The Town Tattler

by the Arenzvillians

Hurry Home

May 1945

THE TOWN TATTLER

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The Arenzvillians

MEMORIAL DAY SPECIAL EDITION

Memorial Day is always a thoughtful affair in Arenzville--but especially so this year. Probably the fact that we have about 150 young men and women from our community in the armed services, widely scattered over the entire world, fighting to protect the principles which we all hold sacred, impresses us with the significance of the day. Then too the fact that there are nine gold stars on our honor roll, representing nine lives given in the cause which they held to be just, makes us all feel very humble, very proud, and very solomn on this day. The least we can do is to convey to the families and friends of these brave men, not by words only, but by deeds as well, the deep appreciation with which Arenzville cherishes their memory. The gold stars attach to the following:

1. Robert Allen, Died at Ft. Lewis, Wash. on Jan. 23, 1943. Brother of Cecil Allen.
2. Paul Dotzert, Killed in action in Africa on April 23, 1943. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Dotzert of near Virginia.
3. Eugene Fanning, Killed in action on Apr. 12, 1945 in Italy. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Rollo Fanning.
4. Albert Bridgman, Killed on Sept. 8, 1944 in India. Son of Bert Bridgman.
5. John Herbert, Killed in action on Jan. 13, 1945 in Germany. Son of Wm. Herbert.

6. Virgil Hansmeyer, Killed in action in France on Nov. 10, 1944. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hansmeier, husband of Mrs. Lucile Peck Hansmeier.

7. Lewis Kloker, Killed in action in Germany on Mar. 28, 1945. Son of Mrs. Leonard Bridgman, brother of Mrs. Helen Dodds and Mrs. Robert Hierman.

8. Harold Huppers, Killed in action on Luzon on Mar. 25, 1945. Husband of Mrs. Mildred Gibbons of Virginia.

9. Kenneth Davis, Killed in action on Jan. 9, 1945 in S. Pacific. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Roy Davis.

May there be no more added in this war and may you, your sons and daughters NEVER be called upon to fight in any future war.

Two weeks ago our farmers were beginning to think that they might have to raise rice this year. Water stood on fields and frogs croaked in the back yards. Then old Sol came out and the breezes blew and you know what happened. Yep, everybody rolled up their sleeves and went to work. And when we say everybody that's just what we mean. Even saw a determined looking old (should say "elderly") lady driving a bright red IHC "M" tractor, dragging a tandem disc and a 2-section harrow, in the field the other day and believe me, she -- I mean the tractor -- was really throwing dirt. I swear that she was at least 60 years old but she was really getting the job done. Maybe she has a son on Okinawa or a daughter in the nursing staff of some base hospital, and she wants to be sure that they get their fair share of food. Then too we know of farmers who run their tractors all night, turning them over to their son or daughter (kids we would normally call them)--maybe your brother or sister--at daybreak with orders to "keep 'em rolling." Never have so many kernels of corn been dropped nor so many acres of ground so well worked in such a short period of time in our particular community as during the past two weeks. Rest assured that soy beans have not been neglected either.

Wheat is now heading and looks swell; "four grains to the mesh" the experts tell us. That means a right good crop if the chinch bugs don't get too gosh awful thick. Oats, altho not too important, is looking much better than usual but the acreage is less than normal because it was too wet for many farmers to get theirs all in the ground. Newly seeded clover is the best we have seen in years. Strawberries are just at their prime and how we do wish that you could sit down with us for a great big bowl full--maybe with a little vanilla ice cream underneath. Not many cherries--but who wants cherries, anyway!

The "Mighty 7th" War Loan Drive is now roughly half over. Our quota is $104,000.00 a lot of money in any language. To date the bank and post-office report cash sales in the approximate sum of $66,000.00 so you can see that the home folks are really digging down deep this time--and why not? The dollars they can spare are a small item when you compare them to the sacrifices in time, sweat and blood you folks are making. Our only hope is that these same dollars will make your job just a bit easier and safer and--above all--shorter!

We have it on good report that the Hart kids have finally been induced to use the side door--a condition "Lottie" has been struggling for--for years. Claims that it would keep a lot of mud out of the front hall. How did she do it? Well Phoebe--a little bird with a deep understanding of human nature--selected the small ridge over the front door as the most desirable building site in town and proceeded to stake out her claim--with mud, moss, and a little grass. She then promptly placed several small, smooth, pearly cream eggs in the nest and they have now hatched. Exact size of the brood is not known as they cannot readily be seen but Phoebe devotes all of her time and energy keeping them supplied with delicious flys and gnats.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Kloker of Champaign, Illinois, are the parents of a daughter.

Mart Burrus spent a ten day furlough at home recently. While here, he took unto himself a wife--the former Jeanette Sullivan. Mart is still working in the hospital at Fort Meade, Md. but will be transferred to the Walter Reid General Hospital at Washington, D. C., after June 1st. Jeanette accompanied him to Maryland.

Before we forget--we have a correction to make in the 1st paper. (Only the second issue and we make a mistake.) Anyway--four of the Senior girls names were omitted in the list, due to the failure of the typewriter to print correctly again. They were Louise Burlage, June Lovekamp, Dolores Lovekamp, and Evelyn Winkelman. Didn't want you to get the impression that these four flunked out.

Speaking of Seniors--another one of the boys has gone sea-minded. Bud Schone took his examination last week for the Navy. He was one of two that passed out of 10.

Arenzville lost a family last week but also gained one so we're still even. A. A. Nicol moved his family to Savanna to make their future home. We are sorry to lose the Nicols as they were all very helpful in the community. Mr. and Mrs. John Schroeder, Sr. of Chapin purchased the Nicol home and moved here recently.

Bill Huston arrived home last week after receiving an honorable discharge from the army. He was discharged under the point system having 109 points. Bill has been gone a long time, but he didn't forget how to farm. Seemed to be right at home on his Dad's tractor the other day.

At last we have the bestest news of all for you in regard to Eldore Nobis. He got home today. Looks swell and apparently feels fine. He has been in Mayo General Hospital in Galesburg for the past week. He gained two pounds a day after being released from a German Prison Camp.

Which reminds us of an article in the Red Cross Courier this month as follows--

"Seeing's believing, but even if you did see a 700 pound cake, four feet high and the length and width of two small mess hall tables put together, what would you think?

A bakery in Galesburg, Ill. through the Ellis-Mayo Camp and Hospital Council gave this cake to the patients in Mayo General Hospital. Four employees of the bakery spent twenty man-hours assembling 36 two inch layers into the three tiered cake.

Nine thousand helpings were served, and every crumb was eaten in two days time.

Want to make one? If so, here's the receipe--

1,200 eggs	48 oz. salt
125 lbs. granulated sugar	100 oz. baking powder
119 lbs. cake flour	12 oz. vanilla
100 lbs. shortening	250 lbs powdered sugar
10 gal milk	1/2 oz. fruit coloring, pink and green

Sgt. Walter Kleinschmidt is a patient at the Mayo General Hospital in Galesburg. Nice to have him so near home so that friends can drive up and see him more often.

Alvin Paul is stationed at Camp Hood, Texas.

Several of the Arenzville girls have answered the call for help at Passavant Hospital. Maxine Schnitker, Anna Schone, Glory Beard, and Avalee Schnitker are serving as nurses aides there this summer. They are learning to do odd jobs that they simply couldn't bear the thought of doing at home--for instance--scrub false teeth, etc.

The Alumni Reception and Dance was held May 24th at the High School with over 100 members and guests present.

The following program was presented with Mrs. Charlotte Engelbach Hart acting as toastmaster:

Song -- "There's a Long Long Trail" . .	Group
Welcome	Cora Houston
Response	Melvin Schone
Piano Solo	Lillian Smith
Blind Trails	Nina Crum
Friends Along the Way	Wilfred Rice
Vocal Duet	Eileen Kemp
. . . . .	Wilbur Abernathy

Class Will . . . . . Mary Lou Clark
Class Prophecy . . . . . Wib Kleinschmidt

Following the program punch, ice cream and cake were seved. An orchestra from Jacksonville furnished music for dancing.

Jim Manker returned to Tompkinsville, New York, Wednesday after spending a 10 day leave with Mrs. Manker and Marshall.

Several of the home town boys, including Bill Huffman, Wendell "Red" Peck, Wayne Kolberer were in the States the past week. Bill and Red called their folks from San Francisco, California.

Bob Saylor is spending his furlough with Twist Saylors'. He has been at Ft. Knox, Ky. but will report to Ft. Ord, California.

Two former residents of Arenzville have volunteered for service in the Navy. Dale McCloud completed his boot training at Farragut, Idaho and was assigned to an air craft carrier. He spent a short leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCloud and family of Oakland, Calif., last week after returning from a trip to the South Pacific.

Norman "Bud" Davis, son of Norma Davis is taking his boot training at Great Lakes now. Norma spent several days with him at Maywood, Illinois before he left for the service.

The following was taken from a letter written by Jack Burrus to his folks in regard to a party he "enjoyed"--(shall we say) with the Russians.

"To get back to the story of the party, it started when a Russian walked up to me with his hand extended as though to shake hands. Right there's where I made my first mistake, because I shook hands with him. He no sooner had my hand in a grip like a vise than he promptly slapped his other hand on top of it to apply a little more pressure--just to make sure that I knew he was glad to see me!

About the time I had resigned myself to getting a disability discharge because of a mangled hand, he let go and motioned me into the house where they were staying. My curiosity got the best of me and I went with him. They were just eating. I don't know what meal it was because it was about 10 o'clock in the morning. He promptly pulled up a chair for me. They didn't have much. The main course was some highly spiced meat which was really good. They also had some kind of salad made from sour cream and some "brittle" bread. They also had a dish on the table that apparently contained nothing but just plain raw, fat bacon. There was practically no lean in it at all. Although they really devoured it, my curiosity wasn't quite strong enough to force me to take a piece.

After everybody finished eating they brought out the drinks. I was a little "leery" because I had heard of the potent stuff they carry. However, when they proposed a toast to America and Russia (the only two words I could make out) I decided for the sake of diplomacy to give the stuff a try--that was mistake number two! It looked just like water, but there's where the resemblance ended! I had heard of liquid fire but that's the first time I had ever tried drinking it! I decided right then and there that I was never meant to be a diplomat, and that they could take their diplomatic courtesy and politely go to hell!

When I want my tonsils taken out I'll have a doctor do it, providing of course that part of my tonsils are left. Now I know why the Russians are such fighters. Just about two shots of that stuff and you'd be ready to fight your own grandmother! When I saw some of the other fellows later, I discovered that I had been to the wrong party. Their's had ended by one of the Russians passing out 10 dollar bills--or rather 100 Mark notes (occupation money) guess everybody who was there got one!"

In one edition of the "Town Tattler" it was mentioned who work- here and there but forgot to mention some of the old "Stand-bys" who have their place of business. Take for instance, June's Beauty Shoppe. She works hours upon hours to make her patrons look years younger and is doing a nice

job of it. The moral to you boys, who are in service, when you get home, "Don't whistle at a girl leaving there--she may be your grandmother."

If you have a tongue in the cheek sense of humor and a discerning eye, you can harvest a hearty chuckle out of this one. First "Leave me" introduce you to the person--Ensign Mable Jean Peck, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Peck of Arenzville and a group of sailors. Ensign Peck is serving her country in the capacity of a nurse at one of the hospitals at Great Lakes. The first week she was on duty, she sat at her desk one evening, making out her practice charts when some one yelled "Atten-shun!" Thinking it was one of her superior officers, she jumped up to salute and upon glancing on down the other end of the room, she found several of her patients just shaking with laughter. Ensign Peck was quick to realize the joke was on her but told the sailors she might see them some time again for she has "signed up" to serve on a hospital ship. Sailors Beware!!!!

Since our last edition we have received several letters from Bob Downs, Cecil Hulett, Fritz Engelbach, Jack Burrus, Stephen Paul, Jim Manker, and Aldo Torbeck in regard to the Tattler. We are certainly glad that you are enjoying it and unless something drastic comes up--we plan to continue with it until you are ALL back home.

We were very happy to see a former Arenzville boy on the local streets last week. It was none other than Joe Long whose home is in Jacksonville. Joe was held prisoner by the Germans for 99 days, however, he has gained back some of the weight he lost and looks fine now.

Frank Sinatra, whose income tax comes to half a million dollars, told me that when he write his autobiography soon his dedication will read: "All I am or ever hope to be, I owe."

--Earl Wilson

After being released from a Jap prison camp in Manila, NBC Correspondent Bert Silen began his first broadcast: "As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted three years

and a month ago . . .!"
--Time

Just heard a good one on Paddy Weeks. While visiting at Weeksies the other day he was told that if he'd pull the parrot's right leg he'd say the Lord's prayer and if he'd pull the left leg he'd recite the 23rd Psalm, Paddy's curiosity got the best of him so he tried it and sure enought it worked.

"What what would happen if I pull both legs?" questioned Paddy.

"I'd fall on my (CENSORED) you darn fool," pipes up Polly!

With thanks to David Beard for sharing the copy he found in his dad's belongings of this issue of *The Town Tattler*.