nov. 27, the long and anxiously awaited cablegram did arrive. With the nervous but happy expectancy of a prospective father, Howie opened it. His joy quickly turned to grief, however, and his eyes filled with tears as he read the message.

It told of the sudden and unexpected death of his father, who was found dead in bed in his home here on the afternoon of Nov. 25th, the victim of a heart attack.

Two days after the receipt of the cablegram, on Nov. 29th, Howie drove 65 miles in a jeep to the largest city on the island to place a telephone call more than 3,000 miles away to his home here in Monticello. At 5 p.m., the call came through and for ten minutes he talked to his mother and brother, **Lt. John**, who had been called here from Fort Belvoir, Va. Howie had been hoping against hope that there had been some mistake about the cablegram, but of course there wasn't. His grief was made more bearable, however, when his mother and John told him the glad news that he had become the father of a dandy little baby boy early in the morning on that very same day.

The tragic news of his father's death, dropping like a bombshell in the midst of his joyful anticipation, must have been a crushing blow to Howie. And it was a great shock to all of us here at home because Jack Steinmann was the type of progressive, civic-minded individual which any community could ill afford to lose. He was one of those rare, exhilarating characters with an air of magnetic friendliness about him and always with a cheerful or humorous quip on his lips. In his chosen profession, the field of architecture, his unusual natural talent and dynamic energy had brought him outstanding success. Jack was intensely proud of his workmanship and it was this intense pride which drove him on searching his mind for original and unique designs, designs that won substantial building contracts in surrounding communities and in such cities as Madison and Dubuque.

Many were the long and delightful hours which The Drizzler spent with **Jack Steinmann**, and in his passing, I have lost a close, loyal, and genuine friend. Those of us who knew him intimately know of the many times he had given financial aid to friends in distress. And this was nothing unusual for him because Jack and generosity were synonymous.

The passing weeks have already emphasized the immeasurable contributions which **Jack Steinmann** made to the progress of this community in his professional capacity, just as they clearly reflect the irreparable loss which his untimely death has inflicted upon it.

HERE-'N'-THERE—

Signing his letter as "The Voice of the South," **Lt. "Bo" Woelffer**, the ol' Texas Tantalizer, complains that he didn't get the last issue of The Drizzle which included mention of one of his more recent excursions into the realm of romance. Did you get the second copy, lieutenant? And, say, why don't you just call yourself "the Voice" and give us a sample of **Sinatra**. Go right ahead and warble, "Bo." I'm listening—with my ears plugged full of cotton. . . "The Drizzle really is super!" says **Frederick Voegeli**, with the naval hospital corps at Bremerton, Wash., "It's the cream of the crop when it comes to a servicemen's paper." (Thanks, Frederick) "I like the duty here in the hospital. The schedules are very demanding, but that's the only way a corpsman can become proficient. The Bremerton Naval Yard is the largest on the coast, second only to Brooklyn in the nation. Plenty of large ships always in for repairs. Went aboard a carrier to look at its battle scars." . . **Erv Spring** and **Fritz Haldiman**, those two surging sergeants, who lolled amid the luxuries (?) of the gloomy, desolate Aleutian Islands for approximately two years, are now at Camp Callan, Calif., only 12 miles from San Diego. According to the honorable Erv, they can see the Pacific ocean from their barracks' window.

HOW ABOUT ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

All right then, men, I'm off! What's that, Whitey Hill? You say you've known it all the time. That'll be enough of your wisecracks for now, but let's have a lot of your old, delightful blarney for the next issue. **Whitey** is still hospitalized in England recovering from an operation to join the ends of the main nerve of his left thigh severed by a shrapnel fragment Oct. 13 while serving with **Patton's** army. It must have been quite an operation because the incision is 12 inches long and required 37 stitches. Say, Whitey, how many sets of instruments did the surgeon ruin carving into that tough hide of yours? Whitey's slated for return to the states for hospitalization at any time and he says it's anybody's guess as to the success of his operation. Well, we're all pulling for you, you old rascal-and mighty hard, too! . . . Before the Germaniacs launched their big counter-push, "**Boob**" **Kissling** was Somewhere in Belgium, living in a barn which he described as better than living on the ground. "Boob" was greatly interested in Kenny Holcomb's story in the October Drizzle and hints he is in the locality where Kenny parachuted to safety. **Tommy Brusveen**, by the way, was of the same opinion so he and "Boob" may have been quite close together and unaware of it. "Kiss" inquires about **Wallie Barlow** and slyly insinuates that the navy pilot is by no means the commanding officer of his own household. Okay, "Boob," here's a little information about Wallie: He is now in the Naval Air Transport Service with headquarters at the Naval Air Station, Patuxent River, Md., near Washington. NATS is the world's largest airline with daily service to many key points of the war fronts. Its planes girdle the globe, flying a million miles and carrying two million pounds of cargo every month. NATS pilots are selected on the basis of temperamental fitness for the long unadventurous flights often required of them. Steady hands and cool heads are absolute essentials. The Atlantic Wing, to which Wallie is assigned, has many different routes, among them from Patuxent to such distant countries as Bermuda, Brazil, and Africa. The local pilot recently flew from Patuxent to Miami and will undoubtedly be making one of the longer hops before long if he hasn't already. . . **Henry Zentner**, who enlisted in the Merchant Marines some months ago, has crossed the equator six times and was in the first convoy to reach the Philippines after the invasion. "We were there almost (censored) weeks and saw some action. There were no direct attacks on our own ship, but a Jap suicide plane crashed into a (censored) next to us." He also reports having had a ringside seat at the "Big Show" and having seen a "Jap plane shot down last night." **Henry is a brother of Walt Zentner**, USN, who was home on leave last summer after many months in Australia aboard a submarine tender. . . **Lt. Ray (Burn-'Em-Up) Burns** has been transferred from Corsica to France where his outfit, the Twelfth Air Force Marauders, were given top billing as the world's best medium bomber group. He is now "up in front" as lead bombardier, dropping "eggs" on Ratzki war plants. Credited with nearly 45 missions, Burnsey is now attending university French classes three nights a week, learning the language. If you ask me, Ray, "she" must be a pretty nifty little looker to give you all of that inspiration. . . **Sgt. W. James Murphy**, the Baron of Barkeley, Texas, says it was a Wave, not a WAC that he met on the train enroute back to camp and that she's still writing to him. States Warren: "She recently recovered from pneumonia and says she has a surprise for me which she made under the oxygen tent. What could that be?" Darned if I know, W. J., but it certainly looks like love to me. What do you think, fellows? I know James will be delighted with your opinions—or won't he? . . . **Air Cadet Roger Klassy** is now at Iowa Pre-Flight, transferring there from California. The dorms are swell and the food fit for kings. A day's schedule includes 3 hours of physical training, 6 of classes, 1 of swimming, and 1 ½ hours of evening study. . . **Hilmer Gordon**, still on a Pacific Island inhabited by Head Hunters, is temporarily disabled with an infected hand and knee, now gets plenty of bunk fatigue and how he loves it! Sleeps 15 hours a day! . . . **Pvt. Karl Freitag**, inducted into the services June 19, landed in

France with his infantry outfit Dec. 14. That's really moving, isn't it, gentlemen? . . . **Rev. A. R. Achtemeier**, whose monthly letters of news and religious thought and prayer must bring all of you all kinds of cheer and comfort, broke his left leg in four places just above the ankle when he slipped and fell on an icy Madison street Friday. Surely a tough "break" in more ways than one. Confined to the Methodist Hospital, the pastor is expected to be brought home this week. I know I speak for all Drizzle readers, **Rev. Achtemeier**, in wishing you a very speedy and completely successful recovery! . . . **S/Sgt. Wilbert Marty**'s in the army hospital at Sioux Falls with a wrenched back and 'out-of-line" vertebrae suffered playing basketball at Rapid City Air Base. "All I do is eat, sleep, read, and write—and watch the nurses go by," he says. (A lot nicer than watching the Fords go by, isn't it, Sarge, but quit your kiddin' and admit the gals stop at your "station" on all trips.) "Anyway," continues the ol' tail gunner, "As Heart-Throb' Woelffer would probably say, "God bless the women—I love 'em all." (Ah, at long last, someone gives "Bo, the ol' Romeo," credit for all of his brave and extensive pioneering in the treacherous field of feminine impartiality. A very noble gesture, Wilbert). . . **T/5 Harry Schuerch**'s back in Temple, Texas, after a furlough at home. It surely was swell seeing you again, Harry! . . . **Herman (Shy) Theiler**, on the post office staff at Banana River (Fla.) NAS, thinks he may take a boat ride soon. Had hoped to get to Monticello last fall, but unforeseen circumstances altered his plans. . . **Capt. Hoppe Babler**, the wizard of the ivory balls, is at Kelly Field, Texas. . . Lt. "Harv" Trumpy's at Las Vegas, Nev. . . A dandy letter from **Pvt. Fritz Marty**, formerly of Monticello but in recent years of California, Somewhere in Holland with the 566 Amb. Mtr. Co., hauling wounded from just behind the front lines in Germany back to evacuation hospitals. His brother, **David**, is with U. S. forces in England. . More about Fritzie in the next issue. . **Sgt. Wilbert Wild**, a ship's gunner with the 35th Transportation Corps, has been in the Southwest Pacific since early '42. Wilbert's married to an Australian girl and they're parents of a baby boy, born July 18. Wilbert is at sea much of the time. . . **T/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb**, now with the Air Transport Command at Romulus (Mich.) Air Base as flight radio operator on domestic and foreign ferry service. The ATC is very similar to the NATS with which Wallie is affiliated. Both services are engaged primarily in flying priority cargo and passengers to all parts of the U.S.A. and the world and bringing the disabled and returnees back to the states from the battle fronts. Kenny himself flew back to New York from England via ATC after his spectacular escape from the Ratz Gestapo. He had a big thrill the other night when Sgt. Spence, with whom he shared his thrilling experiences in Belgium and whose home is in Detroit only 20 miles from Romulus, visited him. Sgt. Spence was home on furlough from Miami Beach where he has been in a hospital resting because his nerves were pretty well shattered upon his arrival in the states. Kenny hopes for assignment to domestic ferrying service so he can be closer to that swell little miss with whom the Holcombs were blessed shortly before Christmas

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **C. “Slim” Freitag**, Villa Park, Ill.; **C. W. Loveland**, Art Miller; **Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lemon**, Monroe; **Sylvia Breylinger**, **Casper Zentner**, **Frank Loveland**, **Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Schlittler**, **Walter Schlittler**, **Jake Voegeli**, **Jake Kopp**, **Edw. Wittwer**, **P. J. Klassy**, **H. C. Elmer**, the late **Glenn Zimmerman**, **Clarence Itten**, **C. Schmid**, **Zeller**, **Elm Freitag**, **Jake Burgy**, **Fred Moser**, **Mrs. E. Frehner**, **A. Kistler**, **Mrs. Edna Schuler**, **Walt Voegeli**, **Ruth Abley**, **C. M. Stauffer**, **L. Krauer**, **Dr. Clarke**, **Mrs. A. Aeberhard**, **F. C. Karlen**, **Mrs. Thos. Brusveen**, **Frank Pierce**, **Fannie G. Benkert**, **Mrs. Thos. Voegeli**, **Mrs. John Dooley**, **Dr. Horne**, **Joe Voegeli**, **Mrs. J. Daubert**, **John Keefe**, **Edna Babler**; **Edwin Steussy**, **Madison**; **Bernice Kingdon**, Monroe; **J. H. Disch**, **Earl Sarbacker**, **W. Gerber**, **F. X. Karlen**, **Fred Stauffer**, **W. F. Hoesly**, **Fred Hefty**, **A Friend**, **Ray Gessler**, **Fred Studer**, **R. Holcomb, Jr.**, **F. W. Schuler**, Madison; **Ann Hammerly**, Los Angeles; **Mrs. Albert Moritz**, **Rudy Switz**, **Mrs. H. Krueger**, **Mrs. Fred Baumgartner**, **Frederick Strahm**, **Fred Karlen, Jr.**, **Harry Klassy**, **Ed Gempeler**, **Alfred Wettach**, **Waldo Zimmerman**.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Looks to me as if **Dr. Fred Hammerly**, the Hollywood obstetrical wizard, is now the stork’s right hand man. In December Fred had a mere 50 deliveries—six of them within 12 hours! What do you do with all your spare time, Doc? And, say, did you get my letter? . . . Another dee-lightful visit with that gay and dynamic citizen of the Windy City suburbs, **C. “Slim” Freitag**. He’s a sparkling conversationalist and time always flies way too fast when he’s around. Remember me to your family—and your folks, too, Slim. Just In: A letter from **“Bob” Blumer**, dated Dec. 30: “Spent Christmas Eve in a foxhole, then our outfit captured a town the next day. Ate Xmas dinner yesterday while dodging fire from German artillery. Didn’t mind it so much ‘cause I’m used to it. Such is life in the front lines.” . . . **Otto H. Babler**, widely known local dog fancier and owner of that internationally famous canine aristocrat, “Sir Smokie the Smudge,” is unreliably reported to have turned thumbs down on an offer of a cool \$500 for his prize piece of dog flesh. O. H. held out for \$501 and the deal was off! . . . Thus winds up another Drizzle. I’ll be seein’ all of you again in February. “Til then, the very best of the best of luck!

PLEASE DON’T FORGET YOUR DRIP IN THE DRIZZLE! WRITE!! TONIGHT!!!

*******THE MONTICELLO DRIZZLE*******

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A Letter A Drizzle

LETS DOFF OUR DERBIES—

To **Lieut. (jg) Wallie Barlow**, who has just received one of the swellest assignments in the entire United States flying services by his selection to be co-pilot of the big transport plane which carries **Secretary of the Navy Forrestal** and his staff on inspection tours of naval bases in various parts of the nation and throughout the world.

The giant plane, a neatly appointed Douglas C-54 Skymaster, consists of several large compartments, including kitchen, sleeping, and lounging quarters. It is powered by four huge motors.

Wallie, who was recently appointed to the Atlantic Wing of the Naval Air Transport Service with headquarters in the nation's capital, entered the navy air corps early in 1942 while attending the University of Wisconsin. After receiving his wings, he became a flight instructor and continued in that capacity for 22 months until his assignment last fall to special air transport flight training which included three weeks of pilot experience with Pennsylvania-Central Airlines. From PCA the local young man stepped into the Naval Air Transport Service.

Monticello is proud of this honor that has come to one of its native sons and Wallie should be proud of it, too. It is an honor which naturally embodies heavy responsibilities, but these responsibilities are in themselves a high tribute to the piloting skill and other qualifications which won this important assignment for Wallie over a field of outstanding pilots.

Here's the very best of luck to you, Wallie! And here's hoping that you'll share with the rest of us the colorful experiences you are sure to have in your air travels to the far-flung fronts of this vast global war by writing regularly to the Drizzler. I'm depending on you, old chap!

"IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL SOON BE A WALKING JUNK YARD"—

So says **S/Sgt. "Bob" Blumer**, the well known Sage of the Siegfried Line, in commenting on the fact that he has now been wounded twice and that, altho he submitted to operations both times, the surgeons did not remove the metal fragments. "Bob" was wounded in action "Somewhere in France" on Sept. 8th when he was struck in the right shoulder by German mortar fire, causing him to be hospitalized for several weeks. His second "taste" of enemy fury came during action in Luxemburg Jan. 22 when a piece of exploding Ratzki shrapnel tore into his leg. Latest word from "Bob" is that, although his leg is still quite sore, he is able to be up and around. Before I leave him with the wishes of all of us for a very speedy recovery, here's a few pregnant observations from the Sage of the Siegfried Line: "I've been overseas for 35 months now, and if I don't get back to the states pretty soon, I'll have to take out citizenship papers over here somewhere." . "Imagine things must be getting pretty tough in the ol' U. S. A. Some of the folks better take it a little easy cracking open their eggs for breakfast 'cause they're liable to get "shell shock." . "Am writing this letter by electric light. Sure seems strange to me without a flickering candle or complete darkness."

TIME TO GET GOIN'—

It's "Rambling-at-Random" time again, boys and girls, so let's hoist anchor and start navigatin':

S/Sgt. "Bill" Bontly, the old "Oklahoma Kid," who saw 28 months of overseas service in England, North Africa, and Italy in an army air corps ground force unit, dropped in on his Monticello friends the other day. "Bill," who is something of a midget because he stands but a mere 6 feet, 4 inches tall, is the son of **Wilbert A. (Hooch) Bontly**, the master mind of Lake View Sanitarium near Madison and one of the local hamlet's paragons of sartorial elegance 25 or so years ago—which was somewhat before another distinguished citizen of our little community, Sir **Cecil Frederick Jordan**, began setting feminine hearts aflutter with his more advanced conceptions of fancy masculine toggery. "Bill" regaled his pals here with his story of how he had once dug a foxhole to protect himself from German snipers. The digging was pretty tough, and since the job just didn't appeal to him, he dug only a shallow hole. Apparently Bill must have grossly underestimated the depth required to safely protect a lanky chassis like his because, even though he repeatedly deepened his refuge, the German snipers' bullets kept zipping and zinging right over the top of his head. "And believe me!" drawled the sergeant in his delightful southern drawl, "I kept right on diggin'." Bill's back in Oklahoma now, expects to be sent to some camp in California. . . **Cpl. Paulus Roth**, for a number of months stationed at Camp Stewart, Ga., has been transferred to a German prisoner of war camp at Homestead, Fla., where he is finding his new assignment as interpreter an interesting experience. . . Recent promotions: **Lt. Leon H. Babler**, Hdq. Sq. 1st Bomb. Div., with headquarters in England, to Captain; **Pvt. Karl Freitag**, Co. L, 137th Inf., 35th Div., to Staff Sgt.; **Pvt. "Boob" Kissling**, Co. L, 309th Inf., 78th Div., to Sgt.; **Sgt. "Bob" Blumer**, Co. F, 11th Inf., 5th Div., to Staff Sgt. Hearty congratulations, gentlemen! . . **Cpl. Olin Mitmoen** has just arrived at a North Carolina army camp for reassignment after a several day's furlough in the old home town enroute from Hamilton Field near San Francisco where he was stationed for over two years, most of the time as a military policeman. Civilians now guard Hamilton Field, replacing the MP squadron which has been broken up and assigned to various branches of the service. **Mrs. Mitmoen, the former Norene Barlow**, employed at the Hamilton Field branch of the Bank of America, accompanied her husband here to visit relatives until "Olie" receives a definite assignment. . .

S/Sgt. Wilbert Marty is back in the old groove instructing in gunnery at Rapid City (S.D.) Air Base after two weeks of hospitalization at Rapid City and Sioux Falls due to the back injury he sustained playing basketball. Say, Sarge, don't you sorta miss lolling in bed and "watching the nurses go by?" Only don't think you were spoofin' me or any of the rest of the fellows when you said in your last letter that you just merely watched 'em go by. I can just see you putting on a nice little act, pretending to be writhing in terrific pain every time a comely little nurse comes down the line just to make sure she'd be sure to hustle over to your bedside to feel your pulse, take your temperature, and probably caress those wavy black locks of yours. . . When the Ratzis unleashed their big counter-push in December, **S/Sgt. Debbie Moritz's** outfit was forced back into Belgium and here he enjoyed the pleasant hospitality of an aged Flemish couple. The old gentleman could speak German fluently, but he rarely spoke that language because he detested the Germaniacs so intensely for all of the terrible crimes they had committed against his countrymen. . . **Frederick Voegeli**, until recently at Bremerton (Wash.) Naval Base, is now at Oceanside, Calif., where he is slated for eight weeks of strenuous training in the amphibious forces. He is learning everything from semaphore (signaling) to hand grenades, but he is still basically a hospital corpsman. Frederick will be attached to a beach evacuation unit. So it's sandy, not sunny California where you are, eh, Frederick? Better go easy on that stuff, Fritzie, or the California state chamber of commerce'll be suing you for slander. I understand it never rains out there, either. It just merely pours!

LET'S LISTEN TO THE LEJEUNE LOLLAPALOOZER—

Gather closely around the Drizzle microphone, lads and lassies, because **Plt. Sgt. “Cece” Wirth**, that dynamic, magnetic personality of the Marine corps, who spent 28 months on 14 different islands in the South and Central Pacific prior to his return to the states June 23rd and his subsequent assignment to the Marine Corps Base at Camp Lejeune, New River, N.C., is tuning up his vocal chords preparatory to giving us a little pep talk. “Cece” is an instructor in fire direction, dealing principally with heavy field artillery pieces. All right, sergeant, the mike’s yours:

“Greetings to the elite of the armed forces, those stalwart, brainy (?) sons and daughters of Monticello. I’ve had the pleasure of getting back to the old home town for a couple of weeks and now fully realize just how many of us are gone. Course the town is probably considering itself better off, but we’ll be back!”

“The Royal Rambler of the Skyways, **Lt. Wallie Barlow**, certainly should be in his prime now and contacts with far-flung native sons shouldn’t be hard if **Secretary of the Navy Forrestal** follows their leads. They’ll keep him jumping, though, no doubt.

“Boob, Eddie, Debbie, and the other fellows on the continent should keep things buzzing at a lively clip, tho I wouldn’t go so far as to say what, for those lads are quite unpredictable. Would advise **“Bob” Blumer** to come back to the states as leader of a scrap metal drive. With all he has collected the past few months, he could easily be top man in such a project. Best of luck, Bob, but knock off that type of collecting, please! **“Bo” Woelffer** probably is rubbing his hands together just thinking of all the medicine he could shove down your throat about now. If **Eddie Loeffel**, **Schmitty**, and **Red Pearson** continue to team up with those navy lads like **Lt. Ed Klassy** and **“Bud” Wirth**, by the time I get back there again, all that will be needed is a clean-up detail to police up Japs and the other garbage. Wonder what **Whitey Hill** does to keep all those women away from him now.” I’ll bet all those lovely nurses just can’t keep their hands off that crisp blonde hair while Whitey screams, “Let me at ‘em!”

“Camp Lejeune is calling so I’ll shove off. By the way, the latest communiqué from Training Command describes Lejeune as bordered on the east by the ocean and the other three sides by restricted areas. Interesting spot!

DRIZZLE DISPLAY OF WAR SOUVENIRS—

A few Drizzles ago, I suggested that all of you send me a war souvenir for public display here at home. Well, **“Bob” Blumer** and **Lloyd Deppeler**, those two doughty sergeants, have taken to the idea with a vengeance. Already one package has arrived from them and it includes a large Nazi flag, German officers’ belts, caps, canteen, German pipe, and jewelry box. And another parcel is now on the way. The display, in the south front window of **Bill Blum**’s Merchandise Mart, has created much interest and comment. **Tommy Brusveen** is also sending The Drizzler a souvenir, and if the rest of you boys and girls will fall in line, the Drizzle will have a display that’s really a dandy. My sincerest appreciation to “Bob” and Lloyd—and to all of the rest of you, too.

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS—

Leo Felts is back in the states after nineteen months at a Marine Corps Base in Cuba. A 1st class pharmacist mate in the navy, he reports to Chicago March 15th for reassignment. Leo hoped to get to Monticello, but his prospects aren't too promising. **His brother, Pvt. Lennie**, is still in France, possible in Germany by now. . . **Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler**, the Georgia Peach, has been transferred from Robin's Field at Macon to Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. . . **Gertrude Hoesly**, M. H. S. '39, who graduated from the Madison Academy of Beauty Culture the next year, is now in the WACs. She is at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and likes it a lot. Prior to her entry into the service Gertrude was manager of Thelma's Beauty Shop in Madison. . . **T/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb** recently returned to Romulus (Mich.) Air Base from a plane ferrying trip which started when the crew boarded a B-24 at Willow Run, then flew to San Francisco via Madison, St. Paul, and Des Moines. The return route was over Long Beach, Dallas, San Antonio, Augusta, Ga., and Louisville, flying different planes picked up and delivered along the way. . . **Lt. Dick Schoonover** has probably landed at an army base "Somewhere in the Pacific" by this time. He was last heard from at San Francisco about Jan. 15, having arrived there from Camp Wood, N. J., where he had been stationed prior to his departure for the coast. . . And here's the latest on the whereabouts of the **three Babler brothers**: **Capt. Leon**, who had been flying as lead navigator in a Flying Fort with the 8th Air Force in raids on the European continent from bases in Britain, now has an administrative job in England. . . **Carl's** with Co. K of the 381st Infantry and he saw action on Leyte in the Philippines. Quite possibly he's moved on since then. Say, Carl, what do you think of the ol' tail gunner and his smooth technique with the nurses? Don't you think he's playing possum? . . . "**Art**" is "Somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands. How's tricks these days, Art? Do you ever hear from that letteriting sensation of Cardiff, Wales—**Sgt. C. Jacob Dick**? Well, neither do I. . . **Karl Freitag**, who set some sort of a record for speed by landing in France in less than six months after his induction, did some more fast stepping recently when he was promoted from private right straight up through to staff sergeant. Speaking of his first "sample" of combat against the Ratzis, Karl says, "I don't know if I got any Krauts or not, but we sure scared hell out of 'em." . . . **Bud Wirth**, with Commander Transport Division 33 of the Navy, participated in the initial landing on Lingayen in the Philippines, and although Jap planes attacked their ship day and night, their assaults were unsuccessful. The ship's anti-aircraft batteries knocked down several Nip planes. One day a lone Jap bomber came roaring in at them in a desperate suicide dive, but the boys in blue threw everything at him but the kitchen sink and the plane fell in flames into the ocean. . . Way over there in far-away Iran, where **Cpl. Wendell Miller** has been stationed for months helping in the transportation of thousands upon thousands of tons of supplies to **Uncle Joe Stalin's** Rampaging Russian Ramblers, the weather in January was nice and clear and sunshiny much of the time—ideal football weather. And listen to this: There's a Polish camp nearby and among the inhabitants is a nice little Polish girl whom "Windy" gets to see quite often. I don't know how serious the affair is, but anyway, the corporal now has a fairly good command of the young lady's native language. Mostly words, I presume, with a romantic inclination. Am I right, or wrong, Windy? . . . **Cpl. Jim and Helen Knoblauch** are here from Camp Shelby, Miss., to remain until Mar. 1st, spending part of their time with Waukesha relatives. The former scoring ace of Barney's Barging Bearcats, isn't too keen about Camp Shelby where he now belongs to the 72nd Chemical Mortar Bn. of the 2nd Army, having been transferred from the 560th Anti-Aircraft Bn. Nov. 30. Jim has high praise for The Drizzle and says that a number of his buddies read it regularly. Which reminds me that many of you lads thruout the states and the world have said the very same thing. I'd be very happy to hear from some of these

“strangers” and if any of them know of any little yarn with a touch of humor or human interest about their cronies from Monticello, send it along and I’ll try to crochet it into an interesting piece of literary lace. Come, on, gentlemen, don’t be bashful. Whip out those pens and pencils!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?—

If you don’t, I know a guy that does. Many of you know him, too, because altho he’s not a home town boy, he’s been around Monticello a good deal the past eight years with **P. W. Ryan & Sons** highway construction crews. That’s right! He’s “**Cheerful Charley**” **Golickson**, a tank driver. And why does he believe in miracles? Well, Charley was one of those “**Battling Bastards of Bastogne**”—as he calls ‘em—who held out for days in that little pocket of the Belgian bulge against hellish Ratzl aerial and artillery bombardment. Some weeks ago, Charley wrote back: “If a shell or bomb ever hits our tank, there won’t be a chance in the world for any of us.” During this epic battle of Bastogne, his tank was blown up by enemy action. Three crew members were killed, but Charley escaped with only a head wound. “I guess that Norwegian head of mine was too tough for the Germans,” he chuckles. And what a thrill it was to see their dwindling supplies replenished from the air and then to see Patton’s tanks and motorized infantry break thru the Ratzl ring of steel from the south to relieve them. So if you don’t believe in miracles, just ask Charley. He’s seen ‘em—and he’s felt ‘em, too!

SO CLOSE BUT YET SO FAR APART—

When the U.S.S. Abner Reed was struck by Jap bombs and then sank in seven minutes during the Leyte operations at Luzon in the Philippines, **Vinal Jorgenson**, a Monroe young man formerly employed at the Farm Bureau there, was one of the survivors. Many sailors were killed by a direct bomb hit, and while the survivors were climbing into life rafts, Jap planes roared in low overhead, strafing them and others struggling in the water. A sailor right behind Vinal was badly machine-gunned and died the next day. The U.S.S. Leary, on which former County Highway Police Chief **Nathan Burgy** is a first-class machinist, picked up these survivors, but the two Monroettes didn’t know they were “so close but yet so far apart” until they discovered the unusual coincidence through correspondence later on. Vinal’s at San Diego now for reassignment, but “Nate,” whose family is staying in Monticello for the duration, is apparently still “Somewhere in the Pacific” where he has already participated in some of its hottest battles.

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Cpl. George Wittwer, here recently after 34 months in the Southwest Pacific, has been assigned to the 1624th Service Command Unit at Camp Ellis, not far from Peoria, Ill. . . **Cpl. P. F. Blumer**, stationed at Bangalore, India, reports that he is getting along fine and that they are having nice, sunny days and cool nights. P. F. is in the quartermasters corps of an army air force unit. . . In a convoy bound for the Philippines, **Lt. “Ott” Blum**, G6-NABU 6, pens a few lines to say he was looking forward to the thrill of seeing civilized people and cities instead of native villages with grass huts. “Doc” would like an assignment in China, but sees no immediate prospect of getting there. He’s been overseas 15 months now. . . Also in the Philippines is **Capt. “Doc” Youngreen**, Co. B, 115 Med. Bn., who writes: “We are situated in a beautiful coconut grove where the ground is covered with grass just like a carpet. It’s an ideal bivouac area. During the day the Filipinos stream thru in droves, looking for anything we may want to give them or wanting to trade eggs and chickens

or to do our laundry. Sometimes it looks like a carnival. The climate is quite nice here, much cooler than New Britain and it gets quite chilly at night. Have been sleeping in buildings the last few nights and I must say it is an improvement over a foxhole. It's nearly 30 months since I left the states so I should be getting back before very long." (We'll be looking for you, Doc.)

HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN!—

What man? Why, **Whitey Hill**, of course! Now, don't try to tell me you don't know the chap. You don't!" Hmmm! That's funny. Well, if you knew Whitey like I know Whitey—say, wasn't there a tune once upon a time that went something like that? But that's besides the point. The point is, ladies and gentlemen, that Whitey's back in the good ol' U.S.A. and darned glad of it—and so are all of the rest of us. He crossed the Atlantic on a hospital ship which was 20 days on the way. Incidentally, did I ever tell the rest of you that Whitey got to Gay Paree during his stay on the continent? I don't know if the alluring lieutenant arrived in time to liberate the French capital single-handed. But I like to think of you as "The Great Liberator," anyway, Whitey, because I know you must have liberated a lotta lovely ladies from loneliness while you were there.

During his Atlantic crossing, Whitey kept a graphic day-by-day account of his impressions and experiences. It is a most delightful diary and The Drizzler is very sorry lack of space prevents "publication" of more than the following very interesting excerpts: "The ship is a stark white."

"We are lit up like a Christmas tree at night, making no pretense of blacking out. There are two huge red crosses on either side of the ship with spot lights playing on them all night. We trust to God that the Germans live up to the rules of the Geneva conference. "Practically everyone seasick.

"A plane—sea patrol—flew over us this morning and a huge convoy passed between us and the snow-capped mountains of Ireland.

"Was playing pinochle with three other officers in our mess hall last night and at 7 o'clock they held protestant services in our gambling den so we just folded up our deck and became pious for 45 minutes, after which we continued the game.

'We're becoming slowly civilized. First it was ice cream, then napkins, and now we've been exposed to cokes. They bring in fruit, such as apples and oranges, or something to drink twice a day and then before we hit the hay.

Six days at sea. Gradually the metamorphosis to life as it is in the U.S.A. takes shape. Why? Because they gave us fresh milk for breakfast. You don't realize how much you miss the little things you had back in the states 'til you're away from them for a while and then they're brought to your attention.

"Sad, sad day. Just learned we only made 171 miles from noon yesterday to this noon.

"The days are beginning to drag.

"Weather is blustery and cold after some nice, sunny days.

"Less than 300 miles to go and one can feel the increasing tension among the men as we near our trip's end. Some of the lads really will be happy to see the states again as it's been two or three years for many of them.

"Land! Lights along the shore! Right now we're going up toward (deleted) and one can see the lights on both sides. It's 21 miles or so up the river to where we debark tomorrow morning. Right now everyone is up on deck looking over the rail at the wonderful sight—land, the U.S.A."

Whitey's present address is Ward E-9, O'Reilly Gen. Hosp., Springfield, Mo. He's slated for a thorough examination of his left thigh Saturday and he may be sent to a hospital in Colorado later on. You will recall Whitey was wounded in France on Friday, the 13th of October, shrapnel striking his thigh and severing the main nerve.

HERE, THERE 'N' EVERYWHERE—

Calling **Sgt. C. Jacob Dick** of 348th Station Hospital, Cardiff, Wales: Weren't you surprised to learn that our old friend, **Fritzie Marty**, is an ambulance driver evacuating our wounded from Germany back into Holland. Remember the fun we used to have when little, lively, bright-eyed Fritzie used to come into the office? . . . Marine **Corp. Joe Gmur**'s now said to be in the Hawaiian Islands where he continues to make good use of his tonsorial talents. Joe is one of the more recent local "departees" for overseas. . . . **John Marty**, husband of the former **Irma Baebler**, is stationed at Great Lakes where he is now in this third week of boot training. . . . What do you think of this, fellows? "**Squirt**" **Wittenwyler**, that fearless and dashing beau brummell of Fort Knox, Ky., is now taking orders from a corporal in the WACs. How come? Well, he was wed to **Ruth Poor**, also of Fort Knox, whose home is in Morgan Park, Ill., on Feb. 7. Congratulations, Harris, and here's wishing you and Ruth loads of happiness and prosperity. . . . **Orville Anderson**, patient in McCaw Gen. Hosp., Walla Walla, Wash., recently had 22 pieces of bone removed from his shoulder which was struck by a German machine gun bullet while he was on guard duty in France. With no anesthetic! God! Orville, how'd you stand it?

HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS, EVERYONE!!—

Because I am about to introduce that renowned gentleman and scholar, that former poet laureate of Alaska and the Aleutians, and still regarded the greatest whale hunter in the history of the North Pacific—ladies and gentlemen—I give you none other than that sensational savant, that king of the cue—**Capt. "Hoppe" Babler**, recently of Kelly Field at San Antonio but now of Dallas. (Aside to the captain: How'm I doin'? Did I leave anything out that should've been in?) Okay, Hoppe, old toppe, start heavin' that heavenly hash."

"Dear Roz: Have you heard from the "Camp Callan Casanova" (**Fritz Haldiman**) and his entrepreneur, **Erv Spring**? I understand they have the entire state of California in a turmoil. MGM and Warner Brothers, so I hear, are after them to play opposite roles in a sequel to "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Their vast dramatic experience, which was accumulated in the Aleutians doing 6 a.m. curtain calls in front of a quonset hut, is coming in handy.

"I think they should also ring in the South Pacific in the person of one "G.I. Pillroller"—**Doc Youngreen**. I am sure he would add plenty of South Seas sarong glamour to the production. However, I am doubtful if the Youngreen "Ubangi approach" would attract the box office as well as the Hollywood and Vine kids in old California are used to.

"**Harv Trumpy** is at Las Vegas and I have sent him your dope and requests. I guess he is pretty busy out there figuring out winning grips on slot machine handles and flying BTs to get in flying time.

"I want you to know, Roz, that the wife and I surely get great enjoyment reading the Drizzle so keep it up! Ever, Hoppe."

"P.S.—I wonder if "**Bob**" **Blumer** has found any "Kraut pool tables" like the one he and **Squirt Wittenwyler** and I used to spend many happy hours on down at **Joe Broger**'s pool palace. Hope "Bob" can have plenty of luck like he used to have playing "misery" back in those days.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donors: **Earl Zwickey**, Albany; **Mrs. Sam Wittwer**, **Mrs. Florence Babler**, Madison; **Pat Schoonover**, **P.J. Babler**, **Mrs. Si Crouch, Jr.**, Monroe; **Mr. and Mrs. Matt Marty**, **Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marty**, **Clarence and Herman Marty**, **Alice Holcomb**, **Clara Janes**, **Mrs. H. Duerst**, **C. M. Stauffer**, **Mrs. V. Christen**, **Mrs. C. F. Jordan**, **I. B. Pierce**, **Casper Blum**; **Anonymous**; **E. G. Voegeli**, **O. H. Babler**, **H. E. Babler**, **Mrs. E. Schwers**, **Aug. Burgi**, **Dr. Horne**, **Helga Nichols**, **Dr. Clarke**, **Lorena Holdrich**, **Mrs. Ed Buehl**, **Ruth Zentner**, **Bessie Youngreen**, **Emily Jordan**, **Mrs. L. Krauer**, **W. E. Blum**, **Bertha Klassy**; **lie Howard**, Belleville; **J. L. Aultman**, **Lora Dick**, **Rudy Switz**, **D. Legler**, **A. Schuler**, **Al Knobel**, **Mrs. J. Baehler**; **Marv Babler**, Appleton; **Al Witt**, **John Dick**, **F. C. Karlen**, **Mr., Mrs. H. C. Hefty**, **John Stauffer**, **Edna Babler**, **Marion Zimmerman**, **Mrs. A. Richard**, **E. Robert, Jr.**, **Mrs. T. Runkle**, **Delma Roethlisberger**, **Harry Klassy**, **Wilbert Stauffer**, **Mr., Mrs. Stillman Huntly**, **Lydia Wittenwyler**, **A. B. Carroll**, **Mrs. W. Keener**, **Bud Soper**, **Fred Deppeler**, **Bob Feller**, **Mrs. A. Duerst**, **Anna G. Blum**, **Irma Baebler Marty**, **Mr., Mrs. J. J. Hefty**, **Hilda Mohns**, Bremerton, Wash; **Mrs. Robert Naylor**, **Jake Burgy**, **A. Friend**, **Melvin Blumer**, **Mrs. J. Wild, Jr.**, **Mrs. A. Holcomb**, **E. W. Marty**, **C. Rufer**, **Kay Steinmann**, **Edwin Schlittler**, **Robt. Zimmerman**, **Mrs. Fred Studer**, **Mrs. T. Voegeli**.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

A few lines from **Morgan Phillips**, 603 T. D. Bn., 6th Arm. Div., 3rd Army, who says he's fine and enjoying every issue of the Drizzle. . . **"Boob" Kissling** was recently awarded the combat infantryman's badge. He's back in the thick of it around Aachen again after his second trip to a rest camp behind the lines. . . Grim repercussions of war: **Johnny Zimmerman**, who had the distinction of chauffeuring for **Winston Churchill** on the latter's visit to Italy several months ago, now has a pet dog, "Junior." One evening Johnny brought "Junior" a ham bone and left the dog in front of his tent, gnawing industriously on the bone, while he went after his jeep and to work. As he passed his tent, he was startled to see "Junior" wagging his tail dejectedly and gazing wistfully up at a poor, haggard little Italian boy, who had wrested the bone from him and was chewing it himself. . . **Melvin Elmer**, veteran of 30 month's service overseas, is now at Miami Beach for reassignment after spending 21 days at his home near here. He was on 11 different islands in the Pacific, saw action on four of them including Leyte, never was wounded or missed a day of battle. . . **Fritz Haldiman** and **Erv Spring** are back at Camp Swift, Texas. . . **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, 5th Div., and **Eddie Loeffel**, 4th Div., are believed to be in on the flaming battle now raging on Iwo Jima. . . The **"Sage of the Siegfried Line"** does some reminiscing in a delayed letter just received. Speaking of the assaults on the Ratzki fortresses around Metz, "Bob" says, with a vigorous flourish of his pencil, "That was a hard nut there, all right. Them bastards were 11 stories below the ground in one of the main forts." . . . This's All. "Til March. Loads of Luck!

HATS HIGH TO THE CHAMPS!—

Although unsuccessful in its bid to enter the state tournament, Coach **H. A. Becker**'s Monticello high school basketball team climaxed the most successful season a local prep quintet has enjoyed in 19 years when it defeated **Rex Foster**'s Cuba City cagers 28 to 15 for consolation honors at the Madison Regional tournament March 9th. Monticello was eliminated from championship consideration the night before when it lost to Lake Mills 40 to 32 in a game which found the locals considerably off form.

The Becker Basketeers had previously won the Brodhead district title by scoring a highly impressive 32 to 29 win over a crack Brooklyn five and then moved on to Monroe the next week to win another district championship by trouncing Spring Green, victors in its district, 36 to 29. By defeating Cuba City, the locals added a third district title to its string.

Lingering impressions of the past season: Monticello's smooth, professional-like performance in defeating Brooklyn's State Line league champs in the final game at the Brodhead tournament, a fine tribute to "Beck's" fine coaching. . . Every player an important cog in a nicely synchronized machine, all meshing together almost perfectly in a beautiful exhibition of team play. . . **Paul Schultz** turning in the most amazing rebound game of any high school guard I have ever seen while also swishing 11 points into the Monticello scoring column. . . Thumbnail description of **Willie Elmer**, Monticello's versatile basketeer: 195 pounds of rippling rhythm on a cage court. A fine team general, beautiful ball handler, and nifty shot, Willie climaxed a brilliant high school athletic career with a glittering performance against Lake Mills in the Madison Regional. . . **John (Jackson) Richards** coming up with one of the most sensational performances of the season by holding eagle-eyed **Bob Ross** to only one field goal, the first time in three years that Brooklyn's spectacular scoring ace had been held to a lone basket. . . Ross not only set new State Line league scoring records this year—he tallied 37 points against Orfordville—but he also established a new state prep record, averaging almost 19 points a game. . . "**Ike**" **Schenk**, Monticello's slippery little guard, winning the praise of Brodhead tourney fans with his clever dribbling and the affections of a certain little Brodhead miss with his shy, infectious manner. Oh! My kingdom to be a clever dribbler! . . . **Elmer (Pickles) Duerst**'s expert faking and plucky performances against far heavier, husky opponents. . . Receiving much more than my money's worth watching the antics of "Beck" on the players' bench, squirming, rubbing his hands, wiping his brow, shouting instructions to his cagers, signaling them not always too secretly, and now and then strutting out onto the floor, red-faced and banty-rooster-like, to protest an official's decision. Shades of "Doc" Meanwell. . . Monticello's quintet was an inspired team against Brooklyn, drawing much of its inspiration from **Lt. Whitey Hill**, former local coach, who arrived here in the afternoon from O'Reilly Gen. Hosp. at Springfield (Mo.) to witness the championship battle, his first visit to Monticello since arriving back in the states from the European battlefront. Whitey, of course, was brimming with inspiration himself so he had plenty of it to spare. And why not? Look who he escorted to the game. Howdy, **Kay**. . . Paul, Willie, and Jackson making the all-tournament team at Brodhead; Willie chosen on the **Capital Times**' all-tourney squad and Willie and Jackson picked by the **Wisconsin State Journal** on its all-tourney second quintet at the Madison Regional. . . The fine relief performances

throughout the season by such reserves as **Buddy Achtemeier, Sunny Lynn, Chuck Rolph, Rollie Zimmerman, and Zurbie Zurbuchen**. . . And now, just a peek into next season: Willie, Paul, and Buddie will be gone, but with Jackson, Ike, and Elmer back along with numerous experienced reserves and a few promising newcomers, Monticello should have an even stronger team than this year.

A GOLD MINE O' WINE—

Ah, now I know why I hadn't heard for so long from that gay philosopher and romeo of Mt. Pleasant township, **Pfc. Emil Weigert**, Hdq. Co., 1st Bn., 8th Inf., 4th Div., fighting along the western front with Gen. **Patton's** 3rd Army. Along about the latter part of December when Emil and his outfit were down in Luxemburg near the Moselle, they ran into a cellar full of wine and "schnaps." Yes, that's right! They "ran" right into it, but you're all wrong if you think they "ran" right out of it. Oh, no, I would say not. Emil just isn't built that way. Well, anyway, "Prof." Weigert and his buddies continued to maintain contact with this "gold mine o' wine" so they were able to celebrate Christmas and New Year's day in royal fashion. While I have no means of proving this statement, I venture the assertion that this was perhaps one of the longest and jolliest holiday celebrations ever recorded in the history books.

"You can tell the gang," declares Emil, "That there was many a good yodel in that cellar." Then he continues: "After that, I was occupied drinking Luxemburger beer and entertaining Luxemburger girls. Not a bad pastime, eh" (Say, Emil, who is the bloomin' bloke who said life in the army is such a tough, grueling grind?)

I have always admired Emil's fine spirit in this terrible war, particularly against the Germans. Perhaps many of you have forgotten it, but **Emil is a native of Germany**, having been born at Hamburg, in and near which city—since bombed into ruins by Allied planes—his parents and three sisters still resided when he last heard from them shortly before the war broke out in Europe. And so it must be doubly hard for Emil to fight in this war, but he battles on with the fiery courage and determination of a native-born American.

This fine spirit is reflected in these closing lines of his letter: "We had to chase the Ratzis out of the same pill boxes again," says Emil, relating to the sensational comeback the Yanks staged following the German break-through on the western front in December, "But this time we didn't stop in the Siegfried line and are going straight on through and making 'em dance in the village streets to the tune of mortar and rifle fire. We've got the Ratzis right by the tail now and we're going to give it a real good twist just as soon as the weather stabilizes and we don't have to slosh through mud and ruts."

DRIZZLE DRIZZLETS—

Sgt. "Boob" Kissling is slowly recovering from a siege of trench foot in a hospital near Paris where he has been confined since around Feb. 9. Until then, the former favorite of Yale's sorority row had seen considerable action with the 309th Infantry of the 78th (Lightning) Division battling in the Aachen sector of Germany. . . **Sgt. John Theiler**, M.H.S. '16, 35th Finance Disbursing Section, is believed to be on his way back to the states from Italy. It will be three years in August since he was inducted into the service. Most of John's time abroad was spent in North Africa. He has been in Italy about four months. His first destination after leaving home shores was England where he was stationed for several weeks before moving on to North Africa . . . **Lt. Russ Howard**, with the 54th

Ordnance Co. in France, has been promoted from second to first lieutenant. Nice going, Russ! . . . **S/Sgt Karl Freitag**, Co. L, 137th Inf., 35th Div., who was wounded in action on the western front during the final days of February, is in an American hospital in Belgium where he may be obliged to remain for another several weeks. He says the wound, which is in the shoulder, is not serious and nothing to worry about. When Karl entered the hospital, it was the first time in three months that he had slept in a bed, between sheets, and it was really quite a treat. Incidentally, the staff sergeant recently became the father of a husky baby boy, born to **Mrs. Freitag** in St. Clare hospital, Monroe. . . Which reminds me to relate that **Lt. Col. and Mrs. “Les” Weissmiller** are the parents of a sweet little baby girl, **Judith Anne**, born Feb. 17, in a Pittsburgh hospital. “Proud Papa” is executive officer of Deshon General hospital, Butler, Pa. Congratulations to the Freitags and Weissmillers. And say, “Les”, how have you been faring with this “diaper business?” Isn’t it just simply “ouchy!” the way a fellow suddenly becomes all thumbs and keeps jabbing the safety pins into ‘em instead of into the corners of the diaper? Now don’t try to tell this old professional pin-pricker that you’re an exception because I know you aren’t.

HOWIE’S HUNCH “HITS A HOMER”—

When **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 26th Marines, 5th Marine Div., last wrote the Drizzler, he was aboard a transport heading for his first taste of enemy fire. “I have a hunch this operation will be a big one,” he said, “and that the Japs aren’t going to enjoy it. Here’s a point of interest: There will be another Monticello boy, **Eddie Loeffel**, in on “this one.” I have tried to see Eddie several times while we were both stationed in the Hawaiian Islands, but I always missed him. I still have hopes of running into him, Who knows?—it may be on the ‘beach’ on ‘D’ day.”

When Howie declared “I have a hunch this operation will be a big one,” he hit a homer because the movement of ships culminated in none other than the blazing, bloody battle for tiny Iwo Jima island with 800 naval vessels and hundreds of bomber and fighter planes participating in the giant attack. In the softening-up process preceding the actual invasion, this small Jap island fortress was bombarded from the sea and air with nearly 480 freight carloads—think of it!—of shells, bombs, rockets, and other explosives. American casualty figures announced soon after our capture of Iwo Jima total nearly 4,200 killed and over 15,000 wounded, the bloodiest and costliest in human life in Marine history.

It is definitely known through letters, written by Howie in fox holes on Iwo Jima, that he escaped without a scratch in the first 11 days of battle, but Eddie was wounded by shrapnel in the right hip and leg on “D” day. More about Eddie later.

ALL ABOARD FOR A RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

Pfc. John Streiff, the former local grocery baron and bowling sensation, leaves tomorrow on his return to Fort Knox after a furlough at home. John, who is heaving hash, has gained back a lot of the weight he lost shortly after his induction eighteen months ago. How come, John? Don’t try to tell me your cooking is that good. **Olga** is here, too. She works in the Western Union office at the post. . . **Lt. Dick Schoonover**, 3181 Sig. Service Bn., APO 957, who flew to the Hawaiian islands in a B-24 bomber, enjoyed this nature’s paradise to the utmost while he was there, but now he has been sent on into the Far Pacific, possibly to the Mariannas. Dick is in **Forrest Smith’s (Y 2/c)** old outfit which saw lots of action in the Saipan and Tinian campaigns. Forrest, formerly of Cedar Rapids (Ia.), is the husband of **Zona Marty Smith**, now employed at the Bank of Monticello. He is still in the Hawaiian islands awaiting reassignment, but his closest buddy in past battle engagements,

C. V. Morris, is with Dick. Apparently men from the army signal corps and the navy communications branch were pooled together and a new group formed from them. . . **Capt. “Doc” Youngreen**, the mental marvel of the Far Pacific, is in charge of a small hospital on the Philippines where one of his chief problems is the old and travel-worn ambulances which he is having a hard time keeping in operation. He is hopeful of receiving new ones soon, however. “Doc” says the flies out there are absolutely terrific. Even when he eats, he has to keep wiggling his arms to keep ‘em away. You must be developing your knife and fork technique into a real art, “Doc.” And, say, how about dropping one of your literary block-busters into *The Drizzle* some of these days—soon! . . . **John Marty, S 2/c**, who recently completed his boot training at Great Lakes, has been transferred to Replacement Group, NCTC, at Davisville, R.I. By the way, John, who is the husband of the former **Irma Baebler**, became the father of a dandy baby girl the other day, making the third member of the *Drizzle* family to join the Daddy Division within recent weeks. Almost looks as though the stork hit the jackpot. Here’s congratulations to the Baebler, too.

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS—

Lt. John Steinmann, stationed for more than three years at Fort Belvoir (Va.) where he is a member of the staff and faculty of the Engineer School, is acting temporarily as chief officer of the engineer board which is in charge of a new branch recently started at the Fort. The branch, known as the processing and packaging department, concerns the pre-fabrication of homes and hospitals. Main office of the project is at Columbus, Ohio, and John will be sent there in the near future and then on to Madison to spend two or three weeks in special study at Forest Products laboratory. After completing this course, he may be given a permanent assignment to Columbus where the office personnel numbers sixteen officers and 104 civilians. It is also possible that once pending developments crystallize he may be reassigned to Fort Belvoir. The field of pre-fabricated construction is one of vast promise because advance indications point to a tremendous demand for structures of this type in the post-war period, particularly in the battle-torn countries of the world. All kinds of luck, John! . . . **Frederick Voegeli, HA 1/c**, is believed to be headed for some destination in the Far Pacific. In a letter dated March 10, he declared his outfit was all packed up and ready to go. . . Four other local boys are either on their way across the Atlantic or will soon leave for service in the European theatre of operations. They are **Sgt. Erv Spring**, whom **Capt. Hoppe Babler** aptly calls the “Camp Callan Casanova,” **Corp. Olie Mitmoen**, “**Hal**” **Schultz**, and **Johnny Frehner**. . . Recent promotions: **Cpl. “Jim” Knoblauch**, the Camp Shelby Sheik, to sergeant. (Forgive me, Jim. The alliteration got the best of me and that “sheik business” just simply popped out before I realized it. Of course, I could change it, but seeing there’s practically a thousand miles between us, I’ll take the chance.) . . . **Pfc. “Al” Deppeler**, Co. L, 263rd Inf., to sergeant. “Al” has been stationed in England for some weeks, but it may be that he’s across the English Channel now and might even be right in the thick of it by this time. “Al’s” brother, **Lloyd**, as many of you may recall, is a staff sergeant serving with the 11th Infantry of the 5th Division which is also “**Bob**” **Blumer**’s outfit. He and the Sage of the Siegfried Line see each other quite often. Congratulations to “Jim” ‘n’ “Al.” . . Calling **Lt. “Happy Harvey” Trumpy** at Las Vegas, Nev. Say, Harv, I haven’t received that letter yet relating the most thrilling experiences of your 35 missions as a Flying Fortress pilot over the European continent. Come now, Harv, don’t tell me you’re at a loss for words—you, a distinguished graduate of the Monticello Cold Storage Hot Air “Snort” Course. Or is it true, as “**Hoppe**” **Babler**, the celebrated whale hunter, declared in the February *Drizzle*, that you’re spending most of your time in Las Vegas practicing winning grips on slot machine handles.” Well, Harv, if that’s so and if your writing hand is too sore to do justice to your literary obligations, why

don't you dictate a letter to **Dorothy**? What's that? Oh, I see. So Dorothy does all the dictating in your family. Well, put 'er there, brother, we're both in the same boat. But I'm still lookin' for that letter. . . . Incidentally, Hoppe is temporarily holding forth at Newcastle Army Air Base near Wilmington, Dela. He isn't too keen about the set-up and expects to be transferred to a base in either New York state, Pennsylvania, or Virginia. . . . **Miss Norma Freitag**, M.H.S. '38, and Wisconsin '42, who spent the past ten months as medical technologist on the vast DuPont project near Hanford, Wash., has been transferred to St. Paul where she is serving in the same capacity for the same concern. Before becoming affiliated with DuPont, Norma held a position as medical technologist at Wisconsin General Hospital, Madison, for approximately 18 months. . . . By the way, Norma, I suppose you know that **Frances Schilling Berling** is with her husband, **Lt. (jg) Arthur Berling** at the Norfolk (Va.) naval base. Hi there, Fran! . . . When **Lt. Dorothy Butler** wrote *The Drizzler*, she was spending a 5-day leave in London and "was having a grand time." It is only within the last couple of months that Dorothy has been receiving *The Drizzle* because I didn't receive her address before. She tells how delighted she is to receive it because it gives her all of the news and whereabouts of her old high school classmates. Dorothy has been in England since June and enjoys both the country and her duties as an army nurse very much. Dorothy has relatives in England whom she had never seen before and you can imagine the great thrill she must have experienced when she first visited them. She sends greeting to her many friends. . . . Speaking of army experiences, **Pvt. Gertrude Hoesly**, with the WACs at Fort Des Moines, says: "There is one thing sure. If we don't qualify for any other job after the war, we'll be good scrub women. We "G.I." until we really appreciate the meaning of the term. At the end of our training, **Col. McKoskire** gives us the famous "white gloves inspection." He touches every bit of our barracks with white gloves. If they are not immaculate when he leaves, our company has the disgrace of washing them." Gertrude thinks *The Drizzle* is "swell" and "very clever." . . . **Pvt. Don Knobel**, a recent inductee, has arrived at Camp Wheeler, Ga., assigned to Company A of the 2nd Battalion. Let's have a letter from you soon, "Dunk." . . . Hard luck continues to shadow **T/5 Harry Schuerch**, at McClosky Gen. Hosp., Temple, Tex., who lost his right leg below the knee in action in France July 26 when a Ratzl mine blew up under him. Harry has already submitted to several operations and over a score of blood transfusions. An operation performed March 2nd was to have been the final surgery, in which the leg bone was shaped for an artificial limb. Unfortunately, however, infection has set in again and another operation will be necessary. Greetings, Harry and Margaret! . . . I had a swell surprise the other day when **Leo Felts, PhM 2/c**, USN, dropped in on me. Leo's looking right "in the pink," says he had a dandy deal down at the Marine Base in Cuba where he was stationed for many months. He's 22 years old now and has been in the navy nearly three years. He has gone to Chicago for reassignment which he expects shortly. **Lennie—Leo's brother**—is still in France with a military band, playing concerts and also broadcasting over the radio.

HERE, THERE-'N'-EVERYWHERE—

It just occurred to me that surely no one better symbolizes this "heading" than **Lt. (jg) Wallie Barlow**, USNAC, recently assigned as co-pilot to **Secretary of the Navy Forrestal's** personal plane because official press releases suggest that the big Douglas C-54 Skymaster visited practically every island naval base in the Pacific battle area during the long flight which started only a few days after the local young man reported for duty. Wallie's folks learned of his whereabouts through a news release and radio broadcast by Secretary Forrestal from Iwo Jima and Guam. Wallie, of course, is not permitted to divulge much information regarding the flight, but he has disclosed that one of the personal high-lights of the trip came when he had a visit with **Ernie Pyle**, the famous war

correspondent, who obligingly signed his “short-snorter” bill. . . What’s this I hear about “**Slim**” **Freitag**, the Chicago aviation authority, who has chummed around with such nationally known celebrities as Wayne King, Amos ‘n’ Andy, Harold Lloyd, Wallace Berry, and –well, you count ‘em. I give up!—starting in on a new position the 26th. Is it the “dandy” you were “shaping up” a few months ago, “Slim?” Okay, kid, I’m listenin’. . . **Lt. Ray (Burn-‘Em-Up) Burns**, a lead bombardier with the Twelfth Air Force Marauders in France, is not far from his 60th successful air raid over Ratziland. Burnsy is still studying French—which further convinces me “she” must be a very dazzling dame. . . **Sgt. Carl Jacob Dick** has moved with the 348th Station Hospital from near Cardiff, Wales, to “a prettier and more desirable location” near a fair-sized resort city in England. The set-up is larger, which, of course, means more work. C. J. has now been overseas 16 mos. Gosh, Jake, why’d you ever leave Cardiff? Now I’ll have to call you the former Prince of Wales. . . **Cpl. P. F. Blumer** is still quartermastering at Bangalore which he thinks is just about the best spot in all of India. P. F. speaks of the natives as a little on the “dark side” with a comparatively few of them fairly light colored, but “even they look plenty dark to me.” . . Extra! Extra! **Sgt. W. James Murphy**, the Baron of Barkeley, has left Texas after all these many, many months. No foolin’. His new address: Co. A, 60th Bn., U.S. Army Gen. Hosp., Camp Pickett, Va. The hospital is for convalescent overseas men. “You have been asking for souvenirs from foreign countries,” says W. James. “I have wanted to send you something from Texas, which you probably know is a foreign country, but I haven’t found anything yet.” Here’s wishing you success, W. J., but you’d better start streaking for the tall timber if some of those Texas toughies ever read that. . . **Lt. Wilce Milbrandt** is still enjoying the beautiful scenery and weather of the Hawaiian Islands, keeps well occupied supervising maintenance and construction projects. Maintenance includes carpenter and machine shops, railroads, docks, refrigeration, painting, plumbing, and the like. Construction embraces highways, buildings, and sewers. . . “I’ve got a pretty good set-up out here at Rapid City Air Base, probably better than I really appreciate,” writes **S/Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, the ol’ tail gunner. “Not too far from home, drawing flying pay, a swell bunch of instructors to work with in the ‘lab,” and a job that keeps me quite busy sometimes, but it certainly isn’t hard.” . . “**Art**” **Babler** pens these interesting lines from the Hawaiian Islands: “An old Drizzle has just caught up with me. It’s the one in which you give me a swell chance to collect 64 bucks from Whitey Hill (sure thing!) providing I give the right answer to your question. This was your question, Roz: “If **C. J. Dick**, Monticello’s Prince of Wales, should ever ascend the royal throne, do you think that he, too—like former King Eddie—would renounce it for his lady love? After great thought and careful consideration, I shall stick my neck out with this answer: No, I doubt whether “Jumping Jake” would relinquish the throne unless, of course, his lady fair could offer him something better, such as another Haddinger-Dick trucking enterprise. Then, too, I might suggest that a blond, brunette, or redhead would not qualify. I’m counting on you, Roz, to see that I get fair play on the \$64 question. (You win, all right, Art, and hands down, too. Whitey’s been here off and on during his leave, looking like a million dollars and feeling like two million, but honestly, I doubt like the dickens if I can jar him loose for even such a paltry sum as \$64 out of that three million. You see, Art, the lad’s in love—badly, sadly, and madly. And I have more than a mild hunch that Whitey will get very, very technical about the matter now that Jake has moved from Wales in to England. You don’t suppose Jake would fork over the 64, do you? Well, Art, you ask him while I duck for cover. . . **Tommy Brusveen**, now in Germany, tells of passing through once beautiful villages and cities now reduced to ruins by Allied air and artillery bombardment all because the Germans stubbornly refuse to surrender when they should know they are hopelessly beaten. Only mere skeletons now remain of attractive buildings and homes. “We were treated wonderfully by the Belgians. They hated to see the Americans leave

and gave us eggs and other things to take along with us. Here in Germany we are not allowed to fraternize in any way with the people. Do our own washing. Candle for light. Hard to get water. Staying in the best building here, but its roof and walls are filled with shell holes. Seven in our room. Very crowded. Sleep on floor.

QUIET, PLEASE, WHILE THE SIEGFRIED SAGE SPEAKS—

S/Sgt. “Bob” Blumer, the “Sage of the Siegfried Line,” is back in action again with the 11th Inf., 5th Div., 3rd Army, after a month’s hospitalization due to leg wounds. He had previously been wounded in the shoulder Sept. 8. “Bob” sent along these pithy remarks on his way to the front: “If I should get wounded again, I’ll be so full of holes, I ought to make a good flour sifter in some bakery.” . “This last time, I was hit twice in the left leg. Had to crawl back 600 yards along a road which was under German artillery fire. It was plenty cold, too, but believe me, I sure sweat plenty.” . “I’ve been in city fighting, street-by-street, house-to-house, have blown in every wall in houses, and tossed grenades into cellars. And it’s sure hell, too!”

EDDIE LOEFFEL WOUNDED A SECOND TIME—

Wounded in the Battle of Saipan some months ago, **Pfc. Eddie Loeffel**, former outstanding local athlete and now with Co. I, 3rd Bn., 4th Marine Div., was struck by shrapnel in the right hip and leg on “D” day at Iwo Jima. He is now recovering in an army hospital in the Mariannas where he has submitted to an operation for removal of the shrapnel fragments. Surgeons were unsuccessful in removing all of the pieces, however.

Eddie has two favorite Marine buddies—**Wallace Utzinger**, a lad from Minnesota, and **Rueben DeShong**, who hails from Florida. Wallace was shot in the right foot on “D” day and is in the same Mariannas’ hospital. As the Yanks charged the enemy and Eddie fell, struck down by flying shrapnel, Rueben, who was nearby, rushed to his aid, quickly bandaged up his leg which had commenced to bleed profusely. With a “See-you-later” goodbye to Eddie, Rueben plunged on into battle.

The Monticello athlete’s platoon leader, **Lt. Eddie Johnson**, was killed in action on “D” day and all of the latter’s many buddies have taken his death heavily to heart because he was such a wonderful fellow, a regular prince among men—always “just one of the boys.” Lt. Johnson was an outstanding football player and **once played with the Green Bay packers**. Because Eddie and Rueben DeShong were such rabid football fans, Lt. Johnson had offered to pay their way through the University of Georgia for one year after the war. He must have been a grand fellow, indeed.

Lt. Johnson was married and was the father of a little baby girl whom he had never seen. Such are the multiple tragedies of war.

If any of the Drizzle’s readers wish to write to the big, likeable Marine from Monticello, here’s Eddie’s new address: **Pfc. Eddie Loeffel**, 880727, 374th Station Hospital, W. D. B-4, APO, 247, %PM, San Francisco.

HE GAVE “HIS ALL” ON IWO JIMA—

My sympathy goes out to the **Ewald Muehlmeiers** of Wauwatosa, who were notified Thursday by the war department that their oldest son, **Pfc. Courtney Muehlmeier**, a machine gunner with the 3rd Marine Division, had been killed in action on Iwo Jima.

First reporting that the youth was missing, the war department followed up this message to the parents with another some hours later conveying the tragic news. The young man, who was only 19 years old, was a grandson of **Mrs. Lena and the late Rev. A. Muehlmeier**.

A fine, strapping youth standing six feet, three inches tall, Courtney enlisted in the Marines shortly after his graduation from St. Johns Military Academy in the summer of 1943. After he was sent overseas, he was stationed on the island of Guam for some time.

Courtney had the flaming spirit of young, adventurous America in his blood and he became restless for action, anxious to get into the thick of battle. So he volunteered for front line duty and therein lies the beginning of the end of a story of unusual bravery and devotion to country.

Courtney is survived by his parents and one brother, Peyton, a student at St. John's Military Academy.

I bow my head in reverence to the memory of a youth of great courage and exemplary character—to the memory of a gallant American.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donators: **Mrs. C. A. Eckburg**, Plymouth; **Blumer Brewing Co.**, Monroe; **Charles Hefty**, **Dick Zentner**, **E. A. Bontly**, **Mr. Mrs. Ivan Wichser**; **Norma Freitag**, St. Paul; **Mrs. Lester Witt**, Monroe; **Rev. Mrs. A. R. Felts**, Freeport; **H. C. Elmer**, **Anonymous**, **L. R. Pease**, **A. Kistler**, **Art Escher**, **F. H. Steinmann**, **E. G. Voegeli**, **John Dahnke**, **Wm. Benkert**, **Mrs. Fran Kubly**; **Patsy Flannery**, Argyle; **Mrs. Gordon Hunter**, Monroe; **Jake Burgy**, **Bertha Keller**, **David Brink**, **H. O. Elmer**, **Fred Deppeler**, **Fred Karlen, Jr.**, **Elizabeth Voegeli**, **Karl Wirth**, **Amelia Blum**, **Dr. Baebler**, **Albert Gempeler**, **H. C. Loveland**, **Mrs. Jack Elmer**, **Mrs. F. Studer**, **Ernie Robert**, **H. Feenje**, **Matt Bissig**, **Marv Freitag**, **F. C. Karlen**, **Emil Blum**, **John Minnig**, **F. A. Karlen**, **W. E. Klassy**, **J. H. Marty**, **Dr. Horne**, **A. M. Hefty**, **Clarence Itten**, **Rudy Speich**, **Dorothy Altman**, **Jake Kubly**, **Mrs. Regula Hoesly**, **Melvin Voegeli**, **Sam Duerst**, **Walter Hauri**, **Ray Talmage**, **H. D. Freitag**, **Mrs. Albert Moritz**, **Merlin Schmidt**, **Mrs. H. M. Marty**, **Werner Blumer**, **Fred Zweifel**; **Mrs. Euphemia Urben**, **Mrs. Isaac Schultz**, Madison; **Karl Siegenthaler**, **Otto Theiler**, **Henry R. Marty**, **Ivan Marty**, **Eddie Kropf**, **Edna Haldiman**

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Sgt. Fritz Haldiman, veteran of 25 months' Aleutian Islands' service, has received an honorable discharge, arriving home Saturday nite from Camp Swift, Texas, to help his father on the farm. March 6th marked 3 years of army service for Fritz. . . **Whitey Hill** returns to O'Reilly Gen. Hosp., Springfield, Mo., the 24th, altho he may get an extension. . . "LATE FLASH SQUEEZE-INS"—**T/Sgt. Kenny Holcomb**'s home on furlough from Romulus (Mich.) Air Base. . . "**Boob**" **Kissling**'s in an English hospital now, may be sent home. March 9th letter from **Howie** on Iwo Jima says he's fine, hasn't changed clothes since Feb. 18th

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A Letter A Drizzle

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF JOINS THE IMMORTALS—

Thursday, April 12, was a tragic day in United States and world history because on that day, at 3:35 p.m., that great American—**Franklin Delano Roosevelt**—died in the “Little White House” on the grounds of the national infantile paralysis foundation at Warm Springs, Ga., with which his illustrious name had been associated for years. Death was due to a massive cerebral hemorrhage brought on by the terrific burdens he had been carrying so magnificently in the prosecution of this vast global war and in laying the foundation for a just and enduring peace. The end came quietly after the President had complained of a terrific headache about two hours earlier and then had lapsed into unconsciousness.

The untimely passing of the 32nd President of the United States brought to an abrupt close a brilliant and drama-packed career without equal in world history on the eve of his greatest triumphs—triumphs of America’s mighty war machine which his skill as a military strategist has done so much to hasten and a triumph of his plan to preserve the peace.

Although born against a background of millions in riches, **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** dedicated his life to improving the welfare of the little fellow—to the protection of millions of under-privileged fellow Americans from economic injustices. He was the champion of the oppressed—of the underdog. For this the “economic royalists” never forgave him. In their eyes, **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** was a traitor to his class. And so, from their lavishly financed sources, there flowed an almost steady stream of vilification seeking to besmirch his character and high purpose and to becloud and distort many of the vital issues of the day.

Two words, probably better than any others, describe this great man. Faith and Courage!

Faith in God, faith in himself, faith in his fellow men, faith in his country, and finally, faith in the peoples of the world to join in the realization of the great dream he cherished most of all—the building of an international organization which would banish war forever from this earth.

Courage. Tremendous courage! Courage that enabled him to conquer the frightful ravages of infantile paralysis, to blaze new trails of political thought and legislation, to dare the wrath of his political enemies, to stand alone—if need be—and battle the entrenched interests for those principles and measures he considered right and just.

Yes, only tremendous courage could have enabled this great American to rise from the ravages of this dread disease to a pinnacle of political prestige and power never before attained in the colorful history of our glorious nation—four times elected to serve as its president. And from this towering mountain top, Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s noble character, his championship of the rights of the common man, his unflagging faith in democracy, his vast knowledge of the problems of peace, his warm friendliness toward other nations, and his unrelenting fight against intolerance burned like the flames of a giant torch of hope and freedom which spread light and enlightenment into the far corners of the world and especially into those battered countries where the German and Japanese ogres of oppression had stomped their ugly heels.

To those vast millions of people, **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** was the living symbol of freedom and democracy. Never in world history has there been such an oceanic outpouring of sorrow as flowed from the hearts of humanity when news of the untimely death of the great humanitarian was flashed around the globe.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a man of amazing vision. When he delivered his famous Chicago “Quarantine Speech” in 1937, warning the nation of the dark war clouds which were to explode over Europe two years later and in which he advocated the quarantine of aggressor nations, he was years ahead of his time. This week, at San Francisco, representatives of the United Nations gather to begin forging the instruments to implement the very “Quarantine” principles which the late President had so bravely championed eight years before.

Had **Franklin Delano Roosevelt**'s advice been followed then—and had the power and prestige of this, the greatest nation on earth, been arrayed alongside that of other peace-loving countries of the world—Hitler and his Horrible Huns could have been checked at the Rhine before they grew fat and mighty on their plundering of surrounding countries and this terrible catastrophe of death and destruction averted.

In 1937, **Franklin Delano Roosevelt**'s advocacy of these ideas brought torrents of abuse down upon his head. He was wrongfully accused then, as he was so often when he battled so valiantly to build up our armed forces and to bolster a tottering Britain and a collapsing Russia through his brilliantly conceived lend-lease program—of “war-mongering, sabre-rattling, and of trying to plunge the nation into war.” These ugly charges the isolationists shouted about a courageous president, whose four sons were to volunteer for duty and distinguish themselves in the service of their country. How vehemently those same thundering voices would have denounced him had he failed to rouse the nation to the grave dangers ahead and it had been caught unprepared in those dark hours of national peril!

As the New York Times, giant of American journalism, has so eloquently stated: “Men will thank God on their knees, a hundred years from now, that **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** was in the White House. . . in that dark hour when a powerful and ruthless barbarism threatened to overrun . . . civilization . . .”

Today, these very same Roosevelt “Quarantine” principles are universally accepted as the only means of world salvation, as the sole guarantee against World War III which might well sound the death knell of all civilization.

Yes, **Franklin Delano Roosevelt** made mistakes, mistakes which were largely the inevitable consequences of the enormously complex problems which face this swiftly changing world, but they are overwhelmingly outweighed by his magnificent achievement—monumental achievements which will shine down through the ages generations after cruel and baseless charges about him have crumbled to dust. The far-reaching social and other security legislation he so fearlessly championed, his astounding foresight in detecting the grave menace of Hitlerism to America long before the rest of his countrymen and the many steps he took to meet it, his brilliant leadership as the nation's commander-in-chief, his Good Neighbor policy, his tireless crusading for peace, his colossal accomplishment in personally inaugurating and solidifying the great alliance between the United States, Great Britain, and Russia—and holding it together amidst the titanic efforts of the Berlin-Tokyo propagandists to break it—a personal diplomatic achievement unequalled in world history and which impartial news observers in the nation's capital attribute to the late President's rare diplomatic skill and great personal charm.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, great humanitarian, champion of the oppressed, world statesman, political genius, skillful architect of an enduring peace, oriole of oratory, golden voice of radio, the man of great faith, of tremendous courage, of amazing vision . . .

May he find in heaven the peace and contentment he has so gallantly earned and so abundantly deserves! And may his successor, **Harry S. Truman**, the quiet, unassuming former farm boy from Missouri, be abundantly blessed with divine guidance to lead our great nation safely and securely along the pathways of peace and prosperity in the perilous months that lie ahead!

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

It has just come to light that **Emil Weigert**, Hdq. Co., 1st Bn., 8th Inf., 4th Div., whose rare experience of “running into” a cellarful of wine and schnapps while stationed in Luxemburg and of not running out of it with anywhere near the same speed, was related in the March Drizzle, was **awarded**

the Bronze Star Medal months ago “for meritorious service in connection with military operations against the enemy of the United States.” The official citation does not mention the nature of Emil’s heroism nor does it name the battle in which he distinguished himself. Apparently Emil was too modest to let the rest of us in on the swell news because it happened back in 1944. In fact, the official citation is dated July 16. The former gay blade of Mt. Pleasant township is also privileged to wear the Purple Heart, inasmuch as he was seriously wounded in the hip shortly after D-Day. After several weeks’ hospitalization in England, he recovered from his wound and was sent back to his outfit. Incidentally, word has just reached the Drizzler that Emil has been promoted from Pfc. to T/Sgt. Congratulations, Emil! . . . After weeks of repeated effort, during which those particular letters were returned to him, **Cpl. Lyle Sinnett**, former Evansville boy, tank gunner with the 11th Armored Division and husband of the former **Marion Moser**, M.H.S. 1940, has finally succeeded in getting news home of the extent of the severe wounds he suffered Jan. 5th in a savage tank encounter with the Ratzis during the Battle of the Belgian Bulge. Gunner in the lead tank of his outfit, Lyle was critically hurt when the tank was caught in the full fury of enemy fire. During his hospitalization, first in Belgium, then in France, and more recently in England, he has had his left leg amputated above the knee and toes of his right foot are gone. His right leg bears four large wounds. Had it not been for his wrist watch, Lyle might also have lost his left hand. A piece of shrapnel struck the watch, driving it into his wrist to inflict a painful wound, but also as if by a miracle, his hand was saved. **Cpl. Sinnett**, who is the son-in-law for **Fred and Lydia Freitag Moser**, arrived in England last September and landed on the European continent scarcely a week before he was wounded. Here’s hoping you’ll convalesce rapidly from now on in, Lyle, and that you’ll soon be back in the states!

FLIGHT TO THE FAR-FLUNG FRONTS—

Thanks to an easing of secrecy regulations shrouding **Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal’s** recent flight to Pacific Island naval bases in his big Douglas C-54 Skymaster, **Lt. (jg) Wallie Barlow**, co-pilot of this giant of the airlines, can now relate some interesting sidelights about this great sky voyage for Drizzle readers. The flight covered over 30,000 miles which, of course, is the equivalent of girdling the globe and then some.

Here, Wallie, you take the Drizzle microphone and tell us in your own words:

“We hit most of the islands in the Pacific from Hawaii to the Johnsons, Saipan, Guam, Leyte, Marcus, and many others. It was quite a trip covering some 30,000 miles. We saw so many, many things impossible to repeat now for security reasons, but if the people from home could see the thousands of ships we have in the Pacific, plus the vast equipment necessary on every island, they would never hesitate about buying war bonds. In fact, it is almost impossible—probably is for the Japanese and Germans—to believe one country could produce such a terrific amount of equipment.

“This item of supplies, often referred to as logistics, is a job that one cannot fathom—at least it’s too much for my meager intelligence. I sincerely believe I saw enough jeeps alone which, parked end to end, would reach from Monticello to Verona, or possibly to Madison. Our forces have every imaginable type of motorized equipment, and believe me, the army engineers—and especially the Seabees—know how to use it. In just a matter of hours, they can landscape whole areas and build good roads and quonset huts to live in.

“Talking of Seabees, they are to me the most remarkable branch of the services. They are held in respect and awe even by the Marines, who really hate to respect anyone outside of their own corps. They can make anything out of most anything.

“After Iwo Jima, which was the main reason for our trip, America must again doff its hat to the Marines. They added again to the many laurels of their glorious and historic past. While we didn’t get to Iwo, we did get to see the pictures of pre-invasion activity. Really, Roz, that was hell, as you can tell from the cost in casualties. The Marine really had a job to do and they did it with their customary thoroughness.

“We hit one island that was invaded and secured last fall, but yet they killed three Japs one night across the road from where we were asleep.

“I had a chance to meet Louella Gear, an old Broadway and Hollywood star; **Charles Butterworth**, and also **Ernie Pyle**, who is really a grand fellow. Mr. Butterworth was just recovering from an illness in Honolulu while with a U.S.O. troupe. Ernie Pyle was just back from the Iwo invasion, I believe, or else from the carrier raids on Tokyo. (**Ernie Pyle**, colorful, wiry little war correspondent, literary idol of millions on the battle fronts and home front as well, was killed April 18th by a Japanese machine gun bullet on Ie, a little island off Okinawa. Previously he had narrowly eluded death countless times in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and France.)

“Before I close, I’d like to mention the grand work the Red Cross does. They’re everywhere, doing more types of work than I have time to mention. After this war, the fellows will be everlastingly grateful to them, like they were to the Salvation Army in a smaller sense in 1918.”

DRIZZLE DRIZZLETS—

When the Drizzler last heard from that veteran, wily warrior of the Pacific, **Lt. “Bob” Amans**, he was on his way aboard ship to Sydney, Australia, to have a little fun after some heavy fighting against the enemy. Well, Bob, got to Sydney, alright—he and another lieutenant—and if any of you Drizzle readers are wondering if they had a rippin’ good time or not, please perish the thought. “Bob” and his pal not only must have painted Sydney red, but almost every other color of the rainbow as well. In other words, they were there 26 days and they spent a mere \$2,800, which would almost suggest they must have taken in a jitney dance or two. Yes, that’s right! Almost a cool three thousand smackerels! I had to read these figures over a few times, too, before I was convinced my eyes weren’t deceiving me. Gosh, Bob, what a pair of pikers you and your pal must’ve been! Now, the next time you officers return to Sydney, don’t keep such an awful stranglehold on your bankrolls. For goodness sakes! Loosen up a little! The two lieutenants are in the Philippines now and “Bob” wrote his letter to the Drizzler while resting after helping to chase the Nips back into the hills. . . . It was so dusty in Germany for a spell that **Pfc. Morgan Phillips** says he had to pry his eyes open in the morning because they were “welded” shut with dust. Morgan is with Hq. Co., 603 Tank Dest. Bn. . . . If you may have wondered how it was that **Karl Freitag**, Co. L, 137th Inf., 35th Div., jumped from the rank of private right up through to S/Sergeant, the answer may be found in these brave words of his—words which reflect a superb fighting spirit. Says Karl, who had just recovered from a shoulder wound suffered in action late in February, “I am anxious to get back on lines again to see all of my old buddies. I have come to the conclusion that all of us must die some time, but all of us can’t die for something.” . . . Since **Orville Anderson (Pfc)** was badly wounded in the right shoulder by a German machine gun bullet while guarding a bridge near Paris Aug. 31, he has had over 500 “shots” of penicillin. Moreover, he has been in eight different hospitals—four in France, two in England, and two in this country. For almost three months now, Orville has been a patient in McCaw General Hospital, Walla Walla, Wash., where in February he bravely endured an operation for the removal of 22 pieces of bone from his shoulder without anesthesia to deaden the pain. There’s real courage for you, folks! The machine gun bullet entered Orville’s chest between the third and fourth rib just above the lung, ploughed through the shoulder bone where it severed the

radial nerve and brought complete paralysis of the right arm. As the bullet came out, it left a hole big enough to put your fist in. Orville is making slow but steady progress and can now move his fingers a little. He is soon to submit to major nerve surgery which will be followed by five other operations of a more minor nature before he is finally released from the hospital. . . . Heavy must be the hearts of the nurses at a certain army hospital in England ever since **Sgt. "Boob" Kissling**, whose sly little smile rarely fails to captivate the cuties, was officially declared fit to return to duty early this month. The sergeant had been hospitalized since Feb. 9th when he was wounded in action near Aachen, Germany, at which time he apparently also suffered frost-bite. Writes "Boob": "Just received the Drizzle, my first mail in over two months. Glad to hear the basketball team did so well, but disagree with you about Whitey Hill's presence at the tournament being an inspiration to the boys. Just who would be inspired by his presence? (Oh, you'd be surprised, "Boob." This Whitey is quite a guy. Probably I should have called it WINspiration instead of inspiration.) I'm not headed for the states. Darnit! I had frozen feet and frozen hands, also a little piece of shrapnel. The frozen hands were the worst. I'm going on a seven-day furlough, starting Thursday and then I report to a replacement depot. From there? Sure sorry to hear **Eddie Loeffel** was hit again, but I guess that's the way it goes. Hope Whitey is okay. (Ah, Boob, I thought you'd soften up.) Glad to hear that **Fritz Haldiman** has only one commanding officer from here on."

"THE GOOD LORD SURE WAS GOOD TO ME"—

So writes **S/Sgt. "Bob" Blumer**, the Sage of the Siegfried Line, in describing a narrow escape he had from death Somewhere in Germany recently. It was at night and "Bob" had left his slit trench to go to an aid station. He was gone only a short time. When "The Sage" returned, he found his trench had been blown up, the result of a direct hit by a German artillery shell.

"The Good Lord sure was good to me," declares "Bob", "Because if I had been in the trench, I'd have been a gone goose and I wouldn't be writing this letter."

The Sage continues:

"It's 5:30 in the morning as I write this and still dark so I am using a candle for light. Just a short distance away, the mortars are popping to beat hell. Nearly every time they boom, the candle goes out.

"The war news is good, but still the end doesn't seem very close to us fellows who have to climb these German hills, clear out wooded lots and take all the other risks of battle every day. In fact, there's always new faces in every squad and platoon every few days, it seems. "If you could see these giant armadas of heavy bombers roaring overhead about three times a day, you'd know why gas rationing is so necessary back in the states. But still some of these damned German dummies don't seem to realize how hopelessly they're licked. Talked to a Heinie we captured yesterday—and a captain at that—and he still believes they'll win the war. "Did I ever tell you about the time we captured a bunch of Ratzis and then one of 'em bumped off one of our lieutenants. Believe me, I really riddled that dirty bastard! "I've had only \$24 since July 1st so I'll have beaucoup dough to send home."

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS—

Sgt. "Al" Deppeler, Co. L, 263rd Inf., one of the newer arrivals on the European continent, reports that he has had a few skirmishes with the Ratzis and that he's been real lucky so far. "Al" says that three months ago he wrote to "**Schmitty**" **Schmidt**, the chipper chatterbox of the Marine Corps, who has seen all kinds of action in the Pacific area, but that he hasn't heard from him yet. Come on

there, Schmitt, what have you got to say for yourself? . . . **Pfc. Johnny Frehner**, assigned to the 357th Inf., 90th Div., of **Patton's** 3rd Army, is gradually recovering in a hospital in England from a serious shoulder wound received in action in Germany March 24, just two days short of six months from the day he was inducted into the services on Sept. 26. Johnny received his basic training at Camp Fannin, Texas, and then left New York City for the European war theatre Feb. 18th. Here's wishing you a very speedy recovery, Johnny! . . . Sunday's **Milwaukee Journal** carried an article about the Drizzle and the Drizzler on its state feature page. . . **Pfc. Johnny Blumer**, who was inducted into the service along with "**Bob**" **Blumer** and "**Dep**" **Deppeler** back in November of 1941, is home on a 41-day furlough after arriving in New York earlier this month. Fighting with his two buddies in the 11th Inf., 5th Div., 3rd Army, Johnny was later hospitalized in England, then was placed on military police duty in Paris which was his last assignment overseas. Johnny saw three years of service abroad—in Iceland, England, Northern Ireland, and France, among other countries.

M. H. S. GRAD HAD AUDIENCE WITH POPE—

An audience with **Pope Pius XII** along with about one hundred other Allied soldiers was one of the highlights of **Sgt. John J. Theiler's** many months overseas.

"His Holiness spoke briefly in French and English," says John, in describing it. "The processional itself was deeply impressive with its Swiss guards, attaches, and officials all attired in formal clothes or colorful uniforms. Regardless of one's faith, the experience is one long to be remembered."

On another visit to Vatican City, John went through St. Peter's church in which can be seen myriad's of beautiful oil paintings, sculpture, mosaics, and other priceless art treasure. He also climbed the stairs leading up into the copper ball above the dome of this famous ancient church.

In Rome, John saw such richly historical attractions as the Coliseum, Pantheon, Roman Forum, Catacombs, St. Paul's and other beautiful churches, the Royal Palace, Victor Emanuel II's monument on Piazza Venezia, and Mussolini's Balcony overlooking the same square. Before reaching Rome, he visited the ruins of Pompeii, saw Mt. Vesuvius, visited the Isle of Capri, and attended an opera in the famous San Carlo Opera House.

Before his arrival in Italy, the sergeant spent many months in North Africa where he went after a short stay in England. While in the latter country, John enjoyed a furlough to London and there witnessed the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, strolled through Hyde Park, visited Westminster Abbey, saw the Parliamentary Buildings, heard Big Ben (in person) strike the noon hour, and attended a Halloween party which was "crashed" by Mrs. Roosevelt.

After his graduation from M.H.S. in 1917, John went to Milwaukee where he eventually became an accountant and auditor after studying accounting and commercial law in evening classes at Marquette university for four years. He is now here visiting his mother, **Mrs. Gott. Theiler**, having recently received an honorable discharge from the service. John will return to Milwaukee shortly with a view to resuming his professional activities. His brother, **Herman (Shy) Theiler**, USN, is a mail specialist in the post office at Banana River, (Fla.) Naval Air Station.

HERE, THERE 'N' EVERYWHERE—

How's this for speed? Bothered with arthritis in recent weeks, **Pvt. Fred Babler**, who had been serving with a quartermaster's outfit, left Belgium by airplane Easter Sunday and arrived at Ashburn Gen. Hosp., McKinney, Texas, the next Thursday—in five days! And, of course, Ashburn General is where **Lt. "Bo" Woelffer**, the famous Texas Tantalizer, holds forth. "Bo" happened to notice "Fearless Frick's" name on the roster, looked him up—and, as you might suspect—they really had

quite a session. . . **Cpl. “Olie” Mitmoen** is now stationed in England, having arrived there about four weeks ago. . . **Sgt. “Erv” Spring**, who spent many days aboard ship on the Atlantic, finally wound up in France. He’s been there about a month now. Understand “Erv” wrote me a letter packed with interesting news, but the censor returned it. Better luck next time, old timer. . . From all indications **Cpl. Joe Gmur**, with the Marines, is on Okinawa, although he doesn’t say so in so many words. For several days, his transport, along with the many others in the huge armada, lay of shore waiting for the big naval guns and bombers to finish their pre-invasion bombardment.”

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—

Planes were ablaze, exploding on every side, twisting and turning aimlessly as they plunged crazily into the enormous ocean of air below, their motors uttering ghastly screeches which sounded almost like an insane funeral dirge. The skies were bursting with fire and man-made thunder as American and Ratz fighter plane pilots roared in for the “kill,” their aerial cannon belching death and destruction while our big bombers tried valiantly—and most of them successfully—to slug a path through this “Hell in the Heavens” to their target. **S/Sgt. Roger Foster**, Port Washington, former Monticello boy and ex-tail turret gunner on the B-24 Liberator Bomber, “Dog Face,” lived through this flaming experience which occurred during the peak of his 10th mission over Europe.

Taking off from its base in England, the armada of bombers headed for Ascherscheben, Germany, a little southwest of Berlin. As the armada approached its target, bomb bays open, the skies became thick with Jerry fighter planes. “About 200 of them came in on our first wave of bombers, taking about half of that squadron with them,” relates “Rog.” “Then a few Heinies broke through and headed for us.”

It was then that the heavens turned into a bursting, blazing inferno. “One German fighter plane busted through our formation, leading us directly at the nose,” continues the former local youth. “Our nose gunner just had time to swing his guns and Jerry decided to pull up short and beat it. As he pulled up and out about 80 feet over our tail, he began shooting at the squadron following ours.” Suddenly “Rog” noticed two P-51s laying back, waiting for this Jerry pursuit pilot to make a break. As he did, they roared in and picked him up, each on a wing—like infuriated eagles closing in on a hawk. In less than 10 seconds, they had shot off his wings and down he went in a wild zig-zag to his death thousands of feet below.

The “Dog Face” finally battled its way to the target and the bombardier sent its bomb load crashing into it. On the way back, “Rog” got shots at a couple of German fighters, but failed to bag either one of them. Arriving at the base, the crew found the big bomber scarred by enemy fire, but none of them had suffered even a scratch.

On another mission which will always remain fresh in “Rog’s” memory, he and his crew members were flying about 75 miles behind the lines in France, southeast of Paris. “Bandits”—meaning German fighter planes—were in the area. Suddenly all four engines of the big bomber went dead. In a flash, almost, it dived nearly 5,000 feet and the boys prepared to abandon ship. As if by some miracle, however, two of the motors suddenly cut back in—and the third a little bit later. By then they had lost their squadron, however, so they turned home—still holding their bombs, however.

Just then two Ratz ME 109s loomed quickly out of nowhere, ready to pounce on the crippled bomber. Fortunately some P-47s were doing some dive-bombing in the area. A radio flash brought them streaking to the danger zone and they swiftly disposed of the Ratz pursuit ships.

“Seeing all opposition was removed,” Rog reminisces, “Our pilot radioed the dive bombers, asking if they could use a load of bombs any place in particular. They showed us a woods they were

working on and I must say our bombigator sure knew his stuff, even without a bomb sight. We returned to base an hour late and they sure were glad to see us. That fourth engine never did cut back in.”

“Rog,” former U.W. pole vault and broad jump star, is now stationed at Ft. Meyers (Fla.) Army Air Base.

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

“**Slim**” **Freitag**’s new job is with the Stinson Division of Aviation Corp., headquartering in Wayne, a suburb of Detroit. When post-war planning gets into gear, “Slim” will become director of sales for Stinson for the entire middle west. Mighty nice going, old chap, and here’s wishing you all the luck in the world! . . . **Dr. Jack Zentner**, Milwaukee’s peerless professor of piscatory—he’s really caught some husky muskies in his day—reports that his son, “**Bud**,” is with “Pistol Packing **Patton**’s” 3rd Army. He left the states for England Nov. 26th, spent a month there, then crossed over to France, on to Luxemburg, Belgium, and now apparently in Germany. “Bud’s” address is: **Lt. Robert J. Zentner**, 0548923, Co. D, 304th Inf., APO. 76 %PM. NYC. . . **Sgt. W. James Murphy** is on his way to Camp Crowder (Mo.) after a 10-day furlough, part of which was spent in the Twin Cities sector of Minnesota in matters of a strictly romantic nature. W. James was transferred to Camp Crowder after spending only three weeks at Camp Pickett, Va., but while at the latter place, he got to visit historic Richmond and also Washington. He is slated for a “refresher” course aiming at overseas duty. . . **Lt. Dick Schoonover** has not been heard from recently, but he is believed to be on Okinawa.

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From **Capt. Leon Babler**, Somewhere in England: “I finally finished my missions before Christmas and am now doing administrative work. Quite a change. And I’m gaining weight at a tremendous pace. Got together with my brother-in-law recently. First time I’d seen him in 2 ½ years. He’s a cook with the engineers and he secured a delicious steak for me. Oh! For the life of a cook! (But, OH! Leon! That waistline!) Heard a talk the other night by an Austrian who had escaped from a Nazi concentration camp. How he hates those Jerries! If we listened to his post-war policy on treating Germany, I don’t think we’d ever have any more trouble with those babies. Oh, brother!” . . . From **Lt. Rufus (Nic) Freitag**, USNR: “I am now on duty at the Navy Yard, New York, as supply officer of a new ship being converted there. Nothing glamorous—just one of the navy work horses that back up the boys that do the shooting and the flying. My ship is a supply ship. For the next several months we will be busy assembling our initial load of stores, necessary spare parts, and setting up our Supply Dept. organization. The amount and variety of things we take is terrific. We are not due to ready for sea until July, but when we get out, I’ll be hoping to meet some of you fellows again. We’ll tap a can of Spam!” . . . **Capt. “Hoppe” Babler**, New Castle Army Air Base, Wilmington, Dela.: “The base here is quite active in that a great many ships that are being ferryed to the European Theatre of Operations stop here. I’d like to get in on one of these trips and may be able to swing it once I get “worked in” and make the right contacts. I had a nice letter from “**Doc**” **Youngreen** from over in the Philippines the other day. His medical work must take him right up near the lines because he describes the Nip artillery fire as “mighty unhealthy.” . . . **S/Sgt. Wilbert A. Marty**, Rapid City (S. D.) Army Air Base: “Just got through teaching some bombardiers a few tricks with the old “50 Cal.” They were good Joe’s, willing to learn, and not like a lot of them. Some of them really are cocky and need some taming down—which we instructors

proceed to do in short order. Say, Roz, how's that old Romeo—that old “Saltwater cowboy” of the Carolinas—**“Cec” Wirth**—coming these days? Cowboy is right, Wilbert! Probably you haven't heard the latest? Now, of course, you probably know that when “Cec” instructs his pupils in fire direction of those big 155 MM guns, he always straddles the rear of the cannon, and like a real cowboy, he sticks right to that spot even when Big Bertha booms. But this time, one of his pupils was a little too hasty in “pulling the trigger” and “Gene Autry” Wirth was bucked from his booming broncho and into the hospital for several days. I understand that for the first time in a long time “Gene” has lost that romantic gleam in his eyes which reflect instead the possibility of murder or mayhem.

PAGING “BOB” RIPLEY AGAIN—

A few Drizzles ago, I related how **Lt. “Bob” Amans** had narrowly escaped serious injury or possible death when a Japanese bullet exploded a hand grenade in his grenade belt and he never suffered even as much as a scratch. Well, here's another narrow squeak that'll curl your eyebrows and frost your whiskers:

When **S/Sgt. Lloyd Deppeler**, Monticello boy with Co. F, 11th Inf., 5th Div., crossed the Sauer river, he was paddling in the leading assault boat. The Ratzis, who were strongly entrenched in pillboxes on the other side, opened up with strong machine-gun fire.

One bullet ripped through “Dep's” overcoat and field jacket at the forearm, while others dented his cartridge belt and then zoomed off to become ricochets. Miraculously, he was unscathed. Whew!

SPEAKING OF MIRACLES, LISTEN TO THIS!—

Tired and weary from the bloody, exhaustive battles on tiny Iwo Jima, fighting so fierce and costly in human life that it has been described as a thousand hells all rolled into one, **Lt. “Howie” Steinmann**, USMC, went to sleep in his foxhole on the night of March 17th, but it was a fitful sleep because, altho the Japs on the island had been pretty well exterminated, anything might happen yet.

And it did!

Suddenly, along about 2 a.m. on the 18th, Howie awakened with a start, as if by the urgent command of some divine intuition. What he saw made him think for an instant that he was in the clutches of a terrible nightmare, but he wasn't.

There, crouching directly above him, his ugly features silhouetted against a moonlit sky, was a treacherous, buck-toothed Jap officer ready to plunge a sabre into Howie's heart in a split second.

Like a flash, Howie grabbed the sabre with his right hand, deflecting the stab away from his heart, also struggling to his feet and shouting for help. The sentinel, whom the Jap had sneaked past, came running, leaped into the foxhole and grabbed the hand in which he was wielding the sabre. A Marine lieutenant rushed up, jumped in with them, and knocked the Jap officer—a big, strapping six-footer—to the ground. Then he yanked his .38 automatic from its holster and calmly put an inglorious end to the Nip's career of treachery with three well-directed shots, after which the body was tossed over a nearby cliff.

Howie was given medical aid immediately. The sabre had thrust clear through the chest muscles just above the right breast, causing liquid to form in the chest cavity, and his right hand was badly cut in deflecting the weapon. By dawn he was in a field hospital and by the 19th via plane, at a base hospital. In the first 12 days, Howie lost 15 pounds and he will be hospitalized for another two to three months.

Hi, Howie! Here's wishing you a swift recovery!

WHY, QUIET EDDIE MASTERS THE MASTER RACE—

Back home here in Monticello, **Pfc. Eddie Zweifel**, Co. M, 117th Inf., 30th Div., has always been regarded as a shy, quiet sort of a lad, always hanging around the fringes of conversation and seldom having much to say. And when he did, it was usually a witty remark which he accompanied with low, muffled laughter.

Yes, Eddie's a shy, quiet sort of a lad, but Somewhere in Germany—somewhere behind an American prisoner-of-war cage—there are nine once bold and brazen Ratzis super men who don't think so. In fact, they probably think Eddie is just about the toughest guy this side of Hades.

Why?

Well, shortly after crossing the Roer river, Eddie was sent to deliver a message from his unit to battalion headquarters. German artillery was shelling the area, and as Eddie hustled thru a little village, enemy fire was exploding uncomfortably close to him.

So Eddie ducked into an alley to give himself more protection from flying shell fragments. Naturally, with German fire coming closer and closer, his mind was preoccupied with the thought of his own safety.

Suddenly he came to an abrupt halt! He could hardly believe his eyes. Right in front of him stood nine husky, well-armed Germaniacs!

For a second, Eddie was almost paralyzed with fright, but so were the Ratzis. Then Eddie quickly recaptured his poise and began to yell and bark orders.

Believing Eddie was signaling to a squad of men, the Ratzis dropped their rifles and marched docilely out onto the street with their hands in the air. Here they discovered Eddie was alone, but there was nothing they could do now but obey their captor's commands.

Eddie marched the nine super-stupor men to the battalion command post. Here he turned them over to the authorities and then delivered the message.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donators: **Blumer Brewing Co., Luchsinger Monument Works, Al Bolgrien, P. J. Babler**, Monroe; **L. F. Marty, F. Escher, Mr. Mrs. H. F. Stoll, C. Tanner, W. A. Loveland, E. Sarbacker, C. M. Stauffer, Mrs. T. Senn, E. Schuerch, Joe Voegeli, Mrs. Howard Freitag, J. M. Freitag, A. Kistler, Geo. Griffey, Herman Wittenwyler, Arthur Pierce, J. Burgy, Dr. Bongiorno, Anonymous, Dr. Jack Zentner**, Milwaukee; **A. Schultz, Mrs. V. Baebler, Alvin Baebler, Elizabeth Rolph, Edna Babler, F. C. Karlen, A. Staedtler, L. Krauer, J. Kubly, Mrs. D. Knobel, Mrs. H. J. Klassy, Walt Haddinger, Harry Klassy, S. W. Grenzow, F. C. Marty, C. Riese, Mrs. J. Hammerly, Albert Gempeler, Jake Krieg, Mrs. Robt. Feller, Mrs. F. Baumgartner, Mary Walters Wilson, F. G. Blum**, Madison; **J. Moritz, Nathan Crouch, Cecil Holloway, Monroe; Paul Feenje, J. H. Disch, John C. Elmer, Mrs. E. Buehl, Dr. Horne, Bruce Babler, Harv Gempeler, Fred Werner Blum, Geo. Legler, Sam Pierce, Irene Marty, W. F. Hoesly, John Minning, Harv Milbrandt, Mrs. W. C. Baumgartner, O. H. Babler, James Pierce, W. E. Blum, Walter Friedli.**

THIS-'N'-THAT—

Since acquiring a mimeograph machine, The Drizzler has been handling all phases of this publication except for addressing envelopes which is done by **Ruth Karlson**'s commercial class. Oh, yes, **Yolanda** operates the machine so if the impression isn't clear, file your complaints directly with her because I darsen't say anything for fear of precipitating a sit-down strike. The two daughters—**Rosanda Rae**, the 5-year-old, and **Ronda Kay**, the 1-year-old, are always more than anxious to help, too, but often a little too insistent about helping "Daddy" run the typewriter. . . . **Pfc. Lloyd Van Houten**'s in France. His brother **Sgt. Harry**, Harlingen (Tex.) Air Base, is recovering from a broken nose and fractured left arm and elbow sustained in an auto accident in which two other soldiers were killed and a third suffered a fractured knee. . . . **Frederick Voegeli, HA 1/c**, is in the Hawaiian Islands. . . . **Pfc. Mel Elmer** is now an instructor in the Cavalry Repl. Trng. Center, Ft. Riley, Kas. . . . In Mors, Germany, **Tommy Brusveen** met a family related to the **Stricklers in New Glarus**. They were overjoyed. . . . **Hilmer Gordon**'s in a Denver army hospital for treatment of a back injury. He's a vet of the SW Pacific. . . . **Sgt. Al Baehler**, in Italy, reports everything fine in the sector.

V-E DAY ONE OF GREAT BUT RESTRAINED JOY—

Great joy, but joy restrained, filled the hearts of Monticelloans when news was flashed to an anxious world that Germany had surrendered unconditionally to the United States, Great Britain, and Russia at 7:21 p.m. central war time Sunday, May 6. The surrender was signed in the now historic red school house in Reims, France, which had served as headquarters for **General Dwight D. Eisenhower**, Supreme Allied Commander in the area, thereby ending the European war which started Sept. 1, 1939, when **Hitler** unleashed his heartless hordes against an innocent and defenseless Poland.

Signing the momentous document for the hopelessly crushed Germans was **Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl**, new chief of staff of the German Army, representing **Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz**, head of the Huns since the mysterious disappearance of **Adolph Hitler**, about whose alleged death there have been so many contradictory versions that it is probably more logical to assume this black-hearted inhumaniac is still alive in disguise. Signing for the Supreme Allied Command was **Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith**, who is **Gen. Eisenhower's** chief of staff. **Gen. Ivan Susloparoff**, for Russia, and **Gen. Francois Sevez**, for France, also signed the historic document.

Thus drew to a close the horrible infamies of a supposedly cultured and civilized German nation which for almost six, long bitter years gloried in the ruthless torture and murder of millions of innocent civilians, in the starvation of still other millions of people whose food it stole and grew fat on, and in the plunder and destruction of virtually an entire continent.

Although the war in Europe ended May 6, this glorious triumph of Allied arms over the foulest foe in world history was not officially proclaimed by **President Harry S. Truman** of the United States and Prime Minister Churchill of Great Britain until 8 a.m. Tuesday, May 8. Back home here in Monticello, the great victory was signaled by the sounding of the village fire siren and the tolling of church bells. Church services were held in the evening.

Yes, Victory in Europe was marked by great joy in the old home town, but it was joy restrained. Joy mingled with sadness at the thought that **S/Sgt. "Mel" Marty**, who died a hero's death in the furious battle on the approaches to Aachen Sept. 20, 1944, and **Pvt. Paul Derendinger**, fatally injured in an accident in Italy a month earlier—along with thousands of other brave young men—had to sacrifice their precious lives to protect and preserve freedom for the rest of us.

We salute the memory of these gallant soldiers and pray in humble reverence for an early victory over Japan.

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

Leo Felts, PhM 1/c, who returned to the states in February after 19 enjoyable months at a Marine base in Cuba, is highly pleased with his new assignment at the navy Diesel School, Fairbanks-Morse plant, Beloit. "I never expected a deal like this," says Leo. "Only the doctor and myself in the medical department. I live in my own apartment and have every night and week-end off. Outside of my uniform, I feel like a civilian and what a feeling it is! . . . **Pfc. Carl (Babs) Babler**, slightly wounded on Okinawa April 18, writes that his leg was banged up somewhat, but not seriously. Babs

was also wounded before, presumably in the battle of Leyte. **Capt. Leon Babler** still holds an administrative post with the army air force in England. His future is indefinite now that Germany has been crushed. **Art, oldest of the three Babler brothers** and a radioman 2nd class with the Coast Guard, is still “cruising around” in the Pacific. . . . “It gets plenty hot down in this corner of the ol’ globe,” reports **Cpl. P. F. Blumer** from the U.S. army air base at Bangalore, India, “But it doesn’t bother me much.” P. F. is affiliated with a quartermaster’s unit. . . . **Pvt. “Art” Zweifel**, who wielded a wicked wallop at the plate when he performed with **Barney Karlen**’s sensational diamondemons, is still on New Caledonia where he had a nice visit with **Don Trickle** recently before the latter’s return to the United States. After approximately three years in the Southwest Pacific, Don is now in Monroe on furlough. Art, who is a New Glarus boy, also had quite a thrill a couple of weeks ago when he “bumped into” **Bud Wirth** on the street of a New Caledonia city. Bud is in the navy, of course, and his ship was docked at that port for a short time.

REPORT ON BLOODY IWO JIMA—

Immediately after learning of **Lt. “Howie” Steinmann**’s narrow escape from assassination at the hands of a Jap officer on Iwo Jima island, The Drizzler sent Howie an airmail letter asking for the highlights of his battle experiences on that tiny Pacific fortress for the April 24th Drizzle. Unfortunately, however, the letter was seriously delayed enroute and did not reach him until April 29. For that reason, this thrilling story was not available for the last issue and is now presented here.

The Monticello Marine lieutenant’s outfit hit the beach at Iwo around 2:30 p.m. on D-Day, Feb. 19. He was on the island 28 days, 22 of them in the front lines or immediately behind them. He spent the other six days in reserve, resting and waiting to be called back again.

Acting as a liaison officer, Howie spent the very first night in the front lines attached to the unit his battalion was to relieve the next morning. For the first five days, he was continually sent from one organization to another, giving and collecting all possible information and making sure his commanding officer received it.

All this while, day and night—and for practically the entire Iwo campaign—this tiny Pacific Island rocked under the thundering impact of bursting bombs, exploding artillery shells, and murderous machine gun and rifle fire. It was a hellish nightmare of flame and thunder, of insane uproar, weirdly mingled with the agonizing groans of badly wounded or dying fighting men. Only in the final stages of this bloody campaign, when the Jap fanatics were reeling to a crushing defeat, did this terrible bedlam commence to subside.

Howie experienced his first “close call” on the second day. He was in a foxhole when a good-sized piece of Jap shrapnel struck him on the shoulder. His shoulder was only bruised, however, because the shrapnel was partly “spent” and hit flat.

Casualties during the first few days were light, considering the ferocity of the fighting. On the sixth day, Howie’s battalion was relieved and sent back a few thousand yards to reorganize and rest. He was shocked by the absence of so many old buddies. In the last couple of days, there had been heavy casualties among both officers and men. The outfit was in sad shape, but no worse than any of the other Marine units.

Since there was now a shortage of officers, Howie was attached to “C” company as executive officer which became his permanent assignment on Iwo except for a 20-hour period when he became a company commander.

“While we were back there resting,” recalls Howie, “we saw “Old Glory” raised on top of **Mt. Sinibachii**. The volcano was secured. It was a great and inspiring sight to see the colors flying

up there and it was all any of the fellows talked about for a long time. It is really wonderful to see our Flag go up after such savage fighting to make it possible. It was a joyous moment.”

The joy was cut short, however, by orders at 5 p.m. to move up to fill a gap in the line. Howie and his captain went forward to explore boundaries and positions in the designated area. It was dark when they arrived. As Howie was on his way back to bring the company forward, a Jap “fire” bomb—his own name for it—exploded 20 feet away and knocked him flat on his face. Finding himself uninjured, however, he continued on and then reached the front lines with his company at 10 p.m.

“It was in this area, “ Howie says, “That I saw my first real horrors of war the next day. There had been a terrific battle in this area the day we moved into it and there were many dead Marines still laying where they had fallen. I ran across one poor fellow that had been blown in half—the top half of his body was about 35 feet away from the bottom half. There was another fellow, headless, in a foxhole.”

The casualty lists were mounting every day—every minute, it seemed. Howie’s captain, a Marine from Illinois and now back in the states, was wounded. Company ranks were dwindling rapidly. The local boy’s outfit was given another chance to rest and reorganize. Replacements were received for the first time and they were glad to get them. The outfit was suddenly ordered back into the front lines to fill a gap until the next noon when it was relieved and then went back a few hundred yards to await further orders.

“Here I saw a Marine blown apart by a Jap land mine,” Howie relates. “I was about 75 feet from the fellow when it happened. This kid was sitting on the edge of a shell hole—Jap artillery was pretty well gone by now—and I was sitting Indian fashion near the phone. The poor fellow set off this mine somehow and dirt flew about 40 feet into the air. It was a large mine. I rushed over to him, but two corpsmen had gotten there ahead of me and were doing all they could for him. The kid had both legs blown off, was split open at the waist, one arm was split, and he had shrapnel holes all over his body—but he was still alive and conscious. There wasn’t anything that could have saved him. He lived for about 15 minutes.

“Well, Roz, when I walked away, I was actually “sick.” I couldn’t help but think about his parents, his wife or sweetheart and those who loved him. I couldn’t help but offer up a prayer for him.”

That same afternoon, Howie’s outfit was ordered up to the same spot it had held the night before. This was a Jap strong point and the enemy was defending it with fanatical tenacity. Developments were unraveling swiftly now. As the unit was about to move up, word was flashed back that the acting company commander, who had gone ahead earlier to explore the position, had been hit by Jap fire.

Little Iwo was still shuddering under the terrific blasts of exploding aerial bombs and artillery shells. Machine guns chattered incessantly. Here and there could be heard the ghostly whine of Jap snipers’ bullets whizzing along on their errands of death.

Howie went forward and verified the report. Then he notified the colonel, who sent up a first lieutenant to take over. Fifteen minutes later the lieutenant had been wounded.

Howie was then placed in command. He began to get their lines organized so they could hold fast that night, which was rapidly approaching. As the Monticello lieutenant and the company commander and executive officer of another outfit were standing close in a group, discussing strategy, a Jap light machine gun opened fire on them.

The executive officer, who was standing in the middle, fell wounded, struck in the neck by one of the Nip bullets. Howie and the other commanding officer dove to the ground to escape a similar fate.

“We finally got out of there and set up for the night,” declares the local Marine officer. “The next day another first lieutenant was sent up to take over as commanding officer and I resumed my old duties as “exec.” Thank God!”

“So ferocious was Jap resistance that the marines in this sector advanced only 60 yards that day—and not a single yard in the next three days! It took four more days of bitter, bloody fighting to take a ridge just ahead of them. There were heavy casualties.

Now on high ground, American artillery pounded remaining Jap gun positions mercilessly, wiping out most of them. Resistance became lighter and advances easier. Marine casualties began to drop sharply. Enemy losses were extremely heavy. Jap dead were strewn all over the area.

On March 17, the Marines broke through Nip lines to the extreme north end of the island. The surviving Japs were now hemmed in a pocket with their backs to the sea. Howie’s company was occupying a high ridge looking right down into that pocket.

At around 2 a.m. on the morning of the 18th, Drizzle readers will recall, a Jap officer sneaked past the sentinel and stole stealthily into Howie’s foxhole. Fierce, sanguinary battles like this one on little Iwo naturally place a terrific nervous strain upon our brave fighting men. And so, although Howie was asleep, it was a shallow, fitful sleep. Suddenly, as though prodded by some divine intuition, he awakened with a start to find this husky, murder-bent Jap officer crouched just above him, ready to plunge a sabre into his heart.

The ugly, revolting features of the would-be assassin were clearly silhouetted against the starlit sky. There was a diabolical gleam in his dirty eyes. His upraised sabre glistened menacingly in the moonlight.

In a split second, Howie grabbed for the sabre with his right hand and then became locked in a veritable death struggle with the Jap, a husky six-footer. He fought to his feet, yelling for help. Responding quickly, the sentinel leaped into the foxhole and clutched the Jap’s sabre hand. Just then in jumped a Marine lieutenant who knocked the Nip officer to the ground and calmly ended his life with three shots from a .45 automatic revolver. The body was then dumped over a nearby cliff.

Had not Howie awakened the very moment he did, the Jap officer undoubtedly would have accomplished his dastardly purpose. As it was, Howie had a frightfully narrow escape from death. The Jap’s sabre penetrated over two inches into the chest cavity over the right breast, collapsing the lung and barely missing his heart. His right hand was badly cut when he grabbed the sabre.

Howie was given first aid immediately, then rushed to the island field evacuation hospital. The next afternoon, on March 19, he was evacuated by air to a base hospital in the Mariannas and days later by ship to a naval hospital in the Hawaiian islands. Here Howie, who dropped off sharply in weight in the days immediately following his harrowing experience and who still remains in a weakened condition, has now been placed in an evacuation ward. Within the next two weeks, he hopes to be sent back to the states for further hospitalization after his arrival here.

Many thanks for a thrilling story, Howie, and may your convalescence be speedy and complete!

HERE, THERE 'N' EVERYWHERE—

Cpl. "Olie" Mitmoen is now doing military police duty in France, may see service with the army of occupation in Germany. . . **Johnny Zimmerman**, who has served 28 months overseas, recently recovered from a severe case of eye infection, caused when dust got into them while he was piloting his jeep on a dusty road in Italy. . . **Pfc. Johnny Frehner**, who was seriously wounded in action Somewhere in Germany March 24, has been discharged from the hospital in England and is now back in training again. Johnny's wound really was a nasty one. Apparently he was in a prone position at the time because the bullet entered his left shoulder, traveled a course between the heart and the spine, and went out through the right hip. . . **Roger Klassy**, naval air cadet at the Navy Pre-Flight School, Iowa City, Ia., is slowly recovering from rheumatic fever with which he was first stricken about 3 weeks ago. The local youth has been having quite a streak of misfortune lately. A week before he came down with this illness, he had just recovered from a siege of scarlet fever. He is confined to the University of Iowa hospital. Here's wishing you the speediest possible recovery, "Rog!" . . **Royal Voegeli**, apprentice seaman in the navy training program at Gustavus Adolphus college, St. Peter, Minn., recently distinguished himself by winning second honors in the Minnesota state college oratorical contest. He spoke on "Criminal Psychology," a treatise which he composed himself. For the past several months, Royal and **Dave Rose**, whose father is president of Concordia college, have comprised the Gustavus Adolphus debating team in competition against other colleges in Minnesota and the Dakotas. As a college debater, Royal has been particularly interested in the controversial field of compulsory arbitration for labor. Besides his forensic activities, the Monticello youth has been prominent in other college affairs, playing solo cornet in the symphony orchestra and in a dance band. He was also musical director of the Navy's "Happy Hour" show which was one of the outstanding events of the college year. . . **Frederick Steinmann**, recently promoted to first lieutenant, is now assistant to the director of civilian personnel at the Chicago quartermaster depot where he has been stationed since July of '45. Congratulations, Fritz! . . The Drizzler has just learned that **S/Sgt. Lloyd Deppeler** was hospitalized for several days early in March after a piece of shrapnel struck him right above the eye during action in Germany. Lack of space in the April Drizzle crowded out many interesting items, among them the fact that "Dep" has been attending officers' training school and was scheduled to finish May 19, barring unforeseen developments. . . **Atty. Randal J. Elmer**, the local wizard of the checker boards, who had been connected with the legal department of the Milwaukee OPA office for 10 months, is now head of the law enforcement branch of the Omaha (Neb.) OPA district. It will be recalled that "Ran" was a member of the radio school faculty at Truax Field in Madison for many months following his honorable discharge from the navy some time before. . . **Lt. "Bo" Woelffer** absolutely insists he isn't trying to slip in a plug for "Papa's" drug store when he credits the Woelffer variety of malted milks, vitamins, cokes, and marshmallow sundaes for developing **Eddie ("Nine Nazis") Zweifel's** lightning reactions and agility as well as his calmness under fire—qualities which Eddie forcefully demonstrated some weeks ago when he captured those nine Nazi super-stupor men single-handed. In other words, "Eat Papa's Products and Become a Hero," eh, Bo? By the way, Bo, how about giving a guy a few samples just to see if your recipe really works! . . Many thanks to **Tommy Brusveen** for sending me that Kodak tripod from Germany. It fits just as perfectly as though it were made to order. . . **Pfc. Vincent Gerry** recently completed his second year of service on the European continent. "More power to Whitey Hill," says Vince, "But I'd like to know how he fixed things up to be wounded in such a hurry and then be sent back to the states. He must have found a rabbit's foot or a horseshoe." . . Congratulations to **"Shy" and Berdie Theiler** of the Naval Air Station at Banana

River, Fla., on the recent arrival of a husky heir, **William John**, weight 7 pounds and 6 ounces. How do you like walking the floor nights, Shy? Or isn't Willie that kind of a boy? . . . **Pfc. Tommy Runkle** will never forget Brussels, Belgium, because the people were so friendly, many of them could talk understandable English, he was able to buy his fill of good ice cream—and, ah!, here we have it!—he also met a pretty girl there, too! . . . **Sgt. “Boob” Kissling**, who was dismissed not so long ago from an English hospital where he was treated for frostbite and a shrapnel wound on the knee, will not be sent back to his old outfit. Recently he has been doing office work. . . . **Pvt. “Dunk” Knobel**, who has been stationed at Camp Wheeler in Georgia since his induction in March, was transferred the last of the week to Camp Lee, Va., where he will be connected with a quartermaster unit. “Dunk” is well pleased with his new assignment.

FILIPINO GRATITUDE DIMS WAR MEMORIES—

Although **Henry Zentner**, ship's carpenter on the merchantman, S.S. Augustin Daly, experienced 68 air raid alerts, got caught in a raging typhoon, saw a Jap suicide plane crash into a ship less than 300 yards away, and watched Nip bombers plunge to earth in flames during the 18 days the Augustin Daly was anchored in the harbor at Tacloban on Leyte Island in the Philippines, these thrilling experiences are overshadowed in his memories of the fervent gratitude expressed by liberated natives for gifts given to them by the ship's crew.

“The first night we were at anchor,” recalls Henry, “A typhoon beat across the gulf and dragged our anchor even though the ship's engines were turning half-speed ahead. The storm continued most of the next day, but on the morning of the third day, the water was again calm. Soon after daybreak several outrigger canoes came from shore to the various ships anchored in the harbor. In them were Filipinos who for two long years had been hiding in the hills from their Jap conquerors until their liberation by our troops a few days before. We found them to be very friendly, and as the days passed, we came to know some of them and to understand them better. When we heard of the terrible hardships and hunger these natives had endured eluding the Japs, we gave them whatever we could spare from our personal effects. Always their faces would brighten with smiles of supreme happiness as they would invariably exclaim: “Oh, sir! Thank you, sir!” I shall never forget the glowing warmth and wholehearted respect of those words.

“Only one other experience shines as brightly in my memory. That was the sight of the Golden Gate bridge under a beautiful starlit sky as our ship moved into Frisco bay on our return to the states. No jewel ever looked so bright and so precious to me.”

Henry, who arrived in Monticello April 8th for his first visit home in six years, leaves soon on his return to San Francisco. Before his service with the merchant marine, Henry was engaged in construction work along the Pacific coast for several years and he may decide to go back into it.

DICK ISN'T SO CURIOUS ANY MORE!—

“I used to be kind of curious about what it was like in a foxhole under real battle conditions,” writes **Lt. “Dick” Schoonover**, with the 3181st Signal Gr. Bn. on flaming, battle-scorched Okinawa. “But now I wish I had left well enough alone. I've spent part of every night I've been on the island in a foxhole, and most of the time wishing it was a helluva lot deeper!

“Every morning I remember my wish and then burrow down some more, but when night rolls around again and the old siren lets go, I'm never satisfied. Down I dig again! (Better quit your diggin', Dick, or you might wind up in a well known “hot spot”—and it won't be a night club, either)

“The unit I’m working with is really a bastard in the better and worst sense of the word,” continues the lieutenant. “I’m a little better off than most of the officers as the little unit I run takes care of the secret and “hurry-up” dispatches for the Commanding General and it’s quite independent of the rest of the mad-house. I have 25 men in the unit with a van on a truck converted into a dispatch office which I work from. I have a fleet of jeeps running all over the island like ants on a hot stone and I spend half of my time keeping track of them. Some of the drivers would give the old “Sage of the Siegfried Line”—“**Battling Bob**” **Blumer**—a run for his money. One of them cut my hair today and now I’ve decided he was holding something against me! (Ah, Dick, I’ll bet you’d give plenty to have your curly locks trimmed once again by that sensation with the scissors, Prof. **Oscar “Doscar” Curtis**, dean of the Monticello whisker eradication profession and versatile commentator on current affairs and society events.)

“Last night the artillery rumbled all night, lighting up the sky with a glow that could be seen for miles ahead of us and behind us, too. It is getting dark now. Time for our “little brown brothers” to fly over and drop their bombs. Last night we played badger for over three hours and things were somewhat changed when we came up for air. Some times I wish I could carry that foxhole around with me.”

THIS-‘N’-THAT’S—

The Drizzler is in receipt of a late issue of The Stinsonair, an employee publication of the Stinson Division, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft corporation, which carries a full-column, page-one story—including his picture—of “**Slim**” **Freitag**’s recent affiliation with Stinson as its middle west sales director. The article speaks of the former Monticelloan as “One of the country’s best known aircraft salesmen,” mentions some of the famous movie and radio stars to whom he has sold planes in the past, and also states that “His intelligent, analytical approach to the sale and application of private planes, earned him the reputation of being not only one of the country’s top salesmen, but one of the leading authorities in this particular field of aviation.”

HE WENT “THROUGH HELL AND HIGH WATER”—

Many have been the times when you and I have heard this colorful expression used to describe a supposedly harrowing experience, but more often than not, a recital of the facts showed the phrase had been used recklessly and with little justification. Here is a Monticello boy who did go “Through Hell and High Water,” however. He is **Gaylord Miller, S 1/c**, barely 19 years old and a “look-out” aboard the aircraft carrier, U.S.S. Cowpens, a medium-sized flat-top which carries 1,500 officers and men along with 40 airplanes, 30 of which are combination fighters and bombers and the remainder torpedo planes. On its last trip to sea, the Cowpens left San Diego Dec. 8, 1943, and docked at San Francisco April 12, a little over six weeks ago.

It was Dec. 17, along about mid-morning. The Cowpens was in the Philippine sea. Gaylord was standing watch in one of the carrier’s crow’s nests, which stand approximately 20 feet above the deck, peering thru binoculars on the lookout for enemy planes. Suddenly the Cowpens was caught in a violent typhoon. The sea became wild and turbulent. As the hours passed, the gale increased in velocity until now it was roaring in at the carrier at the rate of 90 miles an hour, whipping the waves to terrifying heights. The Cowpens had been lurching badly before, but now, with its slow, rolling, length-wise movement, it began lurching first completely on one side and then on the other. During the worst of the typhoon, the carrier was listing at a 49 degree angle. Even its smoke stacks were drawing water!

At this point the commanding officer ordered Gaylord and the other sailors in the lookout towers down to the flight deck. He feared they might be blown into the tumultuous sea by the terrific gale or probably thrown into it as the ship lurched from side to side.

Most of the ship's sailors had gone down below deck. The men remaining above had to hang on for dear life as the ship pitched wildly about in the angry sea lest they be swept overboard. Water poured over the deck in large gushes and the air was filled with thick, flying spray. Everywhere the sailors looked, they saw nothing but almost mountainous walls of fierce water. The waves towered so high they had to look up at them.

Only the stoutest of hearts could have overcome a grueling ordeal like this and every man aboard the Cowpens rose gallantly to the test. To these sailors there was something ominously sullen and defiant about these mighty waves as they raged wrathfully about the ship, forming giant, churning walls around it. In fact, it seemed to them as though, at any moment, this savage sea was about to close its enormous jaws and swallow the Cowpens in a single gargantuan gulp, just as it did the United States destroyers, Hull, Monaghan, and Price, with heavy loss of life.

Now the commanding officer decided to send Gaylord and the other "look-outs" back up into the towers to complete their watch, then to be relieved by another shift. The risk was great, but even greater was the danger of colliding against another ship. There was also the fervent hope of spotting a rescue craft.

One by one the Cowpens' fleet of 40 aircraft was going overboard. Gasoline spilled from one of them and caught fire. In directing fire crews battling the flames, an air corps' officer was hurled overboard by the powerful waves sweeping the deck. Only a few days before he had been rescued after drifting at sea for 11 days. Jap aerial gunners had shot his plane down during a blazing sky battle.

All of the Cowpens' aircraft were gone now. So were the three tractors, a crane, and other mechanized equipment.

The typhoon roared into the night. By morning, however, the seas had become relatively calm and quiet.

Yes, indeed, it was "Hell and High Water."

"Boy! We sure prayed plenty, I'll tell you!" exclaimed Gaylord as he related these throbbing experiences to The Drizzler.

Although the U.S.S. Cowpens ploughed a path of destruction all the way from Wake Island to Tokyo and covered the staggering total of 193,000 miles, its battle against the typhoon was the most memorable of many spectacular encounters. Once, while the Cowpens stood off Formosa for two days and its planes unloosed five strikes at the island each day, a Jap fighter plane pilot sneaked through to the carrier by following the sun beam—a cunning method of approach because detection is virtually impossible in its blinding rays—and sent a 500-lb. bomb into the ship's blister which is a specially constructed sheet of steel attached to the sides of carriers to protect them against bombs. Fortunately the bomb was a dud and never exploded, but it hit the Cowpens with such force that all crew members in the nearest engine room were thrown to the floor. The Jap pilot became confused, banked his plane, then flew back past and so close to the Cowpens—barely more than eight or nine yards away—that Gaylord could see him easily. Gunners on a ship to the rear were able to get the Nip airman in range and his plane fell flaming into the sea.

The Cowpens, operating with the giant naval Task Force 58, participated in a furious two-day, pre-invasion bombardment of tiny Iwo Jima island. On the night of the second day, it moved up to a point only 75 miles off Tokyo where, on the third day, it blasted the Jap capital and thus helped to pin down Nip naval and air strength while the Marines were swarming ashore on Iwo. Planes

from the Cowpens alone struck Tokyo five times. That night the Task Force steamed back to Iwo where on the fourth day, the Cowpens participated in a bombardment of Jap positions in support of our advancing Marines.

Many high distinctions were won by the Cowpens and its men. It was the first combatant carrier to carry the American flag into the China Sea since the start of the war and it participated in both the first and second battles of the Philippines. (indecipherable word) the Cowpens, which in the later stages of its historic prowl operated as part of the Third Fleet, participated in approximately 100 minor and major actions in which it destroyed two Jap cruisers, 12 cargo ships, 96 enemy planes in the air, 483 planes on the ground, and five locomotives.

Gaylord already has nine battle stars, representing major engagements at Wake Island, the Marshalls, the Gilberts, Truk, New Guinea, Saipan, Guam, Mindanao, and Mindoro. He is certain of three others—for Formosa, Iwo Jima, and Tokyo—but not sufficient time has yet elapsed for them to clear official channels. He may be awarded even more.

The Monticello youth, who enlisted in the navy at Madison June 29, 1943, is the youngest son of **Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller**. He is now home on leave, already reassigned to either another carrier or a cruiser, and due to report at the Chicago Armory June 5. Gaylord's only brother, **Cpl. Wendell (Windy) Miller**, has been stationed with a military police battalion in Iran for many months.

FROM THE PEN-'N'-PENCIL FRONTS—

From **Lt. "Whitey" Hill**, still at O'Reilly Gen. Hosp., Springfield, Mo.: "They've transferred me to a reconditioning battalion and given me a little—and I do mean little—work to do. I'm one of the assistants to the athletic officer. My hours: 9:30 to 11:30 and 3 to 4. The rest of the time is my own. No work week-ends so you can see I'm going to waste away to a mere shadow with that terrific load on my shoulders. (What a terrific job it must have been for that athletic officer to persuade you to take that grueling grind, Whitey! Why, I'll bet he had to argue with you for all of three seconds). We needed "**Doc**" **Youngreen** the other night. Somebody brought in a cat and the next morning we had five brand new kittens adorning the barracks. (Whitey, m'boy, you'd better start scrambling for the nearest cyclone-cellar. When the good doctor reads your subtle insinuation that he, a man of lofty professional standing, should descend to the lowly level of obstetrician for felines—Well, the next time he meets you, Whitey, I'm afraid something is gonna break and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it'll be your neck) Now if we could have **Carl Babler** to attend the kittens because, if you'll remember, Babs always had a cat, dog, or something—write your own ticket—to (indecipherable word). I wonder how much of a struggle **King Kong Kissling** is having with the fair femmes of England—struggle to get away from them, naturally. I'll bet when they chase him he isn't so fast—afoot!" . . . From **Lt. Wallie Barlow**, U.S.N. Air Station, Patuxent, Md." "Had an enjoyable flight to California. Actually on duty, but to me, duty in Los Angeles seems to be practically the same as being on leave. Naturally its chamber of commerce is paying me, but I must say that L. A. is for my money the nicest city in the country, by far the neatest and prettiest. I looked up your friend, **Dr. Hammerly** in Hollywood and had dinner with him one evening. Also saw his sister, Ann, too. He's an honestly busy man. I'd call one office, he'd be at another, and then I'd finally catch him at the hospital. I met several of the lesser known Hollywoodites, but somehow failed to get any thrill from it. I sincerely believe some of our local talent has more personality than most of them have. "Whitey" (The Man Beautiful) would be a sensation out there. (Gosh, Wallie, you've started something now. See that "streak" over there? Well, that's Whitey streaking for the nearest telephone to get the quickest train and plane connections to Hollywood). Also there should

be a spot as a gag-writer for our local-leading overseas humorist, **Bobbie Blumer**. Come to think of it, “**The Sage**” should have more than enough points to return home now. I’d really get a kick out of seeing him again. You should see the new luxury liner we just brought back from San Diego, Ros. It’s another C-54, but a later model—bigger, better, and faster. It’s beautiful inside and makes our old one look pretty cheap. Only trouble it can fly for close to 90 hours at a stretch which can mean some pretty rough and long trips. Well, Ros, that’s about it for now. Did get a promotion this month. (Congratulations, Wallie). That doesn’t amount to much, however, except a little extra money.” . . . From **Sgt. Erv Spring**, Anti-Tank Co., 159th Inf., Somewhere in Germany: “I think it’s about time I was paying my dues to the now famous Drizzle. We spent some time in France and saw quite a bit of it. Had a glimpse of Paris and was in Reims several times. Some of these French girls look so sad I decided they must be mourning over the departure of some of our ‘Romeos’ for other parts of Europe. Give my regards to all of the old gang and thanks for the good old Drizzle.” . . . From **Lt. (jg) Ed Klassy**, aboard the U.S.S. Williamson in the Pacific: “Talking of pressure, the Nippers are really beginning to know what it means. Boy, but these last few months out here have been active ones. During these last few job’s, we have as much as said: “Here I am! Come and get me if you can!” Moving right up to the enemy coast line certainly indicates the enormous strength of our navy. Pretty soon the Nippers won’t even dare to sneak out the back door without meeting disaster. The news of FDR’s death must have been a great shock to the nation. We got the (*indecipherable text*)(our time). It produced a hushed, speculating atmosphere aboard ship. From reading the Drizzle, it is easy to see Monticello is well represented on all fronts. **Howie Steinmann** sure had some experience. These Japs are mean looking boys. I don’t like them! . . . From **Sgt. W. James Murphy**, Camp Crowder, Mo. : “Have just four days left of the 3-week training period and then can expect to be shipped overseas any time. Went over to Springfield Sunday and had a nice visit with “**Whitey**” **Hill**. He treated me to a nice chicken dinner. (I don’t suppose Whitey told you where he caught it, did he, W. J.?) Have been having cold weather and lots of rain here.”

CLEAR THE DECKS, FOLKS, HERE’S THE DOCTOR!—

Yes, that’s right! It’s that versatile literary gentleman, **Capt. “Doc” Youngreen**, still in the Philippines. And so, without further ado, let’s listen to what he has to say: “I was in on the initial landing on Luzon at Lingayen. The naval bombardment preceding our landing was a terrific spectacle. The whole beach seemed to be blowing up like a gigantic volcano. When the ramp on our landing barge dropped (a hundred feet from the high water mark) and I started wading ashore, I was hardly the most calm and collected individual you have ever seen. I was trying to figure out how I ever got myself into such a spot. Everything turned out fine, however, for the Japs had been driven back by the barrage. We raced southward, took Clark field, and then turned west to dig the Japs out of the mountains. And that is not as easy as digging spuds. When we finished that job, we immediately got another. In a period of ten days, we made two more amphibious landings and secured two more islands which I cannot name. We are still engaged in mopping up the latter. I’m almost developing webbed feet from so many landing operations.

“I could go on at great length about the Philippines and their people. They are the most hospitable, generous people I have met, and curiously enough, the most musical. They keep us well supplied with eggs, chickens, bananas, and water melons.

“Say, Roz, I’d like to get the inside on the story concerning Erv (Mainspring, alias the “Camp Callan Casanova!”) I must be missing something here. Has he been understudying Whitey or has he developed a new secret weapon? (That’s right, Doc, but it’s a military secret. You might get a little “dope” out of **Capt. “Hoppe” Babler** over at Wilmington, Dela., tho. You see, Hoppe is

handling all of Erv's movie contracts while he's abroad. Understand he gets a handsome commission for doing it, too. I guess the captain's pretty touchy about divulging the size of his "cut", however, for fear of getting shoved way up into the higher income tax brackets.)

"Best wishes to all Drizzlites for an early reunion in the old home town."

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS—

After three years and two months of service in the army, **Cpl. Paulus Roth** has been given an honorable discharge. For the past few months, P. A. had been serving as interpreter at Camp Blanding, Fla., where captured German soldiers are imprisoned. . . . **Lt. Otto S. Blum**, from whom we last heard when he was headed for the Philippines a few months ago, is now reported back in the states and on the staff of a naval hospital not far from Miami. How about a letter high-lighting your experiences in the Pacific, Doc? . . . **Capt. Norman Steussy**, veteran of the Italian campaign, is slated for a leave at home, may even now be aboard ship headed this way. . . . **Pvt. Morgan Phillips**, hospitalized with a slight shrapnel wound in the back sustained April 18 in action in Germany, must be back with his old outfit by this time.

LIEUT. "BOB" AMANS FALLS IN BATTLE—

From out of the far reaches of the Pacific war theatre has come sad news since the April Drizzle, news that told briefly of **the death of Lieut. "Bob" Amans**, aged 26, on the field of battle. He was killed on the little island of Jolo April 12. "Bob", originally a member of Co. K, Monroe, had been in the Pacific fighting almost from the very first. He was a native of Superior, and although he was not a Monticello boy, he had made many friends locally during the few years he had worked on farms in this vicinity.

I never knew "Bob" personally. My only contact with him was through letters he had written to me in appreciation of the Drizzle. But from what I have learned about him indirectly, I know that he must have been a superb soldier. "Bob" rose from the ranks to become a first lieutenant. Soldiers who served under him when he was a sergeant leading a platoon are unstinted in their praise of his brilliant leadership and rare courage.

Yes, "Bob" Amans was a soldier of rare courage. There wasn't anything he was afraid of. He was one of those breed. "The Hell you say!" sort of fellows who eagerly accepted any challenge and would wade right into the thick of battle where less courageous souls might waver and hold back. He was a soldier's soldier.

In the April Drizzle, I told of "Bob" and a lieutenant pal of his spending \$2,800 during a 26-day "holiday" in Sydney, Australia. It seemed to me then that "Bob", who had narrowly eluded death many times in the past, must have felt that his good luck couldn't continue much longer—that some of these days death was going to catch up with him. And so he was making the most of what might be his last, final fling at fun. And, tragically, it was.

"All I want out of this war is my life," Bob once wrote to me. Surely for a soldier who had risked his life so bravely so many times—whose brilliant war record included seemingly endless months of battle against a savage foe in the frightful heat and torrential rains of the tropics and in dense and dangerous jungles—surely this was not asking too much.

But this, his only wish, was to be denied him.

There is something about "Bob" Amans himself that cannot be denied, however. Not even in death.

And that is that he was a great soldier—a young man of tremendous courage, who was unselfish in his devotion to his country.

COURAGE, PATIENCE TRIUMPHING OVER SEVERE INJURY—

Harold (“Lucks”) Luchsinger, M.H.S. ’25. Now of Redwood City, Calif., who had his right leg just above the knee crushed into 22 pieces when he was caught between the rear bumper of his own truck and the front bumper of another vehicle while checking his load on a government project in the Aleutian islands, April 24, 1944, is now looking forward hopefully to a speedier recovery since surgeons recently completed a rare piece of surgery on the injured leg.

The surgeons removed a 5-inch slab of bone from “Luck’s” left shin and inserted it into the shattered area above the right knee, held in place with metal plates on each side which are fastened tight by 13 screws which are screwed right into the leg bone.

Sent back to the states from the Aleutians a year ago this month “Lucks” had been a patient in a government hospital near Redwood City until Christmas and off and on since then. It has been a long pull, but his courage and patience seem at last to be triumphing over the injury. Since the operation, his leg feels much different now—as if it were “whole” again.

“Lucks” is married to the former **Norma Tansi**, a California girl, and they have two children, **Sandra, 5, and Harold, 1**. Before going to the Aleutians, the former local boy spent seven months in the merchant marines, making three trips to the Pacific area.

SAVED BY A MIRACLE—

Only a miracle saved **Tommy Brusveen** from serious injury or possible death when a large German 180 m.m. railroad gun planted a shell directly on the apartment house in the city of Nieuss, Germany, where the former local barber and his outfit were sleeping on the night of April 2. There was a terrific explosion, the walls of the apartment house seemed to shake to their very foundations, and brick and plaster flew in every direction. Two soldiers were killed, an army colonel lost a leg, and 14 other doughboys were hospitalized for treatment of injuries. Although Tommy’s room was badly wrecked and he was partly buried under bricks and other debris, he escaped with only a bump over one eye. The Monticelloan took numerous snapshots of the wrecked apartment house which clearly show the severe damage and how very lucky he was to escape with just a minor injury.

HERE’S THE SAGE OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE AGAIN!—

That’s right, ladies and gentlemen, it’s none other than **S/Sgt. “Bob” Blumer**, who’s standing at the Drizzle’s microphone rarin’ to go, so take it away, Robert:

“How’s **“Friskie Frankie” Clark**, the farmer, these days? Still on the beam? And **“Chip” Babler**? Still living west of town, I suppose, where he can gaze across Lake Staedtler and watch every time one of **“Dude” Elmer**’s hens shapes another 7¢ egg. Suppose **Jack Zweifel**’s still around there. Tell him I said hello. Imagine **Harry Walters** about ready to open the swimming pool. I’ll never forget the day I dedicated that ‘baby’. It was plenty chilly. Is **Barney Karlen** still down at the lumber yards? Say, he ought to be over here. This German super-highway is really a lulu, Ros. Barney could lay a sandbag on the throttle and just let ‘er roll. Too bad **Whitey” Hill** couldn’t have stuck around a while longer. He didn’t get to see much and he should have been here for the big wind-up. But Whitey’s young yet and he’ll probably get into the next one. See where **“Boobie” Kissling** stopped some lead, too. That should make us fraternity brothers.

“I’m sending some fancy German medals to **Wendell Barlow** for him to keep for me. Took the one with the blue ribbon and iron cross off a Nazi battalion commander. He was sore as hell about it, but I couldn’t help that any. After all he still had his life so what the hell was he bellyaching about?”

“I KNOW THEY ARE TRUE.” SAYS DEBBIE—

Sgt. “Debbie” Moritz, a radioman with Hdq. Co., 230th F.A. Bn., is a quiet sort of a lad, who takes things calmly and never has very much to say. In other words, it takes a good deal to get him excited or mad. But the stories which American and British soldiers have told “Debbie” of the awful tortures and indignities they were made to suffer as prisoners of the Germans have been more than he could stand.

“All of the articles you read in the newspapers about German atrocities may sound unbelievable,” writes Debbie, “But I know they are true.

“These Germans have been listening to Nazi propaganda so long they actually believe it. They don’t seem to think there is anything wrong in torturing or killing people so long as Hitler says so. I’ve talked to some British soldiers that were held by these Nazi bastards for five years and you can well imagine the horrible stories they have to tell. I’ve also talked to American boys, too, and words cannot describe how happy they are to be freed from these inhuman German devils.”

MONTICELLO MARINES IN NATIONAL NEWSLIGHT—

Two Monticello marines have received national publicity within the past few weeks via Associated Press dispatches hot from the blazing battle areas on flaming Okinawa. They are **Pfc. Don Pearson** and **Pfc. Alvin Schmid**, both members of the 1st Marine Division but serving with different battalions.

Don moved into the national newslight first, along with **Sgt. Don Williams** of Monroe as members of a “Lost Battalion”—34 survivors who fought their way back to their lines after running a gamut of terrifying experiences which saw them pounded mercilessly by Jap mortar bombs, grenades, and machine gun fire, and even bombed in error by their own planes.

“**Schmitt**” made many of the nation’s front pages as a member of the first Marine patrol to go into the battered Okinawa capital city of Naha, roaming it for hours without discovering a single Jap. As they were leaving the city, however, a Nip soldier leaped from nowhere, seemingly, threw a hand grenade at them and wounded two of the five-Marine patrol.

“Nearly every building in Naha is leveled,” declared Schmitt, who was unharmed by the grenade. “In doorways lay charred bodies of Jap soldiers. Once we had to crawl around a mound of debris and stinking corpses.”

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donators: **Jake Wittenwyler, Rudy Ammon, Jr., Henry Zentner, Waldo Zimmerman, H. C. Elmer, Ernie Robert, J. Burgy, C. M. Stauffer, A. Kistler, F. Stauffer, F. Deppeler, Mrs. F. K. Hefty, Mrs. James Hancock, Mrs. John Wittenwyler, Sr., J. Kubly, F. Gempeler, M. Schmid, I. B. Pierce, J. Fahrney, F. C. Karlen, A. Staedtler, Dr. Baebler, Sylvia Breylinger, Mrs. W. Christen, Fred Werner Blum, H. Feenje, J. H. Disch, Freder. Disch, Dr. Horne, Dr. Clarke, Sam Pierce, Mr.Mrs. Gilman Schmid, B. Legler, Harry Klassy. Mr.Mrs Freder. Strahm, E. Sarbacker, Gus Hefty, Mrs. Jack Zweifel, John Wittwer,**

Roscoe Smith, Monroe; **Mrs. Florence Babler**, Madison; **Jake Stauffer**, **Mr. Mrs. U. J. Elmer**,
Mrs. Jack Steinmann, **Rev. Warren Prisk**, **Seventh Grade Pupils**, **Jake Schultz**, **H. Krueger**,
Mrs. W. Zeller, **Jake Koller**.

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

“Thanks a million for the Drizzle,” writes **Charlie Gollickson** from the European sector. “Just been relieved of guard and it’s darker than a stack of black cats.” . **“Hal” Schultz** is in Austria. . **Lt. Ray Burns**, veteran of 62 air raids over Europe, now back in this country, popped in and out of town so fast the other night and day I didn’t get to see him. Reports soon to Miami for reassignment. . . **Frederick Voegeli**, USN, recently arrived in the Philippines. . . **Whitey Hill**’s here sporting a 3-months’ leave. He’ll attend ‘U’ summer school. No, **Vince Gerry**, Whitey hasn’t got a rabbit’s foot or a horseshoe. He merely sleeps on a “bed” of four-leaf clovers! . . I’ll be back in June . So, so long until then and write right away!

*****THE MONTICELLO DRIZZLE*****

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A Letter A Drizzle

“THE SAGE LAYS ASIDE HIS BATTLE TOGS—

Back from the European battle fronts where he participated in some of the toughest and bloodiest campaigns on that war-shattered continent, **S/Sgt. Robert E. (Bob) Blumer**, variously known as the Idol of Iceland, the Bard of Northern Ireland, and the Sage of the Siegfried Line, has lost no time in laying aside his battle togs and donning civvies. With 114 points to his credit, “Bob” is the first Monticello veteran to be released from the service under the army point system.

Inducted into the service Nov. 6, 1941, “Bob”, whose rich humor and crisp observations have been an outstanding feature of the Drizzle since its inauguration two years ago this month, had never been home on a furlough in his 44 months of service which took him into 12 different countries—Nova Scotia, Iceland, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Belgium, Luxemburg, Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. He was in Iceland over 18 months, spent nine months in Ireland, and three months in England.

“The Sage” landed in France with his outfit—Co. F, 11th Inf., 5th Div., belonging to **Gen. George S. Patton**’s famous 3rd Army—on July 9, 1944. Then he began a veritable nightmare of hell and horror which saw “Bob” participating in the battles of Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, the Rhineland, and Central Europe. During the progress of the fighting, he rose from the rank of private to staff sergeant.

Twice wounded in action, “Bob” was awarded the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster in recognition of these injuries. He also received the Good Conduct Medal, American Defense Service Ribbon, and Silver Star, the latter symbolic of his five battle campaigns.

“The Sage” first fell victim of enemy fire in the furious battle of the Moselle Valley. “Bob’s” outfit reached the west bank of the Moselle river Sept. 8 while other advance units of the 5th Division were making desperate efforts to offset a crossing in assault boats. The Nazis were pouring in a murderous barrage of mortar, artillery, and machine gun fire. Yank light and heavy guns were pounding enemy lines even more savagely. The entire countryside for miles around shook under the impact. It was hell on earth—a thundering and flaming Hades of agony and death. Men were falling on every side. “Bob” had been in the battle only 15 minutes when he was struck in the right chest by shrapnel. Evacuated by truck, he narrowly escaped further injury or possible death when a Nazi sniper opened fire on the vehicle from a hidden spot as it moved slowly along a muddy road winding through a timber. After 68 hours of continuous and terrific fighting, the Yanks succeeded in securing their bridgehead across the Moselle. Casualties were extremely heavy.

After 30 days in an army hospital in France, “Bob” was sent back to his outfit. The coming months were to be months of extreme hardships, of long and sleepless nights in foxholes out in the bitter cold and snow, of bursting bombs and exploding shells. Losses in Bob’s squad through death or wounds occurred frequently. On two or three occasions enemy fire reduced its personnel to only two men besides himself.

“Bob” had many close calls during these months, and then on the cold, bleak day of Jan. 22, 1945, he was wounded a second time. This was at Lipperscheid in Luxemburg. The roar of battle was terrific, the air reverberating with the deadly pyrotechnics of modern warfare. The staff sergeant

and his men were charging down a hill, attacking enemy lines 600 yards away. Suddenly “Bob” fell to the ground, his left thigh throbbing with pain. He had been struck by a piece of mortar shrapnel. He tried to rise, but found it impossible to continue. The pain was almost unbearable. It was bitter cold and the ground was covered with snow. “Bob” began to crawl back to an aid station behind the lines on his stomach. Even had he been able to use his left leg, he would not have dared to raise on his hands and knees because then he would have been a perfect target for enemy snipers. The road was under constant fire from German heavy guns. Shells were exploding all around him. It seemed as though his time might be “up” at any second. A piece of flying shrapnel nicked “Bob” in the left knee, slowing his progress even more. Sweating despite the bitter cold, he finally reached safety, however.

“We called that hill at Lipperscheid “Purple Heart Hill,” explains Bob, “Because every member of my squad was wounded there that day.”

After recovering from his wounds, “Bob” was sent back into action a third time. Again and again he flirted with death. Once he left his foxhole to go to a nearby aid station, returning in a few minutes to find it had been blown to bits by a direct hit from Ratzki artillery fire. There was also the time when enemy shells were landing around “Bob” with uncomfortable regularity. “You’d better come over here with me, buddy,” a newsreel cameraman, up front to film this particular attack, yelled to the Monticelloan from the security of a knoll he was nestled behind, “It’s safer.” Bob chose to remain and sweat it out, however just a few minutes later, a German shell landed on the knoll, blasting the cameraman to his death.

Now came the bloody, stubborn battle for Metz, which had been heavily fortified by the Ratzis, followed by the assault against the Siegfried Line, and then the perilous street-by-street, house-to-house fighting in Germany where death seemed to be lurking around every corner. “Bob’s” outfit swept clear across Germany with the rest of Patton’s famous 3rd Army, ending its triumphant march in western Czechoslovakia.

“Bob,” who lost 40 pounds during his army career, left his company at Nachschuffling, Germany, on the night of May 30, finally arriving in Boston June 26 aboard the U.S.S. Gen. Richardson. From there he entrained for Fort Sheridan, Ill., where he received his honorable discharge July 2. “Bob” pulled into the old home town the next evening, just as happy to get back to Monticello as his many friends were to see him again after his long absence.

ALL ABOARD FOR A RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

S/Sgt. Carl Stauffer, stationed for the past 10 months at Lowry Field, Denver, Colo., where he was a flight instructor, is now taking a 6 -weeks’ course in advanced navigation at Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala. Following completion of these studies, Carl expects to be assigned to the B-29 school at Hondo, Texas, where he was stationed for many months before his transfer to Lowry. . . .

Lt. “Whitey” Hill, the ol’ “Spuofer from Sparta,” is now enrolled in the University of Wisconsin summer school at Madison, taking courses in preparation for a degree in chemical engineering. . . .

Sgt. Emil Weigert, writing from Bavaria, says he expected to be back in the states by this time, but he was transferred from the 4th to the 99th division so his prospects of returning home are pretty indefinite now. Emil reports that the Bavarian girls are “not hard to look at.” . . . **Lt. “Ott” Blum** has been assigned to flight surgeon duty at Naval Air Station, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. His last service overseas was in the Philippines. He flew back to the states from Luzon, arriving in Miami May 6th.

Lt. “Harv” Trumpy, former political potentate of Jimtown, Monticello’s “excloosive” suburb, has been transferred from Las Vegas, Nev., to Long Beach, Calif., where he is connected with the 556th AAFBU of the 6th Ferrying Group. . . . The Drizzler is in receipt of letters from those two little

“Rays of Sunshine” of Ft. Lewis, Wash.—**Cpl. Ray Zumkehr** and **Pvt. Ray Schultz**. The corporal is pretty much of a veteran of this picturesque army camp of the northwest, while his esteemed cohort is a relatively recent arrival. “Zum” is now driving for regimental headquarters, piloting everything from jeeps to five-ton trucks. “Schultzie” expects to be assigned to a medical or an engineering unit. . . **Sgt. Jim Knoblauch**, who was recently stationed temporarily at Fort Lewis after leaving Camp Shelby, Miss., has now arrived in Honolulu and it may be that he has moved on from there into the Far Pacific by this time. . . **A/S Royal Voegeli**, enrolled in the naval training program at Gustavus Adolphus college, St. Peter, Minn., since March of ‘44, is now attending the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis as a member of the Naval Reserve Officers’ Training Corps. . . **Pfc. Armin Loeffel**, Co. B, 1267 Eng. Bn., writes briefly from Germany to say that he is fine and to say “hello” to all of the old gang. . . At the time **Cpl. P. F. Blumer** dropped us a few lines from Bangalore, India, he was beginning to get an idea of what the monsoon rains are like. For a few days, it was really lettin’ down the moisture in bucketfuls, according to P. F. . . **Lt. “Wilce” Milbrandt** is now officer-in-charge of his Seabee unit in the Hawaiian islands, a position which has added to his already heavy load of responsibilities. He is still supervising the construction of roads and buildings, spending most of his time “in the field” every day. . . **Capt. Norman Steussy**, who spent 28 months in the Mediterranean theatre of war—a large portion of which was served in Italy—was in Monticello recently on a visit to his grandparents, **Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Babler**. July 1st marked his fifth year in the army. Norman reports July 22nd at Miami Beach for reclassification and reassignment. . . **Pvt. “Hal” Schulz** is still stationed in Austria. He was among the late troop arrivals in Europe, having landed at Le Havre, France, March 28, just in time for the final weeks of action against Germany. “Hal” speaks of the beautiful snow-crowned mountains surrounding the valley in which their army camp is situated. . . **Sgt. Clarence (Bab) Babler**, honorably discharged from the army late in May, resumed his former position as pharmacist in a Richland Center drug store Monday. He saw nearly three years of army service, about 20 months of which were spent in Alaska. “Bab” was stationed at Kelley Field, Texas, at the time of his release. . . **Aviation Cadet Roger Klassy**, home on convalescent leave since June 26, reported back to the Naval Pre-Flight School at Iowa City July 11. He is recovering from a siege of rheumatic fever. . . It now develops that **Pfc. Don Pearson** was not a member of “the Lost Battalion” on Okinawa. His name apparently was included through error by a war correspondent in a news dispatch from that battle sector. . . **Capt. “Hoppe” Babler**, the ol’ “King o’ the Kue,” is now in charge of the transport office at Langley Field, near Hampton, Va. He and **Pvt. “Dunk” Knobel**, the Camp Lee (Va.) philosopher, recently got together for a pow-wow and I understand the “hot air” currents in the Virginia sector increased sharply as a result.

STRAIGHT FROM THE STRATOSPHERE—

T/Sgt Kenny Holcomb, army air corps radio operator now stationed at New Castle air base near Wilmington, Dela., recently returned from his third flight across the Atlantic to Paris in huge transport planes bringing wounded war veterans and other army personnel back to the states.

These round-trip flights to the French capital usually require from six to eight days, although Kenny and his fellow crew members negotiated the last one in five days. Usually they change transports enroute at an air base this side of the Atlantic, but this time they flew the same plane all the way to Paris, stopping at Newfoundland for 2 1/2 hours to take on some gasoline and landing at their destination just 20 hours after leaving Wilmington.

“We had an interesting experience on this flight,” says Kenny. “The sun set behind us and we were still over the Atlantic when it rose in front of us. We had only five hours of darkness.”

On the first two flights to Paris, Kenny’s crew brought back seriously wounded war veterans. Some of these heroes had suffered heavily in battle, having lost their eyesight or both arms or legs. Now, however, the crew is flying back mostly infantry personnel to the states. Incidentally, when Kenny’s transport landed at the Paris airport on his maiden trip, Gen. George S. Patton was there, about to take off by plane for London.

DRIZZLE DRIZZLETS—

Cpl. George Wittwer, veteran of 35 months’ service in the Pacific area, has accepted a position as repairman with a Madison typewriter agency. He was recently given his honorable discharge after having been stationed for a few weeks at Camp Ellis, Ill., following his return to the states. . . **Pfc. Eddie Zweifel**, with the 30th Division, has been awarded the bronze star medal for heroism in capturing nine Nazi soldiers single-handed Feb. 24, 1945, a feat which was related in the April Drizzle. . . **Sgt. “Al” Baehler**, who has been hospitalized because of illness in both South Carolina and Texas following his return from Italy, is now enjoying a furlough in his home city of Rapid City, S. D. “Al” graduated from M.H.S. along about 1926. He reports back to Texas for further hospitalization at the end of his furlough. . . **Capt. Paul E. Voegeli**, stationed in England since December of ’42, recently flew by air transport to Paris, Naples, and Rome on official business. Connected with the European Wing of the Air Transport Command, P. E. took advantage of the opportunity to visit many places of historical interest. . . **Frederick Voegeli, HA 1/c**, has arrived in the Admiralty islands where he is affiliated with the same naval hospital which has **Dr. L. G. Kindschi** of Monroe on its staff. . . **WAC Gertrude Hoesly** has returned to her duties at Percy Jones Hospital, Battle Creek, Mich., after a furlough spent here and in Madison. She was recently transferred to Percy Jones from Camp Atterbury, Ind. . . **Lt. Howie Steinmann**, whose thrilling report on the Iwo Jima campaign appeared in the May Drizzle, expects to arrive home on leave soon. He has been receiving treatment at the naval hospital, Corpus Christi, Texas. He was transferred there from a naval hospital near San Francisco where he was a patient for a short time after arriving there from the Hawaiian islands. . . **Forrest Babler, GM 3/c**, reported at Boston July 10th for reassignment after a 34-day leave at home which he was granted after completing 20 months of duty at sea. He served aboard the U.S.S. Vance, a destroyer escort, making nine trips across the Atlantic to North African and Italian ports. He expects assignment to shore duty. . . **Drew Pearson**, famous Washington newspaper columnist and radio commentator, recently predicted that **Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal** would soon visit Far Pacific battle fronts so it may be that **Lt. Wallie**

Barlow, co-pilot on the secretary's big Douglas C-54 Skymaster, is now in flight to those areas. Wallie flew to England not long ago, spending a week in London.

FROM THE PEN-'N'-PENCIL FRONTS—

From **Sgt. “Boob” Kissling**: “Well, Ros, I’m in Paris with a 4-F outfit, working as a clerk in the beautiful Astoria Hotel just off the Arc de Triomphe. If any of the boys get to Paris on a pass, I sure wish they’d look me up. I imagine “Bob” Blumer and Emil Weigert have plenty of points for discharges. I sure wish them lots of luck. I’ve only got 43 points in all myself—not even enough to get out of the Wacs. Boy! Ros, your tribute to **President Roosevelt** in the April Drizzle was really a swell piece of writing. I really think you’re in the wrong business. I’m trying to get a seven-day furlough so I can visit my **Grandmother Kissling** in Switzerland. She is 87 years old and, of course, I have never seen her before. Well, the hot water is just coming so I guess I’ll take a bath. Occasionally I take one! (Do you think Whitey Hill’s gonna believe that, Boob?) Good luck to all the fellows and keep that press arollin’ . . . From **Pfc. Don Pearson**, with the 1st Marine Division on Okinawa: “I saw **Schmitty** once about 3 months ago. Same old Schmitty. Also bumped into **Joe Leutenegger**. Sure a pleasant surprise. We managed to get together several times. Both Schmitty and Joe are here on the island some place. (The Drizzler interrupts Don’s letter to observe that Monticello will have quite an “**Okinawa Alumni Association**” after the war. Besides Don and Schmitty and Joe, other localites who have seen action there are **Lt. Dick Schoonover, Joe Gmur, and Carl Babler**.) Was on guard duty last night. It also rained—they have 6 to 10 inches a month here—and I not only discovered that my foxhole leaked, but also some shells that were not ours! As if this wasn’t enough, my bed partner made it almost impossible for me to sleep by going through about four fits every hour so I finally moved out on him at 4:30 this morning. There’s a limit to everything. Keep that ol’ Drizzle drizzling this way, Ros, and thanks a million!” . . . From **T/5 Morgan Phillips**, Hq. Co., 603 Tank Destroyer Bn., who has completely recovered from a shrapnel wound in the back suffered in action in Germany during the closing weeks of the war: “Was out on a sight-seeing drive the other day and landed at the infamous **Buchenwald** concentration and torture camp where the Germans committed some of their foulest crimes against civilization. It sure must have been an awful place because it still stunk terribly. I saw the crematory furnaces and the ghastly hooks where the Germans hung their dying victims until they were dead and ready to be crammed into the crematories. Also visited the hospital ward where they gave poison shots to hundreds of poor souls.” . . . From **Lt. Dick Schoonover** on Okinawa: “Just got back from Gen. Buckner’s funeral. It was very impressive. I was in the front row of the junior officers with a “Frank Buck” tropical helmet on—in case you see a newsreel of it. The day before yesterday I went into Naha, the capital city of the island, and dug out a nice collection of China and lacquer to send home. (Drizzle readers will recall that “**Schmitty**” was a member of the first Marine patrol to enter Naha shortly after artillery fire and bombings had reduced it to rubble earlier in the campaign.) Naha looks as though a giant bull dozer had rolled over it—hardly a building standing. Still plenty of dead Japs lying around.” In an earlier letter, Dick had described weather conditions on Okinawa as follows: “It has been raining for five days steady now. The tops of the hills are a thick sea of gumbo mud—you can’t see the bottoms. Luckily, we dug in the side of a big hill, halfway up, and although our sandbag walls are four or more feet thick, they are damp all the way through and the packing-box floor is covered with the same old thick mud. At that we are better off than 90% of the rest of the fellows as a lot of them had put up tents, big enough for 8 men, in valleys and gulleys to have more protection from flying steel and now you can’t even see the tent pole tops.”

THIS-‘N’-THAT’S—

Capt. Harold (Doc) Youngreen, veteran of nearly three years’ service in the Pacific, has arrived in the states after a two-day flight from Manila. He is now in Florida and expects to reach Monticello soon. . . Add uncertainties of army life: **Sgt. W. James Murphy** wrote the Drizzler a few lines from Camp Crowder, Mo., stating that although he had completed his “refresher” course preparatory to shipment overseas, it now looked as though he wouldn’t be sent abroad after all. Just a few days later, I received another letter from the sergeant, written aboard a United Airlines Mainliner far above Salt Lake City and stating he was headed for Camp Beale, Calif., and eventual duty in the Pacific. . . **Pfc. Johnny Frehner**, who was sent to Texas for hospitalization shortly after reaching the United States from Europe, is home on furlough until July 22. He expects to be placed on limited service. . Wearing six battle stars, **“Bud” Wirth**, who spent 15 months aboard a naval transport and who participated in such operations as Saipan, Leyte, Lingayen Gulf, and Iwo Jima, is nearing the end of his 30-day leave at home. He arrived here June 21 and departs July 13 for San Francisco for reassignment. His wife, the former **Rachael Judd**, plans to accompany him.

“SCARED IS NO NAME FOR IT, BOY!—

In those words, big, broad shouldered **Pfc. Eddie Loeffel**, the smiling, 205-pound Marine from Monticello, describes his reactions on that unforgettable first night of the battle for Saipan in the Pacific.

Losses in Eddie’s platoon had been heavy during that opening day of grueling fighting. After the Marines had scored a sizeable advance, the Japs struck back at them with a severe counter-attack. As dusk was settling over the island, only 18 men remained in Eddie’s platoon of some 40 Marines, the others having been either killed or wounded. By this time the Japs had withdrawn temporarily. Now the Marines began to dig in for the night. Eddie, who is a Browning Automatic Rifleman, and his assistant, were in a foxhole together serving as added protection for three other Marines manning a machine gun in another foxhole just a few feet away. As an added precaution against the possibility of renewed enemy fire during the night, the five Marines had dragged a big log in front of their foxholes.

Soon darkness settled over the island. In a short while, enemy grenades began to burst about the area, indicating that the Japs had left their temporary hideouts and had crept back close to the Yank lines. The Marines began tossing grenades now, too. They held their rifle fire, however, because the spurt of flame which accompanies each discharge is certain to betray positions. It is impossible to tell just where grenades are hurled from because they explode in every direction, providing no such tell-tale clue.

Late that night, Eddie’s attention was attracted by the dim outline of a soldier coming down the road barely 20 yards away. At first he thought it might be a Marine. Just then, however, the “mystery man” veered off the road and headed directly for Eddie’s “dug-out.” Here he began to crouch as he stole toward the foxhole, and for the first time, it became evident he was armed with a rifle because the bayonet could be seen gleaming in the dim moonlight.

Eddie was now convinced it was a Jap, but he hesitated to fire for fear of divulging their position to the enemy. By this time, however, the intruder was only a few yards away.

“Halt!” cried Eddie. There was no response—no password.

In a flash, Eddie beat the Jap to the trigger. His Browning chattered its message of death and the Nip lunged forward, lifeless, his right arm dangling into the Monticello Marine’s foxhole.

“Scared is no name for it, boy!” chuckled Eddie in relating this thrilling experience to the Drizzler. “No kidding. We were shaking like leaves on a tree.”

Now, of course—as Eddie had feared—the location of the foxhole had been revealed to the enemy. Soon a Jap machine gun, which had been set up across the road hardly 50 yards away since darkness had closed in over the island, began to open fire. For fully half an hour, Eddie, with his Browning Automatic, and the Marine machine-gunners in the adjacent foxhole, dueled with the Japs. Finally the enemy fire died down.

Daylight arrived a few hours later.

The big log, which Eddie and his buddies had dragged along the outer edge of their foxholes, was peppered with bullet holes. Unquestionably it was all that had saved their lives.

Cautiously, Eddie and the other Marines approached the enemy machine gun nest. There, strewn about the machine gun, were four dead Japs.

For this action, the local Marine and his four buddies received a letter of commendation “for bravery and coolness under fire.”

“We sure got a big laugh when we read about being brave and cool under fire,” grinned Eddie with that broad, infectious grin of his, “Especially when we remembered how darned scared all of us were.”

Later in the Saipan campaign, on July 4, 1944, Eddie was wounded in the back at the left shoulder. He was laying on his stomach on a hillside, firing at some Japs screened by brush on the crest, when an enemy bullet tore a hole two inches deep, two inches wide, and five inches long in his shoulder. Miraculously, it did not penetrate farther into his body, but ricocheted off the shoulder bone. He was also wounded on D-Day at bloody Iwo Jima when a piece of shrapnel penetrated his right hip and came out in the middle of the leg. He was later awarded the Purple Heart and Oak Leaf Cluster for these wounds.

Eddie, who has three battle stars—for the Rio Namur, Saipan, and Iwo Jima campaigns—is now at Camp Perry, Va., where he is awaiting reassignment following a month’s furlough at home. He reported there July 1st. If the usual procedure is followed, there is a good possibility that Eddie will be assigned to duty somewhere in the states for a period of six months before he is considered for further service in the Pacific.

HERE, THERE ‘N’ EVERYWHERE—

Sgt. Carl J. Dick, registrar with the 348th Station Hospital, is now at Verdun, France, staying in permanent barracks there. . . **S/Sgt. “Debbie” Moritz**, member of the 30th Division, has been awarded the bronze star medal, but no details are known. **Brig. Gen. James E. Lewis** made the presentation at Possneck, Germany. In recent weeks, “Debbie” has been residing in Koeneg’s Castle, about 120 miles south of Berlin, a picturesque, centuries-old, but modernly equipped structure which had been utilized by the Nazis for military headquarters. . . **Capt. Leon Babler**, former navigator on a Flying Fortress, who recently arrived in the states after 21 months in England, was circulating among his Monticello friends Friday afternoon. He is on a 30-day leave which he is spending with his mother, **Mrs. Florence Babler**, and other relatives in Madison. Leon flew from England to Bradley Field, Conn., in 22 hours’ actual flying time. From there he went to Fort Snelling, Minn. In recent months, Leon has held an administrative position with the 8th Air Force in England, an assignment he received after completing 27 missions over Europe. At the end of his leave, he will report to Santa Ana, Calif., where he received his early training as an air cadet. His prospects of receiving duty in the states are considered promising. The captain’s younger brother, **Carl**, saw action in the closing “chapters” of the Okinawa campaign after having recovered from a

leg wound suffered earlier in the same battle. . . A nice letter from **Cpl. Joe Gmur** on Okinawa. That is, it was a nice letter until the censor got through with it. Joe was aboard ship 49 days enroute to Okinawa. Even when stops were made at islands along the way, they were required to remain aboard. Incidentally, Joe and Mrs. Gmur recently became the parents of a husky baby boy, **Roger Joseph**, weight 7 pounds 6 ounces. Congratulations! Incidentally, if **Lt. Dick Schoonover** ever complains again about the hair cuts that sergeant of his gives him, he'd better look up the former Monticello tonsorialist. Since the May Drizzle, I have learned that Joe is following his old trade out on Okinawa, operating what is known among the Marines of his outfit as "Joe's Clip Joint." . . Speaking of tonsorialists, **Tommy Brusveen**, one of Joe's professional colleagues before the war, has arrived in Monticello, but I haven't seen him yet. Tommy has seen many months of service in Europe. . . "**Herb**" **Burgy**, population geographer in the Division of Geography and Cartography in the Department of State at Washington for the past year, leaves in the near future for England to become a civilian educational specialist in the first of two Army University Centers scheduled to open late this month in Shrivenham, England. He will teach classes in geography. The second university center will be opened in France later and "Herb" expects to teach there, too. He will be gone about a year. . . The Drizzler has just learned that **Dick Schoonover** and "**Schmitty**" **Schmidt**, that seasoned veteran of Pacific warfare, got together on Okinawa for a visit recently. "Schmitty" gave Dick a Jap flag he had captured and the latter has sent it to his father, "**Pat**" **Schoonover**, for a souvenir.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donators: **M. E. Lynns; Blumer Brewing Co., Solomon Coal & Iron Co., Monroe; J. Burgy, J. Minnigs, Fred Birchers, Ernie Roberts, Emil Escher, L. W. Lemons, W. Stauffacher, Art Staedtlers, Clarence Ittens, M. R. Zimmermans, Edna Babler, Emil Elmers, Sam Rhyners, Fred Werner Blums, Jake Kopps, A. Kistlers, J. Kublys, Tom Runkles, Jake Thompson, Stillman Huntlys, E. Broge, R. W. Woelffers, Ed Buehtls, T. Voegelis; M. H. Stauffachers, Robert Ryan, Monroe; H. L. Karlens, J. Van Houtens, E. Schwerins, Robert Zentners, Anna Stauffacher, Bob Fellers, C. Yaussis, Albert Zimmermans, Nic Freitag, Ralph Freitags, Dr. Horne, Emily Jordan, C. M. Stauffers, Werner Hauris, Sam Pierce, Wm. Benkerts, F. Strahms, M. Schmids, Rose Cotherman, Herman Blums, H. V. Bablers, Wm. Teuscher, F. A. Karlens, A. H. Wrights, Elfa Voegeli, Albert Crouchs, Jim Dooleys, Fred A. Blums, C. Paulsons, Albert Witts, Frank Mellenbergers; Karl Holsingers, New Glarus; John G. Blums, H. C. Heftys, E. Sarbackers, Bernice Babler, Walter Hoesly; Bill Grenzows, Elkhorn; Marv Freitags, Wm. Weiers, Walter Hauris, Arnold Meier, W. Zimmernans, Helen Karlen Dugdale, Sheridan, Ind.; Mrs. J. Zeller, Mrs. H. J. Klassy, Mrs. Jake Wild, Jr., P. J. Babler, F. C. Karlen.**

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Lloyd Deppeler, now a second lieutenant, is believed to be on his way home from Europe. . . Ditto Marine **Cpl. Joe Leutenegger** from the Pacific. . . **Plt/Sgt. "Cec" Wirth**, recently stationed with the Marines at Quantico following his transfer from Camp Lejeune, expects to shove off any day for the Pacific where he has previously seen approximately 30 months of service. His parents, "**Chief of Police**" and **Mrs. H. J. Wirth** have left for Virginia to visit him. "**Cec's**" brother, **Karl**, has passed all preliminaries preparatory to acceptance in the Marines. . . Pfc. Hilmer Gordon's now at Percy Jones Hosp., Battle Creek. I am holding an interesting story about Hilmer, along with several

others, until next issue due to lack of space. JUST IN—an interesting letter from **Dick Schoonover**, describing his visit with Schmitt and of meeting his cousin, **Carl Babler**, on Okinawa; also one from **S/Sgt Erv Spring**, now a part-time interpreter at Remagen, Germany. More next month. “Til then, loads of luck.”

ALLIED MIGHT CRUSHES JAPAN—

Proud, haughty Japan, whose swaggering rulers dreamed grandiose dreams of world conquest and domination, surrendered unconditionally to the Allies Tuesday, August 14. **President Harry S. Truman** announced the momentous news to a nation tense with anxiety at 6 p.m. through Washington press and radio correspondents.

Battered and groggy from terrific American naval and air blows, along with mounting participation of British naval and air units, Japan was pounded to her knees when the Yanks wiped out two of her cities with but two of the deadly new atomic bombs and Russia joined the battle against the common foe. Thus did Japan join Italy and Germany in ignominious defeat.

As we rejoice in this great Allied victory over the forces of evil, let us pause in solemn reverence to the memory of **S/Sgt. Melvin Marty**, **Pvt. Paul Derendinger**, and **Lt. “Bob” Amans**, who laid down their lives to help lay down the foundations of lasting peace.

And may all of us have the intelligence and the courage to strive as tenaciously and as valiantly for the preservation of the peace as these gallant soldiers—and hundreds of thousands like them—fought to win it.

“NOTHING!” THAT’S WHAT’S LEFT OF BERLIN—

In that one, single word, **Lt. Wallie Barlow**, co-pilot of **Secretary of the Navy Forrestal’s** giant Douglas C-54 Skymaster airliner, describes what now remains of the once proud and arrogant capital city of Germany. Wallie recently returned to Washington from a two weeks’ flight to Europe where he visited many leading cities on the continent, among them Berlin and Potsdam where the Secretary of the Navy sat in on the historic “Big Three” conference which decided the future fate of Germany.

Now, folks, let’s nestle back into our armchairs and let the lieutenant relate some of the high lights of this extremely interesting trip in his own words. All right, Wallie, the Drizzle ‘mike’ is yours:

“We really had quite a trip through Europe, with and without the Secretary. After seeing the complete and utter devastation in Germany done by bombings and artillery fire, this new atomic bomb seems like some terrible, inhuman thing. You cannot imagine what the German cities look like.

“Our first city was Paris, beautiful, stately, and terribly expensive. We were there only one day and spent it sight-seeing. I think it is the prettiest city on the continent, although I haven’t seen Brussels which everyone says is lovely.

“Nothing is the word for a short description of Berlin. There is nothing left of it, even well into the suburbs. Standing walls and chimneys are about all you can find. I didn’t see one shop operating in all Berlin. There are a couple of cafes running, but that’s all. We had quite a tour there and went through the Chancellery and also the bomb cellar where Hitler’s body was supposed to have been discovered. While there, I found a fork with “Haushalt des Fuehrers” stamped on it. It was really cheap. If Hitler used that type of silver, I’m disappointed in him. Also picked up a German medal.

“We also made a visit to “Blackmarket Square,” a really amazing place. Watches sell for \$400 to \$1,000 to the Russians, many of whom had just been paid for the first time in four years. A “Mickey Mouse” watch sells for \$450 to \$500. The Russians can get control of a farm in Russia for a watch, and since they aren’t allowed to take money back home with them, they convert it into personal property. The Germans pay \$15 a pack for American cigarettes which they trade for food from the farmers. Actually, money has no buying value because there is nothing to buy. All in all, it was something to see. One American private is said to have sent home \$27,000 the first week he was in Berlin. That was before the American army cracked down.

“We saw Bremen, Bremerhaven, Flensburg, Schleswig, Hamburg, Munich, Cologne, Salzburg, and Berchtesgarden. Everywhere it was the same –ruin. In Frankfurt, headquarters for SHAEF, the city was almost completely destroyed except for the Farbin building which SHAEF used. It wasn’t damaged at all and it really is a huge, beautiful new building. While in Schleswig, I had a beautiful little revolver given to me by an RAF officer. It’s a Gestapo issue and corresponds to our .25 calibre.

“We were in London several days on our way back, but we spent them pretty much in resting up.”

FROM THE PEN-‘N’-PENCIL FRONT—

From S/Sgt. “Erv” Spring, the former super-salesman of **Bill Blum**’s Merchandise Mart, writing from Remagen, Germany, where he is with the Anti-Tank Co., 159th Infantry:

“We’re living in a castle along the Rhine. It’s really a pretty nice place. It even has a swimming pool right out in front and it’s larger than the one back in Monticello. So far, however, the water has been pretty chilly so we haven’t had much use out of it.

“I’ve done a lot of traveling the past couple of months. Although I’m supposed to be in supply, I am the only one in my company that can speak German, I have to do all the interpreting. I have just returned from two days up in northern Germany. We saw plenty of ruined cities on that trip. Munster and Essen are in complete ruins. We traveled on some of “Adolph’s” famous autobahns. They really must have been great highways, but they need plenty of repairs before they’re fit for heavy traffic again.

“What’s this I’ve been hearing about “**Doc**” (**Beach-head**) **Youngreen**? Is he really going to make his home out in the Philippines? Could it be that he’s afraid to face all the boys he’s been throwing slams at? (Did you know, Erv, that “Doc” has been here on a 45-day leave? Your questions make me wonder if “Doc” didn’t fly to the states to get here ahead of some of the victims of his literary bombs—like yourself—so he could sort of get the lay of the land and determine if it’s safe for him to relocate here permanently.) “Say, Doc,” continues Erv, “maybe you could uncover a Hollywood find out there in the Philippines for some of my post-war movie productions. I’ve got **Hoppe** (**Wings**) **Babler** searching the east coast for me, but no word from him yet. I wonder what he thinks I’m paying him for?

“Keep the old Drizzle rolling. It’s a great little paper.”

RAMBLING AT RANDOM—

S/Sgt. “Rog” Foster, aerial gunner and veteran of 35 missions over Europe, who has been stationed at the army air base at Fort Meyers (Fla.) since his return from abroad some months ago, recently received orders transferring him to Fort Lewis, Wash., and he should be there by this time. “Rog” was recently on a furlough, most of which he spent in Colorado. What’s the big attraction out there, “Rog?” The Rocky Mountains, or some dimpled damsel? . . . **Cpl. P. F. Blumer**, still with an army air force unit at Bangalore, India, has been promoted to technician fourth class. The monsoon rains were still letting loose at the time P. F. wrote his letter. “It rains so hard,” he writes, “That one would almost think the bottom had dropped out of the clouds.” . . . “I have just finished reading *The Drizzle* the second time and probably will read it again,” declares **Sgt. W. James Murphy**, who now apparently has recovered from an infection of his feet which had hospitalized him for some time at Camp Beale, Calif. W. James, you will recall, was flown along with other personnel from Camp Crowder, (Mo.) to Camp Beale several weeks ago with indications then that he might continue on to the Pacific war area. Now, however, it has developed that the army was short of personnel at Camp Beale and he seems destined to remain there. “This part of the country,” says the former culinary wizard of **J. Pierpont Lobbs’** Midway Lunch Palace, “was the scene of the great gold rush in ’49. The main road going through Camp Beale is the one on which the miners hauled gold from Marysville to Grass Valley.” W. James, who is an army baker, says they now have a new doughnut machine which turns out 200 dozen doughnuts an hour. There oughta be a lotta dunks in all those doughnuts! By the way, W. James, how’s “Myrtle, the Miss from Minnesota?” . . . **Pfc. Eddie Loeffel**, the big marine with the big smile, is doing guard duty at the U. S. Naval Training and Distribution Center at Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va. “It’s an easy life,” writes Eddie, “Four hours of walking around and then eight hours off, but I’m still not very keen about it.” I understand the local Marine is guarding German prisoners of war. . . After **T/5 Harry Schuerch** was outfitted with his artificial right limb below the knee at McCloskey Gen. Hosp., Temple, Tex., July 20, he attended a walking school for 14 days, not only learning how to walk with it, but also how to dance, swim, and play golf among other activities. Harry is on a two weeks’ furlough right in Temple now, and if he continues to get along as nicely as he has to date, he may be home by the end of this month with his army discharge. . . After a furlough with his wife at Rapid City (S. D.) and with his parents here, **Sgt. “Al” Baehler** has gone back to Harmon Gen. Hosp., Longview, Texas, where he expects to receive his dismissal soon. . . How’s this for getting around, folks? It wasn’t so many weeks ago that I heard from **Pfc. Armin Loeffel** and he was then stationed in Germany. A letter just came in from Armin and where do you suppose he is now? In the Philippines! And he says “I am having a time of my life.” That really was a pretty long boat ride, wasn’t it, Armin?

“DEBBIE” DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF—

Outstanding performance of duty and improvisation of many ingenious supplements to standard radio equipment are among the achievements cited in the award of the **Bronze Star Medal** to **S/Sgt. Delbert J. (Debbie) Moritz** when he was a member of the 230th Field Artillery Battalion of the 30th Division, also known as the “Old Hickory” Division. Mention of the award was made in the July *Drizzle*, but pertinent details were not available at that time.

The official citation, signed by **Maj. Gen. L. S. Hobbs**, commanding general of the 30th Division, was presented to “Debbie” by **Brig. Gen. James E. Lewis** in ceremonies at Fossneck, Germany. It reads, as follows:

“**Staff Sergeant Delbert J. Moritz**, 230th Field Artillery Battalion, United States Army, is awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious achievement and service from 10 June 1944 to 30 April 1945 in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. Sergeant Moritz distinguished himself by outstanding performance of duty as a chief of the radio section. Confronted with shortages of material and difficult working conditions in making intricate adjustments and repairs on the radios of the battalion, Sergeant Moritz coordinated the work of his section so efficiently that the battalion at all times was provided with excellent communications. He improvised many ingenious supplements to standard equipment, thereby facilitating the immediate repair of all faulty equipment. Sergeant Moritz’s technical ability and devotion to duty have earned him the confidence and admiration of his associates. Entered military service from Wisconsin.”

“Debbie” has been transferred to the 355th Field Artillery Battalion of the 76th Division and expects to be shifted soon to still another division. The personnel of this division will be made up entirely of veterans with 85 or more points of service to their credit.

The Monticello staff sergeant recently spent a few days in Paris, going there from Metz. He is now in Germany.

ALL ABOARD FOR ANOTHER RAMBLE AT RANDOM—

How about hopping into a bomber at Rapid City (S.D.) at 9 in the morning for a leisurely “sky jaunt” to Stuttgart (Ark.), land there at 2 and have dinner, then take off again at 3 for a short stop at Tulsa, (Okla.) before heading back toward Rapid City and arriving there at 9:30 p.m. **S/Sgt. Wilbert Marty**, the ol’ tail gunner, and some of his buddies at Rapid City army air base were considerably behind in flying time for the month so that’s just what they did the other day. The flight must have been somewhat uneventful, however, because the ol’ tail gunner, veteran of 27 bombing missions over Europe during the peak of the air war against Germany, slept in the tail of the plane most of the way. Flying over the Ozarks, the crew encountered some light thunderstorms. Incidentally, if any of you fellows ever get to Rapid City, better take things a little easy or else you’re liable to be ushered before the staff sergeant to explain your conduct. Wilbert, you see, is serving temporarily as a military policeman and has a desk job right in Rapid City. . . **Pfc. Eddie Zweifel**, winner of the Bronze Star for his feat in capturing nine Nazi soldiers single-handed some weeks before the end of the war against Germany, went through the conflict without injury or illness only to be wounded in Russian-held German territory June 29. Eddie speaks of “having an accident” and also states that the bullet passed clear through him. Other than this, no details are known. Prior to June 29, the local soldier was stationed at Adorph, Germany, right on the Czechoslovakian border, and it is believed that he was somewhere in this area at the time of his misfortune. On July 26, Eddie arrived by plane at an American hospital in France where he is to be confined for an indefinite period. Latest word describes his condition as good. . . **Capt. Paul E. Voegeli**, who recently arrived in the states from the British Isles via transport plane after having been stationed there since December of ’42, is now in Monticello on leave. Much of Paul’s service abroad was as an intelligence and security officer with the European Wing of the Air Transport Command. . . Following his successful completion of a six-weeks’ course in advanced navigation at Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., former **S/Sgt Carl Stauffer** has been commissioned a second lieutenant and is now on the staff of instructors at the B-29 School, Hondo (Texas) Army Air Base. Before assuming his new duties, Carl spent a few days at home on leave. . . **2nd Lt. Lloyd Deppeler**, who participated in some of the major battles of the European war with the 11th Infantry of the 5th Division, is home on leave. Lloyd saw over three years of service overseas, approximately 18 months of which were spent in Iceland. . . Add funny sights: If you could drop in at “Joe’s Clip

Joint” out on far-away Okinawa island right after one of those heavy deluges of rain they’re accustomed to having out there, you’d see **Cpl. Joe Gmur** clipping hair and shaving whiskers while attired in rubber boots. The mud is so thick and gummy that the local professor of the tonsorial art finds rubber boots a necessity.

HERE I GO AGAIN—

Recent initiates into the “Grand Old Order of Distinguished Diaper-Changers” include **Sgt. “Joe” Legler** and **Lt. Wallie Barlow**. The sergeant and **Mrs. Legler**, the former **Lily Tidswell** on Manchester, England, became the parents of a son, **David Robert**, in Manchester July 1. The Legler heir is a husky chap, weighing 8 pounds and 9 ounces, and my advice to “Joe” is that he start eating plenty of vitamins before the son starts wielding his authority and backs it up with physical force. Wallie also became the father of a son—**Wallace P. Barlow, Jr.**, weight 6 pounds and 3 ounces—while he was on his recent flight to Europe and it was not until he was able to cable to the states from London Aug. 3 that he learned he had become a father Sunday, July 29. Mrs. Barlow is the former **Elaine Zweifel** of New Glarus. Wallie has served notice that the young man is never to be called “Wallie” or “Junior,” but just plain “Buz,” a sobriquet which “Dad” extracted from Barlow Und Zweifel. . . It was related in the July Drizzle that **Plt. Sgt. “Cec” Wirth**, the former favorite of the dusky damsels of the Southwest Pacific, was about to shove off from Quantico (Va.) on his return to the Pacific. “As a matter of fact,” states Cec, “My name was on the top of the list, with 13 months of stateside duty on my debit side. However, last week, I was called up to see the Colonel and immediately thereafter was assigned as an instructor (again) in the new artillery detachment of the Royal Netherlands Marines.” Since then Cec has been learning to speak Dutch. Such Dutch as you speak, I’ll bet no one has ever heard spoken before, eh Cec? . . . **Pfc. “Vince” Gerry**, then at Nancy, France, with 92 points to his credit, hopes to return to the states soon. He’s with an artillery unit of a parachute battalion. “I had some close calls, all right,” reminisces Vince. “I’ll never forget the pounding the Nazis gave us while we were defending Hill 1205 in Italy. It was cold and icy and they poured shells in on us for seven straight hours. I really thought my number was up that time, but God was with me and I came through okay.” . . . Twenty-seven months in Iran, where the temperature never drops below 30 and some times hits a dizzy 186, makes **Cpl. “Windy” Miller** seem almost like a veteran of that distant land. “Windy” is recovering from a near-rupture sustained when he and one of his buddies, driving a jeep, had a flat tire out in the desert and the corporal performed in the role of an automobile jack when they discovered they didn’t have one along. Says Windy: “Of course, my buddy was a little guy so I had to lift up one corner of the jeep while he piled stones under the axle. In the middle of a 175-mile stretch across the desert, you are not going to try to find a filling station. If you did, you might just as well keep on going because these Arab gangs would steal everything before you could get back. They seem to be lurking everywhere. I didn’t rupture myself, but the hospital doctor says it’s almost as bad as one. . . . **Karl Wirth** is with the Marines at Parris Island, S.C. . . . “I took part in both the Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns,” writes **Lt. (jg) “Ed” Klassy** from aboard the U.S.S. Williamson, Somewhere in the Pacific. “Gosh, you should have seen how that little Iwo was worked over before the boys landed. Such fireworks! That Okinawa job certainly was a tough one for the navy in all ways—quite a show on the water and land both—plenty of thrills! We had a rather interesting fad spring up here aboard ship, mainly among the deck force where most of the rough and ready boys will be found—ready for anything! The punching of ears and wearing of ear rings isn’t an uncommon sight to see in groups that have been at sea for long periods and our boys got the idea in earnest. Navy regulations say nix to such stuff and the sick bay fellows wouldn’t punch their ears. Nevertheless, about ten men appeared one

morning with a variety of ear rings which they must have picked up some time ago. They had done their own punching, and all in all, were the topic of the day for a while. The skipper finally outlawed the whole thing, however.” . . . **Pfc. “Hal” Schultz** set some sort of a record for speed when he arrived back in the states July 20, less than four months after he had landed at Le Havre, France, from which point he fought through Germany and into Austria with the 44th Division. “Hal,” an infantryman and now home on a 34-day furlough, also visited Italy and Switzerland while abroad. . . . **Capt. Norman Steussy**, who reported at Miami Beach, July 22 for reassignment after 28 months in the Mediterranean war theatre, is now commanding officer of three Miami Beach hotels operated by the army. Nice going, Norman! . . . When **President Harry S. Truman** arrived at the airport in Brussels, Belgium, July 15, enroute to the historic Potsdam conference, **S/Sgt. Karl Freitag** was one of 400 crack infantrymen of the 35th Division—the President’s old outfit of World War I—serving as the chief executive’s guard of honor. . . . The week of Aug. 8-15 will undoubtedly remain fresh in **Sgt. “Boob” Kissling**’s memory for a long time because it was then that he was in Switzerland to visit his grandmother, **Mrs. Julia Kissling**, aged 87, near Basel, and other relatives he had never seen before. “Boob” has been moved from Paris to nearby Versailles. . . . **Sgt. Carl Dick**, 348th Station Hospital, is now at Bremerhaven, Germany, having been transferred there with his unit from Verdun.

“DOC” YOUNGREEN WINS BRONZE STAR—

Capt. Harold (Doc) Youngreen, the well known literary bombardier of the Far Pacific, who has been enjoying a leave in the states after 34 months in the Pacific war theatre, has been awarded the Bronze Star for his efficiency in directing the evacuation of sick and wounded soldiers from danger areas while under fire.

The citation reads:

“Award of the **Bronze Star Medal** to **Capt. Harold C. Youngreen**, Commander Co. B, 115th Medical Corps, United States Army. During period from Jan. 9, 1945, to May 1, 1945, while on Luzon, Panay, and Negros, Philippine Islands, Capt. Youngreen’s company efficiently and rapidly evacuated 1,500 patients. The excellent manner in which this mission was performed was due to Capt. Youngreen. At many times, while working in close support of this regimental combat team, Youngreen was exposed to hostile fire. While on Negros, Philippine Islands, Capt. Youngreen, in addition to supporting the 185th Regiment team, was given the mission of evacuating the 503rd Regiment combat team. This mission was completed with efficiency. The outstanding services of this officer and his disregard for his own welfare were a constant source of inspiration to all of his command.”

Besides the Bronze Star, Capt. Youngreen also wears the Philippines liberation ribbon with one star, the Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon with three battle stars, and the American theatre ribbon.

“Doc,” who arrived in San Francisco late in June after a two-day flight from Manila, went directly to Pensacola, Fla., where his wife has been residing. Accompanied by **Mrs. Youngreen**, he arrived in Monticello July 18. His leave now ended, “Doc” presently is at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga., soon to leave for San Francisco on his return to the Philippines. There is a possibility, however, that the sudden ending of the war against Japan may alter his orders.

HERE-‘N’-THERE—

That distinguished “citizen” of Australia, **Sgt. Louie Wyss**, also known as “Louie, the Lonely Lover,” isn’t lonely any more. Before the end of the year, **Miss Joan Kingston**, whose home is in

Brisbane where her parents have a hotel, will become Mrs. Wyss. No foolin', fellows. The event is planned for December, but may take place sooner if Louie returns to the states before then. . . .
"Slim" Freitag, who is one of America's veteran pilots with more than 5,000 hours in the air to his credit—belonging to that select circle of veteran "eagles" which includes such famous fliers as **Jimmy Doolittle** and **Roscoe Turner**—drifted down out of the clouds the other afternoon and landed his plane in a field not far from his brother-in-law's (**E. W. Marty**) farm where **Mrs. Freitag and daughters, Virginia and Ellen Faye**, have been spending a few weeks. Flying here from La Crosse, "Slim" landed at 5:30 p.m., then took off for Chicago at 7, and was due to fly to Detroit the next morning. "Slim" is midwest sales director for Stinson Aircraft.

WHEREIN "THE BULL" WAS REALLY RIDDLED—

It was a Sunday evening on battle-scarred Okinawa. **Lt. Dick Schoonover** was watching an outdoor movie. I don't know if the picture was a wild and woolly western, a romantic film, or a mystery thriller, but anyway, Dick sat there, deeply engrossed in the unwinding drama and completely unmindful of anything else. (Aside to Dick: If you weren't "deeply engrossed" and "completely unmindful," you shoulda been, just to make this little yarn a little more interesting.)

Suddenly, the lieutenant's attention was caught by the blare of the loud speaker announcing: "**Lt. Schoonover** report to the projection box." "What's up now?" thought Dick to himself, as he arose and strolled to the rear. He didn't have to wonder long, however, because there, standing near the projection box and grinning from ear to ear, was **Alvin (Schmitt) Schmidt**, now a Marine corporal, veteran warrior of the Pacific and the peppery little chatterbox who used to perform behind the plate on M.H.S. baseball teams when **Eddie Loeffel** was in the pitcher's box during those unforgettable days when **Lt. "Whitey" Hill** was baffling himself, as well as the high school sports world, with his coaching wizardry.

"We sure had a great time shooting the bull," reports Dick. And this is why I assume that Dick and Schmitt must have really riddled the poor creature.

Incidentally, I have just received an airmail letter from Schmitt, telling of his delightful visit with Dick and also relating that he saw **Carl Babler** on Okinawa a few days later. He says that other than the fact that Dick is some heavier, he and Carl haven't changed hardly at all.

"There isn't much I can say about myself," declares the little corporal, "Except that I have had the hell scared out of me plenty of times. I've had all I want of it out here and I'm more than ready to settle down and be a peaceful little guy for the rest of my born days.

"Give all the boys my regards and be sure to keep the Drizzle coming because I sure do enjoy it.

"P.S.—I hope there's a few cases of good old Milwaukee beer left when I get back to Monticello.

YES, IT IS A SMALL WORLD—

And nothing illustrates it any better than an experience which **Pfc. Tommy Brusveen**, serving with 31st Chemical of the 12th Army, had while he was in Moers, Germany.

Tommy, who is an ardent amateur photographer—accompanied by one of his buddies—was taking some scenic snapshots when he noticed a man at work in a garden nearby. With him was a little girl, apparently his daughter. The non-fraternization rule was strictly enforced in Germany at the time, even with children. Tommy, who has a "passable" knowledge of the German language, couldn't resist the temptation to address a cheerful greeting to the little girl, whose name, it

developed later, was Sigrid and she was three years old. This gave the father the opportunity he had been waiting for—the opportunity to ask an American soldier if, by some faint chance, he might know of any of his relatives back in the states.

As the conversation unraveled, the German identified himself as **William Knupel**, a master mechanic by trade, who has three sisters residing in southern Wisconsin—one at Platteville, another at Wiotia married to **Rev. Gunderson**, and a third, **Mrs. E. Strickler**, at New Glarus.

“When he mentioned New Glarus, I almost had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn’t dreaming,” explains Tommy. “He was overjoyed when he learned I knew Mrs. Strickler.”

The local soldier’s outfit was soon to be on the move, but Tommy managed to see the Knupel family a few times more before then. He took several snapshots of them and sent the pictures back to the states, bringing great happiness to **Mrs. Strickler** and her two sisters because they had not received any word from their relatives in Germany for several years.

Tommy, who participated in five battles on the European continent—Normandy, Northern France, the Ardennes, Ruhr, and Central Germany—is now at Camp Polk, La., after spending a 31-day furlough at home. He arrived in the states July 4th, the third anniversary of his induction into the service, his ship docking at Newport News, Va.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

to these Drizzle donators: “**Slim**” Freitag, Villa Park, Ill.: **Harry Haddinger**, **Blumer Brewing Co.**, **Otilla Binschaedler**, Monroe; **J. Lobbs**, **A. E. Blum**, Philadelphia; **Dr. Horne**, **F. Escher**, **H. J. Elmer**, **C. M. Stauffer**, **H. M. Milbrandt**, **T. Voegeli**, **E. G. Voegeli**, **Mrs. J. Stauffer, Sr.**, **Joe Voegeli**, **Sam Pierce**, **F. C. Karlen**, **Melvin Blumer**, **F. Deppeler**, **Dorothy Altman**, **Al Schwers**, **Mrs. T. Zurbuchen**, **Art Miller**, **J. Fahrney**, **J. Zurkirchen**, **Fred Werner Blum**, **Gene Updike**, **Mrs. J. Zeller**, **Warren Prisk**, **O. E. Bontly**, **Harry Klassy**, **E. Wenger**, **A. Kistler**, **Dr. Baebler**, **J. Meier**, **Mrs. Jake Zimmerman**, **H. Ritschard**, **M. Schmid**, **S. P. Klassy**, **Wm. Lemon**, Monroe; **W. E. Blum**, **Mrs. Art Thoman**, **R. Ammon, Jr.**, **Libby Voegeli**, **Waldo Zimmerman**, **Norene Mitmoen**, **E. Robert**, **J. H. Disch**, **Flora Duerst**, **J. C. Marty**, **F. Strahm**, **Werner Hefty**, **L. Brauer**, **E. Sarbacker**, **Frieda Benkert**, **Mrs. A. Moritz**, **Herman Voegeli**, **Herman Blum**, **Anna Elmer**

THE LAST ROUND-UP—

Pvt. Ray Schultz has been assigned to the medical corps at Ft. Lewis, Wash., and likes it a lot. . . **Lt. Fritz Steinmann** is back at his post as assistant personnel director at the Chicago Quartermaster depot after several weeks in the east, during which he completed a two weeks’ course at the Civilian Personnel Officers’ School, Baltimore, and also attended to official business at the Quartermaster General’s office in Washington. . . **Pfc. Orville Anderson**, home recently on a 45-day furlough, is now back in McCaw Gen. Hosp., Walla Walla, Wash., where he will soon submit to a delicate nerve grafting operation, lasting from 6 to 8 hours, to relieve the paralytic condition which has afflicted his right arm ever since he was wounded by a German machine gun bullet near Paris late last August. . . **Lt. Howie Steinmann** reported back to the naval hospital at Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 16, after a 30-day leave at home. Howie shows no ill effects from the chest wound inflicted by a would-be Jap assassin during the Iwo campaign. The Marine Lieutenant was awarded the **Purple Heart** at ceremonies at the naval hospital, Corpus Christi, Texas, June 23. He was transferred from Corpus Christi to Memphis July 3, making the trip by air along with **Mrs. Steinmann**, who had been with him in Texas. Howie expects to be at Memphis for 30 to 60 days. . . **“Walt” Zentner**, USN, has

returned to duty on the west coast after a 30-day leave. Where's that letter, Walt? . . . **Pvt. "Dunk" Knobel** is here from Camp Lee (Va.) on his way to Camp Beale, Calif., where he is due to report Aug. 24. . . **Pfc. Johnny Frehner**, who was severely wounded in Germany March 24, was looking hale and hearty when he was home on furlough. He reported back to Brooke Gen. Hosp., Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, July 22, and expected to be placed on limited service. Incidentally, I have a number of interesting stories which must be held over due to lack of space, among them experiences of Johnny, **Eddie Loeffel**, **Hilmer Gordon**, and **Lyle Sinnett**. . . **Miss Norma Freitag** was employed for a number of months as a medical technician on the giant mystery war-peace project, near Hanford, Wash., which has now been revealed as one of the "cradles" of the atomic bomb. More recently, Norma has held a similar position in the DuPont plant at St. Paul. This's all! I'll be back again in September.

THE LAST DRIZZLE—

Because of the pressure of other matters which made it impossible for “the editor” to devote any time to The Drizzle during the last two months, no issues were prepared for September and October. And because only three letters were received from servicemen in the meantime and so many of the boys have now returned home, this will mark the last issue of The Drizzle. I sincerely regret that lack of space makes the mention of all of the boys an utter impossibility so the contents of this last issue will be restricted to several thrilling and harrowing experiences which have come to my attention.

THE STORY BEHIND A BRONZE STAR MEDAL—

Back in the summer of 1944, word came through from the European theatre of war, telling of the **award of the Bronze Star Medal to T/4 Emil Weigert**, a member of Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 4th Division, who was discharged at Fort Sheridan Oct. 4th after over 4 ½ years in service.

No details accompanied the announcement, however, and the thrilling story which led to the award has never been generally known. In fact, it was only after a great deal of urging that Emil, who is an unassuming fellow, finally consented to relate the full story and permit its “publication” in the Drizzle.

Here it is:

Out in the open country of Normandy, the Yanks and the Germans had been engaged in a hot fight since the early hours of June 24th, 1944, with the action growing particularly fierce around 4 p.m. when the Germans opened up with a furious heavy artillery concentration. It was during this barrage that the lieutenant colonel of Emil’s battalion was killed. His death enraged the boys and made them fighting mad. The battle mounted in fury.

The fierceness of the Ratzl artillery concentration gave rise to strong suspicions that the enemy might be preparing to launch a vigorous counter-attack in an attempt to wipe out the American positions some time during the night.

Shortly after 7 p.m., however, a strange thing happened. Straggling through the American lines, his arms raised in surrender, came a bedraggled German medic.

Emil, who was born near Hamburg, Germany—and of course, speaks and writes German fluently—was immediately summoned to question the enemy soldier and act as interpreter.

While a number of officers and men gathered about them, Emil began to quiz the Ratzl and he quickly discovered that the medic was there on a very definite mission—to arrange for the surrender of not only himself, but also of 35 of his comrades whom he said were awaiting the outcome of his negotiations in a valley a half mile away. Moreover, he wanted one of our soldiers to accompany him back to his outfit.

Emil immediately volunteered to go with him.

“He seemed to be a sincere fellow,” reminisced Emil, “And I was pretty sure he wasn’t trying to pull anything. Besides, we had gone through some pretty rough fighting all day long and I

figured if we could get these Germans to give up, it would probably save the lives of quite a few of our men—possible even my own.”

The German medic, incidentally, said they had tried to surrender a few times before, but every time they tried, the Americans, who were grimly determined to avenge the death of their lieutenant colonel would open up on them and the fighting then broke out anew. The Yanks, of course, were suspicious because the Germans were noted for treachery, but the medic insisted that the artillery concentration was not the prelude to a counter-attack, but was solely for the purpose of permitting most of their troops to withdraw to the rear while he and his other comrades were ordered to hold fast to their positions. As time wore on, however, they had become “fed-up” on the deal and decided to surrender, choosing the medic as their emissary because they knew he could get through the American lines without being fired upon.

“No, Weigert, you can’t go,” the battalion major declared, after Emil had tried at length to persuade him, “It looks too much like a trap. It’s too dangerous.”

As he continued to quiz the German, Emil became more convinced than ever that the man was sincere and really meant what he was saying. He kept urging the major to let him go. Finally, after nearly two hours of discussion and persuasion, the major relented.

“All right, Weigert,” he said, “You can go. But, remember, don’t go a step beyond the outpost. It’s too risky.”

So off Emil went with the German medic. But when they reached the outpost, he conveniently forgot what the major had told him.

“What’s the difference,” reasoned Emil, who is a care-free, happy-go-lucky sort of a guy, “I’ll just go a little farther. And if they get me, they’ll get me—that’s all!”

It took a lot of nerve to do this—but, of course, Emil would never admit it—because there had been instances where German SS men, secretly planted in the ranks by Hitler unknown to the rest of the Ratzis, had fired upon and killed both the German peace emissary and the American soldier accompanying him back to discuss surrender terms.

After going about ten rods beyond the outpost, Emil, who was armed with a rifle, and the medic were about to descend the hill leading into the valley. Here Emil halted, however, because he decided it would give him a splendid vantage point as the Ratzis marched up from the bottom of the incline.

“Now, I’ll give you exactly 20 minutes to get back here with your men!” Emil commanded the medic sternly. “If you’re not here by that time, I’m going back to our lines. And remember! Bring no guns or knives! Carry plenty of white flags! And don’t talk! Because if any of our boys back there hear anyone speaking German around here, they’re liable to open up on you.”

The medic went—quickly and eagerly.

It was nearly 10:30 p.m. A curtain of almost complete darkness, relieved only by the sickly beams of an indifferent moon and the feeble twinklings of scattered stars, had lowered over the countryside. Five minutes passed . . . ten minutes . . . then fifteen . . .

Emil began to wonder. What was the matter? Why the delay? Was it a trap, as the battalion major had feared?

Just then Emil heard the shuffle of marching feet at the bottom of the hill. Ah, this must be it! And it was! Because as Emil peered into the darkness, tense with anxiety and with his trigger finger poised for instant action if need be, he could now see the dim outlines of several white flags.

And there was the medic, flanked by a lieutenant, marching at the head of the column of surrendering Germans who were coming up the hill four abreast. Nearer and nearer they came.

“Halt!” commanded Emil. The Ratzis came to an abrupt stop immediately in front of him.

There they were – not 35 Germans—but 58 of them!

The original group of 35 had swollen to the higher figure when stragglers, who had been cut off from their respective units, kept joining them after the medic had first left to discuss surrender with the Yanks several hours earlier.

When Emil hollered “Halt!”, he hollered the command loud enough to provide a signal for several Yank guards awaiting it back at the advance outpost to move forward and help him march the captives in to the battalion command post.

After the 58 prisoners had been subjected to a thorough search here, Emil and the guards took them to the regimental prisoner cage two miles away, finally getting back to their outfit around 3 o’clock in the morning.

And so there it is – “The story Behind a Bronze Star Medal.”

FURTHER AMPUTATION OF LEG MAY BE NECESSARY—

Although it was a year ago last July 26th that **Harry Schuerch**, then serving as technician fifth class with Co. E, 314th Infantry, 79th Division, had his right foot blown off just above the ankle when he stepped on a German land mine, he is now having trouble with his artificial limb. Because there is only two and a quarter inches of the leg remaining below the knee and since seven inches is necessary to assure maximum success in manipulation, the artificial limb creates too much pressure against the stump and has caused the bone to break through the skin. Unless a new limb can be designed to shift this pressure up onto the thigh, Harry will have to have his leg amputated above the knee. He has already had five amputations which were necessary before the leg healed properly for fitting of the artificial limb. In addition, he has had one skin grafting operation.

Harry, who was discharged from service Sept. 29th after nearly a year as a patient in McCloskey Gen. Hosp., Temple, Texas, was advancing with the rest of his company into battle positions against the enemy about 10 miles northwest of St. Lo in France. It was about 10:30 p.m. During the day, Harry’s outfit had experienced some stiff fighting against the Germans, who had been forced into retreat. Now, under cover of darkness, the Yanks were moving forward to advance positions. At about 11:30, Harry’s company hit a watery, boggy swamp about 500 yards wide. They were only about half way across when a German mine suddenly blew up. The explosion brought immediate orders from the company commander to “Hold up.” When there were no further explosions, the signal to “move on” was given.

Harry had gone but a few feet when he stepped on a mine, the blast from which tore his right foot off just above the ankle and left the end of the leg a bleeding tangle of shredded flesh, muscle, and bone. Fragments of the exploding shrapnel also struck the local soldier in the thighs and buttocks and one piece pierced his right lung. Scarcely ten seconds had passed when six more German mines went off in scattered areas of the swamp. Of the 12 Yanks most seriously hurt by the exploding mines, Harry was one of only three of them to survive his wounds.

The Ratzis had cunningly planted the mines some distance apart. Thus, if only one mine would have gone off, they could have been reasonably certain that only a small force of Yanks were probing their lines. On the other hand, when all of those scattered mines exploded almost simultaneously, the Germans, who, unknown to the Americans, had secretly dug in along a nearby hill overlooking the swamp, now were well aware that a fairly good-sized attack was under way against them.

Those successive blasts, therefore, were the signal for the Germans to rake the swamp with a withering barrage of machine gun cross and straight fire. With bullets spattering about him, Harry slowly crawled back in search of a safe refuge, dragging his shattered leg through the mud and

water. After creeping 100 yards, he luckily struck a dry patch of ground in a “dip” which provided excellent protection against enemy machine gun fire.

Not only did this ‘hollow’ afford an excellent shield for Harry, but it also enabled the thick coating of mud clinging to his injured leg to dry and clot the blood. The fresh, wet mud had impeded the bleeding considerably, and upon drying, it checked the flow almost completely. Army surgeons said this was all that saved the local soldier from bleeding to death.

“I had plenty of pain,” explains Harry, “But I was too scared and was wondering so much about whether I was going to get out of there alive that I didn’t have much time to think about it.”

Luckily the Germans ceased fire soon, permitting uninjured Yanks to withdraw safely to the rear where they told of the locations of the enemy machine guns. Early that morning – it was past midnight now – American mortar fire wiped out those positions.

All night long, Harry “sweat it out” in that little dip in the swamp, waiting anxiously and some times almost frantically for the medics to come along and carry him to the battalion aid station. Each passing second seemed to drag along like a swollen minute. Finally, at about 6 a.m., they came.

Placing Harry in a stretcher, the medics carried him to the aid station where he was immediately given four blood plasma transfusions. Then he was taken to the field hospital, arriving there at 10 a.m. Here Harry submitted to four regular blood transfusions and then he underwent surgery to remove the shattered area of his injured leg.

At 8 o’clock that very same evening, the Monticello soldier was placed aboard a hospital plane and evacuated to a hospital near Bristol, England, a flight requiring 2 ½ hours. Here he was hospitalized for three months and eight days, during which time he had 11 more blood transfusions. On Oct. 19th, Harry arrived in the states and was immediately sent to McCloskey Gen. Hosp., Temple, Texas, where he was a patient until his discharge from the army Sept. 29th.

“NOT WORTH A WOODEN NICKLE” —

That’s how an army doctor described **Cpl. Lyle Sinnett**’s chances of survival when he was brought in, critically wounded and all but lifeless from loss of blood and exposure to the cold on the evening of last Jan. 4th following a raging tank battle against the Ratzis earlier in the day in the historic but disastrous Battle of the Belgian Bulge. So he told Lyle days later after the latter had waged a successful nip-and-tuck fight against death.

Cpl. Sinnett, an erstwhile Evansville boy, is the husband of the former **Marion Moser**, daughter of **Fred and Lydia Freitag Moser**. Still a patient at Percy Jones Gen. Hosp., Battle Creek, Mich., where he arrived June 2nd, Lyle is now spending a several weeks’ furlough at the Moser home.

On the morning of Jan 4th, the “dueling” between the Yanks and Ratzis in this particular area of the Belgian Bulge was especially severe. An American airborne unit was experiencing great difficulty in taking an enemy strong point and a heavy snow fall was not simplifying operations. The battle now reached a new crescendo of fury with the Germaniacs literally pouring shells from their 88s into the area to check the advancing tanks while they converged upon them.

It wasn’t long before a German shell struck Lyle’s tank. It was a crippling blow, but nevertheless the crew kept the vehicle plunging deeper and deeper into the battle. Fragments from the shell glanced off the bough gunner’s hatch, tore through the tube of Lyle’s 76 mm gun, took off the end of a 30 calibre gun, and glanced off the shield. The bough gunner received severe back wounds which later proved fatal, but he succeeded in getting out of the tank. Soon a German 88 shell ripped through the boggy wheel on the left side of the tank. One by one the seven tanks were being knocked out now, victims of deadly German 88 fire.

Shortly a third and direct hit stopped Lyle's tank in its tracks, severely wounding him in the legs and left wrist and knocking him unconscious. Apparently two of the remaining four members of the crew were almost instantly killed. When Lyle regained his senses, the tank was on fire. In desperation, he struggled to get up and out through the hatch of the vehicle because he was well aware that it would be only a matter of minutes – possible only seconds – before the flames would reach either the gasoline tank or the ammunition supply.

Although suffering painfully from his leg and wrist wounds, Lyle succeeded in raising himself through the hatch of the tank and then let himself drop to the ground. As he struggled through the opening, he could hear his canoneer screaming. The latter had been severely wounded. Moreover, the flames were closing in on the poor fellow, this cutting off any possibility he might have had of escaping to safety.

Badly shaken when he struck the ground and enduring indescribable pain from his wounds, Lyle was able to drag himself to a spot only ten feet away from the tank where he turned and watched it burn. The screams of the canoneer were becoming more and more faint now and Lyle's thoughts became a rush of conflicting emotions as he realized how helpless he was to help his trapped buddy.

Suddenly the ammunition began to go off, popping like giant firecrackers. Soon a deathly silence fell over the battered tank – a strange and ghastly silence punctuated by the thunder of battle.

Sole survivor of the original crew of five soldiers, Lyle lay there in the deep snow, greatly weakened from shock and loss of blood. His left leg was bleeding badly. He was also struck in the right thigh which bore two long shrapnel wounds. A piece of flying steel had hit his wrist watch, driving it into his left wrist. The deep indentation of the watch in his wrist caused another painful wound, but the protection it afforded against the shrapnel is credited with saving his hand.

It wasn't long before two infantrymen spotted Lyle and they rushed to his aid, applying a tourniquet to his left leg. Bravely they tried to carry him to the rear, but soon the Germaniacs began centering their fire in their direction and the infantrymen had no other choice than to temporarily abandon Lyle in the protection of a nearby ditch. It was 1 p.m. now and he was forced to lay in the snow in freezing weather until nearly 8 p.m. with enemy shells frequently exploding dangerously close to him. Several times he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Very luckily, Lyle had just regained consciousness a little before 8 o'clock and he could hear men running about near him. He called to them for help and an army sergeant, who happened to be standing right beside Lyle at the moment, looked down at him in amazement and exclaimed, "Why, we thought you were dead!"

Because they thought Lyle was dead, the medics were attending wounded Yanks in need of emergency care. By the time they would have reached Lyle under those circumstances, however, he may not have survived his wounds so it was an extremely lucky stroke of fate, indeed, that he regained consciousness right at that moment.

The medics immediately placed Lyle on a stretcher and carried him back to the field hospital. Because it had been frozen, thus cutting off the circulation, his left leg had to be amputated below the hip. An incision five inches long was made in the muscular part of the upper left arm and shorter incisions in both forearms near the elbow bends to enable the doctors to probe for veins which had collapsed badly from loss of blood and Lyle, of course, was in urgent need of blood transfusions. Two long incisions, extending from the knee to the ankle, were also made in the fleshy part of the lower right leg to relieve gangrene and a deep vein poisoning. For the first six days, his condition was so critical that nurses were with him every minute of the day and night.

It was after Lyle was definitely out of danger that one of the army surgeons told him that “Your chances weren’t worth a wooden nickle,” adding, “We just thought you were another fellow that would be a waste of time and supplies.”

For nine weeks, Lyle was given a shot of penicillin at regular intervals both day and night – or approximately three thousand dollars’ worth. When he was eventually removed to a hospital in England, gangrene had developed in his right foot, the circulation of which also had been hampered by freezing when he was forced to lay in the ditch for seven long, seemingly endless hours when the infantrymen had to abandon him there. Amputation of all of the toes was found necessary. Before leaving for England, where he had four operations altogether, Lyle had submitted to three operations in France and he doesn’t recall just how much surgery he had while hospitalized in the Belgian Bulge area.

“It’s a wonder they didn’t amputate the whole foot instead of just the toes,” reminisces Lyle, whose cheerfulness and splendid spirit in the face of so much pain and adversity have been an inspiration to his many army buddies and other friends, “Because it was as black as tar.”

Even now there is a possibility that Lyle’s right foot will have to be amputated because he has no feeling in it and no control over it. In fact, army surgeons have been debating the advisability of amputating the member for the past several weeks. He has already had one operation on each leg since arriving at Percy Jones Gen. Hosp., from which it is likely that he will not be dismissed for another twelve months.

Mrs. Sinnett has a clerical position in the Red Cross office of the hospital, having assumed these duties July 3.

SPEAKING OF MIRACLES—

Whenever there is a discussion of miracles, one automatically thinks of the narrow escape from death experienced by **Pfc. Johnny Frehner**, now returned to civilian life, who was critically wounded in a battle against the Germans near Frankfurt March 24.

The day was cold and clear. The advance of Johnny’s company had been held up by four nests of German machine guns ambushed along the edge of a timber across an open field. It was the nest on the corner of the timber which was causing the most trouble and so a platoon of men, including Johnny, was ordered to knock it out.

Crawling along on their stomachs, the whole platoon moved forward until the Yanks reached a point only about 60 yards away from the corner nest, the position of which was betrayed by the Ratzi gunners who, for some strange reason, were shooting some tracer bullets. The air was filled with the chatter of machine guns and rifle retorts as the platoon moved forward with its members pausing every now and then to fire at the enemy position. The Germans were also hurling mortar and artillery shells into the area.

Johnny had crawled just a short distance farther when he felt a sharp, stinging sensation in his left shoulder, a sensation which flashed diagonally down across his body. He had been hit by a 31 calibre German machine gun bullet which entered the tip of the shoulder, narrowly missed the heart as it passed between that vital organ and the spine, nicked his right lung and collapsed the lower section of it, and then passed out just above the hip.

Speaking of miracles!

Finding it difficult to breathe and spitting up much blood at first, Johnny turned and began crawling back toward the rear as best he could. Progress was extremely slow because almost every move Johnny made caused him a sharp twinge of pain. In fact, it took him at least two hours to cover two hundred yards. Here a medic – there is one assigned to each platoon – gave Johnny first

aid and then he laid there for several hours until stretcher bearers came along and carried him to the battalion aid station which was reached about 2 p.m.

From here Johnny was removed to the 30th Field Hospital, situated in a little German town back across the Rhine. In a critical condition, the local soldier submitted to an operation for the removal of two ribs to enable surgeons to patch up his injured lung. For almost all of the eight days Johnny was in the field hospital, he was under an oxygen tent and he was still in considerable pain.

Once out of danger, Johnny was flown to Paris by plane, and after a day and a night in a hospital there, on to England where he was hospitalized until his departure for the United States May 25th. He arrived in New York City on June 8th. From there Johnny was sent to Brooke General Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where he was discharged from the service September 1st. During the most critical period of his illness, Johnny fell off rapidly in weight, dropping to 140 pounds. Upon his release from the army, however, Johnny had regained all of his lost weight and then some – tipping the scales at 180 pounds.

LT. “BOB” AMANS LEFT COLORFUL RECORD—

Lt. “Bob” Amans, who was **killed in action** April 12th on the little island of Jolo just south of the Philippine island of Mindanao, left a colorful military record behind him as a monument to his memory.

“Bob,” who belonged to Co. I, 163rd Inf., 41st Division, was originally a member of Monroe’s Co. K, having enlisted from Monticello. Co. K was flown with other 32nd Division troops by air transport from Australia to New Guinea in May of 1942 in a maneuver to stem the tidal wave of Japs then swarming down from the north and threatening to roll into Australia. Here was a crucial turning point in the Pacific war because the gallant 32nd threw back the Termites from Tokyo and opened the way for the long trek back to the Philippines.

Here, too, was where “Bob” distinguished himself as the leader of the first patrol to kill the first Jap of the New Guinea campaign, thus starting a string of thrilling exploits which brought him publicity in the metropolitan press of the nation, including three Chicago newspapers and the Detroit News. He was also mentioned in LIFE and pictured with his platoon in LOOK magazine.

Writing about “Bob” in the **Chicago Tribune** during the New Guinea campaign, War Correspondent **Murlin Spencer** declared:

“At one pillbox, it was believed some Japs were still inside. Amans took a grenade and stood poised at the entrance of the pillbox like a football player awaiting the signal for the kickoff. He turned to make sure the others stood back and then he tossed the grenade. He dropped to the ground until there was a shaking explosion and then he charged the door, pistol cracking. No Japs came out.”

From then on, “Bob’s” career was packed with exciting and harrowing experiences. There was the time, also during the New Guinea campaign, when “Bob” and his outfit were making their way through tall, sharp-bladed grass. It was in the forenoon. Suddenly the Japs opened up on them with blistering machine gun fire. Instinctively, the Yanks hit the ground. One of “Bob’s” buddies was a little slow in reacting, however, and he was caught in the stomach by a burst of bullets. He lay dying just a few feet away from “Bob,” his face etched in agony. It was hot – terribly hot – and “Bob” wanted desperately to give his buddy a drink of water and to aid him otherwise, but he didn’t dare move because the Japs were now spraying the area with machine gun fire only a foot off the ground. Even the slightest move might mean death so “Bob” was forced to watch his buddy’s life ebb slowly away, utterly helpless to relieve his thirst or pain. On through those long, dragging hours of the afternoon and evening and right up to midnight, the Japs laid down this withering barrage of

machine gun fire, pinning the Yanks almost motionless to the ground in this extremely uncomfortable and precarious position.

Still in the New Guinea campaign, "Bob", by then a staff sergeant, was wounded in both legs at Buna Nov. 18, 1942, for which he was awarded the Purple Heart. Later he was twice offered a second lieutenancy, but he refused it both times. Eventually he was "spot commissioned." In other words, "Bob's" commanding officer told him "You're it!" and he had no other alternative but to accept the promotion.

Lt. Amans was killed when an enemy bullet severed the main artery of his right arm shortly after his company had driven the Japs from a hill position. "He died almost immediately from loss of blood," relates **Capt. Everett L. Villwock** of Co. I. "I asked the battalion surgeon to go forward to attend Bob personally. Although he hurried as fast as possible, he arrived too late."

Thus ended the life of Lt. "Bob" Amans, a young man of flaming courage, who was so fond of the army that he planned to make it his career.

MY SINCERE THANKS—

To these Drizzle donators, a number of whom have made donations regularly every month, and also to all Drizzle friends who contributed at any time in the past: **Blumer Brewing Co.**, Monroe; **Dr. H. J. Horne**, **Dr. B. L. Clarke**, **Albert Marty**, **Sam Pierce**, **Jake Burgy**, **F. H. Steinmann**, **Frankie Loveland**, **Leon Gempeler**, **F. G. Blum**, Madison; **Dr. L. A. Moore**, **Wm. Lemon**, Monroe; **Ken Klassy**, **F. Baumgartner**, **Warren Prisk**, **Jake Wittenwyler**, **August Burgi**, **H. Krueger**, **Fred Werner Blum**, **Edna Babler**, **J. Minnig**, **H. Feenje**, **Edwin Schlittler**, **Earl Sarbacker**, **Rudy Switz**, **Harriet Sheeler**, **Mrs. A. Kistler**, **Irma Baebler Marty**, **Jac. Wilds**, **E. Robert**, **F. C. Karlen**, **Fred Karlen, Jr.**, **Mrs. J. Zeller**, **Luke Kittleson**, **Doris Curtis**, **Madison**; **F. H. Marty**, **Anonymous**, **John Theiler**, Milwaukee; **Mrs. C. L. Stillman**, Wauwatosa.

AND SO—

This brings us to the end of the last Drizzle, this also bringing an end to the entire series which was inaugurated on July 15, 1943. In farewell, may I express the wish that all of you, servicemen and other readers alike, have had as much enjoyment in reading The Drizzle as I have had preparing it. **So Long!**

A. News article from The Capital Times, July 5, 1945, Sunday Section.

Richards' Paper Has the Homey Touch Those Far From Home Always Crave

A Letter From Each Price of Subscription

By Peggy Penny

MONTICELLO, Wis.—It takes more than giant presses, tons of paper, gallons of ink and scores of editors, reporters and photographers to make a newspaper great. It takes a heart, a sense of news and a feeling for the homey touch of hometown life surging around the community.

You won't find the Monticello Drizzle listed among the big names in newspapers in the nation, state or even county, but you will find that it has captured the heart of its 350 subscribers and they are going to find it hard to be without a copy if it fails to make an appearance on its scheduled once-a-month publication date.



THE CHIEF editor, reporter, rewrite man and desk man all rolled into one is Roswell (Roz) Richards. His make-up man, composing room foreman and printer is Mrs. Richards and in the circulation department are Miss Marian Stauffer and Rosanda Rae Richards, 5.

The paper started as a "drizzle" of 10 or 12 copies in July, 1943, and on its second anniversary it has reached the proportions of a "downpour" of 350 copies. Originally Richards wrote to 10 or 12 of the local "boys in service" and used a carbon in his typewriter to save time. His first subscribers were so enthused about the letter with the news from home, that Richards got the inspiration for a small paper with news of servicemen, townspeople, interesting letters, and tidbits of news from here and there to interest those far from home.



THE SUBSCRIPTION price for the first edition was the same as the present rate—A Letter a Drizzle—and judging from the pile of letters on his desk, all his subscribers pay promptly.

Now only about 125 copies of the Drizzle go to servicemen. The rest go to former residents and graduates of the Monticello high school and townspeople who pass the paper on from one home to another and then bring it back to Richards who gives it to someone else in town to continue its journey. One copy of the paper may be read by 10 or 12 residents of the community, and there is no telling how many times a copy is read, re-read and passed on in some far off foxhole.

A capricious flight of fancy on the part of Editor Richards gave the paper its name in 1943, or as he puts it, "It was the first thing that came into my mind so I called it The Monticello Drizzle."



AT FIRST the Drizzle contained humorous anecdotes, letters from men in service, wit (from the Editor's pen) and wisecracks from one serviceman to another conveyed through the pages of the paper and given an occasional boost from Richards. At the present time, and for several months past, Richards has endeavored to bring to light the more serious side of the servicemen's news and the purpose of the paper is to make it an accurate record of the part played by Monticello servicemen

and women in World War II. He has received several excellent accounts of life in prisoner of war camps, foxholes, air bases, and other places where a serviceman lives and works.

One of the best ways to demonstrate the homey touch which the Drizzle employs to get its news across is by quoting a passage or two from its pages.

In the May 28 issue the column "Rambling at Random," carried the following home-style news:

Leo Folts, PhM 1/c, who returned to the states in February after 19 enjoyable months at a marine base in Cuba, is highly pleased with his new assignment at the navy diesel school, Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Beloit. 'Never expected a deal like this.' Says Leo, "Only the doctor and myself in the medical department. I have every night and weekend off. Outside of my uniform, I feel like a civilian and what a feeling it is!"



NOT BEING exclusively for servicemen and women, the Drizzle also contains news of former Monticello men and women such as "Slim" Freitag, who has recently become affiliated with the Stinson division, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.

Besides the "Rambling at Random" column there is the "This-'n'-That's column and "From the Pen-'n'-Pencil Fronts."

Publishing the Drizzle isn't the only job of Richards. He is also postmaster of Monticello, and the Drizzle is a "spare time" occupation.

One of the fondest dreams is to see the "best from the Drizzle" put into book form, and to this end he is saving his pennies so as to finance the venture alone if need be. After publication in the April Drizzle of a tribute to the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Richards sent out a few extra copies and received congratulatory letters from Gov. Walter S. Goodland, Robert St. John, Joseph E. Davies and other prominent men. The newspaper was also the subject of an article in "The Quill," magazine of Sigma Delta Chi, National Journalism fraternity. Richards expects to have plenty of material for his book as he has printed between 120,000 and 130,000 words since the paper started.

With a subscription list of only 10 or 12, it was easy for Richards to print almost all of the letters which came back in "payment," but with the increased circulation this has become impossible and he now has the job of culling the letters and printing only those which are unusual or particularly "newsy."



PRINTER'S INK runs deep in the veins of Editor Richards. His father, S. E. Richards, owned the "Monticello Messenger" for 40 years, and Roswell Richards was editor of the paper from 1928 until his father sold it to C. M. Wittenwyler in 1936. As a student at the university, he drove from Madison to Monticello two or three times a week to help edit the "Messenger." He received his degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1928.

Besides being editor of the local paper, he was correspondent for both The Capital Times and the Wisconsin State Journal in Madison and the Milwaukee Journal.

The high school commercial classes typed the addresses on the envelopes during the school year, but now that vacation has arrived Miss Stauffer does the job and takes the paper to the post office for mailing. Mrs. Richards runs the editions off on the mimeograph, and Rosanda Rae, helps as best she can with the work of publishing a newspaper.

B. Magazine article from *The Quill*, Vol XXXII – No. 5, September-October 1944, page 18

Postmaster (A Newspaperman Once) Now Publishes Servicemen's "Paper"

By DAN ALBRECHT

This entertaining account of how a newspaperman, turned postmaster, is using his Journalistic talents to do his bit for the war effort and help build morale in the armed forces was written by Dan Albrecht, a member of the editorial staff of the Elkhart (Ind.) Daily Truth. He and Richard's were classmates and SDX brothers at the University of Wisconsin.

When Roswell S. Richards (Wisconsin '28) and his father, S. Earle Richards, disposed of their weekly paper, the *Monticello (Wis.) Messenger* (at) several years ago, Roswell decided that he was probably through with active newspaper work. As he settled into his new duties as Monticello postmaster, Roswell's newshunting instincts dulled a bit and he got so he could almost hear the village fire bell ring without wanting to dash down the street and cover the story.

Then came the war. For a time, things went on about as before. More and more Monticello young men streamed off to the training camps. They included practically all the unattached lads who used to gather at the village garage and hash over the University of Wisconsin's athletic fortunes (Monticello is only 35 miles from Madison), the relative merits of the Cubs and White Sox, and other favorite topics. Richards wrote regularly to 8 or 10 of his friends who had gone into service and it was while he was pounding out a letter to one of the boys last summer that the idea occurred to him—why not publish a mimeographed paper every month or so that would keep the home town boys in touch with each other and with events in Monticello?

His first step was to assemble a page or so of gossip notes about boys in the service and send them, in a mimeographed letter, to 15 acquaintances. Their response was enthusiastic and he then proceeded to expand his publication to its present format, six legal-size pages of single-spaced typewritten material. Richards called his brain-child the Monticello *Drizzle*, he says, because that happened to be the first name that came to his mind. His subscription terms are: one letter per month from each recipient of the *Drizzle* who is in uniform. He doesn't hold strictly to that rule, however, because 25 or 30 letters between issues give him all the material he needs.

From its modest start, the *Drizzle* has grown until it now has a circulation of 225, an impressive figure when one realizes that the village of Monticello at the last census had just 714 residents. Many of the Army and Navy subscribers, of course, are from the nearby rural area but they are all regarded as home-towners. In addition to the copies sent to men in uniform, about 25 or 30 go to former Monticello residents who are now in other cities and others to families of the young men now in Uncle Sam's employ.

"The *Drizzle* is made up almost entirely of letters written by Monticello boys all over the world." Richards explains, "In this way, by writing to me, they can exchange greetings, experiences and wisecracks. Because war furnishes so much tragedy, I strive to make the *Drizzle* chatty and

cheering, stressing the humorous side of things. I try to conduct it as if all the boys were seated right around me in a big family circle and we were swapping yarns with each other. To promote this spirit of good fun and kidding among the service men, I interject personal comments throughout. I try to present the stuff as humorously as I can so that the boys will get some chuckles out of it, but I confess I often fall considerably short of my objective.”

“No matter how often the boys write to me, nearly all of them mention in every letter how grateful they are for the *Drizzle* and what a swell idea they think it is. One of the nicest and simplest little tributes I have ever received was this from Vincent Gerry, a paratrooper last heard from in England: ‘God bless all the boys and Roz.’”

Richards’ news training and his years of experience as editor of a country weekly—he helped his father to get out the sheet even while he was a student at Wisconsin—show clearly in his handling of material for the *Drizzle*. It’s not hard to believe that readers regard the *Drizzle*, with its infectious chit-chat and constant recollections of happier days, as some thing just as good as, if not actually better than, a letter from home. When he started his publication, Richards expected to finance it himself. He reports now, however, that it is self-supporting through contributions from various Monticello citizens. He has also acquired a volunteer staff, consisting of two girls who address the envelopes, another who cuts the mimeograph stencils, a boy who runs them off on the mimeographing machine and a boy who folds and inserts them in the envelopes.

Obviously, the *Drizzle* takes up a lot of Richards’ time, but he doesn’t talk about building morale or doing his bit for the war effort. He’s just trying to make sure that a lot of boys from a green little village in the hills of southern Wisconsin get a regular consignment of that remarkable antidote called News From Home. And it’s as certain as tomorrow’s sunrise that those boys won’t soon forget it.

C. The Obituary of Mr. Roswell S. Richards, Monticello Messenger, September 26 , 1946.

“Roz” Richards, 40, Formerly Editor of Messenger, Expires

Prominent Monticello Man Dies in Home Saturday After Long Illness

Residents of the village and the surrounding community were unashamed of the tears that swelled into their eyes Saturday afternoon when they learned that Roswell S. Richards, 40 years of age, highly esteemed life-long resident of Monticello, had passed away at about 2:15 at his home after an illness of about four months duration.

Mr. Richards' untimely death, which left the village and surrounding community plunged into the depths of despair and sincere sadness, was the result of a rare ailment diagnosed as enlargement of the lymphatic glands, a disease which medical authorities were unable to combat. Last May he submitted to an operation for goitre. Then it was discovered that he was the victim of the glandular ailment. “Roz,” as he was familiarly referred to by his many friends and acquaintances, suffered untold agony during the last days he was with his family and friends and only his unabating determination to continue his struggle enabled him to remain with us during the last hours.

Native of Village

Roswell S. Richards was born in Monticello Dec. 2, 1905, the son of S. Earle and Ida Zwickey Richards. He attended the Monticello high school, where he excelled in athletic activities, and graduated with the class of 1923. Journalism was his chosen profession after he had become interested in newspaper work when a mere boy in his father's shop here, the home of the Monticello Messenger, and he completed the course in journalism at the University of Wisconsin in 1928. His interest in the affairs of The Messenger was so intense that he made trips to Monticello each week in his last two years at Madison to assist with the work of publishing the paper. On Aug. 2, 1928, he was united in marriage to Yolanda Elmer, the ceremony taking place in Monroe. That year he became associated with his father as editor of The Messenger and continued in that capacity until the paper was disposed of to the present owner in 1936. He had served as postmaster in Monticello for 13 years, assuming the position in 1933.

Sterling Character

The death of “Roz” has taken from the community an individual of indelible honesty and sterling character, a man who always adhered rigidly to the ideals and beliefs for which he worked untiringly. In serving the public he was never too busy to dispense with the heavy mail distributions and give counsel and aid to any of the hundreds of patrons who filed in and out of the postoffice each day. His broad smile and friendly greeting were inseparable characteristics which his myriad of friends in the village and community and far around always associated with him.

Possessed of a buoyant and good natured disposition, “Roz” always maintained a jovial attitude when he was the subject of a “ribbing” by his friends but always retaliated with a jest that was just a bit on a higher plane. In the many years in which he served the public, both as a newspaper editor and postmaster in Monticello, he always made every effort to please the people

whom he associated with. He took great pride in his work and accomplishments and the results of his efforts reflected the conscientious manner in which he applied himself to his tasks.

The death of Mr. Richards has emphasized the high esteem with which he was regarded in his community. He was well liked by everyone and the reasons are clearly apparent. His unwavering honesty and his unfailing geniality were only a few of the admirable characteristics which won him the wholesome respect of his fellow citizens. His cheerful greetings and ready smiles will long be remembered by his wide acquaintanceship.

An energetic and progressive young man, his loss to the community will long be felt. Many thousands of copies of his mimeographed paper, "The Drizzle" a timely publication filled with the events of the village and community, the welfare of our people in service and other items, interspersed with the kind of humor and wit which he wrote so fluently, were sent to service men and women from Monticello during World War II.

Won Many Prizes

At an early age "Roz" began to spend much time around The Messenger office and it was not long before he had the printing bug. Endowed with a thorough knowledge of the operation of a newspaper, Mr. Richards began thinking in terms of an improved paper. In 1935 his entries in the Sigma Delta Chi Better Newspaper contests won many awards and national honors were also won by The Messenger that year.

Mr. Richards was a member of the Zwingli Evangelical and Reformed church, Monticello, and was affiliated with Sigma Delta Chi, honorary professional journalism fraternity.

Mr. Richards excelled in writing and his work and ethics were a credit to the profession.

Surviving are the bereaved widow; two daughters, Rosanda Rae and Ronda Kay; his father, S. Earle Richards, Monticello, and one sister, Mrs. Charles J. Niles, Monroe. He was preceded in death by his mother and one son at birth.

Funeral Tuesday

Funeral services were held at 2 Tuesday afternoon at the Zwingli Evangelical and Reformed church. The Rev. A. R. Achtemeier, church pastor, officiated, and burial was in Highland cemetery. Pallbearers were: Carl Dick, Dr. Wm. V. Baebler, C. W. Karlen, W. D. Elmer and Thomas Brusveen, Monticello, and R. H. Schoonover, Monroe.

D. The Obituary of Mr. Roswell S. Richards, **The Monroe Evening Times**, September 23, 1946

Roswell Richards, Monticello, Dies

Roswell S. Richards, 40, postmaster at Monticello and promising young man of the village who early in his career was marked by outstanding success in the newspaper business as editor and publisher of the Monticello Messenger, succumbed to prolonged illness at his home Saturday afternoon. He passed away at 2:45 o'clock. Since May he had been hospitalized several times but during recent weeks he had been at home.

He was victim of an uncommon disease definitely diagnosed as progressive enlargement of the lymphatic glands from which there was no relief. His general health had not been impaired apparently and nature of the ailment was not revealed except as neck surgery failed to check the spread of the derangement to other glands.

Youngest Postmaster

He was a young man who was well respected and highly regarded at Monticello, where his illness and untimely death stirred deepest sympathy. His abilities and energies had been demonstrated in various activities in the interest of the home community. Appointed postmaster when he was 28 he was the youngest man ever to hold the postal post at Monticello.

His interest since he was a boy in school centered in the newspaper founded in the Richards family 50 years ago. He operated the machine typesetter and while away at the university taking full time journalism he edited the Messenger during his junior and senior years. He motored home 38 miles in the afternoon twice a week to cover the news sources, writing and setting his stories at night, returning to his university studies in the morning.

Sold to Wittenwyler

Graduating from the Monticello high school in June, 1923, he entered the University of Wisconsin and in 1928, he became editor and publisher of the Messenger, succeeding his father, Earl S. Richards, who remained active in the business 40 years until May 8, 1936, when he disposed of the paper to C. M. Wittenwyler. The grandfather, James Richards, Monticello merchant, founded the paper in 1898.

The young Mr. Richards had been presented numerous awards in recognition of his outstanding newspaper work during his editorship. He held membership in Sigma Delta Chi, honorary professional journalism fraternity. Retiring with sale of the Messenger 10 years ago he expected to re-enter newspaper work in a larger field but his plans were altered by the war and illness.

Service to Veterans

During World War II he gave time and talent to an individual contribution to the cause at home by publishing a homey 4-page mimeographed letter devoted entirely to the soldiers interest, mailed free monthly to army, navy, and marine corp men from Monticello and vicinity, expense of which was shared by voluntary contributions. It enabled service men to keep in touch with home and each other and proved a service that was highly valued at home as well as at the front.

The son of S. Earl and Ida Zwickey Richards, he was born Dec. 2, 1905, in Monticello. He was married soon after his graduation from U. W. to Yolanda Elmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Elmer, in Monroe, the ceremony taking place Aug. 2, 1928, in Immanuel Evangelical church, this city. They had always made their home in Monticello where they were members of Zwingli Evangelical and Reformed church and were active in social life.

Survivors

Surviving are his wife and two daughters, Rosanda Rae, and Ronda Kay; his father, S. Earl Richards, of Monticello, and one sister, Mrs. Charles J. Niles, 1315 21st Avenue, Monroe. His mother and an infant son are deceased.

Roswell S. Richards was named postmaster at Monticello in July, 1933, receiving recess appointment on the endorsement of United States Sen. F. Ryan Duffy. He succeeded Ed. S. Blum, Republican incumbent. Mr. Richards was a progressive Republican and La Follette supporter.

Rev. A. R. Achtemeier of Zwingli Evangelical and Reformed church, will officiate at church rites at 2 Tuesday at Monticello. Burial will be in Highland cemetery. The body is at Voegeli funeral home where friends may call until it is removed at noon Tuesday to Zwingli church to lie in state until time of the service.

Pallbearers will be Carl Dick, Dr. William V. Baebler, Wilbert Elmer, Cloyance Karlen, Thomas Brusveen, Monticello; and R. H. Schoonover, Monroe.

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