



## INTRODUCTION

This is a collection of letters received by the Burt Parkinson, Owner/Editor of *The Gardner Chronicle* from servicemen. He sent the paper to servicemen upon receiving an address for them, so they could share in the news from home.

The original letters were assembled into a scrapbook and were donated to the Danner Madsen American Legion and Auxiliary Post #663. In 2012, they were subsequently given to the Gardner Archives in the Village Hall for safekeeping. They are currently displayed in a locked cabinet. Due to the age of the letters they are very fragile, and some of them are hard to read. That is why the letters have been typed and assembled in this binder.

I planned to preserve the integrity of the letters, and transcribe them as written, including misspellings and other errors. After typing a few of them, I changed my mind and corrected the mistakes. It just did not seem fair to the memory of these brave servicemen. Included are some terms now considered derogatory and no longer politically correct, but they were commonly used at the time. Please do not take offense, none is intended.

The locations of the servicemen from where they were stationed at the time of the letters are shown, however, the addresses are eliminated. Their ranks are also given, as some of them received promotions during their service.

The letters have been arranged in date order. An alphabetical list is also included, in the event one is looking for a particular name.

*Fort Bragg, North Carolina*

Fort Bragg, N.C.  
Dec. 7, 1941  
Sunday - noon

Dear Bert:

Well, I am in the Army now. I am in Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The weather sure is nice down here just like they say, go south for the winter. Nice and warm in the day time but a little chilly in the evenings. I hope the weather is not too cold up there. I am in the field artillery in the Army. Is this part of the country ever sandy, what they call the real red sand. Boy, is there ever hills and lots of timber down here.

Is there anything going on in Gardner that I am missing? Tell everybody hello from me. I had better sign off for now, I have too many letters to write so better get at them.

I have to write my girlfriend and my sisters a letter too.  
Will write you more later. Be good for now.

From Benny

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*

*Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico*

Dec. 30, 1941

(Addressed to Mrs. Allen)

Dear Mrs. Allan:

I would like to thank you and your organization for the card and gift that I received. Really and truly, I was very much surprised. You can't imagine the feeling I got when I received such a nice gift from people that I didn't know.

You see, a lot of us fellows in the Army are forgotten by the folks back home. Then when a fellow realizes that some people remember him, it sure gives us a grand feeling.

Sincerely,  
Allen

*Cpl. Allen A. Pichon*



*Fort Ord, California*

Jan. 7, 1942

(Sent to Danner-Madsen Post Auxiliary)

Dear Friends:

I received your package alright, and appreciate everything you sent. Everything you sent is just what a soldier can use.

Now I will tell you a little about the trip I've taken since I have been in the Army, and the climate in California where I am. I was in Aberdeen Proving Ground for thirteen weeks, and that was a very nice Camp. I had basic training for eight weeks and the rest I went to school. I was an instructor there in tractors, up to the time I went to Raritan Arsenal in New Jersey. I was in the Arsenal for two weeks lacking three days. I had drilling there also and instructions on the rifle. There were just two companies of us there. I belonged to the 58th Ord. Co., but they were on maneuvers at the time when I went there, and I was in the 66th temporarily until they came back. They came back about a week after I was there, but still I remained in the 66th, because they had enough men at the time. On the night that the 66th got notice to come out here, I was then put into the 58th for about an hour, then was transferred into the 66th as a member of their company, because they never had enough to go out as a company.

Well, we left there on the 21st of December to Camp Haan, and worked hard to get things packed up to be on our way. It took us five days and nights to go from coast to coast. Had some wonderful eats on the train, and after that, it was hard to go back to Army chow, but after all the chow isn't bad. We were in Camp Haan for three days and had to pack our things and shove off for Fort Ord, where I've been for the past two weeks, and looks like we might stay for awhile yet, I hope. This also is a very nice camp, and there are around twenty-five thousand soldiers here, and still will hold more. Have lots of conveniences for us here, to pass the evenings, and they are service clubs, shows, and at the service club, have everything that you can find to pass the evenings, like I said.

I'm driving an Army truck, which keeps me busy and passes the time also. I drive the officers around to places they have to go. I get to see the Camp, from the inside and out, and by that I mean, driving to most of the places inside, and we go outside to other Camps that the officers have business at.

A little about the weather or climate, it rained for a couple days and nights when we first got here, but it finally quit, so in the daytime we go around in shirt sleeves in the sunshine, so you see it's quite different in the kind of weather you are having. At evenings it's a little cool, on account I guess from being so close to the Pacific Ocean. To come from Camp Haan to Fort Ord, we rode along the ocean for miles and miles, and ended up pretty close to it, that's where our barracks are located.

Well, dear friends, I didn't know if you would like to hear all of the above or not, but I thought you would like it along with "Thank You" for your package. So I'll close with thanks to everyone who sent everything.

Yours,  
Glenn Wise

*Pvt. Glenn P. Wise*



*Fort Bragg, North Carolina*

Jan. 22, 1942

Dear Bert:

Just a line to tell you I am just fine here in the sunny south. The weather is nice here. I'm sure glad I get the Gardner paper, for I get a lot of news from it that I would otherwise not get to hear. How is everyone in good old Gardner since I have left. I think I will be sent to a different camp soon. Hope I get closer to home, then I can come and see my old pals back in Gardner. Has very many boys left since I went to the Army. Here is some of my Army life so far. I get up at 6 o'clock in the morning, stand for reveille 10 minutes later, then breakfast at 7:00. And then we work hard all day to become good soldiers for the Army. We finish at 4:30 in the evening and stand retreat at 5:00, then supper at 6:00. After chow we have it all to ourselves. Then we write letters to our dear ones. Then at 9 o'clock the lights go out, and bed check is at 11 o'clock, when we should be asleep until 6:00 in the morning.

Thanks again for sending me the paper, and I hope I keep on getting it.

Best wishes to all, I'll try to keep 'em flying for all in my home town, and the rest of the U.S.A.

I remain as ever  
Benny Mollerskov

P.S. Sure was a nice picture of young Bert in the other paper.

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*

*(no location)*

Feb. 1, 1942

Dear Parky / Mr. Parkinson:

I've been moved around so much and expect to keep on moving so much that I'm afraid your paper will never catch up to me. I have to streamline my correspondence; so I suggest that you don't send me the paper, as you'll very seldom have the right address in your office. My mother keeps me posted on the biggest of the hi-lights.

Enclosed you will find five bucks to help defray some of the expense of sending papers to us boys and to show my appreciation for the papers I have received. I've enjoyed them. Please don't mention anything about the money (or print it) if you have a notion to.

I like the Army much better since I've been commissioned. The money shows you it makes me a little more flush.

Sincerely,  
Ray Tyler

*Raymond Tyler*



Mississippi

Feb. 14, 1942

Dear Bert:

Just a line to tell you I am in tip-top shape here in camp. Hope everyone in good old Gardner is just fine also. We are having nice summer weather down here in Mississippi. They tell me it has been cold this winter back in Illinois.

I like this camp very much, they have assigned me as a truck mechanic here. I have 14 trucks to keep in running order at all times. As the Army would say, "Keep 'em Rolling."

We get Saturday afternoon off, and all day Sunday. We work hard all thru the week to become good soldiers. I got my first copy of the *Gardner Chronicle* last week. Am looking for the second one tomorrow. I'm sure glad to get it, for then I know just what is going on at home all the time. I see in the paper where the Firemen are putting on another dance this year again. Sure wish I could be there to help them celebrate their Fireman's Ball. Tell them all hello, and that I am just fine here.

I wish to thank you for sending me the paper each week. Am sure glad to get it. Tell all my pals hello.

Have them write me once in awhile. I'll be glad to answer any letter I get, for it gets lonesome here some times.

Well, I'll sign off now and write more later.

I am, as ever  
Soldier Benny

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*

*Camp Gordon, Georgia*

Feb. 15, 1942

Hello, Burt,

Just a line to let you know I've been getting your papers & sure have been glad to get them.

I suppose you want to know what I do here, so--

I'm a topographical draftsman of the Army Combat Intelligence (a long name but it tells what I am). Sure do like it, all office work so I don't mind it.

The weather here is swell. Run around here without any shirt & can go swimming if you want to. Sure is swell. We're about 125 miles from the coast & we're at Augusta, Ga. now.

I've been all around the south since I've been here, everywhere from Louisiana east to North & South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi. In fact, all the South-eastern states, but I wouldn't take them all for just a small part of Illinois, & in my mind they should give them back to the Indians.

By the time you get this letter I'll be permanently stationed at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. I'm leaving tomorrow morning at 8:00. So will see you soon (I hope!)

About all, so will sign off.

Cpl. James E. Barrett

P.S. Earl to you

*Cpl. James E. Barrett*



*Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico*

March 4, 1942

Dear Friends,

I don't know your names, but I want to thank you for the box that you sent me. It has been a long time since I've gotten a box from anyone as nice as it was. You can't imagine how it makes a person feel to receive something from friends at home. You see, sometimes friends forget you when you're away.

The next time if ever, please put your names in the box. You see it makes a fellow feel much more at home.

Sincerely,  
Allen

*Cpl. Allen A. Pichon*

*Camp Polk, Louisiana*

Mar. 8, 1942

Dear Bert:

Well, Bert, received your paper & sure glad to get it. I want to thank you very much as it is nice to read the news from home. I am not much at writing letters but when you are in the Army, it is nice to receive mail and that is one way to keep it coming, is to write. I sure have got a lot of mail from the friends back home. I always thought I had a lot of friends, but now I know for sure I have.

Well, the Army is all right but, like all the rest, I would rather be home. I like it fine so far. It is a very easy life. The only thing, when pay day comes along it doesn't amount to much. It isn't like the pay day that I had when I was driving for the Treasure Trucking & Coal Co. I sure miss the old truck. Well, some day we hope to be back at the old job again, but at the present time we have a very important job to do & we hope to do it right this time. All the boys down here are pitching in and are going to do their best.

This is a very large Camp and a very nice one. I don't like the country myself, but it wouldn't be good for anything else. Well, I get plenty to eat & a lot of sleep, so I am not kicking. I have gained 18 lbs. since I have been in the Army the last 6 weeks. We have a nice theatre here in Camp and have late shows. We have from Saturday noon till Monday morning off.

The officers here are real nice to us boys. We have had a lot of drilling and some practice with the 30 cal. rifle. We studied the 30 cal. machine gun but never fired them yet. We go on road hikes too. I myself think it is a lot of fun. I am in the Mounted Armored Field Artillery. After our basic training is over, they say we will do very little walking. We have half track trucks that we will ride in. They have 2 machine guns 30 cal. and 1 machine gun 50 cal. mounted on them. Then we have the 105 M.M. Howitzer. We sure have a lot of guns to study here.

Well, since I have been in the Army, I never had K.P. yet. They say we won't get K.P. till our basic training is finished.

Well, Bert, I don't know much more to write, only that I am feeling fine and like the Army fine so far. Tell all the old friends hello for me when you see them and a word from anyone will be welcome & I will answer anyone who writes. Hope all are feeling fine up there & again I thank you for the paper. So until later, I remain

As ever, your friend  
Smitty

*Pvt. Howard W. Smith*



*Camp Shelby, Miss.*

March 15, 1942

Dear Mr. Parkinson:

My recent return to the Army has been made easier by the weekly receipt of the *Gardner Chronicle*, and I want to take this opportunity to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness. I was so glad to be able to drop in at the office for a visit while I was at home, and now I feel as though I were much closer to the home community when I have the home newspaper to read each week.

I had a pleasant trip back here to camp, and upon arrival found things in general to be much more pleasant than when I left here in November. Our command has changed, the actual knowledge of impending action has lifted the morale of the men no end, and our living and recreational facilities are much better too. Of course we have a rigid training schedule to follow, but as time goes by it steadily becomes more interesting and the thorough knowledge of the curriculum simplifies the daily routine so very much. Those rookie days are gone forever now.

Here in the signal corps we are told that our work is one of the most important in the service, and the more we learn about it the more we realize that very fact. The company as a whole is composed of men who have at least finished a high school education and we find it much in evidence, for many of the boys are even college graduates and are able to demonstrate that fact when the time and place demands it. We have long since completed our basic training and have been going to communications schools steadily as the days go by. My work associates me with the operation of military radios and I find the job very interesting.

Facilities for the entertainment of the men has been improved to a point now where we are enabled to see and hear talent which we might have considered ourselves lucky to have seen or heard in civilian life. We have a day-room in our company area which is furnished with homelike tables, chairs, lounges, radios, and an automatic Coca Cola machine graces one corner. At the regimental recreation hall we have the use of ping pong tables, shuffle boards and two new billiard tables. Good magazines, books, and papers are available in abundance and our hours away from the regular training schedule are pleasant ones.

My three months at home added thirty five pounds to my weight but since coming back to camp I have lowered that figure to a point where I feel much better and with scales reading about 175 once more I will be pretty well back in shape.

Tomorrow I will be thirty three years old and the good folks back home have remembered me so well I feel I am quite a part of this old world after all.

I will write again soon and in the meantime would love to hear from you. Ask any questions you like and I will answer them if permissible. Thanking you again and again for your kindness in my behalf I remain your devoted friend.

John A. McCarter

*John A. McCarter*



*Kelly Field, Texas*

March 18, 42

Dear Editor:

I received three of your papers this morning. I guess we have been moving a bit fast for Uncle Sam's mail service.

I am now stationed at Kelly Field, Texas. Here at Kelly, we receive most of our pre-flight training. The only flying we do as yet, is the flying required to keep up with the army's twenty-four schedule. I never knew twenty-four hours could pass with such rapidity.

Next week we shall move on to "Primary." At Primary, the Army will separate the men from the boys. About forty percent of our class will be "washed out" at this stage of training. I hope I am fortunate enough to be among those who receive their wings next fall

Very truly yours,  
A/C Int-Hout, D.D.

*A/C Duane D. Int-Hout*



*(no location)*

March 21, 1942

Dear Parky:

I have been planning to write you but there is always something to do.

Thank you very much for sending me the paper. It sure is good to read news of what is going on there. Even though I am not so far from home, I really appreciate the *Chronicle*.

I am taking an A.M. course here and go to school from 2 in the afternoon until 10. Which doesn't leave you much time to do anything. If I don't wash back in any of the phases I shall graduate from here about June 10. And after that I don't know where I shall be sent.

Well there isn't much to write about, so I had better sign off.

Thank you very much for sending me the *Chronicle*.

Bud Pomatto

*Bud Pomatto*

*Mitchell Field*

Mitchell Field  
Mar. 30, 1942

To the Editor:

Today I received a copy of the *Gardner Chronicle* for the third time. And today being my day off, I am taking the opportunity to drop you a few lines to thank you for sending me the *Chronicle*

I don't expect to get home until after the War is over, because we are only allowed 24 hour passes and I couldn't very well go home in that short time. Knowing that I won't be coming home I appreciate the news that the paper brings me, all the more.

I have been in the Army three months and I think it is all right. Outside of missing the Old gang back home everything is swell. We have plenty of Recreation here at Mitchell Field. There is a Post Theatre, Gymnasium, Restaurant, Library, and Baseball field here on the field, that the enlisted men can use any time they wish.

Well I guess I have made a pretty poor attempt at writing this letter. But I guess it will do. Thanks again for the *Chronicle*.

Respectfully yours  
E. Finn

*E. Finn*



*Fort Lewis, Washington*

April 13, 1942

To the Editor:

I finally found time to write and thank you for the copy of the paper I have been receiving. I sure appreciate getting the news being that I am so far away from home.

The last copy of the *Chronicle* I received, I ran across Pvt. Donald Parkinson's picture and noticed his address underneath it. He happened to be in the very same camp with me. Thanks to the *Chronicle* or I never would have know that. I will have to look him up.

Thanks again for the *Chronicle*.

Respectfully yours,  
Bruno Muzzarelli

*Pvt. Bruno Muzzarelli*

*Goodfellow Field, San Angelo, Texas*

Thursday, April 16, 1942

*The Gardner Chronicle*  
To the Editor:

I received the *Chronicle* the other day and it was a pleasant surprise indeed. The home news and occurrences are very interesting to a guy as far from them as I am.

Goodfellow Field, where I am stationed, is one of the most modern and latest improved fields in the country. The cadets here fly day and night, and it's my duty along with about a hundred more fellows to keep them flying. We service the ships and believe me it's sure a lot of work.

With sincere appreciation of your thoughtfulness.

Pvt. LeRoy Kusfer

*Pvt. LeRoy Kusfer*



*Ft. Lewis, Washington*

April 21, 1942  
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Hi Bert:

How is everything out there in that part of the country. I hope alright. Having a hell of a time out here, but don't know how long it will last. The weather is coming along fine to what it has been, as it is kind of warm through the day time and rather chilly at night for a person shouldn't feel ashamed to wear an overcoat at night at all.

I understand that your brother is here, but what Co. D is he in unless he is in the Co. that moved out just lately. I don't know just how long we will be here or else where we go. The job I have I suppose they will have me feed the Japs, make them some hard tack, that will fix them. I am in the kitchen cooking and baking again. I don't know for how long it will be that I will stay in there, as I work 1 day on and 1 off.

Tiller Tweet, George Guga and the rest of the bunch is here with me, Bruno Muzzereli, John Hibler and the rest from Coal City Ed. Ungar, Hank Stuart, and just imagine I cook for them, it's a wonder that they ain't sick, but at least they go out girling every now and then, mostly then, as they are hard to find around here. I just came from a show, it was a good show but I forgot the name of it already - Hula Hula.

And say, I appreciate the Gardner Paper that comes here. I get it from Hibler, and the paper I get I show it to them, the Morris Paper.

Say I made a lot of pies since I have been hear but I never started any like I did when I was in baking at Wisconsin, when I made Cocoanut Pie I just shredded a few fruit jar rubbers and put them in to keep the jaws a bouncing.

Well anyhow I wish all of you of that neighborhood a good and prosperous year for the years to come, and lets all hope that we make for the best seeing that I am trying, and will try to the last man my power lies. So Burt tell all the boys out there Hello, and I also send my best regards to them from me to all.

Truly Yours  
Private Samuel Douglas

Hell it sure is a good thing they done away with the stamps cause a person needs the room for the address. How are the wife and kids. I hope alright, Well I'll be back in a few years little Darling. I hope I am.

Your Friend

*Pvt. Samuel Douglas*



*Ft. Lewis, Washington*

I wrote one letter put it in the Mail Box then got it out again and wrote some more.

April 21, 1942  
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Dear Bert:

Just a few lines letting you all know that I am fine and hoping that you all are the same.

Well Bert I still get your paper that is the *Gardner Chronicle*, and I sure appreciate it very nice, as it is very nice to read the news of home. Of course I also get the *Morris Herald* which helps too.

The Army life is fine so far that's what Tillie Tweet says only he said last night well I asked him what to hell you doing Tweet, well he says I am on firing 24 hour shift, well what for, he says it his duty. But Bruno Muzzerili the one and only, I guess he could fill out that Ad you have in the *Chronicle*. Blonde 22, beautiful, wants escort, call. Bruno says keep her there till he comes back, or else I will take charge. Then comes good old John Hibbler he sure had a nice job last Sunday, dressed in white for a moment I thought he was taking my job, all at once I seen him carrying a few fancy dishes, well of all things he's a dog robber, and Officers Orderly, he did a good job, and poor George Grupa was K.P., it was a sad story as his partner on the dishes went to his room and fell asleep, so George went and had a beer or two, of course 3 - 2 percent then at 6-30 everything was fine, a perfect day was over, till Monday morning. When the boys had to get up 6 bells, of course I stayed in bed, for I worked Sunday from 4 in the morning till 730 at night as I work 1 day on and one off. I am really in the dough now, as I am one of the Cooks and bakers here, the worst part about it I have to cook for the ones that came here with me. So today I am off, as this is Tuesday morning and I go on Wednesday. I have Lemon Cream Pie, Hot Rolls to bake. I hope they are soft or else I better run for shelter, anyway everything has turned out alright so far.

Say if you want any good recipes for baking & cooking, that is if you want to give the boys a treat, well I will send you one, one that is spicy Spice Cake.

Well I suppose the boys are well satisfied about the Election, or else they have to be, what's the matter didn't Erry Kay get it again. Well give the other man a chance he's had it long enough I would say.

Well give the boys my best regards and hope to be seeing you all in the future. It sounds just like the Fourth of July out here, as a person wouldn't know even if a big storm was coming as it is thundering here day & night. I will send my picture for the paper sometime to show the boys how I look.

Last night I went to a show then a dance. One came up to me and said Hello Dear, got a car, before I could say yes or no, one of my Friends had her he was from Coal City, Illinois, she was from Seattle.

Well I want to thank the *Gardner Chronicle*, for being so kind to send me the news from County of Grundy and nearby towns. For I see where I can get a few addresses from some of the boys from Gardner, for which I will correspond with them if I possibly can.



I didn't see in the paper yet where my women got married yet, I may have a chance yet when I get back so keep in touch with her, I mean them.

I am about 47 miles from Seattle, Washington, 13 miles from Tacoma, and 3000 miles from somewhere. So here's hoping.

Have you seen Ab lately I suppose he is busier than hell. Well I better sign off I have to march 1 hour every day on or off shift so I can keep in shape I guess. I don't know for just how long we will be stationed here, where we go, or how, but I don't think it will be long, as long as we don't have to pay fare, we are out here to win, and I sure am going to try, and I hope the others feel the same way about it. I got a letter from Kenneth about a week ago so tell him, and the rest Hello, and if anyone wants my address give it to them even if it's a Blonde, I didn't have a good date since the night before I left yes more power to me. So Good Luck to you all and Thanks.

Monday I had to take a driver's test, I passed in that, Last week on the rifle range I got 62 points out of 16 rounds so, I have to take rapid fire yet and also I have to go on the Machine Gun as I am attached to the Machine Gun squad and here I am a baker.

Yours truly  
Sam

*Pvt. Samuel Douglas*



Camp Wallace, Texas

April 21, 1942

Dear Mr. Parkinson:

Ever since I received the first *Chronicle*, I've wanted to write to you and to thank you for sending me the much desired news of South Wilmington, Gardner, and its vicinities. Today I find that time gives me the opportunity to do what I have wanted to do for quite some time. I hope this letter is as much a surprise to you as the receiving of the *Chronicle* was to me. I hope that in time to come I may continue to receive your much appreciated paper.

Now I will endeavor to the best of my ability to give you a picture of Camp Wallace. I have been here for six weeks now and I find an improvement in the camp, as every day goes by. According to reports, the spot on which Camp Wallace is situated today was nothing more than a swamp just a year ago. Today it has well constructed barracks, it has good playgrounds, the training area is one of the best. Incidentally it is covered with clam and oyster shells! Shells, here in Texas make good roads, and are used like gravel is used there, back home. Here in camp we find schools of all kinds. Clerical, cooking, radio, etc. In the entertainment bracket, I list these things. One, a real large service club, where broadcasting is sometimes done, also amateur hours, and vaudeville shows are put on. Another thing is the beautiful theatre, constructed and very much like the Mar theatre in Wilmington. Now the men are beautifying the camp with flower plants, shrubbery and trees. All in all it's a pretty nice camp.

I have made friends with lots of the boys here, and I must say a lot of them from Illinois. I am also thankful for having here close to me two pals from South Wilmington, Chas. **Boggetto** and Chas. **Lurz**. I am also close, and I have had the pleasure of seeing "Bacon" Treasure. Another friend is Victor Trigaletti from Coal City. So you see Grundy County is pretty well represented here in Camp Wallace.

It was pretty hard to get accustomed to the tones of the Corporal and Sergeants, but today I find them a pretty nice bunch. The officers here, I mean Lieutenants, Captains, Majors, etc., are swell to me and I think to all of the boys. Their greatest desire is to see that when a young man leaves Camp Wallace he is a first class soldier, and one of the best. Well, Parky, that takes up about all of my news of Camp Wallace, its officers, and soldiers.

I would like to give you a little news about my trip here to Texas from Illinois. It took us a few days and nights to get here, and I enjoyed every bit of the trip. The meals were swell and the best of all was leaving Illinois when it was real cold one day and awakening the next day where people were roaming the streets in shirt sleeves. It was very interesting. We stopped in New Orleans for about four hours, and it's no wonder that people speak of New Orleans of the land of smiles and sunshine. I had a little Piccaninny shine my shoes there, and I sure had a lot of fun with him. I would say he was about 8 years old. I asked him how late he was allowed to stay out and he answered in a very shy tone, "As long as Ah can make a nickel, Suh." Well, I gave him 15¢ and then I started something. All of the other soldiers got a shine from him. Going through Tennessee, Missouri and Louisiana was also of great interest. I saw the swamplands of Tennessee and Mississippi and I saw little old shacks along the railroad where people really strive to make a living. No matter how poor these southern people are, they are full of laughter, and are very happy to be living in a land of Freedom.



Last week I had the opportunity of going out of camp and meeting some of the people of Texas. As a whole, Parky, people here treat the soldiers wonderfully. Yes, sir. They invite them out to dinner, take them to Church, and also take them out joy riding on many occasions. Last Sunday I was out to a picnic and say, you should see the Italians living here. I played bocce ball. Boy Gasso would like it here because they are all Piemontesi. Well, I showed them how they do it back home by winning 4 out of 6 games.

We all realize what we are here for. Yes, to fight for our rights, our freedom and liberty and, above all, and with the will of God, to avenge our dead comrades who died, not in vain, in the ruthless assault, at Pearl Harbor. We, the boys who answered the call and are in training to see that the Stars and Stripes shall never again be smitten, are proud to be soldiers of this, our United States. And those who seek to live in happiness, who seek to grasp every opportunity to enrich themselves during these times, those who shirk their duty to their beloved country shall walk the streets with their heads bowed in shame. To all the boys from Grundy County, and I know that there are a lot of them, I say congratulations and keep 'em flying and keep 'em rolling, for our flag, the red, white and blue. I hope that someday, when the job is finished we shall again meet and enjoy the life and happiness that is our desire.

I have this much to say to the people back home. Please write to your soldier boys often, because you'd be surprised how those boys wait for mail from some dear friend and someone from back home. Yes, every day the boys gather about the "Mail Call" hour, with longing for just that letter that will cheer them for days, and probably weeks. Yes, I say to you people, do not hesitate in writing to your soldier boys. I want to say a cheery hello to the members of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. We soldiers today realize what they went through in 1917-1918. We only hope and pray that we finish what they thought had already been done a few years ago.

Once again I want to salute all my buddies in the Army, and to those friends at home I send a cheery hello.

To you, Parky, I send thanks and many of them, for your courteous attention in distributing the *Gardner Chronicle* to the boys in the service. May your paper go on forever, and may your news be good news. I remain, as ever,

Your friend,  
Zaro E. Residori

P.S. Please excuse my pencil writing.

*Pvt. Zaro E. Residori*

*San Francisco*

April 22, 1942

Gentlemen:

Wish to inform you of a change of address. I'm going to school in Frisco for 13 weeks so please send the *Chronicle* here.

Having quite a time and get plenty of enjoyment from your paper.

Lots of luck  
Pete Cacello

*Pvt. Pete Cacello*



*Iceland*

April 26 - 1942

Dear Editor:

I thought that I'd drop you a few lines so the people around the community would like to know where the Chiovatico boy was at. Well here I am on the island of Iceland, in the best of health, hoping all you people are in the same shape.

This is one trip that I shall never forget as long as I live. Boy I sure got sea sick coming across the ocean. I stayed sea sick for three days, and I'm telling you I've never been so sick, and nothing to do about. I finally come out of it and enjoyed the rest of the trip pretty much. I sure was a happy fellow when I got off that ship, and put my feet on good solid ground again.

Our living quarters are not bad at all, the huts are the same shape as the igloos out at the powder plant. We have a small pot belly stove, which burns coke. As long as we keep the fire up we sure are nice and warm. We have plenty of bedding and clothes to wear so we keep warm inside or outside.

The weather sure is changeable in this little island. The sun will be shining nice and warm, then all at once it will begin to snow, rain and wind start blowing to beat the band, then get awfully cold. But it will be getting warmer as the summer months come on. And another thing as the summer months come on we won't have any darkness and it's just the opposite as the winter months come around. In the winter it is only light for about four hours a day.

This island sure has funny money looks like coupons and tavern chips. The Krona is worth about 15 cents in U.S. money. Then they have auars which take 100 of these to make a krona. But as a person buys things its quite a bit like home. They say like we would say (\$1.35) one krona and so many auars.

This is the most isolated and barren place in the whole world I think so anyway. The whole island hasn't got a tree or any kind of vegetation on it. About all the people do up here is fish for a living.

Well if I could write about all that I'd like to, I could fill up at least ten of these sheets of paper. So here is hoping I hear from you in the future, because the mail we fellows will be receiving, will be our main event. I imagine it will be a long time before I'll see another movie or any entertainment as such, because the people don't believe in such things.

Well here's hoping this soon will be over, for the sake of all of us.

So Long for the present time and not Good Bye, because you will be hearing from me again, and be seeing you all someday.

Remaining As Ever  
Your Truly  
Vic

P.S. The chow sure is good considering that we brought everything with us.

*Pvt. Victor M. Chiovatico*



Dear Editor & Family:

Sunday afternoon and a very pretty day it is. I find it hard to sit here and write. The coke machine is empty, my tongue is hanging out. The weather is fine but sultry—and I'm almost ready to give out. But peace will come again someday and I hope to say hello again.

Outside, the crack of a bat and a yell once in awhile makes me want to get up and join in the fun. Over in one corner of the Squadron and a lightweight boxer is doing his best to get in shape for the meet Friday night to represent the 393rd. Over in another room Sammy Kay's orchestra is entertaining a few of the fellows by means of the Squadron's radio. But let me take this means of thanking each and every one of Gardner's faithful citizens for thinking of me the past months that I have been in school.

This coming Monday, tomorrow to be exact, I start in the last and final phase that is required to call a fellow an air mechanic. A way back last January 1st, when we started to school, we have all looked forward to this phase with interest and excitement. What the end holds in store for us, we will not know, until the last day, May 7th.

Many cards and letters I have received, but found it impossible to find time to answer. With duties to perform and studies to get, it is not easy to find a few spare moments to call your own. Just let me say thanks again, folks, for all that you have done.

From here I don't know where I'll be going, but I'll be in there pitching and doing my best to try and be worthy of all your trust and to know that I came from a little, but very swell place back in Illinois called Gardner.

It's hard to realize the importance of a job we fellows have here as mechanics, but here is an experience I had the other day that made me realize it, and all too quick.

After rolling my plane out in the warm-up apron the other day, my instructor told me to pull a preflight. Well that's an inspection that we had been doing all week long, so he left me to my work and returned to the hangar. After going the rounds, I climbed in the cockpit and proceeded to warm up the engine and check all the instruments. Climbing out after 15 minutes of this, I run smack, face to face, with a captain. Now all of us fellows wear our names on our coveralls and he said to me, "How is she, McHugh?" Well actually speaking and calling me by name, was quite a surprise, but came next was it. "Help me on with this chute, McHugh." Well, doing that I was looking over at another plane that was running, thinking nothing about mine. But that didn't last long. Again he said, "Is she O.K.?" After swallowing my tongue 3 or 4 times, I managed a weak, "Yes, sir." "Start her up," he said. Well if you ever saw a fellow shake, well I sure couldn't be beat, the way I was.

Realizing he was going to fly it, I ran through my mind everything I knew about airplanes.

Climbing out of the plane with the engine running and seeing the captain get in made me wish that I had never seen a plane. I didn't have long to think of that though, because looking up he waved his hand for me to pull the chocks and away he went. You can guess that I didn't let me eyes roam from that plane from the time she took



off until it landed. Climbing out he said to me, "You have done a fine job, McHugh, keep them flying."

I never knew what it meant until the captain said, "Keep them flying." A life, and thousands of dollars were dependent on my judgment, but I came through.

The name mechanic may sound rather small but it sure means a lot and I am proud of it.

For now I must say adieu to you and all the rest from Keesler Field. I'll drop you a line sometime soon and let you know where I am. So take care of things, folks, and I'll do my best.

With Love, as ever,  
Harold

*Pvt. Harold Ray McHugh*

*Seattle, Washington*

(postmarked) May 1, 1942

The Defending Coast Guards

While out on guard duty,  
Our thoughts often roam --  
To friends, relations, and parents at home.  
It matters not how the weather be,  
Were out on duty to preserve Liberty.  
Let the wind, and the rain, beat on our face  
God's given us courage, and we know our place.  
We know that were fighting to preserve Liberty,  
In this land of the brave and home of the free.  
Where freedom of speech and religion prevails,  
And the law provides misdemeanor's with trial and bail --  
In the name of America, we warn dictators who thirst  
That they have to pass over us first --  
To the boys at Pearl Harbor,  
And the brave men at Wake  
Who showed they had courage, and character bold,  
And died like grand hero's, of which stories are told.  
May the words of Horatius that our history unfolds  
Give us the same courage, that made him so bold,  
As he stood facing death, knowing that he fought for the right  
May we carry his words with us into the fight.

"For how can man die better  
than facing fearful odds.  
For the ashes of his father,  
and the temples of his God."

P.F.C. Donald Valiente

*P.F.C. Donald Valiente*



*Public Relations Office*  
*Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss.*

To: Editor  
The *Chronicle*  
Gardner, Ill.

FOR RELEASE May 8, 1942

KEESLER FIELD, Miss., May 8 -- Qualified as a highly-trained airplane mechanic, and ready for assignment to active "line duty" with the Army Air Forces, Pvt. Harold Ray McHugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. McHugh, of Gardner, Ill., was graduated today from Keesler Field's expanding Air Corps Technical School.

Private McHugh's graduation followed his completion of an intensive 19-week course, which included successive 10-day training periods in 11 phases of airplane mechanics. His class, which numbered hundreds of student-soldiers, will be assigned to various Air Forces units to maintain and service the Army's warplanes.

The air mechanics course here includes aircraft maintenance fundamentals, airplane structures, hydraulic systems, fuel systems, engine operation, propellers, instruments, engines, electrical systems, and inspection of single and multi-motored planes.

-30-  
e.d.s.

*Harlingen, Texas*

Headquarters & Headquarters Squadron  
78th Air Base Group (Special) AC  
Harlingen Army Gunnery School  
Harlingen, Texas

May 10, 1942

Dear Burt:

First of all, I want to sincerely thank you for sending the paper. I have received the last two issues, and enjoy keeping up on the latest concerning Gardner, and all my friends there.

Perhaps, you and your readers would be interested to know a few details of the Post at which I am stationed. Of course, there is a lot of interesting information I could pass on to you, but we have been reminded again and again to keep such information to ourselves. So if some things seem somewhat vague, you'll understand.

The Harlingen Army Gunnery School is located three miles from the city of Harlingen, which lies in the heart of the citrus and vegetable growing region of the lower Rio Grande Valley. We are only twenty-five miles from the Mexican border, and approximately fifty-miles from the Gulf Coast.

With regard to the climate it is always quite humid, being so close to the Gulf. The temperature, I believe, hasn't risen above eighty-five degrees, but at times it seems much warmer than that due to the humidity.

The primary purpose of this Post is to train men to become Aerial Gunners. All other personnel, in the capacities of clerical and maintenance men serve to facilitate and further the training of the Student Gunners.

Three weeks ago, I was assigned to a Statistical job within the organization of which I am a member. It consists of keeping a record of the Duty Assignment of each man in our Squadron, and reporting all changes in personnel which concerns their status with the organization. It is really interesting work, and may lead to a good rating in time, I hope.

I have been very fortunate in having been promoted to the grade of Corporal last week. The raise in salary from twenty-one dollars per month to fifty-one is certainly a welcome one.

I believe I have hit on the most important points and will close this by saying that I would very much appreciate hearing from you personally, and from all other friends in Gardner and vicinity.

Sincerely,  
Corp. Wendell Barrett

*Corp. Wendell Barrett*



*Groton, Connecticut*

6/4/42

Dear Burt, Ann & Billy:

Now that I have found a resting place, I hope that you will bear with me as I try to make this legible.

My stay in Buffalo was short but sweet. Many a happy hour I spent and how I wish I were back there now.

Orders were received Saturday afternoon and we were moved out Sun. morn. for Boston, Mass. But before we left, I and all the other fellows had the honor of taking a part in one of Buffalo's largest parades in history.

Many of the old gang have gone different ways and new buddies are in offering. There are but four of us left now, but we know not how long we will be with each other.

Our stay in Boston was short-lived as about 50 of us were transferred to Groton, Conn.

It's such a beautiful farm that I just can't seem to pass it up. Yes, that's just what I said, a farm. The field is a farm that used to belong to a millionaire gentleman farmer just a few years ago. My home is in one sad cow barn as well as the other fellows. My bed consists of one canvas cot and three blankets. I just love that pillow I didn't get, the sheets we haven't got and the mattress that would feel so good.

Our chinaware and plates are the mess kits we each take care of ourselves. Our food, which is the best of course, is cooked in one corner of the barn, where the horse stables used to be.

Our shower room is very nice. I believe the farmer used it to wash the milk cans. I know it works swell, when you want hot water you get cold and vice versa.

We are five miles from the nearest town, Groton, but buses are available any time we have time to go to town. All we have to do is start walking. The road traffic isn't very heavy.

The landing field is a big pasture but not big enough, for planes that land at 125 miles an hour.

When the place first started there were 40 planes, now there are the whole sum of 13. What became of them? Well, you know how the streets are in Gardner. Well, just get in a car and drive down them at 60 per and you will find out in a hurry. Anyway, you will have an idea what an airplane does at 125.

They say that history repeats itself. I for one know that it does. Last Xmas I had just put in for a furlough, when the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor stopped that. Just yesterday we were told if and when Keesler Field sent our records here, we would be permitted to put in for a furlough. Well just today, we were told that all furloughs and passes were canceled due to the Jap attack on Alaska. It seems like those pesky little sneaking rats are always in my way.

We had target practice today with automatics, and may hell be with those little yellow bellies that get in our way. (We won't be here long.) And the sooner the better.

The insignia of this squadron is a fighting rooster with a chip of wood on his wing. Pretty cute.

All the pilots here are young fellows and a lot of fun. They are all Lieutenants but act just like one of us. We have had a couple games of ball against them since being here. Just one happy family. I believe I'm going to like it.

So until next time, write soon. I don't know if you should print this or not, but suit yourself.

So long for now.

With lots of happiness,  
Harold  
AIR FORCE TROOPS

*Pvt. Harold McHugh*



*Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana*

July 20, 1942

To the Editor:

I've been going to write you for quite some time but I've been pretty busy with basic training, etc., that I never did get around to it. I want to thank you for the *Chronicle*. I've been getting it every week and I sure enjoy reading all the home news, and especially the letters from other boys in service. They sure are scattered all over the world. Just wait until they all get back home, and there will sure be a lot of tales told.

Well, I finished my basic training out here at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, two weeks ago and am now going to Finance School. The course is 9 weeks and then we're assigned to a unit. Everything out here is practically the same as in Illinois so I can't tell you much about the country. This is really a swell camp and only 12 miles from Indianapolis. That is really handy when we get passes, which is either on a Saturday or Sunday. A large portion of this camp is Billings Hospital where medical students are trained. There are also a lot of fellows from the combat zones brought back here and treated. Last week a contingent of about 300 WACs moved in. That is the first one that has ever been sent here.

Well, my time is running short and again I want to thank you & everyone who makes it possible for us boys in the service to get the *Chronicle*. We really appreciate it. So long for now, and keep things rolling.

Yours sincerely,  
Ray Huston

*Ray Huston*

*San Diego, California*

Sept. 10, 1942

To the Editor:

I'm a little late in getting this letter to you but we've been so busy it slipped my mind. This is my first week out of boot camp, and is really the first spare time I had in two months, that amounted to anything. Our old platoon is all split up now. There isn't over two of us together in one spot. We're on an island which is called North Island. It's a big Navy and Marine aviation training center. I wanted to get in the Signal Battalion but they put me in aviation. Mose got in the Signal Battalion, and Archie is in a Machinist's school, as far as I know. I'm in some kind of an operating unit, which I don't know nothing about, as I haven't been stationed permanent yet. I'll probably be here for a month or more though.

I've been receiving your paper right along and I'm sure glad I have. It feels good to read the news from home. I haven't received any letters since we moved last Friday. I want you to know that I really appreciate your paper. One good reason is that I can use the addresses of some of my friends that are in the service. I wish you wouldn't print this letter in the paper. I'll write one when I get more time that will be fit for the paper.

Yours truly,  
Dale Onsen

Thanks again for the paper.

*Pvt. Dale E. Onsen*



*Camp Polk, Louisiana*

Sept. 28, 1942

Dear Burt:

Well, as time permits me a few minutes, I will try & write you a few lines to let you know I have been receiving the home town paper & enjoy reading it very much. I want to thank you a lot for your trouble in sending it to me. Since you have been sending it to me I have never missed a single copy & when I have finished reading it there is not a single line left unread. I certainly enjoy reading the letters from the other boys in the service,

I am really sorry that I have not written to you before but as we are on maneuvers now, it is so hard to write, as we have very little time in which to do so. The time when we are not having a problem is spent getting ready for the next problem. These maneuvers are a lot different than life in any Army Camp. For one thing we miss is a bed to sleep on. The first few nights I slept on the ground but that seemed a little too hard for me, so as I pull a trailer behind the supply truck, I make my bed on the top of trailer, which makes sort of a hammock. Well, it is none too soft, but it still beats the hard ground.

The last few nights we have been moving around a lot, so I haven't had very much sleep. But it has been a little too chilly to sleep good so I have been getting my sleep in the mornings. I have been getting my experience at driving in blackout since we have been on maneuvers. Whenever we move at night it is with blackout lights, which is the same as no lights at all. There are two little blue lights on the front of the truck that from in the cab you cannot see at all & on the outside you can just see them, & then there are two little red lights on the back that you can see for about 15 yards. That is, if there is no dust & there is always a cloud of dust in Louisiana. Well, that is the way we move around at night.

One night last week we drove 75 miles like that. At first one wonders how he can do it but after a short time you get used to it & can see pretty good. We never travel very fast. Never over 25 miles per hour, but most of the time around 12 to 15 mile per hour.

The weather down here certainly is changeable. At night it really gets cold & then in the day time it gets hot again. I don't see how it can change so fast. We don't get much rain & as we are outside all the time now, it is a good thing that we don't. We sure could stand a little rain to help keep some of the dust down around here.

Well, Burt, as news just isn't around here, I guess I will have to sign off for this time. Guess I will have to get a little more sleep this afternoon and I am getting sleepy again. Well, I can use it as we are to move again tonight, so I may as well sleep when I get the chance. Tell all the old friends hello for me & take good care of the old home town. This leaves me in good health & hope everyone is the same up there. I want to thank you again for sending me the paper & I want you to know that I really appreciate getting it. So thanks a lot for your trouble. I remain

As ever,  
Cpl. Howard W. Smith

*Cpl. Howard W. Smith*



Oct. 1st, 1942

Dear Editor, Family and Friends:

Just a few lines to let you know that the old blood is still circulating and I just keep plugging along.

Here it is mid-morning, but to you sleepyheads back home, it is the early hours of morn. So hit the floor you sleepy ones and shake the hay from out of your ears. For Hitler won't wait nor rest this coming year. We have him on the run, so watch your back door, the bum may ask for a handout as he passes through to "hell."

Yes sir, folks, I feel right pert this morning. Why? Well, I received my first copy of that great little paper of Gardner's just yesterday. But, oh my, the date. It only lacked 5 days of being two months old, but news; yes sir, it was sure chucked full. By the way, mister "Editor." The next copy you send just advance the date.

From cover to cover, not a line did I miss. Yep, even read the column by the country reporter. You tell her, Dear Editor, if she isn't satisfied with all that rain, well just send over a few pails now and then. The dust is so thick you can cut it with a knife. During the day, the wind blows strong from the north and does it even flavor our stew. Not with spices and salt nor pepper, just plain dirt.

There is nothing like living close to the earth. I'm as close as anyone will ever get. Sit in it to eat, lay on it to sleep and walk on it all day and half the night during guard duty. If any of you lilies want a sun tan, well, just join the army and tell Uncle Sam you want to live on the desert. California weather, Florida, bah. They have mist and dampness and rains, here the sun is all sun and there are no clouds to cut off the heat. No, not even a tree to sit down or lull around under.

You learn to eat fast out here. If the flies don't beat you to it, the sand covers it up. I don't know which I'd prefer. The sand, I guess. At least I'd get to eat it all even the sand. The flies each grab a mouthful and run.

At night it is plenty cold. Just before you roll up in the blankets, you shake out a few scorpions. And then if you happen to wake up during the night you shake them out again. They like a warm place to sleep. Black ones are poisonous and the green ones just sting you. I was stung the other day on the palm of the hand. Was sore and stiff but O.K. now.

The moon is in its last quarter now, have enjoyed the beauty for the past week. Not romantic like it used to be when I would ride around in the car with nice company and a radio. Oh, me. Well I guess there will be other moons and my company is still waiting. Let's all pull together and I know the war clouds will float away soon enough, and let the peaceful silvery moonlight beam again on the lovely country lanes and highways.

Our days are filled with busy hours and nights of vigil and alertness have no end. So cheer up you lads, for there'll be no promotions this side of the ocean; so cheer up my lads, bless them all.

That was a neat trick of having all the addresses, Burt. But you can change my A.P.O. along with it. I'll sure be glad to hear from all. I don't have much time to write, but I sure love to hear my name at mail call.

American cigarettes are cheap here, only \$4.50 a carton.



Well, my time is limited so once again I'll say cheer up, everyone, and let's fight this thing through and get it over with. I want to be home by Xmas of '43.

Here's to each and everyone a Merry, happy and thankful Thanksgiving, a Very Merry Xmas and a New and better New Year, and lots of Victories for '43, a final and glorious one this coming spring.

Give my best regards to all, and my love and best wishes to Ann and son Billy.  
Must sign off for now and warm up for takeoff.  
So Long, old Pal.

Yours, As Ever  
Spike  
Mac to the Army

P.S. What happened to Brooklyn? How did the blackout pan out? Did you get that good book in Streater?

*Pvt. Harold Ray McHugh*

*Fort Blanding, Florida*

11/21/42

Dear Bert:

Just a few lines to tell you I am having a fine weekend. I left camp Friday noon and came here to spend the weekend. I'm going back to camp again Sunday night. You can read in the little folder I'm sending you what kind of a place this. I'll write soon again.

Bennie

(Encl. brochure from Silver Springs, Nature's Underwater Fairyland)

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*



*Italy (Via V-MAIL)*

November 25 ,1942

Dear Burt:

Really meant to write sooner to you but was so darn busy in Africa never had much chance so am going to take time in Italy. (--blacked out by Censor--) and we've seen enough already to fill a book if I just had time to write. Today is Thanksgiving and I really am thankful I'm still alive. I've had several of my buddies that I came over with killed already and several wounded, so you can see what I have to be thankful for today. We have shells landing around (--blacked out by Censor--) and spend a lot of time in our foxholes. The bombs aren't as bad now falling around us as they were for awhile but we've seen a lot of towns and cities that really have been totally ruined by bombs. I've seen a lot of sunny Italy since we've been here, but it just don't look sunny to me. You see hundreds and hundreds of Italians homeless, hungry and walking the roads with no place to go. I haven't as yet run across any Germans except those that were taken prisoners and we've seen plenty of those. Maybe I'll get a chance to get me one some of these days. We're sure keeping busier here than we've been since we've been in the Army, but that's war and this is sure a bloody one because we've seen enough of that too.

Since I've been overseas I've received four papers and really appreciate them, more over here than I did in the States. Will try and write more often now so thanks for the papers and good luck.

As ever,  
Gib

*Pvt. C. G. Wright*



*New Orleans, La.*

New Orleans, La.  
Dec. 1, 1942

Dear Editor:

I thought that it was about time that I was writing a letter to be put in the *Gardner Chronicle* because it sure is worth that much after receiving the paper like I have been.

I would like to express my appreciation to the *Gardner Chronicle* for the encouragement and entertainment that your paper extends to me and all of the Gardner men that are in the Armed Services.

At the present I am in New Orleans, La., with the Army War Show. We have traveled all throughout the Middle West, stopping for a week or ten days in the principle cities to give the civilians a bird's eye view of their Army of today. This Army War Show has been put on for the benefit of the Army Emergency Relief and it has made or has proved out to a big success since we have been showing.

Since I joined the show in Omaha, Nebraska, August 26th, I have really enjoyed myself ever since. I have had a swell time all the way through. Traveling from State to State showing the show I have got to see a lot of different people, lot of nice scenery and also visited a lot of swell places. I sure have got to see a lot of country since I have been with the Army War Show. It sure has been a big thing to me. Of all the States that I have been to there is nothing any better than good old Illinois. That will always be my favorite State to live in so stick with it. Since I have been with the War Show I have traveled over three thousand nine hundred miles.

We have only two more cities to make which are Birmingham, Alabama and Atlanta, Georgia. Then the Army War Show ends there December the twentieth. Our future thereafter is uncertain, but I want the people at hoe to know that the fellows from Gardner and other towns all over the United States are willing to do their part to bring victory and peace to our country.

We have had very large crowds everywhere that we have shown this show so far. The people have really turned out for this Army War Show.

Well this is all that I have time for now, because it is just about that time to get ready for the show here tonight. We have two nights left to show here. So I want to thank you again for the paper and I have really enjoyed it a whole lot to get the news from back home. Thanks a lot.

Pvt. Marion J. Larson

*Pvt. Marion J. Larson*



*Fort Riley, Kansas*

Fort Riley, Kansas  
Dec. 9, 1942

The *Gardner Chronicle*:

I am receiving the *Chronicle* down here and it is nice to read it. I liked to know what is going on around my home town. Well they army life is all right so far. I am in the motors department driving a big truck. The weather down here is windy, cold and the ground is covered with snow. They don't give you much time to get lonesome or homesick. I will close thanking you again for the paper which I am glad to read now and then.

Pvt. Cyrus F. Cobb

*Pvt. Cyrus F. Cobb*

*Fort Sam Houston, Texas*

December 9, 1942

To the Editor:

Let me thank you for sending the *Chronicle*. I enjoy reading it very much. We moved farther south last week to Ft. San Houston, just outside San Antonio. The following Sunday we marched to Camp Bullis (22 miles in the shade). Did I say march? We dragged our legs. Gasoline rationing won't bother me, but I sure wish that shoes were rationed. I think Henderson should look into the leather situation. We are living in tents here at Bullis, next week we hike or exercise our legs to the tune of 6 miles to Camp Stanly and live in pup tents. Anything that happens after that is a Military Secret -- even to myself. I guess I have nothing else to say. Hello, Mose, Archie, Oney, Bloke, Tuggle, Dave, Gib, Tuffy, Tony and Lt. Int-Hout, I almost forgot my Military Courtesy on the last guy. How in hell are you, Hank, how are the gals out in California.

Wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year (excepting Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini and their sneaky yellow followers).

I remain,  
Robert (Bab) Vignocchi

P.S. You may revise this letter or CENSOR it in any way, shape or form.

Let's get on the beam, Burt, and get that *Chronicle* out. I did not get the damn thing for the week of Nov. 24 or thereabouts. Well, be good and take care of Bill, keep Maxwell St. on the map. I just now got this week's *Chronicle*, but I still am waiting for last week's.

My correct address is on the envelope, use it until notified differently.

I wish the whole Parkinson family a Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year.

I am in top shape & hope to have a Merry Christmas someplace.

*Robert Vignocchi*



*En route across the Libyan Desert*

Dec. 10th, 1942  
En route across the Libyan Desert

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to let you and all the friends and neighbors back home, that I am still getting along swell and feeling fine.

May I take this opportunity of thanking all those folks at home who have remembered me this Xmas, with cards and cigarettes. I would like to answer each personally but my stationery says no, so until I find a means, I surely hope this will serve the purpose for the time being.

During our last campaign we were so busy that hardly a minute could be called our own, and many a sandy mile have been exchanged for rocky hills and salt flats. The old wheels kept rolling and at this time next year we all hope to be home to enjoy a treat and a Christmas free from care and war.

Will try and write later when more time is available.

Wishing you, your family and all the swell folks of Gardner, a very Merry Xmas and a very pleasant and prosperous New Year.

I'll remain as ever  
Yours truly,  
Harold McHugh

*Pvt. Harold Ray McHugh*

*Fort Sill, Oklahoma*

Dec. 10 - 1942

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you for sending me the *Chronicle*. I'm sure glad to receive it, for there is lots of news in it from around home. And also to read the letters from the other boys in the service.

My address will be changed after Dec. 12th, we are going to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

We are sure having nasty weather here, it has rained here the last 4 days. Five minutes after it gets done raining it's dry enough, so we don't have to wear overshoes. We sure have a lot of sand here in this camp.

I may get to see some snow this Xmas, for they tell me it's snowing in Oklahoma. Say, Burt, I haven't seen anything in the paper of how many pheasants you shot this year.

The news is very scarce here, only we have been very busy packing the last few days. So now I will say Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, to you and all my friends there in Gardner and vicinity.

Thanks again for sending the paper.

Pvt. B. Mollerskov

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*



*Camp Adair, Oregon*

Dec. 12, 1942

Dear Parkey:

I wish to thank you for sending me the *Chronicle*. I have received three copies. It sure seems good to hear the news from the old town.

This is a new Camp which was built about seven months ago. My bunch was one of the first to enter it. They are still building here. It sure is a swell Camp except for one thing. Which in my opinion against it, is it has rained every day since I have been here, except for five of those days. The winter season here is rain instead of snow we have at home. I see snow every day on the mountains. We have pretty scenery here. The grass is green and the flowers are in bloom.

My basic training is half over now. It seems like the time goes fast here. I have been here over six weeks. It seems like two weeks. They sure keep us busy here. We march all day and go to school nights. Night school starts at six and ends at eight or eight-thirty. The lights go out at nine, so we don't find much time to write.

Well, I can't think of anything more to write about at this writing, more later. Thanks again for the paper.

Yours truly,  
Pvt. Lyle Stevens

*Pvt. Lyle Stevens*

*Fort Sam Houston, Texas*

Dec. 13 (postmarked 1942)

To the Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know of my change of address.

I'm in San Antonio, Texas, in a Railway Operating Battalion. Our work here is the same as on railroads back home.

The weather here is sure warm, but the nights are plenty cool. We have to use a couple of blankets to keep warm.

I sure have been enjoying the *Chronicle*, reading about all the news from around home. I like to read the letters from the different fellows in service.

I better close for its nearing lights out.

As ever,  
Alfred J. Muzzarelli

*Pvt. Alfred J. Muzzarelli*



*Camp Haan, California*

Dec. 14, 1942

Dear Editor:

I was moved from Camp Callan a week ago, Wednesday and we weren't permanently situated, so I didn't have an address. I was moved to this Battery, Dec. 10, at 7 o'clock at night. There are about 100 men in this Battery at the present time, and all of them are specialized at certain jobs, such as radio operators, communications, draftsmen, clerks, truck drivers, carpenters, machinists and 3 of us Cooks. There are three Cooks here that are borrowed from another Battery and they will be here until Jan. 1, so it will be the first of the month at least before I start cooking. It surely isn't going to seem like Xmas this year. Yesterday it was as hot as it is on the 4th of July at home. I guess we will just keep on dreaming of a white Xmas. I suppose Gardner is decorated nicely for Xmas. I haven't received the *Chronicle* for three weeks now and I sure miss it. I always looked forward to Monday so I could read the home town news. We are going on Bivouac Wednesday afternoon and are coming back Thursday. My brother Harold was in this camp and he left here a month or so ago. It's too bad he couldn't be here yet so we could be together. But fate ruled it otherwise. Well there is no news in Camp so I guess I will close.

Your friend  
Bill Granger

*Pvt. Wm. Granger*

*Southwest Pacific*

Dec. 15, 1942

Greetings:

Just a line from the S.W. Pacific area where things are happening. We have received no mail since leaving the States but we are looking for to some any day now. I am hoping to catch up on all the back numbers of the *Chronicle* soon. This is just a line to tell you of the change in APO numbers. Best of luck to everyone.

Thomas S. Cumming

*Capt. Thomas S. Cumming*



*Camp Wolters, Texas*

Dec. 19, 1942

Dear Bert:

How's everything at Gardner these days? White I suppose. Well here in Texas its nice & warm. I write this letter to let you know a change in my address and also want to thank you very much for sending me the paper. I have received one every week and it sure is swell to be able to read a home town paper and see what everybody's doing back home.

Yesterday they issued us our steel helmets. They sure are cute. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to see it as the latest style in ladies hats.

My future address is as follows.

Thanks again for the paper Bert. I hope you keep sending it. Keep 'Em Smiling.

Pvt. Leo E. Fatlan

*Pvt. Leo Fatlan*

*Brookley Field, Alabama*

December 21, 1942

*The Gardner Chronicle:*

I received my first copy of the *Chronicle* today, and was very glad to get it. It really is nice to find out what's going on back home.

Army life is O.K. so far. I am doing office work here, mostly typing.

We are having real summer weather out here, haven't had a cold day yet this winter.

Well, I'll close thanking you again for your paper, which I am certainly glad to receive.

Yours truly,  
Pvt. Joseph Vercellino

*Pvt. Joseph Vercellino*



*(no location)*

12-22-42

Dear Bert,

Received your paper today. Thanks a lot. It is the best way I have to keep up with the old gang.

I am finally getting settled. That leave was swell, but it sure is good to be back flying again.

I am in a dive bombing unit now. It is a swell outfit. I am a lucky guy to be in it. Go places in a hurry. We are flying a version of the P-51 -- an attack bomber.

Well, Bert, give my season's greetings to all the gang. Perhaps in a couple of years we will all be home growing round Republican bellies & arguing about the weather again.

Thanks again for the paper.

D.D. Int-Hout

*A/C Int-Hout, D.D.*

*Fort Riley, Kansas*

Fort Riley, Kansas  
Dec. 24, 1942

*Chronicle:*

I just thought I would drop a line to let you know I am still receiving the paper. I got all of the addresses off the boys and starting to write them a line or two. Well I am still learning to drive the trucks. Every day we take a long drive to different towns around the country. It has been nice weather here but it is real cold. We are going on a road march one of these days. It will take 4 days and we will have to sleep out in the cold every night. I want to thank everybody for the Christmas presents and card they have sent. I was glad to receive so many card and different things. I am thanking them through the *Chronicle* because I haven't the time to thank everyone by writing each one a letter. I will close now and will write again.

Pvt. Cyrus F. Cobb

*Pvt. Cyrus F. Cobb*



*Camp Phillips, Kansas*

Camp Phillips, Kansas  
December 24, 1942

Hello Editor

Well here I am way down deep in the heart of Kansas. My address is as following.

This is a new camp. It is 7 miles by 10 miles. It is a very beautiful laid out. I am in division 94 which it has 15,000 men. I am in the medical department. Army life is swell so far. I have had the best medical care and wonderful foods. There is lot to be done yet. Pray that this war will be over soon and we can all return to civilian life. The nearest town is Salina which is 15 miles from Camp. We have buses running every half hour. We also have a dispensary, post exchange, recreation center and a show in each area. Well I must close this letter and keep them rolling.

As I remain  
Pvt. John Castelli

*Pvt. John Castelli*

*Camp Wallace, Texas*

Dec. 25, 1942

To the Editor:

At last I have some time off and can write to you. I have been receiving the *Chronicle* regularly and certainly enjoy it.

It is 7:00 P.M. Christmas Day. We have had all day off. Today we had quite a meal with turkey, dressing, and all the trimmings; everything from shrimp cocktail to apple pie ala mode. This is the warmest Christmas I've ever seen. Everyone is going around in shirtsleeves & still it's warm. I sure miss the snow.

Camp Wallace is located near a small town named Hitchcock. We are 18 miles north of Galveston and 42 miles south of Houston. This camp is entirely for basic training in anti-aircraft which is a branch of the coast artillery. The camp is divided into two groups. Each group has 4 battalions; each battalion has 4 batteries and each battery has four platoons. There are about 70 men in each platoon. All together, including officers and our large hospital section we have about 10,000 men here.

They say that the anti-aircraft is supposed to be a motorized unit, but so far it seems more like the infantry. So far this week we had a 7 mile hike on Wednesday, another on Thursday and we have another coming up tomorrow. These have been with a full field pack, rifle and gas mask. We are improving, though. The first hike we took here was for four miles without any equipment and it took us 2 hours. Wednesday's 7 mile hike to 2 hours, and yesterday it only took 1 hour and 40 minutes. It's hard on the feet, though. I have 9 blisters on my left foot and 5 on my right.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who sent Christmas cards or presents to me. They certainly are appreciated. If anyone has time to write, please do so. I'll answer them all as soon as I can.

It's time for lights out so I must close. Thanks again for the *Chronicle*. Keep 'em coming.

Your truly,  
Pvt. Rogers W. Cumming

*Pvt. Rogers W. Cumming*



*Fort Sam Houston*

Ft. Sam Houston  
1-3-43

To the Editor:

Just to say each week comes along with happy thoughts of home as I anticipate the *Chronicle*. I really can't begin to explain how much I enjoy and look forward to receiving it.

Ft. Sam is very nice, while San Antonio itself is quite an interesting city. Our training has reached the advanced and rugged stage, while the boys I believe are ready for big things.

Kindly note my change of address. Thank you, I remain

Sincerely yours,  
Cpl. Andrew Havrilla

*Cpl. Andrew Havrilla*

*Camp Phillips, Kansas*

Camp Phillips, Kansas  
January 14, 1943

Hello Editor:

Well here I am deep in the heart of Kansas. Army life is wonderful and we have very good foods. I am attached to the medical detachment. It sure is a very interesting course. We are kept busy during the day. Lights go at 10 o'clock and have to get up at 6:30. Army life is a very good career. I have a nice bunch of buddies. One of my pals is from Momence. In the Army you receive the very best of medical care. They really make a man out of you. There is 38 in the barracks with me. I have been in Army a month Monday, January 18. I have received two copies of the *Chronicle*. It feels good to sit down on your bunk at night and read the home town paper. Well editor I must close but "Keep Them Rolling."

As I remain  
Pvt. John Castelli

*Pvt. John Castelli*



*Fort Rosecrans, California*

Fort Rosecrans  
1/16/43 8 P.M.

Dear Editor:

Just a line thanking you for the courtesy you are giving me, in sending me the *Chronicle* regularly. You don't know how much I appreciate getting it. Myself, like every other fellow in the service, really enjoys hearing from home and I think most of us enjoy reading the home newspaper.

The Army and I are getting along fine. It is quite a change from civilian life but I guess we all have to make adjustments for that. I have been placed in the Coast Artillery and we sure have a swell camp here. I especially like the weather out here, I can just imagine how the weather is in Illinois right now.

I have completed my basic training, so I now have a new address.

So thanking you again, I'll close now by wishing you and all the folks in Gardner and vicinity the best of luck throughout the coming year. I also would appreciate hearing from anyone who would care to drop me a line.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. James E. Halpin

*Pvt. James E. Halpin*

*Lincoln Air Base*

Jan. 19, 1943

To the editor:

I just received a copy of the *Chronicle*, and enjoyed reading it, especially to read the letters of the other boys in the service. I am down here in Nebraska, and boy is it cold right now, it hit 18 below zero last night and this Nebraska wind don't stop for nothing and nobody, it just keeps on blowing.

I am going to a airplane mechanic school, right now I am on the midnight shift, from midnight to eight in the morning. I have life pretty easy, all I do is go to school and a half hour's exercise every day, and loaf all the rest of the time.

Thanks a lot for the *Chronicle*, I'll be looking forward to next week's issue.

Pvt. Joseph D. Doglio

*Pvt. Joseph D. Doglio*



*Camp Livingston, Louisiana*

January 24, 1943

To the Editor:

Although my address has changed again and I am far from the point of my last location, I still receive my regular copies of the *Chronicle* which are forwarded to me from Camp Carrabella, where our Division was located for nine weeks while undergoing Commando and Amphibian training. Here in Camp Livingston where the living conditions are so very much better, we are to have specialized training and embark on maneuvers sometime in April to test the results of all the training we have received thus far.

I am amazed to see the multitude of names of old friends appear in the *Chronicle* as being here and there in the service. How I would like to meet them and be able to talk over our experiences, and I hope and pray that when the day of Victory dawns, that every one of them will be able to return home safely.

Here in Camp Livingston are the living conditions and facilities for recreation that every soldier dreams about. It is a beautifully landscaped place with fine theatres, a service club, bowling alleys, roller rinks, field houses, first class bus service to Alexandria and our 59 five-man hutments are heated with natural gas. It is without a doubt the finest camp I have had the opportunity to live in since I entered the service in April 1941.

I want to thank everyone who so kindly remembered me at Christmas time and someday soon we will all see each other at the Victory parade.

Ever a devoted friend of the *Chronicle*,

I remain  
Stf. Sgt. John McCarter

*Stf. Sgt. John McCarter*



Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Inc.  
January 24, 1943

To Editor & Publisher:

After spending my first couple of weeks of basic training here I'm now beginning to take Army life in stride. Thus far I haven't had a minute to spare and now find myself with an enormous backlog of unanswered letters to take care of.

I received the first issue of the *Chronicle* last week and believe me, I really appreciate it. It's the next best thing to a weekend at home.

My training here at Harrison will consist of four weeks of basic training and 9 weeks at the Finance School here (or possibly at Wake Forrest College in North Carolina). I've completed half of the basic which is fundamentally the regular infantry training condensed into a much shorter period of time. Next week I'll be on the firing range shooting for record -- although I've only had my rifle (a British Enfield) for a week. They tell me the classes here take up some 12 to 14 hours a day, so you can see that I'll be mighty glad when it's finished.

Possibly you may be wondering what the Finance Corps does. Its job is to see to it that the men are paid as quickly as possible, regardless of where the men are located, or whether they are in training or in battle.

We have been informed that most of us will be on foreign soil soon after our training here is completed, so I suppose I may soon be figuring pay slips, Officers' Allowances, mileage, travelling expenses, etc., in some office about 50 miles behind the lines, which isn't far these days. While Finance is essentially non-combatant, the occasion may arise when we might have to put up a defensive or delaying action -- and to that end we are trained accordingly.

The fort here is located about 10 miles northeast of Indianapolis. As yet I haven't had much of an occasion to see the fair city. Passes here are almost non-existent and furloughs are entirely so. Did my first turn of K.P. last Sunday and I sure hope my second turn is long in coming. I washed and scrubbed huge greasy pots and pans all day long. I didn't think there were that many in the whole Army. If no one else appreciates my Army training I'm quite sure my wife will -- (Lonny please take note) -- I'm now quite adapt at scrubbing floors, sweeping, washing dishes, window cleaning, etc. Hope I'm not called upon to make any practical applications of it, however, when I return to civilian life -- enough is too much.

Well as this Sunday afternoon is almost at an end I'd better close. My personal regards and best wishes to the *Chronicle* staff and to all you folks in Gardner & vicinity. Again I want to express my thanks for the *Chronicle*.

Sincerely yours,  
Russell P. Hansen

P.S. Will send a Ft. Benj. Harrison souvenir this week to add to your collection. I'm sure it will be an interesting array of items and I'm looking forward to seeing it.

*Pvt. Russell P. Hansen*



*No location*

(Pages missing, postmarked Jan. 24, 1943)

...pounds, I should say.

When I read in the paper about the fellows that get passes and furloughs, I don't feel so bad now. That was my first pass in 15 months. Oh, I must take that back. While in Egypt I had a 24 hr. pass to Alexandria.

While in Cairo, I had the opportunity of visiting the office of the Middle East News printed for the Yanks over here. In a recent copy, an article on our Mascot was published. I will send it along so if you can, copy it. Hope you can republish it, Burt, without trouble.

May I take this means of thanking all the swell people for Xmas Cards and words of encouragement. They mean more than you realize.

Must close now, hoping this reaches everyone feeling swell and in good spirits.

As always,  
Spike

*Cpl. Harold Ray McHugh.*

St. Petersburg, Florida

January 30, 1943

Dear Burt,

First of all I want to thank you for the *Chronicle*. I received my first copy last Tuesday. Sure was good to read about the things going on in the home town.

As you already know, I am down here in St. Petersburg, Florida. I don't know if there is anyone from Gardner who's been in St. Petersburg, but I know they have been in Florida. It sure is a beautiful city. It seems just like summer back home.

Down here I will receive four weeks of basic training. After my basic training I will be sent to an Air base. When we drill we carry a gas mask. We will have to wear it two hours a day during drilling, then four hours a day. Yesterday we put them on as we had an instructor telling us about them. We wore them for about 5 city blocks & it got kind of warm on our faces. Next week we get our packs & later on we will shoot rifles & Thompson Sub. machine guns. I think I will enjoy this very much.

Will close now, Burt, as I have this afternoon & Sunday off & I want to go uptown a while. I forgot to tell you we don't live in barracks down here. We are living in the hotels right in the city. We are very lucky, don't you think?

A soldier boy  
Chuck



*San Fernando, California*

Los Angeles, Calif.  
Feb. 11, 1943

To the Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am receiving the paper and enjoying it very much. Sure is nice to know what is going on back around home and being so far away. I am now in the State of California. I was moved up here from Fort Lewis, Washington, Jan 4th. It sure is nice up here. The sun shines just about every day. It only rained twice since I have been here in Calif. and it is over a month that I have been here. Sure a lot of difference in weather between the two states, Washington & California. I was stationed in Washington ten months and it rained nine months out of the ten. I hear you people back in Ill. are having some pretty cold weather. I guess I would freeze to death if I got a furlough and came home, after being used to the weather we are having here. The nights are cool here, but it sure warms up. In the afternoons it gets to around 80°. I got me a pretty good suntan already.

Our camp is only 10 miles from Hollywood. I have been up to the Hollywood Canteen and run into a few of the movie actors. Sure is a nice place to go to. Wish I had more time, I would write a longer letter. I got my gun to clean and a few shirts and a pair of trousers to press.

Thanks a million for the paper. God only knows how much I appreciate it.

Pfc. Bruno Muzzarelli

*Pfc. Bruno Muzzarelli*

*Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas*

Saturday Nite Feb. 13, 1943

To the Editor:

The *Gardner Chronicle* paper has been arriving quite regularly and I want to take this chance to show my appreciation. A soldier who receives a paper from his home locality really enjoys reading the local news.

I see nearly all the boys with whom I graduated from G.S.W. are spread all over the United States.

We soldiers can get in touch with each other by getting the addresses from the *Chronicle*.

Some of my friends here from Illinois enjoy reading the paper as much as I do. In closing I will say that I am looking forward to the next issue.

Thanking you again,

As ever,  
Cpl. Tom Novak

*Cpl. Tom Novak*



*Somewhere overseas*

Feb. 14, 1943

To the Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know I'm feeling fine. Also received my first two copies of the paper. My Buddies also enjoyed the paper. It's a long time since we read a paper.

I was very interested in letters from boys in the service. I've written to some of them. But since I've been in the service I'm moved so much my mail hasn't caught up with me as yet.

Sometimes my buddies and I gather around my tent and sing songs. The natives stare with amazement in their eyes. The natives here are very dark. I have a little trouble to understand their language. When I talk to them I mostly use sign language.

I've got to close for now. I haven't much time for letter writing. Thanks everyone for the Christmas cards you sent me.

Remaining As Ever  
Pvt. Joseph J. Cassetto

*Pvt. Joseph J. Cassetto*

*Camp Wolters, Texas*

Sunday, Feb. 14-43

Friend Bill

Just a few lines to let you know that I enjoy receiving the paper and that you got my little souvenir all right.

I am also sending you a snapshot of myself, Bill Sharp of Braidwood and Leo Fatlan of Gardner. These were taken at Cap Wolters on Dec. 24 when you people were shivering up there at home.

I am in what is called an Anti Tank Unit and we drill on what is called a 37 MM Gun. And that is every day for sometimes on hour up to 4 or 5 hours. Then we have our marches and exercise drills, which take up most of our time. And then we have rifles that we have to keep clean and we do that after our day is done. That is after supper mostly.

Give my regards to everyone. I remain

Your friend  
Bill Kilpatrick

*Pvt. William S. Kilpatrick*



*New Guinea*

Feb. 18 - 43

Dear Mr. Editor

Received several *Chronicles*.

Thanks for mailing the news it was a little late but the mail here in New Guinea is always late and a Xmas card in March is considered up to date. It sure seems good to read the boys' letters. Some of them I know. It seems I have to receive the *Gardner Chronicle* to get a picture of the New Guinea jungle natives. We call them fuzzy wuzzys here. & also a picture of a first cousin Mrs. Sam Viviana. Not much news here in New Guinea. It's plenty hot and damp. We also had plenty nuts for Xmas. Coco nuts. But here's a little verse or so that we boys made up. It will tell you more then I can think to say.

So I'll close. Tell the rest of the boys to buy bonds as they are safer investment then banks. I had another birthday this month & also a year today in the Army so cheerio and good luck here's hoping I don't remain your New Guinea correspondence.

As always  
Chuck

*Cpl. Charles Fabry*

*Fort San Houston, Texas*

Feb. 20, 1943

Dear Burt:

Just a line to let you know that I am well and although I would rather be back home, I can't say that I would enjoy those cold waves you have had lately, because the climate is really good down here.

I am not very far from Mexico, and if I stay here long enough I hope to go across the border one of these days real soon.

I hope this war ends soon, so I, and the millions more like myself can all go back home and live in peace once more. Thanks a million, for that wonderful newspaper of yours.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Clinton Conley

*Pvt. Clinton Conley*



*Lexington, Kentucky*

Lexington, Kentucky  
February 21, 1943

Dear Editor:

Just a line to let you know that I have been moved again. I am right in the heart of the blue grass country of Kentucky. It sure feels good to get back up North again, the climate is so much different, makes you feel like you're alive again. I am going to attend the University of Kentucky for a three-month course in surveying. It is really nice here, I am staying at the Phoenix Hotel in Lexington. Another fellow and I have a room all to ourselves, the hotel furnishes our meals, all we have to do is keep our room neat and attend classes at the University. We have passes so we can go in and out of the hotel as we please, but have to be in bed at eleven except Saturday nights. I never dreamed of getting anything like this in the Army. I just got in here Friday night so I haven't seen much of the town as yet. I have been talking to some of the boys that have been here awhile and they say the only thing wrong with this is they don't make enough money.

I have been receiving the *Chronicle* regularly, and it is sure is good to read what the other boys are doing in the service and the news around the home town. Well, I have to be closing, it is time for dinner. I never got up in time for breakfast, it being Sunday we can sleep as long as we like. Thanks a million for the paper.

Cpl. George E. Harrop

*Cpl. George E. Harrop*

*Camp Whiteside*

Camp Whiteside  
Feb. 25, 1943

*Chronicle:*

I just thought I would drop you a line, to let you know, I am still getting the *Chronicle*. My address is changed a little from what it was. We are in a new outfit. It is called the 29th Cavalry Regt. After so much training we will be a show outfit. We probably go all over the country putting on shows. It is a tough outfit too. We are the first ones here, and have everything from new. We are getting all new vehicles and equipment. I think I will close now because the lights are going out soon. My address will be on the other side.

Pvt. Cyrus F. Cobb

*Pvt. Cyrus F. Cobb*



*Camp Swift, Texas*

Mar. 3, 1943

Dear Parky:

We how is everything on Maxwell St. Hope this letter finds you all O.K. I am feeling great and all is well in Texas.

Just want to drop you a line & let you know that I am receiving the good old *Gardner Chronicle* regularly, keep it coming.

In closing I want to wish you all the best of health & happiness. God Bless All.

Robert

P.S. Give my congratulations to Donald his becoming a Shave tail. He sure was lucky to be stationed in Camp Grant.

*Robert Vignocchi*

Maxwell Field, Alabama

March 7, 1943

Dear Burt,

I've been receiving your weekly *Chronicle*, without fail, since last October, but have neglected to express my appreciation.

Well, Burt, others who have written to you at regular intervals have given you the thoughts that apparently run through all our minds. I'm sure we cherish your paper as though it were a letter directly from home. First thing I look for is the letters from other boys in the service, especially those overseas. Then I go through Mrs. Viviana's column and then over the various news items. Although I have a large correspondence from friends in Gardner, I find that you mention many things which they had overlooked. You are doing a good job, Burt -- your boys in service will agree.

Gardner has the social activities right at home that it should have had years ago. It took war and rationing to stimulate such doings and now let us hope that it can be preserved.

It is unimportant to mention where I've been and what I've done since leaving home, but it has been most interesting and educational. For weeks and weeks our routine has been more or less a preparation for flying duty. Since coming to Maxwell we began to see what is ahead for us. When we go to primary we'll get our first trip upstairs and I hope the time will go faster from there on out. Since my entire training will be in the Southeastern Command, I hope to contact Duane Int-Hout or Cecil Daniels.

May I please extend my heartiest thanks to those who have been faithful in writing, in sending holiday cards & gift boxes. I appreciate it more than you'll ever know. Someday I hope to be home to personally greet each of you.

God bless the soldiers, sailors and marines overseas!

Sincerely,  
A/C Francis L. McCarter

P.S. Will you please send Spike McHugh's address!

A/C Francis L. McCarter



*Camp Phillips, Kansas*

March 7, 1943  
Camp Phillips, Kansas

Dear Burt:

How are you folks? I am just fine. Weather here has gotten cold here. Please do not print this letter in your paper. As this is a short letter and I am sending this souvenir as you requested that you like to have one from each you boy you send the paper. I get your paper usually every Sunday. It is very nice to sit down on your bunk and read home town paper. I have had 10 weeks of basic training and only need 3 more weeks. I will write a longer letter next time. "Keep Them Rolling."

Best regards  
Pvt. John Castelli  
"Pooch"

*Pvt. John Castelli*

*Camp Livingston, Louisiana*

March 7, 1943

(This was addressed to Mrs. Mable Viviana)  
Dear Friend:

It just occurred to me that quite some time ago I promised to write to you and, after receiving the *Chronicle* today and reading your column, I was convinced I should get busy pronto.

I never had the pleasure of meeting you personally, but after reading your wit and humor, I feel I have known you for a long time. Your script is that "something has been added" for the *Chronicle*. Every good newspaper has its comic and humor strip and you do so well in proving that certain touch which makes for such good reading. To you no doubt I am a total stranger, but after reading a few of my letters to the paper, you probably feel you know me as I feel I know you.

Speaking of humor, Mable, here is a joke which struck me as funny. It seems a gentleman of culture was visiting an asylum and saw an inmate doing some writing. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Writing myself a letter," the inmate replied. "What does it say?" the man asked. "How in h-l should I know -- I won't get it till tomorrow," he answered.

It has been my lot to be one of the "fortunate" individuals to be left behind time after time to instruct in the radio schools we set up in each camp we situate in. I begin to feel rather "the heel" when I hear of so many others being overseas when they have been in the service so much less time than myself.

Wayne, my brother, is with the Marines in the southwest Pacific and Frank is in the Air Corps at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Here in Camp Livingston we are experiencing the best living conditions we have had since being in the service. Our living quarters are very comfy and our food is the best and there is plenty of it. All incidentals are readily available at the canteens and many forms of recreation are available at any time when we are away from company duties long enough to take advantage of them.

Your column in the *Chronicle* is usually the first thing I read on receipt of the paper and I wish you the best in everything and hope I can see you at the Victory Parade.

Sincerely,  
Stf. Sgt. John McCarter

*Stf. Sgt. John McCarter*



*Alameda, Calif.*

(postmarked) March 9, 1943

Dear Editor:

Have been very busy of late and not having time for a letter decided to drop you a card giving my new address.

I've just returned from school in New York. I made 2nd class petty officer rating -- machinist mate 2/C. Will write as soon as I have time.

Regards.  
Norbert Ulbrich

*Norbert Ulbrich*  
*M.M. 2/C*

*Government Island, Alameda, California*

3-12-43

Dear Editor:

I am very sorry I haven't written sooner, but I have been very busy of late. I have just returned from New York, and am now stationed at Government Island working in the machine shop repairing motors, etc.

I am very happy and proud to say that I have been promoted to a second class petty officer rating. My new rating is machinists mate 2/C.

In my transferring around from aboard ship to New York to Diesel Engineering School, and now back to California, I missed quite a few issues of the *Chronicle*. I really mean missed, because I enjoyed reading about the home folks and their happenings. Would you please send it to the following address.

The weather out here is perfect. It seems good to get back to sunny California after spending the winter amidst ice and snow in New York.

Thanks for all the past issues of the *Chronicle*. Here's hoping I receive them once again very soon.

Sincerely yours,  
Norbert Ulbrich

*M.M.2/C Norbert Ulbrich*



*(no location)*

Mar. 14, 1943

Dear Burt:

I'm finally getting around to write. Thanks for the paper.

Right now I'm trying to decide whether to go to sleep for awhile or stay awake and talk. I've had about two hours sleep so far today. It is 8:00 P.M. now and I go on duty at midnight. Usually fly on two missions between 12 midnight and noon. We are short of operators now and those who are available get in quite a bit of time.

This is desert country all right. From all the stories I've heard, there are quite a few rattlesnakes around here. I've looked for the things and still have to see one. Quite a few small lizards around.

The field, I think, is a good one. Some of the fellows don't care for it. Food is good and conditions are good, so what else could one expect or want?

Took a trip into Los Angeles and Hollywood last week and don't think I'd care much about living there permanently. I'll take the Middle West for mine. A fellow can have fun there. I did.

We have B-17s here, nothing else. It is plenty of airplanes. Fast and heavily armed. No wonder they are making a good showing in the various war zones.

Can't think of much else to write. Guess I'll try to grab a few hours of shut-eye.

Sincerely,  
Cy Purdy, Jr.

*Cy Purdy, Jr.*

*Jefferson Barracks, Missouri*

(postmarked Mar 16, 1943)  
Monday

Dear Bert:

Thought I had better write to you and tell you what I am doing. I will start at the first part of my basic training. The first seven days were my processing days. That is getting classified for position, clothing, and most of all, the thing a soldier likes so well, are his beloved shots. Then we started our 26 days of drilling, after that were put on causal lists doing odd jobs around the camp like K.P., fireguard and such. I have been made pistol instructor out on the range in charge of men, who have to be taught how to hold their pistol and such. I have been pretty tired the last couple days after coming in from the range.

I wish to thank all the townspeople, during the time of my emergency furlough, for their sympathy of my beloved sister. Thanks, Bert, for the paper. It sure is swell to read something from the home town.

Well, it is about time for lights out. So I will close for now.

Yours very truly,  
Pvt. Raymond C. Nelson

*Pvt. Raymond C. Nelson*



*(No location)*

March 21 - 43

Hi there:

Was in Jacksonville over the weekend. Had a very nice time. I sent you a little souvenir from there, also included one for Burt, so when you go to town you can give the brush to Burt. If you will, please. It is sure warm here these days. Rained some water here last night, just enough to make the spuds grow better.

I am on M.P. duty now, carry a 45 on my side now. Am going to do some carpenter work later in a month or so. The news is very scarce here, and I have five letters to write before bed time, so I'll say take care of yourself, and I will do the same.

Write when you can find time. I got the paper from Gardner today.

So now, good-bye.

As ever,  
Bennie

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*



Mar. 21, 1943

Dear Bert:

Well, Bert, while I have time today I am going to write you a few lines. I have wanted to write to you for some time but been pretty busy & just kept putting it off. I want to thank you at this time for sending me the paper, which I have been receiving every week. I really enjoy reading the paper as it is a good way to keep up with things around the old town & the boys from home that are in other Camps. I always look forward to the day I receive the paper.

Well, I don't know very much to write but, as you will see by my address, that I am in a different part of the country at the present time. This country out here is a lot different than any that I have ever been in before. In other words, it is just the California desert. Just a wide open space with the mountains all around us. There isn't a tree within miles of this place & it sure can get hot out here in the day time, but the nights get so cold that we use more covers than we ever did in Louisiana. I don't understand how it can change so fast.

This is just a tent Camp that we have out here. The 6th Armored Division left here when we came out here. They had been here for about 6 months. They say we are to stay out here till the 1st of August. I think I am going to like it here better than I did at Camp Polk, even if I am a lot farther from home. Los Angeles, California is around 200 miles from here. There are no towns of any size very close. In fact, Indio, California is about the nearest and they say it is 65 miles from here. The only lights we have out here are candles. It is rather hard to write a letter by candle light after being used to the other lights.

I graduated from the course at Tank Mechanics School at Fort Knox, Kentucky on the 3rd of March. Went back to Camp Polk & the following week left for out here. We were on the train 3 days & 3 nights coming out here. Sure saw a lot of country on the way out here. Saw some real interesting things too. I had heard a lot about the desert before I got out here but didn't think it could be the way they said. I didn't think there was anything like it in the United States. Well, now that I am here, I know that it is so. There is not a blade of grass around any place as the ground is all sand. There are a few bushes but they only grow about a foot & a half or two feet high, and they don't make any shade at all. The only shade there is, is in our tents & it gets pretty hot in there when the sun is shining on them.

Well, Bert, there isn't much more to write about this place, as I haven't been here long enough to know very much about it myself. So for this time I guess I'll just have to sign off. I want to thank you again for sending me the paper. I appreciate it very much & will be looking forward to receiving it each week. Tell all the old friends up there I said hello and take care of the old town. This leaves me feeling fine & in good health & hope it finds you all the same up there. So until later, I will close.

As ever,  
Smitty

P.S. Thanks again for the paper.

*Cpl. Howard W. Smith*



*School of Aeronautics, Orangeburg, S.C.*

April 5, 1943

Dear Editor

A short line to inform you of my new location.

We left pre-flight last week and came here to begin actual flying. Everything is in readiness so we go up tomorrow for the first time. Thereafter it will be six days a week.

This is a small field but a new one and we love it here. The food is wonderful. Met my instructor and I have all the confidence in him that I possess. Best wishes to you and thanks so much for your papers.

A/C Francis L. McCarter

*A/C Francis L. McCarter*

*Hawaiian Islands*

April 8, 1943

Dear Friends:

Just a few lines to let you know I am in the Hawaiian Islands. I can't say nothing about them cause, well I guess you know why.

Have been here one month now. It really is O.K. Go to the show as often as we would like. The pictures are old to us late arrivals, but we go and enjoy them just to be doing something. It really helps too. We have P.X.'s on all posts and can get about everything we need in them. We could not ask for it much better. We get plenty to eat and lots of sleep.

I ran across a Morey or Morbey boy from Dwight today. Was I ever surprised. He trained in the same camp in the states with me. Came across with me and is assigned to the same company I am. It was really swell talking to someone from so close to home again.

I can't say anything about the Islands but will tell you when I get home.

I am really swell, think I am putting on weight. I think of everyone quite a bit and wish I was home, but I guess I can take it like the rest of the boys.

Until next time I'll be thinking of you all.

As always,  
Pvt. Ralph Provance

*Pvt. Ralph Provance*



*Camp Roberts, California*

April 10, 1943  
Sunday

Dear Burt:

Well, I have been receiving the paper now and I appreciate it very much. I would like to thank the people who donated for the paper for us boys. We went on a thirty mile hike last week with a full pack. Tomorrow we are going out to the rifle range for about 40 practice rounds. I haven't met any boys from around home yet but some day some fellow will land up here.

I think the artillery is a very good part of the U.S. Army. It has to play a very interesting part in the overseas land. It has its Infantry too.

The food out here is very good and plentiful. We have more here than the people at home. We don't need any ration book here for food.

I am receiving lots of mail from home and my friends. It keeps me busy answering the mail. I hope they keep it up.

There is one person that us boys in the service should thank. That is the good Lord above who gave us the power, courage, and health to train to become soldiers.

And we must all stick together and win. We have something to fight for. I say this because of a moving picture we saw that is restricted from the public. I'd sooner be dead than in their place. It was a terrible scene.

Well, hope all the people back home and in Gardner are fine, because I sure am. Well, it's about time for chow so I will sign off.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Joseph V. Serena

P.S. Give your Mother & Dad my regards. Keep 'em published, Burt.

*Pvt. Joseph V. Serena*

*California Desert*

4/11/43

Dear Bert:

Well, this won't be very much of a letter as it won't be long till it will be dark & it is too hard on the eyes to write by candle light. Just wanted to let you know I receive the paper every week & glad to get it. Received the paper today & sure enjoyed reading it.

I read where you received the 5th souvenirs from the boys in service. I want to be on that list too, so I have one here that I am sending you. Been thinking all the time about what I could send & couldn't think of anything I could get out here, so I hope this will do. It isn't really a souvenir of a Camp, but it is the 7th Armored Division patch that we wear on our clothes. It will be a souvenir of the 7th Division wherever we are at. At the present time it will be from the California Desert. Anyway I hope that it will do.

Well, Bert, there isn't much to write about as nothing ever happens out here to write about & there isn't anything on a desert to write about. I think maybe in the near future I may take a trip in to Los Angeles. At least I may get to see something besides just a lot of sand like it is around here.

I want to thank you for the paper which I receive every week & hope I keep on receiving it. Hope the 7th Division patch will do for the souvenir. This leaves me in good health & hope it finds all the same up there. Tell all hello & until later I will close.

As ever,  
Smitty

*Cpl. Howard W. Smith*



*Fort Sam Houston*

Fort San Houston  
April 13, 1943

Dear Burt:

Just a little souvenir from the division down here in Fort Sam. I couldn't think of anything better to send you than the Division official insignia. In case you can make it out, it is the 95th Division. You will probably read their heroic actions in the newspapers of the near future. I have been transferred since I last wrote to you, so am forwarding my new address along with this letter. I think you have a wonderful idea in your window display of different camps around the country and if I could, I would send the camp along as it really is pretty here. Thanks, once again for that wonderful newspaper of yours.

Sincerely  
Clinton Conley

*Pvt. Clinton Conley*

*Camp Blanding, Florida*

April 14 (postmarked 1943)

Dear Burt:

Here I am again, I have wanted to do this for a long time. Have sure been busy here the last two weeks. I want to take time now and thank you for sending me the paper. I really enjoy reading the paper, it's just like getting a letter from home. I look forward to every Sunday morning, as it's the day the paper comes.

Well, I don't know very much to write about, only I'm leaving Florida the 17th. I'm going to Nashville, Tenn. for 9 weeks.

Well, the news is very scarce here, so will close now, and say thanks again for sending the paper.

Tell all the old friends up there I said hello, and take care of themselves. This leaves me in A1 shape, and felling fine.

So until later, I will close.

As ever,  
Bennie

P.S. Am also sending you an Easter card. It's a little early, but I don't want to carry all my cards to Tenn., and have them get bent up. Good-bye now.

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*



*Bedford Airdrome, Bedford, Massachusetts*

April 14, 1943

To the Editor:

Just a line to let you know that I still receive the *Chronicle* and it really is a swell thing to receive.

Well, I am finally settled down again. This is the third field I have been in the last 2 weeks.

Today I was transferred from Rhode Island down here to Bedford. I really was surprised though when I was told I was to fly here. We took a BT to here and it really was swell, although the weather was bad and we really hit plenty of air pockets on the way here.

I picked out a souvenir here at the PX and thought I may as well send that also.

The Squadron I am in consists of all P-47 (Thunderbolts) and they are pretty nice ships.

Well, I guess I will close and again thinking you for the paper.

As ever,  
Pvt. LaVerne Residori

P.S. I'd like everyone to do their best to "Keep 'Em Flying"

*Pvt. LaVerne A. Residori*

*New York City*

April 17, 1943

To the Editor:

I'm finally getting around to writing you a letter and thanking you for sending the *Chronicle*. I enjoy sitting down, picking up the paper and seeing what all the folks are doing back home. Pete Lucca, one of the fellows from near Braceville, who is stationed a few miles from me, enjoys reading my copy of the paper just as much as I do.

Since enlisting last year I haven't traveled very much. I came to Manhattan Beach Training Station for my five weeks of "boot" training. From here I went to Ellis Island where I spent three months before moving to 42 Broadway, where I have remained. The detail I'm attached to works out of District Coast Guard Intelligence Office, so there isn't really much to tell about our work, which consists mostly of guarding and escorting.

I believe New York is one of the best cities to be stationed in, for there are plenty of interesting places to visit, good shows and leading orchestras to see, and plenty of U.S.O.s to visit.

Before closing, I would like to take the opportunity to thank you again for the paper.

Yours truly,  
Clement (Bud) Stellano, S. 1/C

*S. 1/C Clement (Bud) Stellano*



*California*

Calif. April 21 - 43

Dear Friend Bill"

Well, Bill, we finally got moved to our new place. Haven't had the paper now for a month, but I suppose it will catch up. I sure do miss it. We are located in the middle of the Mojave Desert. It gets around 120 to 130 in the shade. We are brown as Indians. I am sending my new address and Eddie Orent's is the same. Was in to Mexico last week and saw my first orange & lemon & apricot groves. They were all ripe, had the pleasure to pick them all. Sure was nice, enjoyed it very much. Well, Bill, that's about all there is for now. But will be looking for the paper. And here's wishing all the Boys from home the best of luck.

Cpl. George Kaldem

*Cpl. George Kaldem*

*Camp Walters, Texas*

Camp Walters, Tex.  
April 22 - 43

Friend Parky,

Just a few lines to let you know that I receive the *Gardner Chronicle* every week and sure enjoy reading it. I like to read the letters from the Boys in service. They sure are interesting to read what the other fellow is doing and where he is in this great Army & Naval units I also enjoy the country reporters fun column. There is a lot of interesting items in it.

I have been moved to a different Detachment here. I am now in the Quartermaster Corps. There isn't much hard work to it as yet, least I haven't found any yet.

This is a pretty camp here now with all the trees leafed out and the grass green, what there is of it, for most of this camp is sand and rock.

I was out on a detail awhile back and I happened to see the cactus starting to grow anew and some of it is little round balls coming up thru the ground.

I sure was pleased to hear that you like the souvenir that I sent you although it was empty, but Parky, this is a dry county that we are in as far as hard liquor goes.

I am sure glad to hear that you folks back home are putting your shoulders to the wheel and putting the bond drives over as they should be put over.

This is about all that I can think of at present. But give my regards to everyone in the office.

Pvt. William S. Kilpatrick

*Pvt. William S. Kilpatrick*



*Ft. Lewis, Washington*

April 31 - 1943

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to say Hello to all you folks back home, and especially those of who are sending me the *Chronicle* which is the Gardner Women Sewing Club, and I want to thank them one and all.

I am still at my same job yet but a person can't tell what's coming next as this ain't a job like it was when I was home. For you can't say leave it go till to-morrow when the job is to be done to-day, and believe me, I'll be right there to give a hand, for anything helps. And I imagine you folks would do the same.

Folks get the Chicago paper and I have seen a great many names and pictures of men that I have worked with back around home. So in writing this letter I hope it will convince you folks that boys in the Service want letters and more of them. So get out your writing material and the limit is eight ounces. So come on folks let's have them. And other wise everything is O.K. and hope this short letter finds you all the same and now I'll say So Long.

*Pvt. Samuel Davis*

*Ft. Geo. G. Meade, Maryland*

May 1, 1943

To the Editor:

Well, as I always say, "Everything around here is just fine." The grass is nice and green and trees are in full bloom. We will soon have summer here. The leaves will soon furnish shade from the blistering sun. It's really hot here already. Last Sunday I was in Washington, D.C., and sure had a swell time. For a change I've really seen the things that I read about in books. It sure is a swell sight to see the Capitol. Easter Sunday we sure saw a well Service on the steps of the White House. it's a sight one won't forget right away.

The girls around here are swell. They sure know how to dance fine. They've got the Jitterbug Jive and so far I haven't mastered it, but I'm still trying. Someday I'll come back and put on a Jitterbug Contest in Gardner.

I sure enjoy getting the paper and read it over and over, so keep it coming, Bert. The news of Gardner is always welcome. To all the boys in the Service who read this, I want to wish them all good luck.

Say, how about some addresses of Servicemen, Bert?

As ever,  
Einer R. Sorensen

*P.F.C. Einer R. Sorensen*



*Somewhere in Africa*

Somewhere in Africa  
May 3, 1943

Dear Mom:

Just received a letter from you dated April 2, so you can see the mail service isn't so good as yet, but now that I'm at last settled down and probably will remain here for some time, my mail may come more regularly.

The heat still continues on however, this morning is much cooler, and they say the rains usually start the middle of this month

I intend to be quite busy for the next few days. Some new men have just arrived and have to be assigned to their jobs. Also, an officer of the day today which will give me plenty to do, all of which pleases me very much.

The ten of us officers who left the States together are still together, all being assigned to this Base. We are glad for that.

Well, Mom, I must get to work now, so till next time,

Lots of love,  
Wendell

*Lt. W. B. Barrett*

*Great Lakes, Illinois*

(postmarked 5/3/43)

Hi, Parky!

Here is your letter and please send me the *Chronicle*. Bill Burkhardt and I are stationed together. We're in the second week of boot training. This Company is sure swell. We are to be here for 10 to 12 weeks. The food is swell and encourages all to join the Navy if they can. Tell the gang at home to be sure and write because we sure feel lonesome when we don't get any. A few are homesick here but they are doing a good job of not showing it. I guess it is because they only get one or two letters a week from home. Please tell anybody that has a friend in service to write, it only costs 3¢ and does a \$1.00 of good. Sure wish you were here. I signed up for the Drum Corps. Well, Burt, we will be home in 10 to 12 weeks. We were told by the 4th, so I will be seeing you.

The 2 Best Sailors in the World,  
Mickey and Bill

How is the band coming.  
Good Luck and So Long

*A.S. Earl Edwin McComas*



*Camp Swift, Texas*

May 3, 1943

Hello, Parky:

How is everything in Gardner? I suppose everything on Maxwell Street is under control.

I just wanted to drop you a line of thank you for sending the *Chronicle*.

I have been reading about everyone else sending you Insignias of their outfits, so I guess I will do them one better & sent two, one from the 95th Division, the outfit I was in first. I am sending you one from the outfit I am in now, which is the 97th Division. The 95th is the one with the V then the 9. The Pitchfork is the 97th Division Insignia (shoulder). The 3 prongs are one each for Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini, you know where to jab it, that's right.

Robert

*Robert Vignocchi*

*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Brooklyn, N.Y.  
May 4, 1943

Dear friend Burt,

I am writing just a few lines to say that I arrived back alright. I really didn't expect to see this kind of weather out here though. There is still snow in some places, and is it ever cold.

I really did have a wonderful time when I was home. Everyone treated me wonderful, and I certainly appreciated it.

I am hoping on getting shipped overseas again this week. At least I am going to go and see the Lieut. if he can arrange it somehow. I would much rather be out at seas than laying around here in New York.

I am still receiving the good hometown paper, and it is greatly appreciated. A lot of the other fellows around here enjoy reading it also.

Well, Burt, as news is very scarce I think I will close. Give everyone my best regards.

I remain as ever  
Your friend  
Gary Hansen

*Gary Hansen*



*Somewhere overseas*

May 6 - 1943  
Somewhere overseas

To the Editor:

Just a few lines thanking you for trying to send me a newspaper where I'm now located. I been informed you were always trying to send it to me, but for some reason or other it has been returning to you always.

About a week or two ago I received one copy, it must of been by luck or something. It was only four months old, but I enjoyed it very much so did my buddies.

The weather here is very hot. The jungle is very thick in growth. You cut your way through if you want to go somewhere. Lots of the fellows have pets they caught in nearby jungle. The natives are very dark, average seem to be very short. The language was strange at first to understand; but as time went on I've learned some words of it. Now once in awhile us fellows even talk among ourselves using some of the natives words and expressions.

Hearing you started a collection of souvenirs from boys in the service. There would be a couple things I could send but, there's a ban for shipping things from overseas stations. I like to take this time to say hello to all my pals in the service. In the future I would like to hear from you all.

I've got to close now and get ready duty calls. Keep things going at home. I and rest of the fellows will do our part here.

"Fuzzy"

*Pvt. Joseph J. Cassetto*

*Camp Whiteside*

Camp Whiteside  
May 9, 1943

Burt:

I think it is about my time to drop you a few lines. I received the *Chronicle* every week and really enjoy reading it. I am also sending you a souvenir. It isn't very much, but I hope you like it. Well Kansas is getting nice now. It is turning warm everything is green. It is a real nice view from the top of a hill. This land around here is all hills, and it is all green.

We are putting on demonstrations for the cavalry school. We are also studying all the guns that is in the cavalry. This is a nice place here, and they don't work us very hard. We will start getting it hard when it gets real hot.

Easter Sunday we had to be in camp. We all went to a program over at Fort Riley. I was sitting about 25 yds. from the President. It was a real nice program. Well I will thank Everyone again for the *Chronicle*.

Pvt. Cyrus Cobb

*Pvt. Cyrus F. Cobb*



*Alaska*

May 16 (no year, guessing 1943)

Dear Editor:

Received the first edition of the paper a few days ago. It was the one of April 15. I sure was very glad to get it for it was the first paper I saw since I've left the States on March 28.

I'm in Alaska, really am enjoying this country. It has very many beautiful mountains which are traveled by all kinds of wild game. Alaska is really going to be a place of opportunity after this is all over with. I guess that is about all I can say about Alaska.

I sure appreciate being able to read all the letters from the boys in different camps.

I will be closing for it is pretty close to chow. I wouldn't want to miss it.

Alfred Muzzarelli

*Pvt. Alfred J. Muzzarelli*

*Somewhere in Africa*

Somewhere in Africa  
May 17, 1943

Dear Burt:

It has been a long, long time since I have written to you and to try to square things a little, I think I'll write a little and give you some of the low-down.

I've certainly been a long time in reaching my destination, but in so doing I've seen a great deal of the world travelling by nearly every means of conveyance.

My travels have taken me through such places as Babylon, Baghdad, Haifa and Tele viv, Palestine, and Cairo, Egypt, there visiting the Pyramids and Sphinx. So you see I've been on a pleasure tour of the world, so to speak.

However, at last the picnic is over, and I've now been assigned to the Air Transport Command, on duty with one of the Squadrons as Adjutant. My assignment coincides exactly with my training received at OCS in Miami Beach, for which I'm greatly pleased.

The base at which I'm stationed is very comfortable as regards living quarters, food, and the availability of miscellaneous articles which make life here, miles away from home, much easier to take.

The native population every where I've been are all Arabic, and none too particular in matters of cleanliness and sanitation. "Buckshee," and Arabic word for "give me something," is the cry of the Middle East. They are the world's most famed beggars to say the least.

I would appreciate very much to again receive your paper. I've had so many changes in address that it hasn't been able to keep up, but now that my address is fairly permanent you may send it to this address.

I sincerely hope this finds you and yours in the best of health and say hello to everyone in Gardner for me.

Sincerely,  
Wendell

*Lt. W. B. Barrett*



*Some Place*

May 19, 1943

Dear Editor:

Just a few to let you know how much I appreciate receiving the *Chronicle*. I sure want to thank you a million times for it. An I want to thank everyone who has donated so it is possible for me and the rest of the soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guards to enjoy the *Chronicle*. It keeps us posted on the home front. Which means a lot to everyone of us. I also enjoy reading those letters from the servicemen. Oh, by the way, I do write to Lee at least once a week. He is the one who is slow in writing

Just as soon as I can I'll find a souvenir to add to your collection. I sure want in on it.

Say things are looking lots better again now, and maybe we'll all be back home before we realize it.

I am feeling fine, have a nice suntan. Go swimming quite a lot. But that salt water don't taste any too appetizing to me.

As ever,  
Ralph

*Pvt. Ralph Provance*

*Ellington Field, Texas*

June 2, 1943

To the Editor:

This is to notify you of my change of address to the Air Corps Advanced Flying School, at Ellington Field, Texas.

This is a twin-engine advanced Flying School, preparing us for heavy bombardment ships. We are flying AT10s, AT9s and will finish off in single engine AT6s for gunnery practice out over the Gulf.

I have received the *Chronicle* regularly, and really enjoy the home town news.

Sincerely,  
AV/C James M. Thorson

*AV/C James M. Thorson*



(no location)

June 3, 1943

Dear Burt,

Just thought I'd drop you a few lines to let you know I'm O.K. Also I want to tell you not to send me the *Chronicle* anymore because I'm not receiving any mail whatsoever. I sure wish I could get it but it is impossible to send it out here. We have a few soldiers on here that we were kidding about getting mail from the mail buoy. We really had them believing there was such a thing.

Well, Burt, as news is very damned little, I'll ring off.

My best regards,  
Gary

*Gary Hansen*

*Caribbean*

June 3, 1943

Just a few lines to let you know I have been receiving the *Chronicle* regularly. I enjoy reading every copy very much, and I want to thank everyone who has made it possible for me to receive it.

I have been stationed in the Caribbean area for over a year now, and things here are pretty fair.

I received the April seventeenth and April twenty-fourth issues of the *Chronicle* yesterday. It takes a while to reach me, but it's worth waiting for. I will close for now, so keep us the good work and thanks again.

As ever,  
Tony

*Pfc. Anton G. Shondis*



*Camp Roberts, California*

June 9, 1943  
Wed.

Dear Burt:

Well it's quite a while since I wrote to you.  
I am receiving the paper and I am glad to get it.  
We are about to be shipped, to where I don't know.  
We graduate the 12th of the month, that's Saturday.  
They gave us new guns. They're carbines. They hold 15 shells and are semi-automatic. They are a very good, they only weigh five pounds.  
I guess all the fellows have left for the armed forces back home. I bet it's dead.  
I was in San Francisco last Sunday. I went to see my uncle's brother who is a naval officer. We had a very good chat, but I can't tell what it was about (hint).  
I have written a poem in my spare time last night. Here it is.

There once was one  
But now there is none  
My heart, it yearns  
But what is to be done  
Nothing but to forget  
And go on fighting for liberty  
Cause there is no more.

Sincerely,  
Joseph V. Serena

P.S. Thanks again for the paper.

*Pvt. Joseph V. Serena*

*Camp Clipper*

Camp Clipper  
June 10 - 43

Dear Curly & Family

Well, only got time to get a few lines off to you and hope it finds you & the Family ok. I feel pretty good myself. Haven't had a good beer since I left. Going to lay off it till the war is over, than just relax for 3 or 4 months. Going over this month, the 15th or 20th. Don't know where, they never tell us till we are at sea for a few days. Got all new clothes & guns. Got 5 shots in the arms and don't think they aren't sore. Made me a little sick for few days. Say, Curly, how is Louie getting along. Sure hope he is better. Tell him I said Hello and let me know if he is home and I will write to him. Too bad he is sick so young.

Did you ever hear anything from Sky Rix and where the hell is he at. I bet he doesn't like it, wherever he is. Tell that Male kid hello for me will you. I suppose things are pretty dead in the day time. Had a dream about Johnny Edmunds. Boy was it a dandy. Well, Curly, there isn't a hell of a lot of news here on the desert, around 130 and no rain, so you can see just about how hot it is. Tell Odis Edmunds Hello and the rest of the gang. And Tiny, drink a cold one for me and I will make up for a few lost ones when I get back. So here's the Best of Luck, and write.

As ever to all  
Shorty

P.S. How is Charlie Treasure, can you keep track of him. Ha Ha.

*Cpl. George Kaldem*



*San Diego, California*

June 10, 1943

To the Editor:

This evening so far has been pretty quiet, some of the fellows are writing letters, some of them shining their shoes & others cleaning their rifles for a busy day tomorrow.

Bert, the Marine Corps is a fine fighting branch of the service, it makes a man out of anyone and the training is excellent. One thing is that you keep regular hours & are on schedule for everything, including your meals. Out here there is no eating between meals or picking up a snack of something & a cup of coffee. Incidentally, the coffee out here is nothing to talk about, it's either so weak or so strong you can't possibly swallow it. And I have been used to drinking pretty good coffee, made the "Dam" way, with an egg. (How about that, Alma?)

I'm stationed in a place nowhere. All you can see is mountains & on my left, or to the far west, the ocean. At night or around dusk the scenery is picturesque, you simply can't describe it. It's something for you all to see and I wish everyone could.

For the past five days I've been on the Rifle Range and, believe me, it's everything but play. I get up every morning at 5 A.M. & some mornings it's earlier than that, it all depends on the time the "Bugler" happens to wake up, and you can rest assured that he never wakes up after 5 A.M. After our early rise we eat chow (or breakfast to you folks), and then go for a nice (*letter torn*) over mountains & thru valleys. (*letter torn*) school range where I learn some positions of holding a rifle that no one but a tough sergeant or corporal could think of and, believe me, whatever position you get in, you think every bone in your body is going to snap, but so far no one has broken any. In our sixteen hours of being on our feet, eight of them are in hard-working positions, the other eight hours are equally divided so that we don't have too much time for ourselves.

I'm sorry but it's getting close to roll call time and I must close, although I have much more I would like to tell you.

Good-bye and Good luck to you all --

Pvt. Joe W. Roff

*Pvt. Joe W. Roff*

*New Guinea (Via V-MAIL)*

June 12, 1942

Hi, Parky:

Well, it's been a long time since I wrote.

Well, I am in New Guinea somewhere and it sure is a nice place. We live in tents and there sure is lots of mosquitoes out here. Well they drive on the left side down here. They have lots of natives out here selling all kinds of junk.

Well, on Sunday, if we aren't working we go for a walk around the Camp. They have showers out here a night.

Well, there isn't much to write about. They have us cleaning the place up.

As soon as I get more time I will write again, just a line to let you where I am. So tell the gang I said hello and keep sending the paper to the following address.

Pvt. Mike Valiente

*Pvt. Mike Valiente*



*Greenville Army Flying School, Greenville, Mississippi*

Sunday  
June 13, 1943

Dear Editor,

Your efforts are untiring so the least we can do in appreciation is to let you know how and where we are from time to time, and to express our thankfulness that we are from a small town where everyone is your friend, where people believe in you and pull for you. I know how valuable moral support can be to those in England, Africa, India and the South Seas.

Mrs. Viviana does a splendid job to bring a smile to our faces. She writes just the way she talks -- that makes it so realistic.

I'm sending very small souvenirs at this time. The insignia with the blue background represents the Army Air Forces, that with the black background represents the Aviation Cadet branch of the Air Forces. I'll have my eyes open for a larger, more interesting remembrance to send later on.

It's wonderful to read the letters of those boys in Africa and on other foreign soils. They will have a priceless education in travel at the duration. Let's hope they will all return safely and be able to relate their experiences at a public gathering in the high school gym, for example.

People in Gardner are so faithful to write regularly. We appreciate it, folks, and someday we'll show you.

Good luck to everyone back home and to all the boys in service.

Thanks to you, Burt!

A/C Francis L. McCarter

*A/C Francis L. McCarter*

*Iceland*

June 13, 1943

Dear Editor

I guess it's time I own you and the people of the vicinity a few lines. Oh yes I am still much alive and hope to stay the same for a long time to come.

As it has been a long time since I left the good old town it's no sign that I have forgotten everyone. It's just that a fellow just don't get a chance to write very often to everyone.

Not having much to say at the present time I will sign off, wishing I could get in the souvenir line, but I guess that is very much impossible.

Wishing everyone the Best of Health and Good Luck, for I don't think I have felt better in my life at the present time.

Also I want to thank whoever is concerned in making it possible for me to receive the best little paper in the world.

Yours Truly  
Vic

P.S. When some of you boys that know me and to my pals all over the world, Hello and a speedy return home I hope for all of us.

Your Pal  
Vic

*Pvt. Victor M. Chiovatico*



*New Guinea*

New Guinea  
June 14, 1943

Dear Burt:

I am stationed somewhere in New Guinea. I am receiving the *Chronicle* and enjoy it very much. Enclosed find a "Guinea Gold," it's about the only souvenir I can send from here. Will write as soon as time permits.

Yours Truly  
Martin

*S/Sgt. Martin Cornale*

*Camp Peary, Va.*

Service Men's Club No. 1  
Washington, D.C.  
17 June, 1943

Hi Kids:

Maybe you'll be surprised to get this but here it is. I would have written sooner but the Navy always manages to find something to take up all your time. I've been in boot training for 6 wks. & just broke yesterday. Got a 62 hr. liberty pass and I'm spending it here in the Capitol. This is the first chance I've had to write anyone, except Marge & Mom & once in a while another since I left home. When you're in boot with the Seabees, it really is boot. Just like Stateville, with guards & all. No phone calls or telegrams except in emergencies and for the fellows that want it, not even beer. Every time you leave the area, to go to church or anything else, you go in formation & have officers with you. You work from daylight till dark & even Sunday afternoons. To top all that, you have to do all your own washing. There's no laundry service except for the officers. I'm sure glad it's over with. From here on it's not so bad. We get a 62 hr. liberty once a month & every 4th nite a 12 hr. liberty. By the time your thru boot your either a man or your dead. Now that it's all over though I'm pretty glad I got in the Seabees. I received my rating yesterday before I left and managed to get a 2nd class petty officers rate. It's the equivalent to a Sgt. in the army at \$96.00 a month & 37.50 maintenance & quarters allowance. I also got sent to the Deep Sea Divers school & that nets me an extra \$10.00 a month till I go across, & then I get another 20% added. You ought to see me in one of those divers suits, look like something from the dark ages. Everyone I've told yet that I took up diving almost won't believe it, but I really like it. I'm being trained for the underwater work on docks & bridges & the recovery of sunken materials. I got a letter from Spike a week or two ago and he says he thinks he'll be coming back to the states pretty soon. I sure hope so cause he deserves it & the gang over there have done a swell job. Folks didn't use to know what the Seabees were but lately they've been getting a lot of publicity & are making a pretty good name for themselves. I hope everyone of you, including Billie, are doing fine. I bet he's getting to be quite a boy by now. Well, that all for now, but if you can find time drop a line. Since I've gotten in the Navy I've written more letters than I did all the rest of my life. I guess its cause I haven't got anyone to write for me & it's the only way to receive any mail.

Well so long for now.  
Walt

P. S. send me Eddie's address if you have it.

*Walter W. Armstrong - CM2C*



*Presque Isle, Maine*

Saturday  
June 19, 1943

Dear Burt:

Sorry I haven't written before, but I have been pretty busy.

While I was in Florida, I went to school. It sure was interesting to go back to school, but it wasn't like my good old days in G.S.W. I was there for 2 and ½ months. While I was there, I went swimming and good fishing.

Now I am at my permanent camp. I am doing odd jobs now and then, but my real work is armor. It has to do with fixing or repairing guns of all types like on the ground from rifles, carbons, pistols to cannons on the airplanes.

I will try to send some kind of souvenir in the near future, but it is hard to get things. Well, I better close for now, till later.

Your very truly,  
Pvt. Raymond C. Nelson

P.S. I sure enjoy receiving the *Chronicle* and reading all the news.

*Pvt. Raymond C. Nelson*

*Camp Edwards, Mass.*

6/20/43

To The Editor:

Just a line to let you know my new address.

Camp Edwards is located near Buzzards Bay, Mass. on Cape Cod not far from Providence, R.I. Weather has been windy but not too hot. It has been very nice here except for the sand blowing.

Sorry this has to be so short, but there is lots of work to be done even on Sunday afternoon.

Yours truly,  
Lt. Rogers W. Cumming

*Lt. Rogers W. Cumming*



*Great Lakes, Illinois*

June 20, 1943

Dear Burt:

I've been receiving the paper weekly. I surely enjoy reading the news of the home town and also the letters from the boys in the service. I want to thank you for sending it to me.

The weather here today is very wet as it has been raining since 7:30 this morning and it is now 11 o'clock. Otherwise we have been sweating from the heat and hot sun for the past week.

We just got back from Sunday morning Church Services. They really have swell services here.

We do quite a bit of drilling with dumb rifles and marching. It proves to be alright though. We won the marching competition flag of the 12th Regiment Saturday. That is a blue flag with a white rooster on it, given to the best marchers of the Regiment. We are a proud Company even if it did take five weeks of drilling before we finally took it from another Company.

Last week we went on the rifle range for the first time. Also the only time, while we are in boot training. First we practiced with a .22 rifle and then for a big change it went to the .30-.30 rifle. They have a kick about like a 12 gage shot gun. Lots of fun this.

The folks were up last Sunday. It sure was good to see them. They came to the Hostess House which is across the tracks in another camp about half a mile from here. Just a short walk. They say the Navy doesn't do much walking, but I've found out different.

Joe Roff speaks about getting rotten coffee. He isn't the only one. I don't know what they use to make it out here, but I'll swear it isn't coffee.

As I can't think of anything to write about, I'll close.

As ever,  
Arthur Smith

P.S. I want to thank you again for the paper. It's appreciated.

*Arthur Smith*

*North Africa*

June 23, 1943  
North Africa

Dear Bert:

Hi there Mr. Editor, how's everything over there? Fine I hope. I just finished reading 2 copies of *the Chronicle* & thought I would write you & let you know I enjoyed them. Mom sent them to me in Feb. but they finally caught up to me. You know I have done quite a lot of traveling. By the sound of everybody's letters you sure are getting your share of rain over there. You might send some over here. Sure would be appreciated.

We're back in garrison again, now since we are out of combat duty. I joined into a very rough & tough outfit. It's a front line co. I saw a few battles over here. We fought in the Sed Juane Valley for the famous Green & Baldy hills & then after that we went on the main drive to Bizerte. We were the first organized American unit in Bizerte. It sure was blown to bits by our artillery & planes. Hardly a building left. That's been better than a month since we came back from Bizerte. I sure got a kick out of these Arabs up on the Battle field. You wouldn't see a single one when the shells were bursting & the bullets flying but as soon as it stopped they'd be all over the place, either bumming cigarettes or eats. They sure are some race. My dad's pigs live better than they do. Well anyhow I'm sure glad it's over now. Quite a few times I was wondering whether I was going to see it over or not. Those Jerries throw a wicked 88 artillery shell & accurate to. I got the biggest kick out these Italian Prisoners we took. They sure weren't bashful about finding & helping themselves to our food. Seemed awful happy to be captured to. Guess old Hitler sort of leaves them hold the bag when he knows he's whipped. Here's hoping it's over everywhere very soon. Until then I shall close.

Your Friend  
Leo E. Fatlan

*Pvt. Leo E. Fatlan*



*Louisiana*

6-23-43

Dear Burt:

I think I mentioned maneuvers before in one of my letters. Well they are here & I am in La. I think it is the hottest place in the S. We haven't started maneuvers yet, we are still at our base camp till Sunday the twenty-seventh. I don't know how we are going to get vehicles through these woods. The trees are so close together we can hardly walk through.

I don't know what is in store for us after maneuvers. I sure wish I did. We will be almost ready for combat. I know that much.

I don't know of a thing to write, Burt, so I will close for this time & write again later on. Tell everyone hell & I hope to see you all soon.

Butch

*P.F.C. Herman L. Provance*

*Africa*

June 27, 1943

Burt:

Just a line or two to tell you I received the paper and enjoy it very much. In the past month I have received about 6 of them. The first since I've been in Africa.

The best part according to me is the letter of the boys from the camps at home with their experiences. Well, I've had a few here I won't tell about as they might not like them. I've been overseas for some time and have seen quite a bit of territory in my travels. You know from the folks at home I've been a little busy for the past six months.

This country is not much different than home, only you can't understand the people but you can understand them in your own way. So you know by now I met Glenn Wise over here, the first time since we left together about two years ago. Well, Burt, there's not much I can write about, so will close. Thanks for sending the paper.

T/4 Neal M. Harris

*T/4 Neal M. Harris*



June 27, 1943

Hello Burt,

Well how are you, you old son-of-a-gun? I am just fine & dandy. But is it ever hot down here in Kansas. Right now I am sweating like the dickens writing this letter. As this is Sunday evening, I have lot of time to write. I just came back from the show about an hour ago.

Burt, Army life isn't so bad. It just what a guy does. If he does everything alright he gets along fine. One thing about Army you don't have to worry about your job, a place to sleep, eating, gasoline, tires or taxes. Only I just as soon be out. Only though I got to consider I ain't the only boy in the service. There are millions of other boys in the same as I am in. Main thing is to make the best of it. Just go about it and do your job. It's a regular routine or rather called it a job. As I told you I don't mind it.

This part of eating I will explain a little to you about it. People in civilian life complain about all red tape about this ration business. They don't stop to realize that they aren't only ones ration. All, not one but all different branches of service are rationed too. The food isn't so good. We already have gone without butter three weeks once. We also have days we don't get meat. Also we gone without coffee lot of days. What can we do about it. Civilians complain members of service get it all. This is a false statement. We must realize of the boys across and also people of Allies on our side starving. We want them to eat. If we kept everything for ourselves we probably would lose the war. So I say again you civilians that complain of rations and all this red tape should realize this is only one of their sacrifices they have to give up.

Now I will explain part of training in Army as much as I am permitted to tell you. I have been in the Army 6½ months already. I have had 13 weeks of basic training. This is the learning period. Next comes 13 weeks of unit training. This period consists of doing what you learn in 13 weeks of basic training. We just finished this period of unit training week before last week. We also have test after each period of training. Our 94th division was the only division in whole second Army which all battalions of artillery pass the test. Also made the highest score in whole second Army. For that we got Saturday and Sunday off along with Monday for a holiday. Now we have started 13 weeks of combat training. Half of this 13 weeks will be spent in the field. Main idea of this third period of training is getting use to working with the Infantry.

I have already eaten a couple of meals in field out of Army field ration "C." These are two small cans. One consists of vegetable stew. Consists of pieces of meat, potatoes, carrots, peas, and tomato sauce. Other can consists of 4 biscuits, coffee and three pieces of candy. Two greens pieces of candy have spinach in them. One yellow piece has squash in them. These pieces of candy are sweet enough so that you hardly can taste the spinach or squash in them.

Another thing now while training is now they use live ammunition. We had to through the infiltration course. This has 10 machine guns firing live ammunition. Six of them shooting straight over the top of you. Four of them shooting cross fire. Two machine guns on each side. This infiltration course is 75 yards long. First we get into the trench. Then we start to crawl toward them. We have on our full field equipment. Consist of our belts or rather pistol belts, harness, first aid pouch, canteen cover, cup, and canteen, gas mask, hack and helmets. We have to crawl though ditches, ridges and



barb wire. When you come to barb wire you have to roll on your back. Crawling on your back under 30 strands of barb wire is very difficult. Meanwhile while you crawling with machine guns firing they are setting off land mines. Dirt, twigs and mud flying. When you get up to machine you just wait until they tell you to get up. After everybody is in front all 10 machine guns fire 30 rounds at same time. Is that every a racket. When you first start crawling bullets are 36 inches of the ground. Up close to machine guns bullets are going over only 30 inches from the ground. This is only to test us.

When I first came in the Army they gave us helmets, by they are called reliners. These were light. About 3 weeks ago they gave us the regular combat steel helmets. These sit over our reliners. All together the reliner and helmet weighs 3½ lbs. Quite a weight on your head.

Well I must be closing. Burt tell all the folks hello for me. I appreciate you very much for sending me the *Chronicle*. I thank you very much. It nice to receive the home town papers. What I like is Mabe Viviana's column. She really has a very good column. Tell her to keep it up. I thank you again for the paper and so long. "Keep Them Rolling."

Pvt. John "Pooch" Castelli  
Camp Phillips, Kansas

*Pvt. John "Pooch" Castelli*



*Somewhere in North Africa (V-MAIL)*

June 28, 1943

To the Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am receiving the *Chronicle* and thanking you for sending it. I sure appreciate reading everything that is in it. I sure like to read the letters that the boys write in the *Chronicle* so will write so they can read mine also. As you know, I am in North Africa and have been for four months now. I am still in maintenance which I like quite well. I am signed to the parts truck yet and have been since I have been in this outfit which will be a year from this September. I was first in engineering which was six months and then got transferred to California to a tank group. I believe I like it a lot better than engineering. Sorry I haven't sent you a souvenir but don't seem to get to town very often to look things over. I will keep trying though and will probably find something. I have not yet run across any of the boys from Gardner but I see where there are a few from there who are in North Africa. Will probably run across them yet. Well there isn't much to write, for these letters are censored and you can't write very much, only a few things. Well thanking you again, for I sure look forward to getting the *Chronicle*. I am fine and hope everything is find in good old Gardner, Illinois, and hope the day will come when I can make my home there again. The days are very long now. It is ten P.M. and is just about dark, so you see they are long. Well will thank everyone again for the *Chronicle*.

Cpl. Leo E. Krug

*Cpl. Leo E. Krug*

*Overseas*

Following is a telegram received Saturday from Vern Residori (from overseas) to his mother, Mrs. Annie Residori, South Wilmington:

All well and safe. My thoughts are with you, keep smiling.

Verne A. Residori

*Pvt. LaVerne A. Residori*



*Jefferson Barracks, Missouri*

July 5, 1943

To the Editor:

Well, Burt, here I have been in the Army about four months now, but I have never written and thanked the *Chronicle* staff and the folks at home for the paper.

I am here at Jefferson Barracks awaiting shipment to an Army Air Forces Technical School. My whole squadron is made up of ex-Aviation Cadets who are going to a technical school, and then on into Aerial Gunnery.

I think I will be leaving JB very soon for my school. In about four months I should be a Flying Gunnery Sergeant. I am looking forward to the day when I will get my Sergeant's rating and gunner's wings.

I see by the paper and from letters from home that most of the fellows are in the service. I hope it won't be long until all of us are able to be home again.

I want to say good luck to A/C's Lewis Robinson and Frank McCarter. I hope you both get your pilot's wings.

Sincerely,  
Jack R. Olsen

*P.F.C. Jack R. Olsen*

*Camp Whiteside*

Camp Whiteside  
July 6, 1943

Hi Burt:

I think it is about time I dropped you a few lines, to tell you how much I enjoy the *Chronicle*. I get it on Saturday so I can read it on Sunday. I want to thank everyone that makes it possible for the boys to get it. I now they really enjoy it because I do. Well we haven't been doing very much down here that is different. I drive a scout car all the time and don't do very much of anything else. This last weekend I spent in Topeka, Kansas. It is a nice big town, and the people are nice. I really enjoyed myself while I was there. Well it is really getting hot out here, and will get hotter they say. Well I will close for now because it is getting late and hoping this letter finds everyone O.K. I will thank everyone again for the paper.

Sincerely  
Cpl. Cobb

*Cpl. Cyrus F. Cobb*



*Camp Gordon, Georgia*

July 6, 1943

Dear Burt:

Well, I think it's about time for me to write you a few lines. I am now in the state of Georgia, in Camp Gordon. This sure is a swell place, it's almost like living at home. Everything is very convenient here. It's also a large camp. Had a very good trip down here, left Kankakee at 11:10 Wednesday night and arrived here Friday noon, had to lay over in Birmingham, Ala. for 10 hr. The trains sure were crowded when I came down. I also had a very good time while I was in Gardner.

I was back at my old job, driving the milk truck. It sure made me think of olden days. The first day or two sure was rough on me, those milk cans sure were heavy.

Send the paper to Camp Gordon, Ga. Thanks a million times for sending me the paper, and also thanks to the folks who make it possible for us boys to receive the paper. So now I will say, all you folks around Gardner and vicinity, keep up the good work and we will do our part here. So I will close now, as it's too hot here even to write. I will close for now as news is very scarce here.

Your friend  
Bennie

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*

*Somewhere in New Guinea (V-MAIL)*

July 7, 1943

To the Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am now somewhere in New Guinea enjoying the best health and hope all the people around home are also.

There are a great deal of Aborigine natives on the island. Some are pretty well educated and speak English fluently. They live mostly on things they raise and grow themselves. They have very few means of making money

The most common animals around are deer and kangaroos. There are a great deal of snakes consisting mostly of pythons.

The weather here is hot. It is supposed to be winter here and I hate to think of summer coming on.

We have very few luxuries here. There is no alcoholic drinks. We see quite a few shows on our time off.

The Red Cross here have been very good to us and have given us articles that we can't get here.

Well, I guess I will close once more hoping you all remain in good health.

As ever,  
Pvt. LaVerne Residori

*Pvt. Laverne A. Residori*



*Somewhere in Alaska*

Somewhere in Alaska  
July 14, 1943

Hello Bert,

Received the second issue of your paper since leaving the states, and enjoyed reading the news of the old town. The paper is nearly a month old when I receive it but still new to me. Wish I was sitting in on one of the checker games at the Farmers Elevator right now. We pass the time with an occasional game up here.

Well as for the doings up here, and camp life, there is very little I can say except that I am well, and enjoyed the trip up here. I enjoy reading the letters from the fellows in service and wish to say hello to the rest of the boys in the A.P.O. gang and also those back there in the States.

Well will close with the hope that the victory and freedom for which we fight is close at hand and that I will be seeing you all soon.

Wayne E. Bezold

*Wayne E. Bezold*

*Camp Shenango, Greenville, Pennsylvania*

July 17, 1943

Dear Burt:

Well, we just finished inspection, so thought that I'd write you a few lines.

I am now located in Camp Shenango which is about four miles from Greenville, Pennsylvania.

The weather up here isn't very good. It has been raining all the time and it is hot afterwards.

I am all by myself out of my barracks from Camp Roberts except for two Mexican fellows who I knew in the other camp.

There is a fellow from Coal City I met. It was John McLuckie and some fellow from Dwight, George Patton.

This camp is just a replacement center. We'll be here I think about another week. That is, if our quarantine is lifted. See, we are in quarantine because some fellows got the mumps.

We can't get any passes unless some visitors come to see us.

I'll bet the town and homes are all cleaned out. I imagine there are hardly any more fellows around now.

We went on a ten-mile hike the third day I was here and ran the obstacle course twice.

The eats out here aren't so good, but lots of people have worse.

We play ball every day for exercise.

We were on guard for 48 hours straight and had to sleep with our clothes on. The reason was because of a fight between the negroes and whites. There was one negro killed and about six injured. There really was some excitement going on those two nights.

Well, I have to close now because it's about chow time.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Joseph V. Serena

*Pvt. Joseph V. Serena*



Tennessee

July 17, 1943

Hiya Parky:

Am doing something now that should have been done a long time ago. But don't blame me, Parky. Blame the Army. That is a kinda large proposition, to lay a blame on, too. Isn't it? But it seems I haven't had any time to write many letters to my folks and, as you know, they come first.

I have received your paper quite often, and sure enjoyed them very much. There is some news I would perhaps never know if it wasn't for the *Gardner Chronicle*

The weather down here in Tennessee is awfully hot, Parky. But I imagine it is plenty hot there around this time of the year. I suppose the farmers are all busy cutting oats around this time. I sure would like to be home now to help dad cut and shock his oats, but I guess that would be asking too much.

These maneuvers we are on are quite interesting and also quite a bit fun, although some parts are pretty risky. I hope you can read this as it is pretty hard using a steering wheel for a table to write on.

I just heard the Captain say "wind them up." So that means we are getting ready to roll again. So I will bring this to a close. But will always be waiting for that *Gardner Chronicle*. So long, Parky, and good luck to you.

Ernie

Cpl. Ernie A. Storm

*Camp Farragut*

7/23/43

United States Naval Training Station  
Farragut, Idaho

Bewildered!

If I were to keep a diary, this would be my only entry for my first day at boot camp.

One is given a million different do's & don'ts and all he can think of is how nice he looked when he had his hair. About twenty minutes after he arrives at camp the rookie has all his hair shaved off. Article after article of clothing is piled upon arms that have been vaccinated and stuck with a hypodermic needle, rendering them useless.

Then on to the barracks that is to be his home while in camp. He sleeps with 130 men from all different walks of life & all just as green as he.

Camp Farragut is situated way up in the mountains in the northwestern tip of Idaho and is probably in one of the most beautiful sections of the country. The trip here thru the west and thru the Rocky Mountains was something to remember always.

After a few days in camp, the training becomes very vigorous & represents quite a change in the mode of living of most of us; however, the training is very beneficial & the food is excellent. We really stow it away.

As time goes on and we improve upon our drilling, continue our lectures on seamanship & etc. we will all be better men as a result of our excellent training.

In addition to preparing us for the great tasks that lie ahead, boot camp enables us to make many new acquaintances through our close association with them, many friendships that will endure through life. At the conclusion of our training we will probably be given a leave and I look forward with great pleasure to seeing again all my friends from home.

Yours Sincerely  
Albert P. Dinelli

*Albert P. Dinelli A.S.*



*Keesler Field, Mississippi*

July 26, 1943

Air Corps Technical School  
Keesler Field, Mississippi

To the Editor,

I get the *Chronicle* every week and I sure appreciate it. First I read the letters from the boys, then Mrs. Viviana's Column, and then all the news.

Well, it won't be long until I will be through school and then I sure hope I get out of the State of Mississippi. It sure is hot down here. This hot weather and I don't agree.

Burt, here is what I do in a day. Get up at 6:30 A.M. and go to chow at 7:00. At 7:30 we have an hour of calisthenics. We go to school at 10:00 and get out at 5:00 P.M. From 5:00 P.M. - 6:00 P.M. we have plane recognition. This is fun. They are slides of airplanes of the United States, Great Britain and Germany. They flash them on a screen for 1/50th of a second and we write down the type and number of plane. We have 23 days of this and on our last day we have 50 planes. It sure is nice to look up and be able to tell what kind of airplane is going over.

I read in Mrs. Viviana's column where Gale Thomas is at Gulfport Field. I am only about 10 miles from there so maybe we can get together. I was down to New Orleans, La. a couple a weeks ago. I sure enjoyed myself and hope to get down there again before I leave Keesler Field.

I want to thank you and everybody who makes it possible for me to get the *Chronicle*. Will write again soon.

P.F.C. Albert C. Carlson

*P.F.C. Albert C. Carlson*



"Somewhere Else"

Somewhere Else  
July 26th, 1943

Dear Burt:

God! Man, it's been ages since I have heard from you, but maybe you are pretty busy also. Just the same, here are a few lines to let you know that I am still able to walk around even though a person has no place to go. Now don't take that literally. I mean, of course, on the entertainment side.

There is no doubt, whatever, that by this time you surely know where we are. It's been one hellacious trip and I ain't kidding. All told, I have traveled nearly 27,000 miles since leaving the States and long before it's over and I get home, you can add several more thousand to it.

I don't know, Burt, just what to think and write about. All I know, old man, is that I'm tired. Tired of all this and that too.

Today we had mail call, the first in quite some time and I was much surprised to have received four copies of the paper. You are still at it, old man, and good luck to you always. In one particular paper, Howard Smith wrote of the Calif. Desert. He is quite right in several parts of it, nothing but sand and more sand. I'll trade him any day he wants to. At least he can go to an American city and maybe buy a Coke and ice cream. We don't or didn't get that chance. No cities, no Coke, no ice cream. Just desert. One whole year of it. Ask him if "Jerry" has awakened him in the middle of the night with the thunder of bombs and flares as bright as day. I have some swell pictures, but can't send them home. The after effects, of course. You will probably say that I'm just complaining. So we'll let it go at that. I said before, a fellow gets mighty tired and you don't give a damn. Let him come.

I noticed you were collecting souvenirs. Someone asked what you wanted. No, I sure wouldn't like to send a hand full of sand along, but what I have I can't send because I tried and it was returned to me. Tell you what it is, though. Our "Fighting Cock" Insignia. It's made of leather and painted as it is on the ships. Someday maybe I'll get a chance to send it. That is, if you would still like to have it.

I wish I could tell you all about the past few weeks and what we are doing now. But you know why, or should by now.

We are sleeping in pup tents at present, and our bed is a blanket. The ants play havoc during the day and the mosquitoes dive bomb us by night. So between the two we rest very peacefully.

To talk about the weather is just to fill in where you can't write. So adding as usually, the weather today is extremely hot. As each day comes around it gets hotter all the while. I can see the Med. from where I sit, but the breeze hot by the time it gets to me.

Received a letter from a friend in Ala. today. He is an A/C. He said he'd see me over Italy. Well, I say he better hurry for we are but a matter of hours from there now.

I recently had the opportunity to weigh myself. I was a bit surprised to learn that I had lost more than 25 lbs. since leaving the States.

By the way, we just heard the news of Mussolini.



Well, I guess I have about come to the end of a very poor letter. So until next time, let's hope this reaches you and everyone in the pink.  
This leaves me still O.K. and still hoping.

Always,  
Spike

*Cpl. Harold Ray McHugh*

*Pine Holler*

8-3-43

Dear Editor:

I haven't written for some time so I thought it my duty to write.

We have been on maneuvers the past few weeks & we still have about three weeks to go. It has really been rough going but so far there has been very few accidents. We are on maneuvers with the thirty-first & eighty-eighth divisions, also two armored divisions. I have driven over three thousand miles & if you have ever been through La. woods & swamps you will know that it is no easy task.

I have been stuck & hung up so many times it is getting to be a daily occurrence now. What I feel sorry for is the boys walking. They walk twenty-five or thirty miles a day & then go scouting & patrolling at night & walk ten or fifteen more miles, all through dense woods & swamp. That is just a part of our maneuvers life, a small part.

Right now I am laying here in my tent enjoying a cool breeze. This morning I took some officers to Camp Polk & had a chance to get a very welcomed shower. We are bivouacked only fifteen mile from Camp Polk & I go in on the average of twice a week.

We got paid today and the Chaplin is passing out money order forms for the boys that want to send money home. He really takes care of the boys.

Well, Burt, I think I have held the line long enough, but I want to thank you & everyone else for the *Chronicle*. I receive it on the same day of every week, never has failed yet. Thanks, to you all.

I ring off saying, God Bless you all & may peace be ours once again real soon.

Lee Provance

P.S. Say Jimmy, will you write so I can find out what your address is. I want to wish you a happy birthday even though it is late.

Butch

*P.F.C. Herman L. Provance*



*San Diego, California*

8/4/43

Dear Editor:

I'm back to San Diego again. But I'm out of the hospital. My *Gardner Chronicle* is still addressed to Camp Callow Hospital. So I will send my right address to save delay and work for the hospital office. Thank you.

As ever --  
P.F.C. Frank J. Muzzarelli

*P.F.C. Frank J. Muzzarelli*

(no location)  
V-MAIL

Aug 8, 1943

Dear Bert,

Well, Bert, just received a couple papers and I want to thank you for all you are doing for the boys. Because if they appreciated them as much as I do it's all OK. Although they are about a month old when I get them. I would have wrote before, Bert, but I guess you can understand when we are on the move like this. I see where my cousin and Neal Horrie met up Glen Wise. I sure bet that was a happy meeting and I sure hope they can be together like that along with the rest of the boys. I would send a little token to you but it sure has to go through a lot of trouble so I guess I will just wait till I come home and bring along something. And I also want to thank all the people and friends of the boys for what they are doing so the boys can get the paper from home. Really, Bert, it's better than a pay day. Read every line from front to rear. Today is my birthday and I sure hope to be home for it next year, you know. Missing mother's good cake. But I guess we will learn to appreciate it more when we do get back. Also give your dad and mother my best regards. Bert will you send me Louie Viaconsidine's address. Just put it inside of the paper. I want to write him a few lines. Got to get a little sleep, so am thanking you again and wish you all the best of luck.

George

*Cpl. George Kaldem*



*Camp Wallace, Texas*

Aug. 15, 1943

Dear Burt,

Well, it's been quite awhile since I saw you. I imagine you'll never forget that party that we had in the City Hall before Jack Manley and I left for the Army. I know I never will and really appreciate what everyone did to make everyone have a good time. I know I really had a time. I'm sorry I never wrote before but I just haven't had the time.

How is everything coming along in Gardner now. I don't suppose there are many fellows left around town any more. I recognized another fellow from Gardner who is here in Camp Wallace. Bacon Treasure is here. I saw him last Friday night as he drove by in his car.

I received a little piece of literature that I sort of liked. It is a poem written by one of the boys in Battery A 31st Bn. I never meant it for anyone but it just ran into my mind you'd like to publish it. I think it is one way that people think of the Army, but it really isn't like that.

Well, I'll close for now as I have to go to bed.

A friend,  
Pvt. Lester M. Hill

P.S. If you put that poem in your paper, don't put my name to it. Answer if you will.  
Less

*Pvt. Lester M. Hill*

*(No location)*

Aug. 19, 1943

Hello, Parky:

I received two papers today, July 22nd & 29th. Glad to receive them. I haven't written to you for quite some time and I can't think up a very good excuse either. Just neglect, I guess.

Those letters from the other boys are sure swell. I really do enjoy them a lot. The country reporter's column is O.K. too. I get a kick out of it. Some of the jokes are corny. Don't get me wrong now, keep 'em coming. I enjoy them, no hard feelings, huh? I guess the rest of the boys get a boot out of it too. That is just what it takes to keep us smiling, and then it is darn hard sometimes.

Glad to see that some of the boys can get furloughs too. We don't know what they are over here. I get a day pass about twice a month. That is the best I can do.

Things are pretty quiet around here. If it wasn't for the radio, I don't know what we'd do. We get most of the programs from the states, they are recordings but they sure are O.K.

I had a letter from Wayne Bezold today. First letter I'd had from him since I left God's Country. He was swell and anxious to get home.

Yes, we all are. I guess those boys on the front lines have proven that. The way they get in there and slug it out and keep going is enough to show anyone they want to get it over with and get back to the ones they haven't seen for two or three years. Don't think we don't miss 'em. We do.

I haven't been in the service quite a year yet and I would like to get home.

Say, Parky, I just remembered I promised to send you a souvenir. I'll have to see what I can do. I have something in mind, all I have to do is sorta sneak up and buy it. Will promise to do it this payday. Cross my heart.

Well, folks, as long as we know you folks are behind every one of us and buying War Bonds regular, we'll do the rest. Just keep buying them and we'll keep whipping 'em. Do your best, we are.

As always,  
Pvt. Ralph Provance

*Pvt. Ralph Provance*



*Tennessee*

23 August 43

Burt --

We'll be finishing up maneuvers this week and expect to return to original camp in 2 weeks.

This has been a grand experience, have acquired a nice tan and become pretty well fit physically.

Am afraid I'll not like confinement of Garrison after having the freedom of open spaces for nigh onto 3 months. Be like a colt brought in from pasture.

My boy Jon was quoted in a letter by his mother as saying, "Mom, I close my eyes and feel I'm in Gardner having a lot of fun again, wish I was there with Daddy."

Regards,  
Lt. Carmen Scudieri

*1st Lt. Carmen Scudieri*

*no location*

August 29, 1943

Dear Burt:

I am sorry that I didn't write sooner, but we were so busy processing at Camp Shenango, I didn't have the time.

I can't tell you where I am now, because it is against my orders.

I would like to thank the Jerbi family for the card and cake I received from them. We really appreciated it, it was very good.

I would like to thank Mrs. Mary Allen for her card, I appreciated it very much.

I've been looking out for some of my buddies from home over here but I didn't see any of them yet. The only fellows I met was Frankie O Best from Coal City, that was the last day I was in Camp Shenango.

There is a fellow from Coal City with me, that is John McLukie. He is in the next barracks to me.

Well I suppose everybody is getting ready for winter back home.

Boy do we ever have fun here....

remaining pages missing

Pvt. Joseph V. Serena

*Pvt. Joseph V. Serena*



*New Guinea*

Sept. 2, 1943

Hi, Parky,

Received the Gardner paper today and glad to receive it. It takes about 3 weeks to get here, and mail it takes 15 days. I am still at the same place yet, but one of these days we will be on the move again. Everything is okay. I could write about it but it would never get past the censor.

I was out walking Sunday. Went to a native village. Took some pictures of the native gals. Didn't get them yet. If we can send them out I will send you one.

Well they have showers over here outside. They are free. When it rains you just sit through it.

...(remaining pages missing)

*Pvt. Mike Valiente*

*Fort Custer, Michigan*

Sept. 3, 43  
Fort Custer, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I'm sending you my new address so that the paper will get to me sooner, because I really look forward to it. I went through Gardner Sept. 1st at 2:05 P.M. on the troop train. We left San Diego Aug. 28th. This camp is okay. I'm going to try and get a three-day pass and get home. We're pretty busy here, so I'll close.

Frank Muzzarelli

*P.F.C. Frank Muzzarelli*



*Fort Custer, Michigan*

Sept. 7th (1943)  
Michigan

Dear Burt:

Here I am again, with the address that I will have for some time. I just wrote you one changed address, but this will be the correct one.

I'm in a Military Police outfit now. Which I hate on account of having other service boys hating me, but that's our job, I guess. I'm sorry I have to keep bothering you. I just received a paper today, Aug. 26 issue.

So Long,  
Frankie

*P.F.C. Frank Muzzarelli*

*Lebanon, Tennessee*

September 9, 1943

10th College Training Detachment  
U.S. Army Air Forces  
Cumberland University  
Lebanon, Tennessee

Dear Jimmy:

I would like to send a small a small donation to an organization which has contributed so greatly towards making our country the finest in the world. Scouting has been and always will be one of the necessary cornerstones for a successful career in Military, as well as in Civilian life.

It is my sincere hope that your plans for the building of a Scout Cabin for the boys of Gardner will meet with complete success so that they may be able to take advantage of the invaluable training which Scouting has to offer.

A/S William G. Chase

*A/S William G. Chase*



*Somewhere In England*

Sept 10 - 43  
Some Where In England

Dear Editor

A few lines to let you know I am receiving the paper and enjoy every part of it. As you can notice by the heading I am now stationed in England. It sure makes a person appreciate a country as this after being in Iceland. That is one place I want to forget forever.

I sure have enjoyed myself since I have been here. I have been to London on leave and had a chance to see the many things I often read about.

I know this isn't much of a letter but it will let many know that I think of them at all times.

Hoping these few lines finds everyone in as good of health as I am at the present time.

Your  
As Ever  
Victor Chiovatico

*Pvt. Victor M. Chiovatico*

*North Africa*

Sept 14 - 1943

Dear Burt:

Now that I have a few minutes to spare, I will write you a few lines. I am now in North Africa. The weather is just fine over here and I hope it's the same there where you are. I'm just fine, and hope these few lines find you the same.

The people over here are sure dressed funny, they are mostly Arabs. All the fields around here are covered with grapes. We can get plenty of wine over here, and also a little beer. Wine cost us 8 Francs, or 16¢ a glass. Wish I had some good cold Illinois beer. The water has a very flat taste to it, it was hard to get used to it at first, but we don't mind it so much now. I have not received any mail since I have been here, and I sure miss the paper, for it was just like getting a letter from home. I hope to receive some mail any day now.

Well, Burt, the news is very scarce here, as we are not allowed to write very much of our whereabouts. But I was in and visited Oran the other day. While there I stopped at the U.S.O. Club, and while there I met a boy from near Dwight. He and I went into the Army the same day. He has been overseas 16 months, out of that he was in Ireland 2 months.

I must close for now, but will write more later.

I will be more than glad to answer anyone's letter that writes me a few lines. I hope the paper keeps coming to us boys overseas, and thanks a million for the ones that make it possible for us to receive it.

So keep old Glory waving high, and we'll do our part over here.

Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*



*Somewhere in England*

September 20, 1943

Dear Bert:

My address has been changed. I have enjoyed reading the *Chronicle* every week.  
I am somewhere in England.  
Are you still as full of hell as you used to be?  
Thanks a million for sending the paper to me.

Sincerely  
Brande

*Cpl. Harold S, BrandeJand*

*Camp Scott, Farragut, Idaho*

21/Sept/43

Dear Sirs:

Well I am way out in Idaho where the fresh Idaho potatoes grow and where it is cold at night and in the morning. In the afternoon it is hot. The Navy is sure swell and it makes a man out of a civilian.

It is situated between long, high, mountain ranges. It has rained twice since I've been here. Tell all my friends I am fine and hope they are too. Well, I just finished chow and smoking a cigarette. It is Tuesday, Sept. 21st, the time is 19:30 Navy time.

I had a very nice trip here. Saw a lot of scenery and quite a few states, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, then good old Idaho. It took us three days and three nights to get out here to the station.

I hope everyone in Gardner is fine & I also hope they keep up the morale.

The boys here are all writing letters to home and boy are they busy.

Well, that is all for now till I write again.

So long and good luck.

Best regards,  
Joseph W. Rolando.

*A.S. Joseph W. Rolando*



*North Africa (V-MAIL)*

Sept. 26 -43

Dear Burt:

Just a few lines this morning as I'm getting ready to go in and visit in Oran. I'm just fine, and in good health. I'm writing to tell you that my A.P.O. number has been changed. I suppose Mrs. Malek has told you about it by now. I have received no mail as yet, but give it time and it will get here. Sure will be glad when the paper comes, then I can get all the home town news. I will write you again when I receive the paper, so be good now, and keep 'em rolling. Tell everyone hello for me, will you Burt. So I'll close for now.

Your friend,  
Bennie

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*

*Somewhere in England (Via V-MAIL)*

Sept. 27, 1943

Dear Editor:

Received the first copy of the *Chronicle* since I've been overseas, recently, and was certainly glad to get it.

We have a very nice set-up here. It's quite similar to the one back in the States.

We are allowed so many passes a month, on these passes you can visit London or wherever you wish to go. It gives a fella a chance to go out and see some of the interesting parts of the world.

Most of the transportation in England is done by bicycles. The money is a little different but you soon get on to it, after you handle it awhile.

I'll have to close now, thanking you again for the paper, and hope it keeps coming.

Best of luck to everyone back home.

Yours truly,  
Cpl. Joe Vercellino

*Cpl. Joseph Vercellino*



*Jefferson Barracks, Missouri*

September 30, 1943

To the Editor,

I have been receiving the *Gardner Chronicle* regularly and wish to thank you very much.

It is such a pleasure to read about friends, relatives and other fellows in the service.

My brother, Russ, and I were inducted into the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, and since then have been stationed together at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin; Fort Sheridan, Illinois; Keesler Field, Mississippi; and Camp Lee, Virginia. From Camp Lee, Russ was sent to Peterson Air Field, Colorado, and I was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where I am now taking my overseas training.

I finished my training September 17 and expect to be moved any day.

Thanks again,  
Pvt. Carl Testa

*Pvt. Carl Testa*

*Northington General Hospital, Tuscaloosa, Alabama*

Sunday, Oct. 3, 1943

Dear friends:

I have been receiving the *Chronicle* regularly and appreciate the fact very much. Although the Army has transferred me 3 times, the paper always seems to reach me. The news from the home front really helps the morale of the soldier, no matter where he is.

Enclosed you will find a souvenir from our camp. It isn't very much, but represents our insignia here that we wear on our coats and garrison caps.

I hope the *Chronicle* arrives here regularly at my new post, which is the Northington General Hospital.

Hoping to see everyone soon, I remain,

Cpl. Tom Novak

*Cpl. Tom Novak*



*Lowry Field, Colorado*

Oct 5 - 1943

To the Editor:

I have some spare time today so I thought I would write and let you know that I am still receiving the paper each week.

I graduated yesterday from Armament school and I am now a Bombardment Aircraft Armorer.

From here I will be leaving for an Aerial Gunnery school for two month's instruction. I suppose I will enjoy gunnery school very much because we will be flying quite a bit.

The city of Denver is very nice and the people are very friendly to servicemen. The weather is also very wonderful out here. I made three trips up in the Rockies and had many enjoyable times.

Well, so much for this time. I hope to see you all around Xmas time when I hope to get a leave. Thanks again for the paper each week. It means so much to us in the service to get the hometown news.

Sincerely,  
P.F.C. Jack R. Olsen

P.S. Enclosed is a sleeve patch of a Bombardment Armorer

*P.F.C. Jack R. Olsen*

*Camp Pickett, Virginia*

5 October 1943

Bill Parkinson --

That paper of yours, God Bless it, follows me around everywhere. It's caught up with me from the Tennessee Maneuvers and seems to be catching up in other ways too, for this morning while conducting Sick Call, one of the Gold Bricks (soldiers sick for convenience only) said he wanted to be excused from Drill because of -- *Chronicle* Bronchitis!

Last spring I saw a sign, then had a feeling in July, in August an assurance, September a passage, and the arrival in October -- yes, a Captaincy, so henceforth it's

Respectfully yours,  
Carmen Scudieri, Captain M.C.

*Capt. Carmen Scudieri*



*California*

October 6, 1943  
Wednesday

Dear Sir:

I've been wanting and trying to write you for the last three months. I'd like to thank you for the *Chronicle*. It really makes a fellow feel good to sit down at night and be able to read his home town paper. I've been receiving it every week regularly. I'm down here in California so can realize what it means to have a home town paper. So thanking you and keep up the good work by sending the *Chronicle* which I really appreciate. I will sign off for now as I have to hit the field.

Your Sincerely  
Pvt. George Cramer

*Pvt. George Cramer*



Dear Editor:

Well, I thought I would drop you a line and let you know another former Gardner man is getting Gardner paper over here in these God forsaken islands and enjoys reading all about the folks back home.

Well, I will try and tell you a little about our coming over here and the kind of a life we are living over here so far. Well, I am on an island what has figured in the news quite a lot recently. It is not any movie producer island nor romantic in any sense, but I guess it could be a lot worse than it is here. It is about 9,000 miles from the good old USA. This is the third location we have been at since we have been over in these islands in the last five months. Our voyage took us across the equator and we were all initiated into the Kingdom of Neptune. We had a few maneuvers in the art of dodging subs and a couple of times it became a performance instead of practice. We were under our first baptism when we were a short distance from our final stop. It was a daylight attack by bombers. But they were driven off by our destroyer escort and their eggs dropped harmlessly into the sea. Setting up at our first base we were visited by Charlie, the name they have for Japs in bombers over here. It is quite a show when the lights pick him out and the ack-ack starts bursting around him. It sure does good to hear the shouts from thousands of throats when one of our nite fighters takes in after him for the kill. I have witnessed a few dogfights and we always get the best of them and they put their tail between their legs and head for home. We are just too good for them. I have been caught short a few times when the alert was slow and sure made a beeline for the foxhole.

Between raids our work is a matter of routine for us here. We have two kinds of bathing here. One with a bucket and the other is to catch it raining and strip off the few clothes we were here and get us a bath before it stops. It rains here at a moment's notice and stops the same way. One thing here is the value of money. It is no good here as there is not anything to buy but candy once in awhile. We did have beer when we first came over a few times, but has been so long ago it is just a memory and something to talk about. Most everything we need, such as cigarettes and soap are issued to us over here. As for women, well there are a few in some of these islands and this place we are at now has none, but lots of natives come over from another island every Sunday for our Church Services. They have a choir made up of the natives and they generously sing a couple of hymns every Sunday here. Well, guess no man's wife or sweetheart needs to worry about her husband or fiancé being unfaithful to her over here. He couldn't even if he chose to be. It is hard on many of us but I guess we can stand it, as it is all for the best, I guess.

Well, about mail, I guess that is what most of us look forward to. No matter how long a day or the nights we spend in foxholes, the mail is the thing that is looked forward to more than anything else over here and we seldom gripe when we don't get any but it sure hurts one inside not to hear from old friends once in awhile. Well, the writing is limited here in some ways and as we move farther along the letters grow more infrequent and makes one lonelier as time goes by. We always have news here as we get it by radio each night at 6:00 and it is 12 in Frisco then. Like one thing that we do mostly in the evening is tell of the scuttlebutt that we hear during the day. If it



were all true we would surely have won the war long ago. Some of these armchair would-be generals seem to figure it out and pretty well and it sounds good to listen to. There is not much to do in the evening but sit around smoking and swapping lies till dark, then it is time to get under the mosquito netting till Charlie makes you head for the foxhole.

Well the thing we most think about is our homes and loved ones back in the States. We never talk about it much as it would just cause us to feel more homesick and make the rest feel the same way. But each of us yearns for the day this will be all over and we can all be back with our sweetheart, wife and loved ones, to start live again where we left off before joining the service for the good of us all and the good of our homes and country, which all of us love and hope to keep it the way it has always been and hope it always will be.

Well, I have been getting the Gardner paper for the last few months. It is always a month or so late, but it keeps me informed of the whereabouts of everyone and the old home town news sounds good to me. I have my sister Mildred to thank for sending it to me, as she gets it for my birthday and I sure appreciate it and you for getting it mailed to me.

Well, I guess I will have to close and get some of my clothes washed. Over here we all have to do our own laundry and with all a brush at that.

Well, I am okay and feel good over hear. I hope this finds everyone in Gardner well and prospering. Tell everyone hello from me and to write.

Your friend,  
Thomas E. Treasure

P.S. Will try and send you a souvenir from here sometime in the future.

*F/C USNR Thomas E. Treasure*

*Camp Scott, Farragut, Idaho*

10/Oct/43

Dear Sirs,

Received your paper and very glad to get it and hope I can receive more. I enjoy reading it. Well, I haven't got much to say but there are a few things I would like to say now. It is raining now and sure is getting cold. It looks like snow. I hope everyone is fine back at home.

We are all going on last day of work week and boy, we are glad. Most of the boys in our company are from Illinois.

Our work week was most of the boys working on the chow line serving food out to the boots and O.G.U.'s.

We are all fine and hope you are all right also. Tomorrow is our last day on our work week and I am glad.

On Oct. 13, we begin one of the biggest weeks we have with firing guns on the indoor range and outdoor range.

We have only 3 more weeks to go now and it won't take long, so I will be seeing you soon.

Today you cannot see the mountains so good on account of the clouds are low and touching to tops and sides.

Last week we took a trip down to the boat docks and rowed around the lake. The name of the lake is Pend Oreille, and it was a three mile hike. Boy were really rowing. In our boat there was our company commander and we did a fine job.

So now I have to close. As I said before, I'll write again soon, and please say I said hello to all my friends.

Best regards,  
Joseph W. Rolando

*A.S. Joseph W. Rolando*



*Camp Wallace, Texas*

Oct. 10, 1943

Dear Burt:

I am dropping a few lines to let you know I have been getting the *Chronicle* and enjoy it very much. I like most the letters from the boys. It sure is good to hear from them.

It is starting to get cool down here in Texas now, but it was sure hot in the middle of the summer. It was about one hundred and ten degrees in the shade, and the best part of it is, there was no shade.

I have just finished my basic training and I am sure glad to get it over with. Now we are on shipping orders again but first we are supposed to get a furlough. Boy I will sure be glad to get home again.

We were on maneuvers for two weeks and I was sure tired when I got back. We were sleeping with rattlesnakes and wild hogs and armadillos. The first night we were there, we slept right out in a rain storm. Everyone was wet.

The fellows here in Camp are all swell boys and we sure have a swell group of officers.

Well, Burt, I don't know of any more to say except thanks again for the paper and keep it rolling my way. So until I write again, which will be when I hit my next Camp, I will say so long.

I remain as always,  
Pvt. Edward Walker

*Pvt. Edward Walker*

*Somewhere in Tennessee*

October 11, 1943

Hello Editor.

Well Burt I guess it's about time for me to drop you a few lines. Also this is my first letter to you since I have left Kansas. The weather is pretty fair in daytime but gets darn chilly at night.

Since I have left Camp Phillips, Kansas I have been transferred out of the medical detachment to Service Battery. In Service Battery my job is assistant driver in 3rd section of the ammunition train. There is 4 trucks in each section. Our job in combat is delivering 105 Howister shells to the firing batteries. First section delivers ammunition to "A" battery, Second section to "B" battery and third section to "C" battery. In addition each battery has 3 trucks apiece which we call them Seventh section. So you can see when the whole train is together consisting of 21 trucks hauling ammunition for a battalion of artillery is quite a train.

Almost forgot to tell you we are on maneuvers somewhere in Tennessee. There all right but one gets tired of them. During the problem one hardly gets any sleep and missing meals. We have had four problems so far. The first 4 problems we were in red army. Wore red arm bands and overseas hats. We were on defensive. That is to hold the attacking blue army. Now we are on first problem of last 4 problems. We are wearing blue arm bands and steel helmets. Now we are on offensive. This is attacking the red forces now.

I am writing this letter in cab of truck whom I am a assistant driver to. Haven't slept in a bed since I left Camp Phillips, Kansas. I think when I get off maneuvers and get a bed in our next camp I have to put some rocks in it to be able to sleep.

A little about Tennessee now. It is paradise comparing to Kansas. It has lots of trees, green grass, streams and beautiful scenery. Mostly of hills and rocks. In Kansas most of 94th Div. calls it the hell hole.

Well Burt I must be closing. Oh by the way I receive *Chronicle* regularly. Sure it swell reading. Thanks a lot for sending it. Tell the folks hello for me and all the rest of the boys in service who reads this paper hello and good luck.

Lots of Luck,  
Pvt. John "Pooch" Castelli

*Pvt. John "Pooch" Castelli*



*Los Angeles*

Oct. 14, 1943

Dear Editor:

This is just a short letter to let you know of my change of address.

Send it to that address & I will get it sooner or later.

There isn't much doing here now, we finish fire on the on the range & I lacked five points of making expert. I was highest sharp shooter in Co. I fired one seventy-five & one eighty is expert.

Well I may as well close for tonight as everything is quiet. I want to say hello to all the fellows over there doing their part & I may be with them one of these days.

Good night & Good luck.  
Butch

*P.F.C. Herman L. Provance*

*England*

October 17, 1943

Dear Bill:

Guess I'm about three months overdue in dropping a line, but guess it's "better late than never." I've been from one end of this little island to the other and have really enjoyed it for the most part. Get into London quite frequently -- and needless to say, one could spend months looking around and still not have even started. One of the things which particularly intrigued me was its subway system. It has New York City's system beat all hollow. They are operated, in the first place, at various levels, and possess far more modern rolling stock and equipment. One can really get around in the world's largest city -- but fast. The cabs, however, are just the opposite. Some of the antiquated jobs that shuttle Londoners to and fro, wouldn't even make junk back in the States -- although that can in some degree be said of most of the cars & trucks made here.

Possibly, mention of the proverbial London blackout might be of mention. I'm telling you, it's so black you can't see a thing. When I first came over I wondered why everyone carried a torch (flashlight), but I soon found out.

At present, many of Broadway's feature plays are appearing in London, and with great success. It enables a good many of our boys over here from the Midwest and far west to see some of the hits of past and current years, which some of them might never have seen. A great many USO and RED CROSS shows are appearing at the various US camps and are doing a bang-up job of entertaining the boys, and a good many of Hollywood's stars are to be complimented after some quite strenuous tours over here.

Just returned a few weeks ago from a furlough in Edinburgh, Scotland. To me, I believe Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful cities I have ever seen. It is, beyond doubt, one of the cleanest, neatest, well-kept of any over here, or in the States. And there is an endless number of historical spots, one of them the famed Edinburgh Castle. Standing in the middle of town, it ap- ....  
(ended here)

*Sgt. Russell P. Hansen*



*Camp Fannin, Texas*

Oct. 18, 1943

Dear Burt;

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still in there plugging for victory and I hope it won't be too much longer till I will be able to come back for good.

The weather has been pretty hot here lately but the scenery around here is so beautiful, it makes a person forget the hot weather at times.

Am on the firing range this week and it's hard to tell what we will do, or go, to after that.

Hoping this letter finds you in good health and thanks once again, for that wonderful newspaper of yours. It sure has been a big event to me to look forward to your paper ever since I have been in the Army.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Clinton Conley

*Pvt. Clinton Conley*

*North Africa (V-MAIL)*

10/19/43

Dear Burt:

Just a line or so to say hello. I'm just fine and hope these few words find you the same. I was in and visited in (Brijesta?) the other day. Tell them all around the old town hello. I'll be more than glad to write anyone who writes me. So keep them rolling till I see you again.

Your Pal,  
Bennie

*Pvt. Bendix Mollerskov*



*Fort Bliss, Texas*

October 21st, 1943

Dear Editor:

After all of these months, I guess it's about time I wrote and thanked you for the *Chronicle*. Also to all of those who make it possible.

I certainly appreciate it and enjoy reading it. I might add that it was also read by most of the other boys. Boys from all over the States. Like myself, a large majority of them are small town boys, and proud of it.

Ft. Bliss is located down in the far corner of Texas. Just five miles from this part of Camp to El Paso. Old Mexico is just one mile farther. We're located in a southern string of the Rocky Mountains. The Camp is almost on the side of one. From sundown at night until about ten-thirty in the morning, it's rather cold. The rest of the day you can go without a shirt. We're over three thousand feet above sea level and it's dry. Directly on the east of the Camp the desert stretches for almost eighty miles. That's where we will do all our bivouacking and maneuvering.

That's all for this time and, once more, I wish to thank all who make it possible for we boys to receive the *Chronicle*.

Thankfully,  
Pvt. Glenn E. Sutton

*Pvt. Glenn E. Sutton*

*Overseas, somewhere in the Aleutian Islands*

Nov. 1943

To the Editor:

I still receive the *Gardner Chronicle* and sure am glad to receive it in every way, as to knowing what's going on at the home front.

Everything out here is going on fine, but still it's not like being back in the States. Being that I am here, as I might say somewhere in the Aleutians Islands as I can't tell you the exact point.

I am still baking for these hungry chows, for no matter what I make it's eating, damn lucky I have my shirt.

For every time I make bread as sometimes I change to raisin bread, and the fellows call it the cook with the bread, if it ain't bread it's raisin pie, then when I have cup cakes, of course there's raisins in that to, as they say raisins make iron in your body, so there's a few boys should be salvaged to the scrap drive.

As I read the letters from the Boys in the Service I thought I might run across some that may be near me. There are couple of fellows that I know from Morris and Coal City, but I haven't run across them as yet. I have seen their address in the Morris paper and they have the same A.P.O. as I have.

I see where Bendix has left for Over Seas, well Benny I hope you enjoyed that trip over the waters.

I just got finished with my work for my company, it was 72 loafs to-night, then after I got finished I played a few hands of cards, but the game didn't break up for they broke me, and here I am back in and trying to finish this letter. Although there isn't much of anything to write.

I see where few of the gals have joined the W.A.C.s. I hope they enjoy Army Life. So now I must close, so keep behind the eight ball and give till it hurts, yes like I did in that card game, oh well if probably is for a good cause. And keep the home fires burning till we all get back in the near future, till then I will say good bye, and good luck to you all. So I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

From a Reader of the Aleutians, Bye. Write one, write all.

P.F.C. Samuel Douglas

*P.F.C. Samuel Douglas*



*Some Where Some Place*

Nov. 24 - 1943  
Some Where Some Place

To the Editor and Folks of Gardner:

Well Burt how is everything around Gardner; I hope you save a drink for me, well seeing that you don't, let the boys have one on me.

Well being way up here is realizing no difference than anywhere else only to see a skirt or two would be all right but that is a slim chance to see that.

Yes Burt I have been getting the *Chronicle* now and then, and it sure is a pleasure to read the news of around home and also from the Soldier Boys.

I am doing the same job as yet baking, and the boys sure appreciate good pastry once in a while, of course, maybe some are still praying for good stuff. Anyhow, when I said I would turn over to someone else it is a different story then.

I don't know of any other fellows that's here, from around Gardner, of course there are a few from Illinois and mostly from New York.

Well I am writing this letter by candlelight so it is difficult in writing.

Well tonight is Monday night and it won't be long that I will have a good bite of turkey, but seeing that you won't get this letter soon, at least I hope you get it before Christmas which is only a month away.

Well it sure is hard to write letters here, as it is censored so that a person can't write his destination and I wouldn't want to get into trouble, as it would be checked and cut out anyways.

I sure wish I could be around near home for a good Christmas dinner but I am afraid not but I ain't missing the Thanksgiving here, and good lemon pie, of course, look who is making it. But let's hope that we will celebrate next Christmas at home, even though it is a long wait. At least I am going to make a New Year's resolution, to get a couple few Japs a day, and if the rest do the same, it wouldn't be long. So now I must close wishing you all a Happy Thanksgiving and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. For I am respectfully your friend. Give everyone my best regards.

Samuel Douglas

*P.F.C. Samuel Douglas*

*South Pacific*

Dec. 15, 1943

Dear Folks,

Just thought I would drop you a few lines thanking you for your *Gardner Chronicle* paper and enjoyed it very much. It is good to hear the news around home.

I have been overseas now fourteen months. That is in some island in the South Pacific and it is really hot here. There are no white women, only natives, so you can see how we have it. But I do hope to get back there sometime again and hope your paper will still continue no matter where I go.

So I will thank you again. And I am sure glad I am in the Air Corps.

Sincerely yours,  
Earl Storm

*Cpl. Earl H. Storm*



*Australia*

Australia,  
19 December 1943

Dear Editor:

I guess that I have better take time out to write and thank you for sending me the paper. I have been putting it off for quite some time now, but I am ashamed of myself and decided to take time out and write to you.

I really enjoy reading the *Chronicle* although it is a month or so old. When I finish with it I pass it on to the other boys that I am with and they read it all the way through also.

Since I have been in Australia I have run into three boys from home. I sure was glad to see them. They were Jack Tyler, Shorty Neece and John Aimone. We really had some long talks about the good old days that we spent together back home.

Things over here aren't much different than what they are back home. The only thing that I don't like about it is that you have to fight almost all the Yanks and Aussies here to get a glass of beer. So when you do get it you really do appreciate it.

It is getting hot down here now and we are all going out swimming where you people up there are out ice skating and sleigh riding. Oh yes, we boys haven't changed yet. The other night a few of the boys and I went out and raided a watermelon patch. They always taste better that way.

Well there isn't much more to say over here so I will close for this time. And I want to thank you again for the paper and will try and write to you more often. I haven't been able to pick up a souvenir as yet but when I get one I will send it to you.

A faithful reader.  
Pfc Raymond D. Gaddo

*Pfc Raymond D. Gaddo*



England

12/29/43

Dear Parky:

I have received three papers today and they were the first I have received since I have been here. It sure was swell to get them and check up on some of the things from the old home town. Here is something about my trip.

After leaving where we were before we left for here, not knowing we were coming here from there, we couldn't tell whether we arrived here or not. The weather here is as it always is at this season. The people are just as they look.

I read where one of the boys over here wrote and gave his description of England. He covered it pretty good but missed a couple of details. I haven't been all over the island but I have seen quite a bit of it from the air and also the ground. The villages and towns are very neat and the people are hit a little harder by rationing than back in the states.

The morale is very high and sometimes higher than ours. They are hard to understand and they get offended easily. When we say something we have to be careful or they will be offended even if the discussion doesn't concern them.

We have made two jumps over here and I can say I sweat them out more than any in the states. The only part I don't like is when we sleep in our foxholes with water up to our hips and when we get up in the morning with a half of inch of ice around our ---- and frost all over us. We sure gripe but it is good for us, or at least that's what is says in F.M.-5100.

When we first came here the mud was pretty deep, but now we have it tramped down pretty good. (It's only up to our knees now.)

When they say this Army is ultra-modern they aren't fooling. We are mechanized to the nth degree. Even our eggs come in cans. It beats me how the chickens get them there. Even the potatoes are different. All we do is grab a handful of confetti, pour water on it and we have mashed potatoes. We have to give you people back home a lot of credit because of the way you are training the live stock. It's the first time I ever heard of a cow who could give 30 gal. of milk (powdered at that) in a tin can. Sometimes I wonder how the folks back home can stand to eat those old-fashioned eggs (you know, the kinds with shells on the outside) and those juicy steaks. We are being made men of might by the combined vitamins of K & C Rations. I sometimes wonder if I will ever be able to get used to that old-fashioned food again.

In closing don't take this to heart too much. We are all swell, physically fit to take care of any job we may be required to do and are ready to do it at a moment's notice and return to the states when it is over and then argue about the war and rationing when we are bending our elbows over a bar with a glass of good American beer.

As ever,  
P.F.C. Joseph Residori



P.S. A little word of cheer for the girls back home. Don't feel too bad when you see a trooper come hurtling out of the sky with 444 pair of either silk or nylon stockings hanging above them. The women over here haven't seen silk or nylon for almost five years.

*P.F.C. Joseph Residori*

*Camp McCain, Mississippi*

December 20 (1943)

Hello Editor.

How are you and the rest of the folks? I am just fine and still living. HA! HA! This is my first letter to you since we moved to our new camp. Name of my new camp is Camp McCain, Mississippi.

Camp McCain, Mississippi is located southwest 5 miles from Grenada. Really am down in the south. Population of Miss. is 2/3 colored people. Won't be long now and I really will have the southern accent.

The weather down here is very funny. The daytime is nice & warm. Just like spring weather. But at night it gets cold. It's a wet damp cold. It freezes at night and is a heavy white frost in the mornings. The land is mostly a sand and clay mixture. Also it is very hilly in places and heavily wooded areas.

Editor I got to give credit to your paper for following me around while I was on maneuvers. I received each weekly copy even though I was all over the large maneuver area. It really felt good to read the *Chronicle* while out on maneuvers. Now that I am in camp again I can lay on a bunk to read it instead of laying on rocks or leaning on a truck.

After we got through with maneuvers our division got 15 days furlough. Boy that was really something to look forward to. The home town really looks good. Especially home and also to see Mother. I had a grand time at home. Seeing the folks. Boy it was the dickens to leave especially my mother. Boy I am telling you a soldier's mother is the best and only the one best loved person. I know as I have been in the Army more than a year. You can ask anybody that question who is in the service.

Editor being my letter will be in your paper I am taking the opportunity to wish all the folks in the community and all the boys in the service a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. Also to the boys in the service good luck until we all meet again.

Well I must be closing and I thank you again for the good old *Chronicle* paper. So long and Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to you.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. John "Pooch" Castelli

*Pvt. John "Pooch" Castelli*



*Camp Fannin, Texas*

Dec. 20, 1943

Dear Burt:

Just a few lines to let you know I am fine and dandy, and hoping you are the same.

This is the second Christmas I have been away and I hope that by this time next year I will be home for good. It will really be a "Merry Christmas" then.

The people here are very friendly and they sure treat the soldiers good. There is a fellow from Wilmington here with me and we get along fine.

I hope everything is fine on the home front and, as usual, I can't thank you enough for that wonderful newspaper of yours. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,  
Clinton Conley

*Pvt. Clinton Conley*

*Somewhere in Italy*

Jan. 1st, 1944

(Addressed to Mr. & Mrs. George Wise)

Dear Folks:

So they tell me this is a start of a new year, and I think this is the best way to start it off. Maybe I should be celebrating it, but I couldn't think of doing it before I wrote. There isn't much to celebrate, but we have to make the best of it. Hoping these few lines finds you both well, and many more to come. I'm pretty fair, but with so much damp weather, I can't seem to get rid of my cold.

Having some weather, the wind is blowing so hard, it darn near blows out the candle in the shack. Wind comes down the stove pipe, and fills the shack full of smoke. One time it blows sheets of rain, then other times a little snow. Mountains look pretty with the peaks and the sides covered with snow. What kind of weather did you have over the holidays? Was the ground covered with snow?

Keep this up, we'll have to tie our shacks to the ground. Blew down our mess kitchen and several other tents. Supposed to have a good breakfast this morning, but being the kitchen blew down, it put the jinx to that. Ham and eggs was the intention, that would've been the first we would've had since we left Africa. That made our dinner late, had turkey dinner. Good, too, but it got cold awful quick. Ate outside and like to froze to death.

Worked last night, and just lucky there wasn't nothing doing so we were glad of that.

Yes, Mom, I got those clippings you sent and I enjoy them. So please, Dear, keep sending them. Well, Dear Mom & Dad, I don't know what else to think, off hand, so I'll ring off. With loads of love and luck to all. Bye now.

Your Son,  
Glenn

P.S. Hello, everybody. Have any of the boys that got their calls gone yet?

*Sgt. Glenn P. Wise*



*Ft. Knox, Kentucky*

Jan. 8, 1944

Hi, Parky,

Well, Parky, how is everything in Gardner? This is Sunday afternoon and we are confined to the barracks on account of our Company being on guard duty. This Army life isn't bad at all. I feel fine myself. Get good eats and plenty of it. We just had mail call & I received the *Chronicle*, so had to take time out to look at it.

Bill, they sure are taking a lot of the boys down there. This is a nice camp here & sure have a nice bunch of boys in our Company. But I sure don't care much for this country down here with the red clay & such changeable weather. The sun has shined 5 times since I came here. And this morning was the fifth time. But it is gone again now. They sure keep us busy. You don't have time to think. There is a lot of work to it. And most of it is interesting & also educational. We have 3 or 4 classes a day on different things. Always something to do. Well, Bill, haven't much news so will have to sign off for now. With good luck to all.

Your friend,  
Bob Lewis

*Pvt. Robert Lewis*

*Somewhere in Iceland*

Jan. 9, 1944

Dear Burt:

Just a few lines to let you know I am fine and hope everyone back home is the same. I thought I would write home and give you my new address so you can send the paper. I really miss it, so please send it my way if you will.

I am now stationed somewhere in Iceland and like it a lot.

Do you have a souvenir of Iceland? If you don't let me know, and I will try to get something.

Well, Burt, I can't think of any more to say, so I guess I will have to close for now. So, bye for now.

As always,  
Ed

*Pvt. Edward Walker*



*An Island Somewhere in the Southwest Pacific*

January 9, 1944

To the Editor:

I just was laying on my bunk thinking. I decided it was time for me to write. I am writing this letter from an island somewhere in the Southwest Pacific. I am fine. I hope to find you all back home the same.

I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and a Happy new Year. I never had a very good one. On the ship Christmas Day. It was 125 degrees in the shade. I really got a good suntan.

I tried talking to some natives but they couldn't understand very good. They sure are queer looking people. It really seemed funny to see people carry baskets of groceries on their heads and see them go around barefoot. Some of the people live in grass huts.

I never received the paper for a long time. I sure will be glad to get it. I got a Christmas card which was sent to me in California and I didn't think mail could mean so much to a guy. We don't get to go into town. All we do is work. So it doesn't make much difference about payday. We haven't got any use for the money anyway. I bet a dish of ice cream or a bottle of pop would taste good. Even if I had a glass of cold water to drink. Well I suppose it is dead as heck back home. I sure will be glad when the war is over and we all get back home to stay. It sure will be nice to see all the boys again.

There isn't much news up here. I could write a nice long letter if I could, but I guess you know how it is. Well, I guess I might as well close for now, it is about time to go to bed so I can get up for another day of work. We really are kept busy. We work seven days a week. I will be waiting to get a copy of the *Chronicle* which means so much to us in the service. Take care of yourself and everybody keep smiling, for we will be back soon I hope.

A friend,  
Speeny

Put in the paper

*F 2/C John H. Williams*



To the Editor:

First off all here is hello to all my readers and hoping that you are in the best of health and frame of mind.

I intend to relate to you in this and the following columns the life of a soldier from the time he is inducted into the army until his training is completed. It is a rough life, I can vouch for that, especially when you come from a civilian job which did not call for too much physical exercise.

The 17th of December we went to Chicago for our physical examinations, where were thorough and decisive. I, along with many others, was selected for the army training program. We were ordered to report at Fort Sheridan on Jan. 7, being Friday. Thirty of us from Grundy County were in the group. They were all, but for two or three, married men with families. This was the hardest part of the entire procedure. Nearly every man's wife was with him, some even had their children. This parting was a sad and solemn affair. There was not a dry eye in the group, wife clung to husband in that farewell kiss, I among them. That moment, neither I nor any soldier will ever forget. It was tough to leave home and a family.

We arrived at Fort Sheridan that morning. The first things we received as we entered the gate were two towels, razor, soap and tooth brush, then placed in a barracks. The meals were swell there, it reminded of the fable of the "Fattening of the Calf."

The next day, on a Saturday, we were issued our clothing, which included dress clothes for both summer and winter, underwear, overalls, shoes and all the trimmings. These were all placed in a barracks bag, and we were told to carry them back to barracks. We also had to wear one of these helmet liners which are made of plastic. To get back to the bundle, when I tried to lift mine I nearly fell over backwards, it must have weighed nearly 100 pounds. It was quite comical to see little Curly Vignocchi carrying his. It was bigger than he was, and all that could be seen was the bag full of clothes sliding over the snow and ice.

We stayed over Sunday, and were given detail work. I happened to draw fire guard. Curly, Jimmy Nichols and Male were rather lucky, they had no work to do at all while at this camp.

It wasn't until Tuesday that we finally got on our way to our present destination. We were all split up. The only fellows I knew on our train were Harold Keck of Morris, Wendell and Mistick of Coal City. We were all brought here to North Camp Hood, Texas.

At first when the train left we all felt sure that we were on our way to California; but they would not tell us our destination and we did not find out until we arrived here.

Upon our arrival on Thursday afternoon, the snow was blowing and it had piled up to a depth of about 6 inches by the following morning. We were placed in a barracks then fed. The next morning we were classified. The results of this was that we were all split up again. As to where the other fellows are I as yet do not have the slightest idea, they are here somewhere but until I can get their addresses I am out of



luck. I am all alone with fellows from every state of the union. There are three of us from Illinois together.

We in this company A are being trained for Army administrative work. The special training comes however after 10 weeks of basic training, which every soldier must go through. We are going into our second week beginning on Monday.

In my next issue I will go into the basic training, food and other items of interest, of which I am sure you will be interested.

In closing I would like to mention the fellows in our barracks. They are certainly a fine group of men, mostly from clerical, professional work in civilian life. There are two other newspaper men, public accountants, real estate brokers, insurance agents, bookkeepers, etc., etc.

Our platoon leader is Lt. Hassenboeller. He is a young fellow and a commissioned 2nd Lt. A very nice fellow with a pleasing personality, and has a way of handling men that makes them like him. He should go a long way in his military career.

In charge of our barracks is a young fellow, Corp. Gordon Saunders of Detroit, Mich. He is a married man with a little daughter. He is a very swell fellow, gets along very well with the men, gets things done and still keeps their friendship and loyalty.

This is enough for this week, so until next, God bless you all and good luck. Would appreciate any letters from any of you.

Pvt. Harold B. Parkinson

*Pvt. Harold B. Parkinson*

*(no location)*

January 24, 1944

To the Editor

I received your paper today and decided I would drop you a few lines. I really enjoy getting the paper over here and find out what the scoop is back home. I can't do a lot of talking about our outfit like some of the boys do. I guess Tom Treasure described in the Oct. 28th paper a place nearly like where I am. You know I get a kick out of hearing the guys back in the states tell what a hard life they have on a little 2 or three days maneuvers. Well as time is short as well as news, I will close hoping to receive the *Chronicle* soon again. So I will say thanks a lot for the paper and thanks to those that make it possible for us to get it. Will write again soon.

Your Friend  
Pvt. Francis S. Hanon

*Pvt. Francis S. Hanon*



*Somewhere in India*

January 25, 1944  
Somewhere in India

Dear Ed:

I received three copies of the "*Chronicle*" within the past week and needless to say I've read each one completely -- even the advertisements which won't do me any good clear over here.

My address has been changed just a little and it is now APO #487. The rest of the address remains the same.

It's quite interesting to read the letters from the boys in England, Africa, Sicily, Italy, "The Islands" and to read the "gripes." If one really wants to hear professional gripers all they have to do is come to the part of India we're in or go on over into China. As I'm writing today we're having a steady rain so maybe the monsoons are back and monsoons over here means misery -- moldy clothes, ankle-deep mud at all times, the clothes one wears even refuse to dry out. It's like one of the fellows said about a southern state -- just take me back to Illinois quick!!

I'm enclosing a rupee to help cover the cost of the paper -- keep it coming even if you can't spend the rupee over there. It's worth approximately 30¢.

Sincerely  
Otis Knudtson

*Lt. Otis Knudtson*

*Somewhere in India (V-MAIL)*

Somewhere in India  
February 13, 1944

Dear Burt,

I'm writing this letter to make a strange request of you -- don't send the paper to me any more until you hear from me again. You see, I plan to be home within the next two months and the papers won't reach me in time.

I received the December 2 copy a week or so ago and that is rather good time for a newspaper, for they usually take three months to get here, the same as packages. I do enjoy reading the paper a lot and the letters from the boys the world over. I have only one suggestion -- how about putting their addresses with the letters you print so when we see a letter from someone we would like to write to, we can do. I've noticed that the addresses are seldom printed.

Things over here are pretty much the same and I think any of the fellows who may have seen service here in this area will verify my dislike. It will really be nice to get home among white people once more -- with our roads, homes and Americans.

Goodbye and thanks for everything.

Sincerely,  
Otis

*Lt. Otis Knudtson*



*Moscow, Idaho*

(postmarked Feb. 16, 1944)

Dear Editor:

I have a few minutes to spare so I thought I'd drop you a few lines. I just want you to know I still get the good old home town paper. I may be a long ways from home, but it sure helps me a lot to hear news from home. I see that good old G.S.W. is doing swell in basketball. I hope that they get to go to the state this year. I think they will go. I am pulling for you Horrie, Hollsmeyer, McGill and all the men on a great team. Don't let me down, boys. I like to tell my roommates how great a basketball team my home town has.

I am going to Radio School now and I'm doing okay in it. Our schedule is pretty tough, but I guess I'll live through it.

We get up at 5:30 every morning, then at 5:45 we go to Physical exercise until 6:30. From 6:30 to 7:30 we eat. 7:30 to 8:00, if we are on duty section, we muster or, otherwise, we clean up our rooms for inspection. At 8:00 we stand colors then we go to classes. I study theory which is Physics in High School, so I advise any of the boys who are taking physics, to study hard because, no matter what branch of service or what job you pick, you'll need physics to help you out. At 11:50 we come back to our barracks. We have free from 11:50 to 12:50. But in that time we have chow and get our mail. I always look forward to getting mail and so far, I have at least gotten a letter a day. It sure feels good to get a letter from home. Well, at 12:50 we line up to march to classes again. We stay in school until 5:00. At 5:00 we march back to our barracks. From 5 to 6 o'clock we clean up our rooms again. 6:00 to 6:45 we eat and get our mail. 6:45 to 9:30 is our own time, but we usually wash our clothes, or get haircuts or go to shows, which is a must here. So in short we haven't much time of our own. We go to school only in the morning on Saturday because we have liberty from 3:00 Saturday afternoon to 9:30 Sunday night. From 2:00 to 3:00 Saturday we stand a captain's inspection. Well, I guess I've told you enough for this time, but I'll write again and tell you more.

Yours truly,  
Erling L. Nelson

P.S. Keep the winning streak, boys. I may see you all in May.

*S 2/C Erling L. Nelson*

*Somewhere in the Pacific*

20 February 1944

Dear Parky,

Just a line to let you know that I am now stationed somewhere in the Pacific & am still receiving the *Chronicle*. Thanks a lot. It sure is swell to be able to sit down & read about the old home town.

It's really beautiful out here. I can look out of my tent & see mountains & the blue Pacific. We've had quite a bit of rain but otherwise the weather is perfect. Have been swimming several times & am getting a nice tan.

Notice my new APO number.

Give my regards to the folks back home.

As ever  
Rogers

*Lt. Rogers W. Cumming*



*Somewhere in England (Via V-MAIL)*

March 11, 1944

Bill --

It's my turn - proudly - to say Somewhere, and I say Somewhere in England. I preferred this theatre, wished for it and feel extremely fortunate in its realization.

Leaving the United States was leaving home in the strictest cause -- it causes a lump to rise in your throat, you wonder and imagine all sorts of things. And yet, you feel so small and insignificant when you think of the job our boys who've been there for so long are doing and of those boys who have done!

I am enjoying the peoples here -- so far their talk is pleasing to hear, their homes and hamlets are cute and the soldiers are so rosy-cheeked.

Oh, say, I've made the rounds of the "Pubs" but darn that beer, it streaks right through you like a bolt of lightning.

My sincerest regards to you and all.

Sincerely,  
Dr. Scudieri

*Dr. Scudieri*

*(No location)*

Monday  
3/13/44

Well, I guess I had better write a few words to you. I have moved quite often since I wrote to the paper last and I am a little behind. There isn't much to say except I enjoy the paper and look forward to it every week. The other fellows enjoy reading it too.

I have a new address and I am enjoying it here. I can't write much, for it is censored and that leaves one in the dark. I am still in the Ordnance and enjoy that work very much.

What outfit is Bert in? I hope he enjoys the Army life as much as I do.

Well, I guess that is all for now. Keep the paper coming and say hello to the fellows for me.

Your faithfully,  
Raymond C. Nelson

*Pvt. Raymond C. Nelson*



*Fort Sheridan , Ill*

Fort Sheridan, Ill  
April 4, 1944

To the Editor,

I received the first copy of your paper yesterday and was very pleased. I hope to receive it continually, for I enjoy very much reading the home town news. It kind of helps a fellow to keep informed on the happenings in and around the old home town,

I am glad that I am stationed at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, at least during my basic training. It is an awful nice camp, with many conveniences handy. This is what I've been looking forward to for quite a while, and I finally made the grade,

It is quite hard to find time for writing letters, as, after we come in off the drill field, we still have home work to do. The part I like best in the Army is washday, Ha! Ha!

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking everyone who makes the delivery of this paper possible. It is very greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Don Olsen

*Pvt. Donald E. Olsen*

*Santa Maria Army Airfield, California*

4-6-44

Dear Editor:

I'm sorry I haven't written you sooner to show you the appreciation I have in receiving the paper. I greatly enjoy receiving it a lot. Thanks so much, everyone.

I want to thank everyone for making it possible for each & everyone of us receiving this paper. It makes us feel close to home, being so far away from home. We greatly appreciate it.

I've been kept busy moving back & forth & haven't had a lot of time to myself since I got here. But, now, I'm taking a few minutes off from chow time to write you. And, also, to let you know of my change in address.

I enjoy reading the *Chronicle* very much, especially the letters from the boys in service & Mrs. Viviana's column & home town news.

As you probably know, Argyle Dalziel & Karl Bookwalter are in the same outfit as I am. I see them quite often. Also Donald Parker of Morris. I've also had the opportunity to meet Lester Hill out here on the desert, the first part of this week. And now planning to meet Dale Onsen the first chance I have, before I move, or maybe afterward.

There isn't much mews out here, away from civilization & so far from town (Barstow, California). So, I'll close for this time before the whistle blows for formation again.

In closing, I say hello to all my friends & relatives back home. And hoping I see them all again before so very long. And hoping this thing will be over as soon as Henry Ford predicts it will. What do you say?

Good luck to you all.  
P.F.C. James Yatuni

*P.F.C. James Yatuni*



Moscow, Idaho

April 12, 1944

Dear Editor:

I still receive the paper and enjoy it very much. I wish to tell the people at home that I like the Navy very much and intend on staying in the Navy for a long time to come. I am almost through with my schooling here and will probably be sent out to sea or to another school. I have exactly four weeks left in this school. This town of Moscow, may be a small town but it sure shows the servicemen a good time. This town is the size of Wilmington, it has two theatres and two U.S.O. The people here treat us servicemen as though we were their own sons. I'd like to give a little advice to the boys at home that intend to join the service, especially those who wish to join the Navy. This advice is to take up radio. Why? Because radio will be a thing in the future and one can get good jobs when they come out of the service. This course may be a hard course, but you know that you don't get anything for nothing. We have a radio station here now and we sailors(?) take turns in going up there and taking over the watches on the circuit. We transmit to Texas A & M and Farragut, Idaho, Colorado and most Naval Stations in the west here. I haven't been up there yet to stand a watch, but my turn is coming up next week sometime. It is a great experience to have someone send you a message and you don't know who that someone is.

I suppose that G.S.W. High School is just about ready to open the baseball season? I sure wish I was there to see those games.

I am typing this letter on the Navy standard typewriter. This type of typewriter is used on board ships, so I guess they're breaking us in on them. I expect to be shipped to California after I have completed my course here in Moscow.

I am sorry but I will have to close now. But wish the *Chronicle* best of luck. I also hope that this war is just about over.

Yours truly,  
E. L. Nelson

P.S. I'm an old salt now -- I'm in Four Company, which is the highest Company here in Moscow.

*S2/C Erling L. Nelson*

*Okinawa*

17 April 1945

Dear Bert,

First of all this letter isn't for publication. I've been meaning to write to you for some time but so far it's been put off until now. I've really seen quite a bit of this side of the world since coming overseas but most of it was water. My whole conception of those south sea island paradises has been changed and so far as I'm concerned after this war is over I'll be content to do all my travelling right around home. Eileen will most likely tell you where I am even before you get this letter. This is my first taste of real army life. I can actually say it's the first time I've experienced anything much out of the ordinary since coming into the Army. You probably know more about what is going on over here than any of us do. We have to get our news from the states to know anything about this operation. I've seen a little bit of this island and some of the sections are really pretty. These Japs sure have the knack of utilizing what land they have. Some of the land they have back in the States would only be used for pasture. They grow a lot of rice, sweet potatoes and sugar cane. So far I haven't seen any fruit but no doubt there must be some in the southern part of the island. Before coming up here I was getting pretty good with the paper and I sure appreciate getting it. This is about all I have room for. Give my best wishes to my aunt and uncle also the best of luck to yourself.

As ever  
Ches

*P5 Chester I. Blake*



*Northern Ireland*

April 20, 44

Dear Editor

As it's been a very long time since I have dropped you a few lines, I just haven't got any explanation for it.

Although there has been a lot of water run under the bridge since you last heard from me, I still read the paper and enjoy every line of it.

As for myself I've had my ups and downs in army life and God only knows what is ahead for many of us.

As I can't go into any detail about myself, I wish everyone the best of health and luck.

I remain  
As Always  
Your Friend  
Vic Chiovatico

*Pvt. Victor M. Chiovatico*

*Camp Fannin, Texas*

(postmarked May 5, 1944)

Hello Harold:

Feel like writing tonight, so thought I would drop you a line. My wife wrote and told me you were coming home. You sure have been having a tough time of it, but this Infantry is a tough racket too.

Thought I would be home this week but they think they can make me a sergeant or something so they are sending me to Cadre school for 4 weeks, picked 10 of us out of 80 to send up here. Think I'll turn out to be the lemon of the outfit. Just finished one week and I must have passed the exam or they would have kicked me back to the Company and shipped me out. Fannin is home now and another fellow from Morris went home on furlough, lucky devil.

Boy, it sure rained here today. Most of the fellows are cleaning their rifles and etc., but that don't worry me much. The rest of the fellows think I got a break but just imagine me teaching a class in first aid & etc. I can't see it.

I get the *Chronicle* every week, sometimes a miss, but you have to expect that with our mail orderly. He kind of gets a little too much under the belt once in awhile. Have seen Frank & Earylon once since they have been down here.

I didn't salute an officer the other day, boy did he chew my \_\_\_ out. All I could say was "Yes, sir." If I ever get to teaching classes I'll sure have to give them a line of bull\_\_\_.

Well, Burt, I guess this is all the bull I can sling tonight so will sign off until better times.

As ever,  
Elmer

*Pvt. Elmer Male*



*England*

May 15, 1944

To the Editor:

Receiving the *Chronicle* regular and I'm very pleased to get it; I enjoy reading it very much. Before I go any further this letter I want to take the pleasure of thanking each and every one of you who make it possible for me getting the paper. I enjoy reading letters from the boys in the service and also home news. As you probably know by now I am stationed somewhere in England. This country is more or less historic. Had a furlough here some time ago and enjoyed myself just sight-seeing. The majority of the people here are very nice to us boys; made many English friends. There are also pubs (taverns to you) and of course we stop in for our scotch and beers every now and then, when on pass. Space is getting short and news is very scarce so I'll close here. In doing so I'll say: hello to all my friends back home; also to my people. "Thanks again."

Good bye and good luck all.  
Pete

*Cpl. Peter Dinelli*

*(no location)*

postmarked 11/1/44

Christmas Card --

Dick Veronda

*S. 1/C Richard Veronda*



*(no location)*

postmarked 11/10/44

Christmas card --

Always a Friend

Gibbie Wright

(no location)

postmarked 11/14/44

Christmas Card --

Receive *Chronicle* O.K.. Keep it coming.

W. Rix

M/Sgt. Walter W. Rix



*Mitchell Field, N.Y.*

(Postmarked Dec. 9, 1944)

(Christmas Card)

You & your staff:

Thank you for the *Chronicle* for the past several years.

Agnes Meade

*S/Sgt. Agnes C. Meade*

*Bremen, Germany*

Bremen, Germany  
May 31, 1945  
Sunday Evening

Dear Burt & Folks:

Hi, how's everybody? Sure hope fine. Don't know if you'll remember me or not, hope you do. I had a letter from the folks saying I had to put in a request for your paper. I'd sure like to have it coming this way all the time, Burt, and my folks will handle the fee. You tell them when the time comes, or call them. Also, if you will call up my folks & tell them I wrote & requested it.

Well, Burt, can't think of anything else, time to go to work. Take care.

Yours,  
"Don"  
Alias "Porky"

P.S. Remember my new address. It's been that way for 8 weeks now.

*M.M. 3/C Donald H. Nelson*



*Somewhere in the South Pacific*

Tues. June 26 (1945)  
Some Where in the South Pacific

Hiya Bert,

How are you, yours truly is just fine. Oh I am a little warm. When I was out at Seattle they used to tell me how hot it was out here. They don't have to tell me no more.

I'll try to tell you where I've been since I left Sheepshead Bay. First off they sent us to the Graduate Station on 42nd St. New York City. From there to 1000 Gary St. San Francisco Calif. Then over to Alameda, Calif. Back to Frisco, then we came on board the S.S. Joe H. Powell, May 23, at Oakland. We left the States May 29. After 15 or 16 days of nothing but water we hit Enewstok, in the Marshals, (there I received my first 2 letters since I left New York) and right now we are at Ulipithi in the Carolina Islands. No one knows where to next although there is a lot of scuttle-but about different places.

Enough about me, how are things at home, I lost track of all news when the *Chronicle* didn't catch up with. Will you kindly have it sent to me. I'll give you my address in case the one on the envelope is marked up.

We get to do a little swimming out here. It is a lot of fun. The swells lift you up and down like being rocked in a cradle.

There isn't much to these Islands as far as I can see. Some have tree's left on them but most of them are mowed down.

It's just about time for chow Bert so I had better knock off.

Lots of Luck  
Russ

P.S.

I've seen no native women yet. Ha ha.

I went right through Chicago on my way out here and didn't get home. Was I mad.

*Russ Castelli*

*(No location given)*

30 July 1945

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that I desire to become a subscriber to "*The Gardner Chronicle*" and have same mailed to me.

Rogers W. Cumming  
1st Lt., CAC

*Lt. Rogers W. Cumming*



*Camp Parks, California*

July 31, 1945

Dear Sir:

I am writing you in regard to the Gardner Paper. My sister Mildred wrote that I had to request it, so here it is. She has paid the subscription for a year and all that is needed is the request, so consider this it.

Well tell the folks all hello in Gardner.

T. E. Treasure, CM2C, USNR

*CM2C USNR Thomas E. Treasure*

*A.P.O. 94 c/o Postmaster N.Y., N.Y.*

Dated: 8 month 6 day 1945 year

Subject:

Request to become a subscriber for *Gardner Chronicle Paper* at once.

Signed:

Pfc. John Castelli

Dear Burt. Will write a letter soon. However take this request for your paper is okay for you to give to postmaster. Thank You. "Pooch"

*Pfc. John Castelli*



*Ft. Des Moines, Iowa*

23 August 1945

Dear "Parky":

Enclosed herewith a check for \$1.50 for my subscription to the *Chronicle*.  
As soon as I leave this Training Center, I will send you my APO number. I expect  
to be here several weeks.  
Thank you.

S/Sgt. Agnes C. Meade

*S/Sgt. Agnes C. Meade*

*Camp Fannin, Texas*

Sept. 22, 1945

Dear Burt:

I haven't received the *Chronicle* for about a month now and I thought I would ask you about it.

I certainly miss the paper a lot and hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely  
Clinton Conley

*Pvt. Clinton Conley*



*Amphibious Command  
Destroyer Base  
San Diego, Calif.*

(No date) Friday

Hi Burt,

I've been receiving the *Chronicle* for some time but have been unable to find time to write, and thank you for sending it.

The weather out here is quite cool at night but always gets very warm during the day time.

I've had two months of training on landing barges, the 36 ft. type. My particular job aboard the boat is taking care of the engine. Although we must also learn to do each other's job as well as our own.

Today my outfit had practice on the 40 MM and the 50 cal. machine guns. Each day is laid out, but until that day arrives we never know what is in store for us.

I've been in Mexico several times since I arrived here. It is only 10 miles from Diego, and not near as crowded with service men.

I enjoy reading the paper very much. It keeps a fellow up on what is happening around town.

Your Friend  
Wm. Burkhardt

*F2/C Wm. Burkhardt*

*Overseas*

(page 1 missing, no date)

on Curly's and Nelson's place as I need a good stimulator for my throat is getting king of dry, being that I never had any for a hell of a long time, the lemon extract ain't even good any more so save one will you Ha.

I am still at my same old jog yet as baker, but it's been a long time since I have tasted good pie and cake. As far as bread, it doesn't stay long enough to get stale.

I see where quite many of the boys have had furloughs, their lucky, but I suppose I will in time to come. Is there anything there that I am missing or not although I will make up for lost time if able.

So now I must close, and I'll say thanks a lot for the paper, I sure appreciate it very much. I am the only one that gets any good out of it, for I am the only one hear from around Gardner. To the Editor, and the folks of home, I'll say good luck, and happiness to you all, as I remain

Your Soldier Pal of Gardner  
P.F.C. Samuel Douglas  
(Over Seas)

*P.F.C. Samuel Douglas*



*Fort Ord, California*

(no date)

To Editor

I just received your *Chronicle* and glad to hear about it. We have a lot of Boys of Illinois that appreciate to seeing your paper. We sure do a lot of drilling every-day and inspecting to. The food that we get his sure fine to. We have good cooks here you see. This sure a lot of nice country here. We do a lot maneuvers here but I do mind it at all. The people in California sure treat the soldiers nice. Every Sunday we have a big supper to. I sure his far from home but I expect to go across soon. I don't know when but you see we are all pack ready to go. I don't think I will get a chance to come home. You tell the gang that I said Hello will you. You know who I mean Oxey Tom. So Will you tell him to get off the table. So when I get back I can use it. You see my address has change now.

Corp. Jimmy Fusivatti

*Corp. Jimmy Fusivatti*

*Maxwell Field, Alabama*

(no date)

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for sending the *Chronicle* to me every week. I want you to know I appreciate it very much. No one can realize what a home town paper means to a soldier.

I left Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, the 18th of April for this field and I think it is swell. At the present time I am working in the office of the 16th Material Squadron as a typist. Right now we are living in tents which hold five men. One of the fellows in my tent is Ted Zeller from Campus. He also gets much enjoyment in reading your paper, in fact that is exactly what he is doing now. He also works in the office and though I had never met him before we have become very good friends.

I don't believe it is necessary for me to tell you that our tents are always as neat as a pin. We have a tent inspection every morning and a personal inspection every Saturday morning. That is the morning when everyone is very busy giving their shoes that final lick with the brush, straightening that tie, and putting on their flight cap at just the right angle. When the inspecting officer goes by and gives you an approving look, you can't help but feeling that personal pride which always comes after you know you have taken another step to becoming a soldier.

At Jefferson Barracks we received our basic training which consists of drilling and the manual of arms, not forgetting those dreaded shots which every soldier receives as soon as he enters the service.

Maxwell Field is a beautiful place. We have our own day room, which contains plenty of soft chairs, writing table, radio and automatic electric phonograph. We also have a nice swimming pool, bowling alleys, and pool tables, tennis courts, boxing ring and ping-pong tables.

I have had the opportunity to visit the city of Montgomery and although I think it is a nice place it seems to lack something which the cities and towns in Illinois have. The weather here is hot and sultry, something like the weather we used to have in July or August back home. The nights are cool, but it's hot again as soon as the sun rises in the morning. Just to make sure we don't get soft, we are required to fall out for at least an hour or an hr. and a half of drill and exercise and the army idea of exercise will make the perspiration stand out on anyone's forehead. One of the fellows who came in 2 months ago was 50 lbs. overweight and he back to normal now, so that gives you an idea of how the army toughens its men. I guess I had better close now, thanks again for sending the papers and I'll be looking forward to them.

As ever,  
Pvt. Tom Granger

*Pvt. Tom Granger*



*Maxwell Field, Alabama*

(no date)  
Wed.

Dear Folks & Jennie & Dom

Just a line to let you know I'm going on Detached Service to N. Dakota tomorrow morning at 6'oclock. We are going by truck convoy. We were given \$36.00 for meals & board on our way up there. It will take 9 days. We will stay in hotels up there and we will draw \$70.00 a month besides our regular 21.00 pay. That will make 91.00 a month. Detached Service means that my name is still on the 16th Roster here and I can come back here anytime they call me. I think that's a good break. It won't even seem like I'm in the army at all. Nine days is a long time to be on the road. It's a private flying school about 100 miles from the Canadian border. Well I'll write when I get there. I'll be glad to get some cool weather for a change.

So long  
Tom

*Pvt. Tom Granger*

*Sheppard Field, Texas*

(no date)

To the Editor:

Well Burt I'm in the Air Corp, how come I don't know. I have really been around the country in two weeks time.

Went into service April 24th & was stationed at Fort Sheridan where I spent 4 days. We were shipped from there on Wed. morning to our new home for our basic training. Which turned out to be Sheppard Field, Texas.

It is not such a bad place, except for the weather. For the first 3/4 week it was really hot. Sat. night it started raining and it is still raining at noon Monday.

Boy! How I would like to see a tree in this camp. The largest one that I have run across so far was about 18 to 24 inches high.

We have been chased around the place for enough physical & mental exams to practically be able to run an army. We finally rec'd our new classification this morning & I have been classified for Aviation Mechanics & aerial gunnery. Prior to this we were in Chemical Warfare. I sure hope I get sent out in my new class & not the old one.

By the way I rec'd the May 6th *Chronicle* Sunday noon. Not bad service for as slow as the trains run after they get south of St. Louis.

There is one other lad out of the gang that went to Sheridan with me. Ralph Miller from Coal City. The rest of our gang's either from Wisconsin or Michigan.

Well so long for now as I'm out of news & time. It is almost time for our afternoon drilling. Today it will be lectures, as it is still raining.

Give my regards to the folks back home.

Your Friend  
Lester Haas

*Pvt. Lester Haas*



*Fort Bragg, N.C.*

(no date)

Dear Mr. Parkinson,

I bet you had the idea I was not going to write. I have been traveling almost all the time since I have been in the Army. I started from Chicago. I then went to Wisconsin, from Wisconsin to Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, I better not forget Indiana. I have been stationed 5 different times since I have been in the Army. I'm now in a nice camp. I don't think my stay here will be too long. Us boys will be in there pitching before long. This here is our final training camp. I drive a battery truck. I also do the Field Artillery train we are getting. It's nice and warm here and cool at night. I am sure glad to get your paper. I enjoy it and the other boys do too. We get papers here but we don't like them. There's nothing like a home town paper to take your mind off the daily routine. This will have to be all because I have to go to supper.

Your friend,  
Joe

*P.V.T. Joseph Haml*

*Somewhere in North Africa*

(no date)

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to thank you and have you know I have been receiving your paper. I wish to thank you again. I've been going to write you a few lines time and time again. As you know something always comes up. So I've decided to take time out to write to you and thank you & the rest.

Today one of your papers reached me. It was only a couple or three months late. The reason for that is I have been moving just ahead of it. I finally caught up though.

Since you have been sending the paper I have moved four different times and have been climbing the ladder to success. I'm only hoping I keep on the upgrade.

The work we do is very interesting. I would love to give you the whole line of it but you know we have a limit on what we are able to say. So all I can say is I am well and busy as a little bee.

North Africa is sure a change. I spent some time in England. I saw some very interesting things there. Things here in Africa are much more serious than they were in England. I went through some of their airplane factories and the work they do is very markedly well. I mean wonderful for what they have. From what I have seen so far there sure are a lot of strange things.

North Africa sure is a swell place to spend if you wish to save your earnings. I mean there isn't much to spend it for. All the fellows and myself spend our money (which we do spend) on is for oranges and tangerines. They sure have enough of them. Oh yes, they have a great deal of wine here. I mean all brands.

So time to retire has come. So God Bless all of you back home which are doing a grand job for us boys over here. We will be back home in the near future we hope. So thanks again for your grand paper.

Best of Luck  
Sgt. Lockwood

*Sgt. Ronald G. Lockwood*



*Great Lakes, Illinois*

(no date)

Dearest Pal:

How are you? I hope you are fine. I get the *Chronicle* once in awhile. I have received my Apprentice Petty Officer rating 2nd class and, as far as I know so far, I am in the Submarine Corps. Bill Burkhardt is trying for Motor Machinist Mate.

We have high hopes of making them. We came in third place last week in Drum and Bugle competition. We really have a fine outfit. I hope to be seeing you very soon, Bert. We will be home the 29th. Bill is writing to Rita. Must be bad, huh. We enjoy seeing our letters in the mail. I hear from my wife every day. We sure would like to hear from the rest of boys (and girls).

We find that boot training is O.K. They make us work hard but we don't mind. We have a job to do and no wagging tongues will stop us with their lies.

There is an awful lot of rumors going around be we don't pay any attention to it. If the people at home would do that we would be better off.

Well, Bert, tell Emil to open up the doors and polish the bar up because we are coming in when we get there.

This is really a hard earning plan.

I will see you soon.

Your Best Drummer  
Mickey and Willie

P.S. Willie just said to tell you he drilled his fanny off today while I sat in the Drum and Bugle Locker. By the way I am a 2nd Class Drummer up here.

So long, Bert.

Your pal,  
Mickey

Send the paper

Art Smith and Donald Glassco just came in, they said hello.

*A.S. Earl Edwin McComos*

*San Francisco, California*

(no date)

Editor,

I would very much like to keep receiving the *Chronicle* while I'm over here.  
Thank you.

Dale E. Onsen

*T/Sgt. Dale E. Onsen*



*Chillicothe, Missouri*

(no date, pages missing)

...treated the same as someone in the family.

When Joseph Doglio, Joseph Vercellino, John Marketti and I enlisted together we had hopes of staying together for awhile. We were all in Keesler but everyone was set at different stations except Johnny who is still there.

That is about all to say at this time, so I'll be closing now, wishing everyone a happy new year ant to remind them to "Keep 'Em Flying."

As ever,  
LaVerne Residori

*Pvt. LaVerne A. Residori*

*Camp Mackall, North Carolina*

(no date)

Dear Parky:

We have just finished jumping our men in Benning. We only lost 22 boys out of 468 so we figure we did pretty good. Some of the men will come back to this outfit but the rest will never recover in time.

We start our squad jumps with the new men soon and it will be more fun jumping with your own squad and go into tactical problems.

The men are getting more interested in the advance training than they did in basic. They are almost all wizards with a bayonet and the piano wire. Some of the Infantry soldiers can tell you how hard it is to get to be perfect in it.

About the only thing they don't care about is a five mile run we make between five and six every morning.

I want to thank you for the paper and hope I keep on receiving it.

Sincerely yours,  
Sgt. Joseph Residori

*Sgt. Joseph Residori*



*Camp Mackall, North Carolina*

(no date, pages missing)

...I would like to send in a T-5 assembly. It consists of TM-1 chute, a TR-1 chute and troop training harness. It is worth \$700, so I guess that is out.

We are the only outfit using the nylon chutes. They sure are swell but I would rather jump silk ones.

I expect to be home for a few days in April to see the best little town in the world. Wishing to thank you for the papers, I remain

Sincerely yours,  
Sgt. Joseph Residori

*Sgt. Joseph Residori*

*Camp Elliott, California*

(no date)  
Thursday

Dear Annabelle and Burt,

The Marine Corps doesn't leave me much time for letter writing, but I do find time to think about home and my friends and the "stuff" we used to do -- and eventually - after my shirts are ironed - my uniforms are pressed - my shoes shined and my bunk is made up and a million other things are completed - I find time to write a letter.

There are about 400 girls at Elliott now -- many more than when I first arrived. We live in barracks right in the middle of the camp -- we do some drilling, lots of saluting and plenty of griping, but most of all we were brought here to work in offices. I work in Personnel -- such a madhouse -- phones ringing, people yelling, buzzers buzzing, coffee pot boiling over and a good time is had by all. It is the most interesting work I have ever done.

I spent about 6 weeks in North Carolina and then crossed the continent in a troop train. California is pretty swell -- San Diego is the nearest liberty town. Los Angeles is the best place to go and we certainly can find plenty of interesting places to visit on liberty.

Burt, the *Chronicle* is getting here very promptly and when it comes I climb up on my upper bunk and stay there until I've read every word in it -- I certainly enjoy it.

Sincerely,  
Marietta



*Fort Geo. G. Meade, Maryland*

(no date)

To the Editor:

Weather is warm, everything fine and now for that big juicy steak. Well, that's exactly what we are having for dinner today. Wondering, huh? Well, I am working in the Officers Mess this week and so we live in Royalty. They get the best of eats and so we just can't resist helping ourselves before they come in. It is really nice here considering what we do and then the eats. No points to worry about here, just sit down and eat your fill.

Enough of this now. We will change the subject. Everything around Maryland is fine, as we had a drizzle last night -- enough to break the heat wave which was hot.

My training here is through now, so I'm a First Gunner in a Machine Gun Squad. Got my first class stripe last week. So now we're waiting for what is to come next. We move out soon but I'm not allowed to tell you where we are going. Military Secret.

I receive the *Chronicle* every Sunday on time and go in and sit down and look first for letters from other boys in the Service. Glad to hear Joe is getting along good in the Marines. A lot of the boys I don't know but they're sure swell letters and I enjoy reading them. Nobody can realize how much the boys in Service appreciate it. Thanks to the people who are helping to send it to us too. They're sure swell around the old home town. So far I've not found a place that could compare to good old Gardner. Can Dan still keep order in town? How about it, Dan?

Well, guess I'll quit for this time as I'm going after that steak now -- gravy and all the trimmings -- makes you hungry, doesn't it? Well, after this is over we can all have steaks with all the trimmings. Well, I'll sign off now, wishing all good luck from

P.F.C. Einer R. Sorensen

*P.F.C. Einer R. Sorensen*

*Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida*

(no date)

Hi, Burt:

Here's just a souvenir of Florida for you. Here is my new address.  
I sure like it down here. It sure is swell country. A letter will follow.

Einer

*P.F.C. Einer R. Sorensen*



*Great Britain (Via V-MAIL)*

(no date)

The *Gardner Chronicle* Office

I'll write you a few lines from overseas tonight as I've plenty of time. I'm somewhere in Great Britain and I like it a lot. It's swell here and we get the best of eats. We also have nice quarters and good showers. So with me everything is hunky dory. How is the old town getting along? I sure miss the *Chronicle* but I guess it will catch up to me soon. I hope so, anyway. There are quite a few things we can't get over here such as ice cream and very little candy. I sure miss my candy, too. I hope you can read my address as the paper must be sent to here now.

Well, I guess I will close now as I'm getting to the end of this letter. Tell all hello and keep up the good work. We need the supplies and sure will put them to good use.

As ever,  
Einer

*Pvt. Einer R. Sorensen*

*Victorville, California*

(no date)

To Whom This May Concern -

I have just received your most welcome package and I greatly appreciated it also and thank you very much. Am very proud of my home town. So in closing, I remain

Private Michal Stancik  
Victorville, Calif.

*Pvt. Michal Stancik*



*Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi*

Sun., Sept. 26 (no year)

Dear Burt,

I am taking this opportunity to thank you for sending the paper to me while I was stationed at Fort Brady. Every copy of it was enjoyed by myself and my wife while we were in Sault Ste. Marie.

In March of 1942 our regiment was ordered to Fort Brady where we were to take up the job of guarding the Soo Locks where all the iron ore of the steel industry goes through on ore boats. During the 18 months I was there I saw the General Douglas MacArthur Lock constructed under record time during the toughest winter the Soo witnessed in a long time. The construction crew deserves great credit for the wonderful job they did during such severe weather. This new lock will be a great help so that more ore can go to the steel mills. It will also help the war to end that much sooner because without steel war production would be at a standstill.

I enjoyed my stay at Fort Brady even though I had to stand guard duty in forty below zero weather and blinding snow storms.

This is the second time I have been stationed in a Camp in the south and have had an opportunity to see the living conditions down here. All I can say is the people in the vicinity of Gardner are lucky to live in such a fine section of the country.

We have been sent to Camp Van Dorn to take intensive training. From then on it will be a guess of where we will be or what we will be doing.

I again take this opportunity to thank you for sending the paper to me.

James Wallace

*James Wallace*

*Fort Sheridan, Illinois*

(no date)

To the Editor:

As I have a few moments to spare, I am writing to thank you for your paper. I had planned to do this some time ago, but I've been awfully busy.

I am still stationed at Fort Sheridan and, although I don't care for the life, I am glad to be near home. I guess I will be here for basic training which is for thirteen weeks.

I am the only fellow from Grundy County in my battery. Most of the other men are from New York.

I also want to take this opportunity to thank the Ladies Auxiliary for the pen and pencil set.

Thanks again for the paper.

Pvt. Matthew Wallace

*Pvt. Matthew Wallace*



*Great Lakes, Illinois*

Sunday (no date)

Hi Bert:

Well I finally got time to write a few lines. You probably thought I forgot you. I am fine and hope you are the same. Well, I am now stationed in Great Lakes after being stationed in the mountains down in Idaho. It sure feels good to be back in Illinois.

How is everything in Gardner? I suppose dead. It is dead here too when you can't get the weekend off to come home. I will be home next week, sure will be glad. Ha ha.

I am now going to Machinist Mate school. We are studying the fundamentals of basic engineering.

It really is a nice Camp and the studies aren't so hard yet. Since being in the Navy since June 28, I have traveled a little over 9,000 miles. If I would have been still in Illinois I probably would have never seen the country.

I have received the *Chronicle* from home a few times. I really enjoy reading it.

Well, I guess I will close for now and don't forget, and everyone of you back home, keep smiling and keep the *Chronicle* rolling.

Your friend,  
Speeny

Hope you can publish this, Bert, and I will appreciate it very much.

S. 2/C John Williams

*no location*

no date

Will you please see that the *Gardner Chronicle* keeps on coming out to me. I appreciate getting it very much and want to keep up to the news back there.

Anton A. Zerboglio

*A.M.M. 3/C Anton A. Zerboglio*



SURNAME	RANK	FIRST NAME, INITIALS	DATES OF LETTERS	PAGE(S)
Armstrong,	CM2C	Marietta	no date	216
Barrett,	Cpl.	Walter W.	6/17/1943	110
Barrett,	Corp.	James E.	2/15/1942	8
Barrett,	Lt.	Wendell	5/10/1942	28
Bezold,	P5	Wendell B.	5/3/43, 5/17/43	91, 98
Blake,	Cpl.	Wayne E.	7/14/1943	125
Brandeland,	F2/C	Chester	4/17/1945	188
Burkhardt,	Pvt.	Harold S.	9/20/1943	145
Cacello,	P.F.C.	Wm.	no date	203
Carlson	Pvt.	Pete	4/22/1942	22
Cassetto,	Pvt.	Albert C.	7/26/1943	129
Castelli,	Pvt.	Joseph J.	2/14/43, 5/6/43	63, 95
Castelli,	Pfc	John "Pooch"	1/14/43, 3/17/43, 12/24/42, 6/27/43, 10/11/43	51, 54, 71, 117-118, 158, 170
Castelli,	A/S	John "Pooch"	8/6/1945	200
Chase,	Pvt.	Russ	6/26/1945	197
Chiovatico,	Pvt.	William G.	9/9/1943	142
Cobb,	Cpl.	Victor M.	4/26/42, 6/13/43, 9/10/43, 4/20/44	23, 108, 143, 189
Cobb,	Pvt.	Cyrus F.	12/9/42, 12/24/42, 2/25/43, 5/9/43	39, 50, 68, 96
Cobb,	Pvt.	Cyrus F.	7/6/1943	122
Conley,	Pvt.	Clinton	2/20/43, 4/13/43, 10/18/43, 12/20/43, 9/22/45	66, 83, 161, 171, 202
Cornale	S/Sgt.	Martin	6/14/1943	109
Cramer,	Pvt.	George	10/6/1943	153
Cumming,	Lt.	Rogers W.	12/25/42, 6/20/43, 2/20/44, 7/30/45	52, 112, 182, 198
Cumming,	Capt.	Thomas	12/15/1942	46
Dinale,	Cpl.	Peter	5/15/1944	191
Divelli,	A.S.	Albert P.	7/23/1943	128
Doglio,	Pvt.	Joseph D.	1/19/1943	56
Douglas,	Pvt.	Samuel	4/21/42(2), 4/31/43	17, 18-19, 89
Douglas,	P.F.C.	Samuel	pg. 1 missing - no date, 11/43	164, 165, 204
Fabry,	Cpl.	Charles	2/18/1943	65
Fatlan,	Pvt.	Leo E.	12/19/42, 6/23/43	47, 114
Finn,	Corp.	E.	3/30/1942	14
Fusivatti,	Pfc	Jimmy	no date	205
Gaddo,	Pvt.	Raymond D.	12/19/1943	167
Granger,	Pvt.	Wm. (Bill)	12/14/1942	45

SURNAME	RANK	FIRST NAME, INITIALS	DATES OF LETTERS	PAGE(S)
Granger,	Pvt.	Tom	two letter w/no dates	206, 207
Haas,	Pvt.	Lester	no date	208
Halpin,	Pvt.	James E.	1/16/1943	55
Hami,	Pvt.	Joseph	no date	209
Hanon,	Pvt.	Francis S.	1/24/1944	178
Hansen,		Gary	5/4/43, 5/3/43	94, 101
Hansen,	Pvt.	Russell P.	1/24/1943	58
Hansen,	Sgt.	Russell P.	10/17/1943	160
Harris,	T/4	Neal M.	6/27/1943	116
Harrop,	Cpl.	George E.	2/21/1943	67
Havrilla,	Cpl.	Andrew	1/3/1943	53
Hill,	Pvt.	Lester M.	8/15/1943	135
Huston,		Ray	7/20/1942	31
Int Hout	A/C	Duane D.	3/18/42, 12/22/42	12, 49
Kaldem,	Cpl.	George	4/21/43, 6/10/43, 8/8/43	87, 104, 134
Kilpatrick,	Pvt.	William S.	2/14/43, 4/22/43	64, 88
Knudtson,	Lt.	Otis	1/25/44, 2/13/44	179, 180
Krug,	Cpl.	Leo E.	6/28/1943	119
Kusfer,	Pvt.	LeRoy	4/16/1942	16
Larson,	Pvt.	Marion J.	12/1/1942	38
Lewis,	Pvt.	Robert	1/8/1944	173
Lockwood,	Sgt.	Ronald G.	no date	210
Male,	Pvt.	Elmer	postmarked 5/5/44	190
McCarter,	A/C	Francis L.	3/7/43, 4/5/43, 6/13/43	70, 79, 107
McCarter,		John A.	3/15/1942	11
McCarter,	Stf. Sgt.	John A.	1/24/43, 3/7/43	57, 72
McComos,	A.S.	Earl Edwin	no date, postmarked 5/3/43	92, 211
McHugh,	Pvt.	Harold Ray	4/26/42, 5/8/42, 6/4/42, 10/1/42, 12/10/42,	24-25, 27, 29-30, 34-35
McHugh,	Cpl.	Harold Ray	7/26/43, pages missing - postmarked 1/24/43	59, 130-131
Meade,	S/Sgt.	Agnes C.	postmarked 12/9/44, 4/23/45	195, 201
Mollerskov,	Pvt.	Bendix	12/7/41, 1/22/42, 2/14/42, 11/21/42, 12/10/42,	2, 5, 7, 36, 42, 77, 84, 123,
Muzzarelli,	Pvt.	Alfred J.	3/21/43, 7/6/43, 9/14/43, 9/26/43, 10/19/43	144, 147, 162
Muzzarelli,	Pvt.	Bruno	12/13/42, 5/16(1943?)	44, 97
Muzzarelli,	Pfc.	Bruno	4/13/1942	15
Muzzarelli,	P.F.C.	Frank J.	2/11/1943	61
			8/14/43, 9/3/43, 9/7/43	133, 140, 141



SURNAME	RANK	FIRST NAME, INITIALS	DATES OF LETTERS	PAGE(S)
Nelson,	M.M. 3/C	Donald H.	5/31/1945	196
Nelson,	S 2/C	Erling L.	postmarked 2/16/44, 4/12/44	181, 187
Nelson,	Pvt.	Raymond C.	no date - postmarked 3/16/43, 6/19/43, 3/13/44	76, 111, 184
Novak,	Cpl.	Tom	2/13/43, 10/3/43	62, 150
Olsen,	Pvt.	Donald E.	4/4/1944	185
Olsen,	P.F.C.	Jack R.	7/5/43, 10/5/43	121, 151
Onsen,	Pvt.	Dale E.	9/10/1942	32
Onsen,	T/Sgt.	Dale E.	no date	212
Parkinson,	Pvt.	Harold B.	1/21/1944	176-177
Pichon,	Cpl.	Allen A.	12/30/41, 3/4/42	3, 9
Pomatto,		Bud	3/21/1942	13
Provance,	P.F.C.	Herman L. (Butch) (Lee)	6/23/43, 8/3/43, 10/14/43	115, 132, 159
Provance,	Pvt.	Ralph	4/8/43, 5/19/43, 8/19/43	80, 99, 136
Purdy, Jr.		Cy	3/14/1943	75
Residori,	P.F.C.	Joseph	12/29/1943	168-169
Residori,	Sgt.	Joseph	1 no date, 1 pages missing	214, 214
Residori,	Pvt.	LaVerne A.	4/14/43, no date, 7/3/43, 7/7/43	85, 120, 124, 213
Residori,	Pvt.	Zaro E.	4/31/42	20-21
Rix,	M/Sgt.	Walter W.	postmarked 11/14/44	194
Roff,	Pvt.	Joe W.	6/10/1943	105
Rolando,	A.S.	Joseph W.	9/21/43, 10/10/43	146, 156
Serena,	Pvt.	Joseph V.	4/10/43, 6/9/42, 7/17/43, 8/29/43	81, 103, 126, 138
Scudieri,	1st Lt.	Carmen	8/23/1943	137
Scudieri,	Captain M.C.	Carmen	10/5/1943	152
Scudieri,	Dr.	Carmen	3/11/1944	183
Shondis,	Pfc.	Anton G.	6/3/1943	102
Smith,		Arthur	6/20/1943	113
Smith,	Pvt.	Howard W.	3/8/1942	10
Smith,	Cpl.	Howard W.	9/28/42, 3/21/43, 4/11/43	33, 78, 82
Sorensen,	P.F.C.	Einer R.	5/1/1943, 3 with no date	90, 217, 218, 219
Stancik,	Pvt.	Michal	no date	220
Stellano,	S. 1/C	Clement (Bud)	4/17/1943	86
Stevens,	Pvt.	Lyle	12/12/1942	43
Storm,	Cpl.	Earl H.	12/15/1943	166
Storm,	Cpl.	Ernie A.	7/17/1943	127
Sutton,	pvt.	Glenn E.	10/21/1943	163

SURNAME	RANK	FIRST NAME, INITIALS	DATES OF LETTERS	PAGE(S)
Testa,	Pvt.	Carl	9/30/1943	149
Thorson,	Av/C	James M.	6/2/1943	100
Treasure,	F/C USNR	Thomas E.	10/9/1943	154-155
Treasure,	CM2C	Thomas E.	7/31/1945	199
Tyler,		Raymond	2/1/1942	6
Ulbrich,	M.M. 2/C	Norbert	3/9/1943, 3/12/43	73, 74
Valiente,	P.F.C.	Donald	5/1/1942	26, 106
Valiente,	Pvt.	Mike	6/12/43, 9/2/43	139
Vercellino,	Pvt.	Joseph	12/21/1942	48
Vercellino,	Cpl.	Joseph	9/27/1943	148
Veronda,	S. 1/C	Richard	postmarked 11/1/44	192
Vignocchi,		Robert	12/9/42, 3/3/43, 5/3/43	40, 69, 93
Walker,	Pvt.	Edward	10/10/1943, 1/9/44	157, 174
Wallace,		James	9/26 no year	221
Wallace,	Pvt.	Matthew	no date	222
Williams,	F. 2/C	John H. (Speeny)	1/9/1949	175
Williams,	S. 2/C	John H. (Speeny)	no date	223
Wise,	Pvt.	Glenn P.	1/7/1942	4
Wise,	Sgt.	Glenn P.	1/1/1944	172
Wright,	Pvt.	C.G.	11/25/42, postmarked 11/10/44	31, 193
Yatuni,	P.F.C.	James	4/6/1944	186
Zerboglio,	A.M.M. 3/C	Anton A.	no date	224