

Dear Walt, Mella, and Sometimes Phil & Carolyn:

Letters From World War II Published By The *Santa Ynez Valley News*

Volume One: As It Happened 1932-1945

Presented by Karen Harris

Dear Walt, Mella And Sometimes Phil & Carolyn Letters From World War II
Published By The *Santa Ynez Valley News* Volume One: As It Happened:
1932-1945

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Volume One: As It Happened: 1932-1945

Author's Note

In the summer of 2009, I began researching local pioneer families by regularly reading selected editions of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* for a project conducted by the Santa Barbara County Genealogical Society entitled, "Picnic in the Cemetery" to be presented in October of that year at the Oak Hill Cemetery in Ballard, one of the towns which is situated in the Santa Ynez Valley, a community in northern Santa Barbara County. While scouring the weekly editions of the newspaper from 1944, searching for an obituary without a specific date from that year, I began noticing other articles and was intrigued by the description of the home front and, more significantly, by the letters from men and women in the service. The stories of community wide projects to aid in the war effort, news items from the Theatres of War, and those letters from stateside and overseas caused me to ask myself a question, "Did they see World War II coming?" That question inspired another question, "How did a California weekly newspaper cover the events leading up to the war?" It has been said that newspapers provide the first draft of history, so, I became determined to answer the first question, by studying the second question. Then a third question arose: "How did this war specifically impact the Santa Ynez Valley?" Naturally, this encouraged even more reading! From 2009 until 2015, I systematically read through the first 30 years' worth of weekly editions of the *Santa Ynez Valley News*, dating from its founding in December of 1925 through December of 1955. While accumulating various articles of historical interest along this backward journey, I collected obituaries, and extracted engagement and marriage announcements, as well as constructed a database of pioneer families and graduates from the local high school. During this process, I evolved from being merely a reader with a specific interest, to a student of this newspaper and an enthusiastic local historian. The staff of *the Santa Ynez Valley News* graciously adopted me as their volunteer archivist, and treated me as a member of the team by kindly providing office space and support.

The first volume in this series has been organized with an Introduction to the Santa Ynez Valley and its newspaper; a Prologue follows with a brief survey of world, national, county and local community events from 1930 through 1940 with special emphasis on conditions after the declaration of war in Europe in 1939, and concludes with three letters from 1940. Part One through Part Five, are each devoted to the years 1941-1945 and further divided by each month with the letters published in chronological order. Acknowledgements and a Bibliography complete this project. Volume Two presents the letters in alphabetical order by the author, the contributor, or the subject of the correspondence.

Thank you for your interest and I will look forward to hearing from you at karen.harris.roark@gmail.com

Dear Walt, Mella, and Sometimes Phil & Carolyn:

Letters From World War II Published By The *Santa Ynez Valley News*

Introduction

The Santa Ynez Valley is situated in northern Santa Barbara County and is presently composed of the cities of Solvang and Buellton and the unincorporated towns of Santa Ynez, Ballard, and Los Olivos; however, during this designated time period, Buellton and Solvang were also unincorporated towns. In those early years of the newspaper, it also covered news items from Los Alamos, which was home to a former narrow gauge railroad station, located north of Buellton and south of Santa Maria; Gaviota, a coastal community situated above Goleta and Santa Barbara and below the Santa Ynez Valley which now connects these two regions by the current U. S. Route 101 Freeway; and Paradise Camp, a small community along the familiarly referenced San Marcos Pass, now known as California State Route 154 and officially designated, the Chumash Highway, connecting Santa Barbara with the Santa Ynez Valley. This regularly traveled road passes by the county reservoir and recreational site, the Cachuma Lake which was constructed by the Bureau of Reclamation after World War II.

Prior to the construction of the 101 freeway, it was originally a two lane highway through Buellton, a region which later became known as Service Town USA, home to many gasoline stations, restaurants and motels to aid the weary traveler who had traveled north ascending the Gaviota Pass. Andersen's, which is still serving its famous pea soup, began as a small restaurant in 1924 known as the Electric Café and was later called the Bueltmore and then The Valley Inn. The road that intersected the 101 in the east-west direction, taking motorists to Lompoc and the Pacific Ocean from the Santa Ynez Valley, was the former California State Route 150, which was subsequently renumbered California State Route 246.

The Valley derives its name from the establishment by the Franciscan missionaries in 1804 of Old Mission Santa Ines which is the Latin spelling for the saint, but as written in Spanish, it is Santa Ynez. The region is surrounded by the San Rafael Mountains and the Santa Ynez Mountains with both ranges contributing to the Los Padres National Forest. The Santa Ynez River flows from the mountains into the valley, passing through Lompoc, on its way to the Pacific Ocean. Santa Barbara County possesses two additional historical missions: Santa Barbara, situated to the southeast in the county seat, and La Purisima, which is located west of the Santa Ynez Valley on the way to Lompoc. The land was originally part of a Spanish and Mexican land grant system. Subsequently, under American jurisdiction, a small portion of the Valley became distinguished by a Reservation for the Native American population.

Purchasing the *Santa Ynez Valley News* in November of 1927, from its founder, Oscar L. Powell, who originally began the newspaper in December of 1925, Walter and Mella Hanson published and edited the News until November of 1945. In the fall of 1942, for one year, they relocated to Arizona for recuperation of Walter's health. During this interim period, Phil Lockwood, the Associate Editor, assumed the entire editorial responsibility, along with his wife, Carol. Returning to California in the following year, the Hansons resumed their customary roles, and hired a new subordinate, Thomas C. Palmer, who provoked considerable outrage from local citizens with his unvarnished views of the Japanese enemy and the interned Japanese-American population; although his opinions were never specifically acknowledged by his boss, Mr. Palmer left his position before the end of 1943 and relocated his family elsewhere. Walter and Mella Hanson sold the News in autumn of 1945 to Karl Jorgensen and Richard Kintzel, two recently demobilized

World War II veterans with significant ties to the community as alumni from the Santa Ynez Valley Union High School.

The *News* office has always been located in Solvang, the largest of the Valley towns in population. It was founded by Danish Americans in 1911 who were seeking a suitable site to establish a Danish Folk School, later to become known as the Atterdag College. The lovely weather and beautiful scenery attracted others from Danish-American communities throughout the United States, along with Danish citizens immigrating to America. Dairy farms, agricultural fields, and livestock ranches characterized the landscape in the 1940s.

Like much of America experiencing the prosperity after World War II, Solvang embarked on its own building and civic infrastructure improvements. The focus of this town began to shift from a largely rural community, to one which emphasized its unique Danish culture, food, and architecture as a tourist destination, culminating with its annual Danish Days festival attracting many visitors to the region. Solvang received enormous publicity from an article, accompanied with photographs in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1947 which depicted the town's charming setting. The Alisal Ranch was transformed from a working horse and cattle ranch to a guest ranch offering horseback riding, swimming, tennis and a golf course along with hosting horse shows. The sesquicentennial anniversary of the Old Mission Santa Ines in 1954 sparked a large renovation program of the mission and drew great public interest. Since the 1970s, the Santa Ynez Valley also became a wine producing region, rivalling the Napa Valley. The acclaim received from the film, "Sideways," further enhanced its reputation as a wine tasting destination. When Indian gaming became legal in California, the reservation built the Chumash Casino which has grown steadily in popularity as a tourist attraction and concert venue.

During the years of 1940-1945, the weekly newspaper, delivered by mail on Friday, typically ran eight pages with four pages of syndicated copy from the Western News Union including topical news stories under various bylines, political commentary from writers reflecting opinions ranging from the heartland and Washington DC, and a variety of newsworthy photographs, along with features consisting of short stories, serialized novels, advice columns, comics, home décor, craft projects, fashion, recipes and entertainment tidbits from the stage, screen, and radio; nationally advertised products were also published. The remaining four pages were devoted to coverage of agricultural news, community events, various civic organizations, churches, schools, personality profiles, and, of course, regional advertising. Photographs of local events and citizens were rarely published. The newspaper office, using its modern equipment, also provided a convenient printing business service. Starting in early 1942, the *Valley News* regularly published an Honor Roll identifying local residents who were in the various branches of military service.

In an effort to provide national and international news for its readers, the *Santa Ynez Valley News* published intermittently, starting in the 1930s, the syndicated column, *Weekly News Analysis*. It should be noted that since December 9, 1938, following two previous weekly installments written by Joseph La Bine, briefly describing the terrifying events of Kristallnacht and the continued persecution of Jewish people in Germany, the syndicator, the Western News Union, began carrying the following disclaimer under its headlines: "When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper." It was the only news feature or opinion column published by this syndicator to carry such a warning.

Prior to the entry of the United States into World War II, some of the letters published gave the citizen perspective from China in the 1930s, and from England and British Columbia following the declaration of

war by Great Britain in 1939. The establishment of a peacetime draft in October of 1940 saw a number of local young men and later women entering the various branches of the military. The remaining collection of the letters, from 1941 through 1945, were mostly written by the men and women in the service, along with others performing war related duties abroad, who used the pages of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* as their forum for social networking, communicating to friends and family about their experiences as best they could under conditions of military censorship and armed conflict. Additional correspondence, typically related to the home front, was also printed by the paper. In presenting these letters to you, the spelling and grammar occasionally required some tidying for coherence, but the prevailing attitudes and expressions were kept intact as a reflection of the era, although 21st century readers may find occasional references to be offensive.

Dear Walt, Mella, and Sometimes Phil & Carolyn:
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 PROLOGUE

Looking Back Through the Files & Letters of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* 1930-1940
 America, California, Santa Barbara County and the Santa Ynez Valley in 1940

January of 1940 found California, like the rest of the country, continuing its struggle to recover from the Great Depression. In that effort to provide employment to young men, Santa Barbara County was home to Civilian Conservation Corps camps with one, in particular, dedicated to the historical restoration of the Mission La Purisima. The Santa Ynez Valley Union High School offered on-site educational instruction at another CCC camp, in the Los Padres National Forest, Los Prietos. These students were not originally Valley residents; however, they were listed among the graduates from this high school in the *Santa Ynez Valley News*. Although, the CCC was generally viewed positively for its contributions to soil conservation, preservation, and new construction work being done on federal lands, the *Weekly News Analysis* column reflected some ambivalence toward the organization:

President:

The President praised highly the Civilian Conservation corps, and wished it long life, even though the CCC is a child of the depression. Just the same, most Americans, liberal or conservative, approve of the young Conservators, although some pacifists fear it is a first faltering step toward universal military training. Such people, and some others, allege that Roosevelt merges nationalism and socialism in a high-diluted National-Socialist form. [April 26, 1940, Page Two]

During the Great Depression, the erection of civic buildings in California was funded under the sponsorship of both state and federal governmental public works programs. In the Santa Ynez Valley, this involved the construction of the Veterans' Memorial Hall and the Santa Ynez Valley Union High School in Solvang. The previous home of the high school was in Santa Ynez; however, it was condemned as unsafe in 1934 and the new school was built on its present site. While the new campus was being constructed a year later, the students attended classes in tents for portions of that school year. The Works Progress Administration which provided jobs for many unemployed Americans was originally passed in 1935 by Congress as part of the wide ranging New Deal legislation sponsored by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The mass migration of unemployed workers and destitute farmers who were fleeing the ravages of the Dust Bowl and the effects of the Great Depression, came to the state of California looking for jobs in agriculture. Their plight was memorialized by Dorothea Lange in her iconic photographic, now known as the "Migrant Mother" depicting a desperate woman huddling with her two children. This image, taken, in a town about forty miles north of the Santa Ynez Valley, was published on March 27, 1936 as one of the photographs from a syndicated picture display on Page Two under the title: "Migratory Workers Given Relief," with the accompanying caption:

A colony of 100 migratory workers who follow crop harvests throughout California were in a pitiful condition when discovered recently in Nipomo, San Luis Obispo County, by Federal agents. Answering a call to pick early peas, the workers found themselves stranded and without work or food when heavy rains ruined the crop. Food was rushed in to the destitute field workers, who had only two days work in six weeks. Photo shows a hungry, discouraged mother and two of her children in the makeshift home erected near the pea fields.

The fictionalized story of those migrants coming West to California from Arkansas and Oklahoma as a result of these conditions was written by John Steinbeck in his novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*. The book was

published in 1939, filmed a year later, and won Academy Awards for its director, John Ford, and the supporting actress, Jane Darwell. A year after its publication, the novel's portrayal of farm workers was still on the minds of Californians as was evidenced by this notice:

Debate On "Grapes of Wrath" on Radio Today

"Grapes of Wrath," the Steinbeck novel of the migrants, will be subject of a debate in San Francisco between Philip Bancroft, Associated Farmer leader, and Carey McWilliams, Chief of the State Division of Immigration and Housing, today Friday from 1:00 to 1:45 pm over stations KGO, KECA, and KFSD, and the blue network stations.

Title of the debate will be "Is Grapes of Wrath" Justified by California Farm Conditions?" [March 29, 1940, Page One.]

A month later, the newspaper reported on the meeting of a Lompoc conservative women's group, Pro America, promoting an author, married to California state senator, Sanborn Young, who was also prominent in Republican party circles, addressing farm labor from a different perspective:

Ruth Comfort Mitchell Speaks at Lompoc Meeting of Pro America

Ruth Comfort Mitchell (Mrs. Sanborn Young) was guest of the Lompoc Pro America group Wednesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Ronald Adam. Several valley people were present. Miss Mitchell, whose book, "Of Human Kindness," is just off the press. Says the book is not challenge to Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," but it does, according to her, present some of the other phases of the migrant problem.

Miss Mitchell is just returning from a speaking tour of Southern California, where she spoke before the Friday Morning Club in Los Angeles last week. On Thursday morning she was a guest of the Pismo Pro America group.

Those who met her at Lompoc found her a most charming personality, keenly interested in everything.

Reflecting the dislocation which occurred in the 1930s as Americans sought employment, the 1940 federal census posed a novel question to American citizens, asking where they had lived in 1935. The enumerators also asked, for the first time, about the highest level of education achieved among those queried. California would be looking forward, with great interest to the results of this national survey which would consequently increase representation in the Congress from the Golden State.

In an article published during the month of January, the new census was highlighted in the regularly featured *Washington Digest* column written by the nationally syndicated commentator, William L. Bruckart. He described the 1940 census to be taken during the month of April as the most comprehensive ever made since the first survey done in 1790. In his interview with Frank Wilson from the census bureau, he quoted this official as saying population density had changed dramatically from the first census when the population averaged 4.5 persons per square mile, while the 1930 census discovered that it was 41.3 persons per square mile. Prior to 1930, the birth rate was about 6,000 a day and the death rate was about 4000 each day during the same period. This most recent census also indicated that there were fewer babies being born than was the case 10 or 20 years ago and that more Americans were living longer than the age of 70. [January 26, 1940, Page Two.]

Many months later, after the census was enumerated, the *News* reported on the growth of the county and the state as given by the California Taxpayer's Association:

County Population Growing

The population of Santa Barbara county will be about 66,500 on January 1, 1941, according to estimates of California Taxpayers' Association. The state as a whole will top the seven million mark by January 1, the association stated, its estimates of population in each of the 58 counties totaling 7,007,000 persons based on preliminary census figures. [December 6, 1940, Page Six]

According to the US Census Bureau, the figures for the county were actually much higher. The 1940 Census for Santa Barbara County showed 70,555 residents and revealed a growth of over 15,000 from the previous count in the 1930 census of 65,165. [www.census.gov/cencounts/Ca190090.tx].

The latest census records for Santa Barbara County from 2010 reveal about a six-fold increase of 423,895 since 1940. [www.census.gov/quickfacts/table/PST045215/06083]

Political Conditions in Europe and Asia by 1940

January of 1940 also found Americans increasingly worried about conditions in Europe since The Second World War had been officially declared on September 3, 1939 by France and England, allies of Poland after Nazi Germany invaded this country on the first of the month. The timing of the invasion occurred directly after the newly created non-aggression pact was formalized by the foreign ministers, Von Ribbentrop and Molotov, serving Hitler and Stalin respectively, with their plan to sub-divide their mutually neighboring country of Poland accordingly. Although not immediately given the title, World War II, since it was viewed as a European dispute, it would eventually encompass the globe.

The emergence of a German politician, who would subsequently impact the status of many nations throughout the world, alter the course of history by his hideous megalomaniacal policies, and directly cause the loss of millions of lives through warfare and genocide, was innocently mentioned as “sensational” in a syndicated photograph published in the October 17, 1930 edition of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* which included this caption:

Leader In Germany

Sensational to a degree unequalled in German post-war politics is the sudden rise in leadership of Adolf Hitler, Austrian author of the Munich Putsch in 1923, who has become a political power of the first rank as a result of the Fascist landslide in the recent Reichstag general election. The party’s power advanced from 12 to 107 seats. The Fascist party ranked second only to the Socialists in the official final totals and, with the Communists, who also advocate overthrow of the young German republic, has more backing than any other party excepting the Social Democrats.

Upon his election and shortly after assuming dictatorial control of the German government in 1933 as Chancellor Adolf Hitler, or the Fuehrer, as he preferred to be known, immediately began a national program of legislative systematic persecution against Jewish citizens, removing basic civil rights and engaging in a program of ever increasing discrimination by squeezing the employment, educational, and social opportunities of these beleaguered residents. Only a fortunate few were able to successfully emigrate to other countries, often leaving their personal possessions, valuable art work, businesses, and most tragically, other family members behind. Political opposition leaders and their followers were also rounded up by the infamous Gestapo and held in prisons and concentration camps. Following Nazi occupation in other European countries, this policy was expanded and eventually led to the mass executions, herding of Jewish citizens into ghettos and later onto trains, transporting them in crowded cattle cars to extermination camps, where ultimately the Final Solution, formalized in 1942, the genocide of epic proportions now known as The Holocaust, was implemented. Others victimized by the Nazis, were assigned to forced labor camps, working under intolerable conditions and frequently suffering from disease and starvation thereby leading to their deaths.

During the 1930s, Germany had progressively begun to violate the terms of the Versailles Treaty, which was dictated by the victorious nations in France after the Armistice ending World War I in 1919. In incremental steps, Hitler ignored the provisions of this treaty by ordering his country to reoccupy the Rhineland and rebuild its armed forces and navy. Reaching outside of its political borders, it united with

their German speaking brethren in Austria with the Anschluss vote of March, 1938 and negotiated control of the Sudetenland, a German speaking territory in Czechoslovakia during the Munich agreement signed by Germany, France, Italy and the United Kingdom without the representation of the Czechoslovakian government in September of 1938. Subsequently, in very short order, the remaining territory of this country would fall under Nazi domination. Although generally interpreted as appeasement, some historians have recognized that this ill-fated decision allowed the British government an additional year for rearmament and national defense preparedness. Since France had suffered an enormous number of casualties during World War One, this country was quite reluctant to engage in another military conflict and believed that its Maginot line would provide sufficient defense of its borders.

Wishing to increase its presence on the world stage, Italy, under its Fascist dictator, Benito Mussolini, had invaded Ethiopia in the 1935. Recognizing mutual aims, Hitler and his Italian counterpart formed the Axis powers partnership in 1936 which was later joined by the Imperial Japanese government. The Tripartite pact would eventually be signed on September 27, 1940, uniting the three Axis powers, Germany, Italy and Japan.

From 1936 until 1939, the Spanish Civil War was initially a battle between the Republicans who were loyal to the current political regime and the Nationalists, led by members of the military and conservative interests who opposed the reforms of the left leaning government. It then became a proxy war fought with the military aid of the two European fascist leaders and the communist backed forces receiving assistance from the Soviet Union under Joseph Stalin. Interestingly, a small group of Americans, typically affiliated with leftist causes, formed the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and fought alongside the Spanish Loyalists. Working as journalists, Ernest Hemingway and Martha Gellhorn, who would become his third wife in 1940, covered the conflict. The future Nobel prize winning author used his experiences in Spain to write his novel, *For Whom The Bell Tolls*.

The 1937 bombing raid, conducted by Axis bombers at the request of the Nationalists who were led by General Francisco Franco, targeted the female civilians and their children in Guernica. It would eerily foreshadow the global events to occur over the next eight years. Several months later, this tragedy was commemorated by the Parisian based Spanish artist, Pablo Picasso, and has become a symbol of what is now termed, collateral damage. By 1939, Franco had consolidated his power and was ruling the country as a dictator. Although officially declared neutral, Spain was actually quite friendly to the Axis powers.

Seizing the opportunity, after forming the Molotov-Von Ribbentrop pact with Germany in 1939, the Soviet Union invaded Finland over a land dispute in November and began what was described as the Winter War. Joseph W. Labine, writing, in his *Weekly News Analysis* column published days later, about the futile efforts to avoid the conflict between these two countries with diplomacy:

Trouble Ahead

The most incorrigible Finnish optimist could not deny that the future looked touchy for the home team. With negotiators back from their fruitless talks in Moscow, all Finland quavered as the vitriolic Russian press loosed blast after blast against its Scandinavian neighbor. Moscow was obviously building up war talk as a prelude to what observers think is an almost certain "self-defense" invasion. [December 1, 1939 Page Two]

In spite of an unbalanced show of force by the Soviet Union in terms of overwhelming numbers of soldiers and military hardware, the Finns fought bravely for several months in spite of these odds and their adversary broadened its attack:

Denmark was unmenaced for the moment, but Joe Stalin was turning the screws on Norway and Sweden. Russian planes offered no apology for bombing a Swedish island; in fact both Stockholm and Oslo governments were warned against violating their neutrality by aiding Finland. [January 26, 1940, Page Two]

During the winter months of 1940, citizens of the Santa Ynez Valley were inspired to raise funds under the leadership of Rasmus S. Rasmussen, for Finnish relief.

Funds for Finns Collected by Rasmussen

R. S. Rasmussen has collected \$17.25 here, which is being sent to the Hoover fund for Finland. Anyone wishing to give money can do so by notifying Mr. Rasmussen. Dania Lodge forwarded \$25 to the fund last week. [January 26, 1940, Page One.]

Finnish Relief Fund Receives More Donations

R. S. Rasmussen, who is accepting money for the Finnish relief fund sent in another amount this week. The following are the new donors: Hans Madsen \$1, Marie Petersen \$1, Mary Petersen \$1, Andrea Nielsen \$1, Viggo Tarnow \$1, Mikkil, 75c, anonymous 50c. [February 16, 1940, Page One]

The Soviet Union was finally able to achieve its victory which was codified in the Moscow Peace Treaty and signed in March of 1940.

During the 1930s, the Japanese Empire also increased its military presence in violation of the terms of the Versailles Treaty. The nation was involved in trade negotiations with the United States for more natural resources including oil, through 1941. This Asian country, in an effort to provide for its growing population, began a program of expansion, having invaded China in 1931 as a result of the manufactured "Mukden Incident." As early as March 4, 1932, the *Santa Ynez Valley News* published correspondence from relatives of a Solvang family who were living in Shanghai describing this event:

Harkson's Brother Writes From War Zone in China

Following is a clipping from the Portland Oregon Journal, given us by Harald Harkson, local banker, which will undoubtedly be of a great deal of interest to our readers, especially to those who are acquainted with Mr. Harkson's brother and wife, by whom the letters in the article are written.

"Chinese refugees are coming into the settlement by the hundreds with large bundles, small bundles, bundles of every description. Every kind of conveyance is in demand and everything is overwhelming with Chinese-children, old people, chickens in their hands, hurrying away-but to where--? Refugees standing on street corners, holding babies in their arms-children hanging on to coat-tails-staring into space. Truly my heart aches for the poor innocent people who are being forced out of their homes-all their belongings left behind."

From Shanghai comes this startling realistic picture, written by Mrs. U. S. Harkson, formerly Doris Henningsen of Portland. She is one of five married children of Mrs. A. P. Henningsen, 39 Laurelhurst avenue in the bullet-ridden Chinese city.

Two letters arrived here with hers-one from her husband, Harkson, general manager of the Henningsen Produce Company in Shanghai, and the other from her sister, Mrs. William H. Downs (Phyllis Henningsen). All three give graphic descriptions of the Shanghai invasion and of life in the international settlement during the chaos.

Supplementing these letters was a cablegram, dated February 24, received by Mrs. Henningsen from one of her sons, A. B. Henningsen. He told her not to worry-that he and the others were "perfectly safe." The only unpleasantness is the early curfew," he added.

Continuing with Mrs. Harkson's letter, dated February 4:

"A week ago today the Japanese came in. And truly, when I say I feel as though Shanghai had been in this turmoil for months, I'm not stretching the point one bit.

"It came so suddenly, like a black bird sweeping down on us. Of course, it is possible that the consular authorities knew of the oncoming situation but I am convinced that it came as a complete surprise to the majority of Shanghai.

"It started on Thursday at midnight, or rather, the Japanese took Chapei over at 12. We received a telephone call from the factory (Henningsen Produce company) at 12:10 saying that the Japanese marines were on duty outside the gates. At 3 am we heard a considerable amount of shooting which continued throughout the night. At 4 am, we could hear planes flying all around. It was quite foggy out and truly it was rather weird."

Go to Plant Daily

The Henningsen factory is in Chapei, in the heart of the section where fighting has been worst. Despite this fact, Harkson and others in charge continued to go to the plant daily according to Mrs. Harkson's letter.

"I must admit that it hasn't been much fun sitting all day, wondering what is happening down there, as the telephone is out and there is no communication," she continued. "The bridge outside the factory is out of commission, every plank being taken out and much barbed wire, so that it makes it necessary for them to go quite a long way outside their usual route.

"The Japanese have certainly taken things decidedly in their own hands. The Chinese mayor, Mr. Wu, did everything in his power to meet the demands of the Japanese, even to putting a stop to the Japanese boycott, which put Mr. Wu in rather a precarious position, and the demands were accepted by Consul General Murai of Japan and the head of the Japanese marines. The ink was hardly dry on the paper before they marched right into Chapei. Broken words-apparently of little consequence to the Japanese.

Hear Guns Roar

"We can hear the guns going off constantly, but of course we don't know just where. However, we feel more relieved now that nine American destroyers arrived yesterday, as well as English. In a few days there will be additional French and Italians.

"There is no doubt that the settlement is all right. I think the biggest danger is if the Chinese decide to try to come through the settlement after the Japanese or results from bombing planes. But with additional foreign troops, now, we are hoping some kind of arrangement can be made.

"The Japanese certainly have overstepped their rights and the Chinese are decidedly upset that the Japanese have been allowed to use part of the settlement as their base. According to the Japanese, this is not war-yet all their tactics are decidedly those of warfare.

See History Made

Writing under date of February 5, Mrs. Harkson said: "We are hoping that in the next day or so everything will blow over or that some definite understanding can be made. There is one thing, that in case of real serious trouble in regard to foreigners, the different consuls would evacuate that part of it.

"The Americans, or I should say some of the Americans I have talked to, would certainly like to see this Democrat, Mr. Blanton, who said that the US government is making a big mistake in sending ships out of the part of the world for "a few merchants in China." He must know a lot about trade.

"We are in the making of history-think of the wonderful tales we will be able to tell our grandchildren.

"The other day a police officer was busily engaged directing traffic at the Garden bridge-rickshaws, wheelbarrows, people on foot, carriages, handcarts, trucks, --in fact, he was so intent and warm that the perspiration was streaming down his face. An elderly woman with white hair came up to him, apparently not paying any attention to the barbed wire, etc., and said: 'Pardon me, officer, but is there any trouble in Shanghai?'

Shells Fall Near

"Don't worry any more than you can help, because we are all right, and we will have about 35,000 foreign troops here this week, so that we are well protected."

In his letter Harkson told something of shells bursting around the Henningsen Produce company plant during the Chapei fighting. He expressed belief, however, that the factory was in no great danger of being wrecked unless from stray shells, and gave his opinion that operations could begin by the time the spring season in eggs commences.

"I have been spending every day at the factory so far until this morning," he said. "During the last three days we have been moving our cold storage out to a competitor's plant, so that it will not be so important from now on to get down there if conditions are bad.

Searched by Sentries

"It, of course has been rather difficult to get Chinese to come to the plant, although we have had a fairly good-sized crew to run the machinery every day and I certainly am rather proud to have them come in, considering the fear that seems to be in most of them. We have to bring them in by truck every morning and haul them out every evening in order to get through the Japanese lines. They are thoroughly searched by Japanese sentries before they are only getting through because we have been going in and out ever since the war started, and all the sentries know our trucks and private cars.

"It has been rather exciting at the factory during the day, as there, of course, has been pretty heavy artillery and machine gun fire back of us, down toward the Chinese lines. Friday two Japanese bombers flew over several times and then started to bomb the North section. The attempt of the Japanese to take the station was not successful, and the Chinese are still holding it. Saturday nine combat planes and eight bombing planes from the Japanese aircraft carrier came over and circled several times, then started to drop bombs on the Chinese lines and incendiary bombs on Chapei. Large areas back of the plant were on fire, but the winds were in such a direction that the fires did not spread so rapidly.

Battle Close

"During the last two or three days, there has been rather heavy fighting from time to time, both with machine guns and field artillery. Because our factory is fairly close to the lines, we can hear whenever they start up a battle. Yesterday there was quite a bit of air activity with a lot of Japanese planes in play. Additional fires were started down in the Chinese area, which looked as if they were started by incendiary bombs being dropped from the Japanese planes. It was rather interesting to watch the Japanese planes coming down to the Chinese lines rather low and listening to the Chinese anti-aircraft guns opening up when the planes swooped down on them. Yesterday the Japanese set up some field artillery in Hongkew park, which is right near the railway tracks behind us, and the artillery on both sides was in action most of the day.

"The Chinese seemed to have a hard time trying to find the range of the Japanese guns and we heard a lot of shells whizzing over the factory and exploding in different places up on the Yangtzepoo district of the settlement. One shell burst very close to our back fence and tore up quite a bit of fuss. Another exploded in the air and some of the shrapnel scattered over one of our buildings. The Chinese, however, found their range so that from then on the shells did not come over our place. It was getting a bit hot for a while so we shut down the machinery and left the place at about 2 pm yesterday.

"Nearly all the powers are bringing in a lot of troops and ships, and I think it will have a good moral effect on the Japanese."

Harkson reported that the international settlement had been organized for evacuation. He had expressed belief, however, that "such a chance seems very, very remote but it taken only as a precautionary measure.

Mrs. Downs, whose husband is a member of the Shanghai volunteer corps, spoke of the sniping by Chinese civilians, "who are always on the lookout for Japanese."

"And believe me," she said, "the Japanese take any little excuse to fire on the Chinese. As a matter of fact, in the Hongkow district and North Szecheun road, if they think there is a sniper in the building, they turn a machine gun on it or burn it and take every Chinese a prisoner and finish them proper."

Her letter ended: "The guns have been booming all night and this morning. They can't seem to come to an agreement as yet."
[March 4, 1932, Page One]

By 1937, after another staged event, the "Marco Polo Bridge Incident," the Japanese army invaded and subsequently established the state of Manchuko in Manchuria. Korea had previously been annexed by Japan

in 1910. China was unwilling to capitulate entirely to the Japanese and was commanded by Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek and his Nationalist forces. Contributing to the internal instability within China, Communist soldiers, using guerilla tactics under the leadership of Mao Zedong, were waging a civil war. Out of necessity, a temporary alliance was created in 1937 between these two factions in order to defeat their mutual enemy. A former rival of the Nationalist leader, Wang Ching Wei, was installed as the puppet ruler of Manchuko in the Spring of 1940.

During the winter of 1940, the United States was engaged in diplomatic negotiations with her trading partner, Japan as was reported by Joseph W. LaBine in his *Weekly News Analysis* column:

Congress "Stalls" on Jap Issue Awaiting Concessions by Tokyo;

Congress: Embargo

Tokyo sat watching the US like a spanked child awaiting forgiveness. Yet there remained enough lack of Japanese unanimity to make forgiveness impossible. Abrogated was the 1911 trade pact, paving the way for an embargo against arms shipments. All this was the disastrous price Japan might pay for flouting US rights in the Orient.

(Meanwhile the Japs vented their wrath against Britain storming the Tokyo embassy and tightening the Tientsin food blockade in retaliation against British seizure of 21 Germans from a Jap steamer. It was freely admitted in some Tokyo quarters that a US embargo would hamstring Wang Ching-wei's "New Order" government in China.)

At Washington neither the state department nor the senate foreign relations committee seemed in a hurry to take further action. Said one congressman: The Japs have made their bed with a long list of violations of American treaty rights. . . . Now let them lie in it awhile." But Senators Pittman, Barkley, Minton and Austin to the contrary, Washington's Sen. Lewis Schwellenbach (pictured) had his own opinions. Whereas the original Pittman embargo resolution would censure Japan for violating US rights, Senator Schwellenbach would censure the US and thereby avoid international complications.

The Method: Pass an embargo on the contention that the US is violating the nine-power treaty by furnishing 80 percent of Japan's war material. Nor was the senator far wrong in suggesting the embargo as a means of "complying with the wishes of 75 percent of the people." [February 9, 1940, Page Two]

The *Santa Ynez Valley News* readers were advised of the worsening situation in Asia by a representative from the Harksons who brought news from China in March of 1940 and then by members of this family on a trip to California in August:

China Visitor Here

Kent Luttery, vice-president of the Henningson Produce Co. in Shanghai China, called on Harald Harkson this week with greetings from the latter's brother, US Harkson, who is president of the produce company. Mr. Luttery states that conditions in China are poor, the Japanese monopolizing all business through their control of transportation. He also said that if the US would stop supplying Japan with old scrap iron and supplies, Japan would be unable to carry on the war in China.

Mr. Luttery plans to spend several months in South America, with the view of going into the manufacturing business. [March 22, 1940, Page One]

U. S. Harksons of Shanghai China Visit Brother Here

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Harkson and son of Shanghai China, were guests at the Herald Harkson home here last weekend. The Harksons are brothers. U. S. Harkson is connected with the Henningson Produce Co. in China and reports conditions there as bad on account of the Japanese invasion. [August 9, 1940, Page One]

In the autumn of 1940, a Santa Ynez Valley resident recently received disturbing news regarding a family member who was in Asia:

Miss Edna Lawrence, sister-in-law of Donald Campbell, who was on the H. G. ranch at one time and whose brother, Murdo Campbell, is the present owner, was recently detained by Japanese authorities in Yokohama, en route from Severence, Korea, where she has been a medical missionary for the past twenty years. Passengers on the Japanese ship Yawata Maru reported that

Miss Lawrence was charged with violating Japan's peace preservation law. The latest report is that she has been unconditionally released.

The American ambassador to Japan who was leaving on the same boat, was thought to have been instrumental in effecting her release. Relatives expected to meet her in Wilmington November 27, but no word has been received since the incident as to the date of her arrival. [November 29, 1940, Page Eight]

Traveling in Wartime Europe

When war was formally declared by the allied European powers in September of 1939, the Jorgensen family from Solvang, was visiting in Denmark; their letter sent to friends in Solvang was reprinted in the Santa Ynez Valley News several weeks later:

Jorgensens Having Big Time On European Visit

Copenhagen Denmark, August 27, 1939 Hello,

Everybody:

Here we are on the other side of the world, and Pop is kind of lazy, so he says that since he is on a vacation, his secretary can write his letter—so here goes for better or for worse.

After we left you folks we spent a very nice two weeks in San Francisco, leaving the day after the performance of "Elverhoj." We took our time across the States, arriving in New York City on the Fourth of July. We went through Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska (where we ran into a thunderstorm) and Iowa. Here we stayed for three days at Clear Lake, then on our way again through Illinois and Indiana, and up through Detroit, where we crossed the Detroit river into Canada. We came out by Niagara, which was wonderful sight. We drove down through New York state and into Pennsylvania and New Jersey. These three states were so beautiful and green and had so many lakes and rivers.

We were in New York City 4 ½ days and took in the Fair and the writer had to see Coney Island and Radio City. On the 8th of July at the stroke of 12 we sailed. It really [is] an odd feeling a person gets when leaving the good old USA, but it wasn't long before we were making new friends and finding out that we weren't really leaving America, as the majority of the people were Americans. The weather was perfect all the way across with the exception of one day. I don't think the cook was very busy that day as the tables were quite empty during mealtimes. Billy and Mom were absent for a few of the meals, but otherwise everything was fine. There was something to do all the time and so many acquaintances one makes during those eight days.

There was dancing every night, movies, all kinds of deck sports, singing, entertainments, swimming and oh, yes, a "spot of tea" every afternoon at four. A better time couldn't have been asked for.

The following Saturday we saw land again. We only stopped long enough to say goodbye to our Irish friends. Then the following day we reached Southampton. Here the Jorgensens bid their many new friends adieu. We took the train through England to London. This was very interesting as everything was so different from the American cities and towns. In London we were quite frantic driving around in a bus, as they all seemed to be on the wrong side of the street, and bicycles were weaving in and out of the traffic on those very narrow streets. We took another train to Harwich after a lunch at London. At 6:00 we boarded another boat for Esbjerg, Denmark.

We were fortunate in having such perfect weather, as the North Sea is usually quite rough. We arrived in Esbjerg the following day at 4 in the afternoon, or at 16:00 o'clock as they say here. Then on another train to Aalborg. We arrived in Aalborg at midnight, where we were met by our aunts and uncles and cousins. We were quite tired so after a dinner of chicken soup and chicken, we were in bed at 3:00. After 26 years it was really something for Mom to see her father, sisters, and brothers again.

Since that time, it's been one party after another. We have been having a grand time and learning a lot and keeping our eyes open to everything new.

On the first of August we took the "Aalborghus" to Copenhagen, and a worse trip I can't imagine. The accommodations were terrible and there were very few people that night who didn't "feed the fishies." The pater, being an old seaman, was the only one could take it! When we arrived in Copenhagen, we were told it was the worst storm they had seen in quite a few years, so it was no wonder.

In Copenhagen, we had a grand time were shown all around the city and the rest of Sjælland by Pop's uncle's family. During the daytime we visited Roskilde, Kronborg, Fredensborg, and all the other beautiful spots in Sjælland and they usually ended up with a picnic in the woods. Each evening was taken up, to, with (continued on last page)

Some kind of entertainment. We saw Tivoli in all its glory on a special night, and it was really something. Then, of course, the "kids" all went to the famous Copenhagen "night spots," and you can be sure the city is really alive at night.

After two weeks of this, we thought it better to rest up, so off we went to the country, where we stayed for 3 days with Pop's uncles and aunts in their beautiful home on "Igelso." Here we could go swimming, boating, and Bill's favorite—Fishing.

We then came back to Jylland to see Mom's family again. There is also much doing here, and with the weather as perfect as it has been these last two weeks, it looks as tho' we will be taking some good long bicycle rides.

As for the war situation, it's really been quite tense for the last two weeks, and we don't know yet what 's going to happen. The papers are all full of war news, and all the countries seem to be prepared for almost anything. The people here are taking it very calmly, however. The reason is that they have been living in this suspense for the last year and are getting used to it. Many of the English people remark that they would rather have war than keep on living in the fear of not knowing when their homes are going to be bombed.

As yet we do not know when we will be coming home, but according to last reports, we will sail sometime in September. If the situation clears up, we will take the trip through Germany and France as planned, but otherwise it will be over Sweden.

We hope that you are all well and enjoying the grand summer weather. I'm sure you must be having it. We are thinking of all of you and are so glad we can keep up on what's happening, in the Valley News.

Love to all of you,

The Jorgensens [September 22, 1939, Page One]

A week later, the *Santa Ynez Valley News* recounted, in a brief front page item, a story concerning the first British passenger ship being sunk by the Axis enemy with a tragic consequence for a Santa Barbara County family:

Mrs. A. S. MacFarlane and 10 year-old son, Alan, survivors of the torpedoed Athenia, returned to their Santa Barbara home with Mr. MacFarlane, who had flown east to meet them. The family has given up hope for another son, Ray, last seen on the promenade deck of the ship before it sank. [September 29, 1940, Page One]

Although published two months later, on December 1, 1939, the *Weekly News Analysis*, described the devastation which occurred to the Athenia along with additional maritime losses:

Europe: Protest or Plea?

A war that hurts civilians is at once the most painful and the most likely to end in a hurry. Thus far the War of 1939 has disdained bombing cities and has even been easy on troops in the front line. But a continent whose life blood courses the seven seas cannot laugh off many body blows to its merchant marine; by late November the intensified warship-submarine-mine warfare being waged between Britain and Germany had taken a big toll and the price was getting higher every day. Britain searched for the Nazi raiders Deutschland and Admiral Scheer while the air force made a futile raid on the naval base at Wilhelmshaven. The navy was ordered to seize all Nazi ships transferred to Russian registry.

Cause of this scurrying was the war's second major disaster. The Athenia sinking cost 112 lives, but 150 were feared lost when the Dutch liner Simon Bolivar struck a mine in the English channel. Both Germans and English denied responsibility while Lithuanian, Italian, and Swedish merchant vessels were also being sent to the bottom. In neutral ports, word of such disasters spread quickly; observers wondered if the protest might not take form in new peace pleas. [December 1, 1939, Page Two]

In October, with thoughts of the Athenia and the unfortunate MacFarlane family, it was a relief for *News* subscribers to read that Axel, his wife Marie, and their two children, Zella and Billy, successfully crossed the Atlantic Ocean and returned to the port of New York. The newspaper provided the following page one description of their return trip on October 27, 1939:

Axel Jorgensen Family Returns from War Zone

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Jorgensen, their daughter, Zella, and son Billy arrived home Wednesday from a trip to Denmark and other European countries. They left here in May and spent two weeks in San Francisco before going to New York, from where they sailed in June. They report a very pleasant and interesting trip and a fine visit with relatives and friends in Denmark.

When asked about the war situation, in Europe, Mr. Jorgensen said that people in Denmark are free to express their opinions and most of them are glad that the war has broken out between Germany and England, because the suspense of wondering when it was going to happen was nerve wracking. He said that he talked to many people in Denmark, but failed to talk to one who favored Hitler's invasion program or his tactics. He received the same opinion in Norway and Sweden, which countries the Jorgensens also visited. He stated that the feeling in Denmark is growing stronger against Germany, because of the torpedoing of Scandinavian boats by Germany. England purchases three-fourths of the agricultural output of Denmark, and with the blockade, Denmark must now trade with Germany, but does not get the merchandise in return that she desires. For instance, American cigarettes, which are in great demand. Mr. Jorgensen stated that on the boat on which they returned, three-fourths of the 900 were German-American people returning to the US.

Mr. Jorgensen said the greatest task on the trip was to secure passage back to America, on which he had to pay a premium of \$45 on tickets for war insurance. Freighters from this country were taking passengers, but had no accommodations at all, and only scant eats. But as many as 150 returned on each freighter, all of them sleeping on deck in their own bedding, if they had any. But they were glad to take any kind of chance in order to get back to the good old US of A.

The Jorgensens' return trip was made on a Norwegian boat, S. S. Oslofjord. Leaving Norway's capital, Oslo, on October 4th the trip to Bergen was very much enjoyed, due to the gorgeous scenery, although everyone was worried because of German planted mines.

After leaving Bergen, the passengers were not informed as to what course was taken until they were four days out, and then the chart showed them to be in the middle of the ocean.

From New York the Jorgensens went to New Jersey, where they purchased a new car, and the trip west was made through the southern states and over the Santa Fe trail to California.

The Jorgensens have leased the Mrs. Christine Iversen residence on Main Street and will move in at once. [October 27, 1939, Page One]

Another local visitor to Denmark, Solvang resident, Alfred Lauridsen also returned safely to California after the Jorgensens. His first hand observations of war conditions overseas were reported on Page One in December:

Lauridsen Returns from Denmark This Week

Alfred Lauridsen, who with his brother from Salinas, has been in Denmark for several months, returned here Monday and is happy to be back in the good old USA, as war conditions in Europe are getting worse every week. Lauridsen says that foods and other supplies are getting harder to get and that some weeks, certain kinds of foods cannot be obtained at all. Prices are also advancing rapidly, he states.

Denmark depends largely on trade with England, France and other countries, and it makes it difficult now to ship out or in goods that is needed, during this sea war now going on.

Transportation home, Lauridsen said, was hard to get. He made the return home on Norwegian boat. [December 1, 1939, Page One]

Cash and Carry

Following the declaration of war that September, the European Axis powers of Germany and Italy and the Allied nations were participating temporarily, in what was termed, the "Phoney War." Following World War I, the United States had maintained a position of neutrality, but in the fall of 1939, Congress legislated

the “Cash and Carry” program ending the embargo on the sale of military equipment to the French and British governments which had previously existed under the American Neutrality Act.

Although our domestic manufacturers were forbidden from shipping directly to the conflict zones, the European allies would be permitted to transport these items from the United States across the Atlantic Ocean, and American passengers were advised that they assumed the risk of foreign travel.

The *Weekly News Analysis* column from January 12, 1940 reported on the early impact of the sales to the allies through this Cash and Carry policy which would increasingly fuel the growth of American manufacturing and agricultural industries as the year unfolded:

Domestic: US and the War

Major fear of congressmen who opposed the neutrality act last October was that its practical effect was to favor Britain and France, who control the seas, meanwhile shutting off US munitions supplies to Germany. Released by the state department at year’s end were substantiating figures: In November, first month of neutrality’s operation, France received export licenses covering \$95,579,000 in munitions exports; Britain, \$14,979,000 in munitions exports; Germany, none.

Meanwhile New York port officials felt for the first time the press of war shipments. Bedded down in the foreign trade zone on Staten Island were bombers, trucks, trench diggers, corned beef and miscellaneous war exports valued at \$18,500,000, all awaiting empty allied freighters to carry them across the submarine infested Atlantic.

Items: 60 fast Lockheed reconnaissance bombers, their bodies painted a dark brown and camouflaged with weird strippings; 1,500 Studebaker trucks and 1,000 White trucks, the vanguard of 6,000 to be sent to the war zone within the next two months (wired to many of them were crates carrying machine gun mountings, and spare parts); 13 trench diggers costing \$3,000 each and destined for the Western front, to be followed by 270 more. [January 12, 1940, Page Two]

Writing a week later in the same column, Joseph W. Labine noted the response to the heightened bellicosity in both Europe and Asia, in the United States when President Roosevelt proposed a larger budget for the Navy:

Trend:

Navy: If President Roosevelt’s \$1, 224, 521, 833 naval appropriation request (see Congress) is adopted, the US will become the world’s No. 1 sea power, bigger than Britain, twice as big as Japan. [January 19, 1940, Page Two]

As the conditions in Europe continued to deteriorate by Spring of 1940, additional orders were placed with American manufacturers by the Allies:

War Planes—England and France put in a contract bid for 1,500 American warplanes, at cost of a cool \$120,000,000, amid the joyful antics of our domestic aerial stock holders. [May 3, 1940, Page Two]

The increase in foreign and domestic contracts with its corresponding boost in employment, helped to improve, not only the national economy, but California’s situation, as well.

Almost eleven months later, the *Santa Ynez Valley News* described the dramatic increase in the production of aircraft by American manufacturers on its editorial page:

Producing Planes in ‘40

America is still a good distance from its goal in plane production, but in the last twelve months it has succeeded in stepping up its production rate by 250 per cent, according to the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce. Last year, aircraft plants produced 2,000 military planes, and 3,500 machines for other purposes. By this year’s end, close to 5,000 military planes alone will have been produced if that ratio is maintained. [December 6, 1940, Page Four]

Atomic Energy

After returning to school from their Christmas break the students of the Santa Ynez Valley Union High School, began the New Year of 1940 by hosting a guest speaker, whose topic would have a critical impact on the resolution of World War II:

High School Notes

Dr. Luther Gable, well-known radium authority and physicist from Chicago, will explain the Newly Discovered Energy of the Cosmic Rays at the high school at 12:45 Friday, January 12th.

Dr. Gable has an acute sense of humor achieved through entertaining millions of people of all types of audiences throughout the entire US. As a popular interpreter of technical scientific subjects, thrilling stories about Radium, Cosmic Rays, Microbes and Vitamins, he is entertaining, instructive, and always gives youth and age alike a lasting stimulus for scientific thought. [Santa Ynez Valley News, January 12, 1940, Page Three.]

Almost four months later, the Santa Ynez Valley News in the *Weekly News Analysis*, provided additional information on this discovery, however, the prognostication of its use would be incorrect.

Science: U-235

With a name like a feared Nazi submarine, but with power which scientists believe to be vastly more than any other now known, a newly discovered natural substance has been discovered and named U-235. Physicists at the University of Minnesota and Columbia university are responsible for most of the progress made in the isolation and extraction of the substance.

U-235 is a powerful form of radiation, resembling radium in this respect, but it is tremendously more powerful than radium. A minute fraction of a gram of U-235 was obtained last February by Prof. Alfred O. Nier in a University of Minnesota laboratory. He sent this to Columbia where scientists placed one ten millionth of a gram in their atom smasher and brought out the substance's potentialities.

Biggest difficulty confronting development of U-235 is the work and cost involved in extracting it from uranium, a rare substance itself, which first must be extracted from pitchblende, the dark mineral which is also the source of radium.

It is reckoned that one pound of the new substance would be 30,000,000 times as powerful as the same amount of dynamite. Just what uses it could be put to depend upon its development, say engineers who estimate that it may be 10 years before 10 pounds of U 235 can be extracted from its source and put to practical use. [May 24, 1940, Page Two]

Two weeks later, in June, a more detailed description of the new form of energy was published in this syndicated news article:

News Item: New Fuel May Change World

Science Finds a substance that Beats Gasoline 3,000,000 to 1

New York—Pioneering physicists at Columbia university have separated into pure form a natural substance so powerful that one pound of it will give off as much energy as 3,000,000 pounds of gasoline or 5,000,000 pounds of coal.

This discovery, which is discussed in the current issue of the Physical Review, official publications of American physicists, has brought from scientists a cautious forecast that if the substance can really be harnessed, a revolution in power greater than the introduction of the steam engine impends.

'One Step Remains'

Prof. John R. Dunning, who headed the Columbia team whose research led to experimental proof of the potency of the newly isolated substance, was said to have told a colleague that only one step remains before its use will be available to man. That step is the improvement of methods of extracting it from ores. Other physicists agreed with Dunning.

In the beginning only infinitesimal amounts were available. In two months' time these amounts increased 200 fold.

Tentatively the name U-235 has been given to the substance, which is a close relative of uranium. It is reckoned that a 10 pound chunk of it would drive an ocean liner around the world many times, and that a piece the size of a man's hand would enable a

submarine to cross any body of water in the world, including the Pacific ocean. Not much of it would be required to fly an airplane around the earth.

The report stressed the ease with which U-235 can be made to give off its tremendous energy. All that is necessary, it was said, was to put some of it in a tank and supply it with a constant stream of cold water.

Minnesota Successful First

Until a few months ago, not even a drop of this substance had been extracted into pure form. Scientists were skeptical whether it could be done. Toward the end of February a minute fraction of a gram was isolated at the University of Minnesota physics laboratory, under the direction of Prof. Alfred O. Nier.

This sample was sent to Columbia, where Prof. Dunning, Dr. E. T. Booth, and Dr. Aristid V. Grosse tested it in the university's 150 ton cyclotron (atom smasher). It worked well, but the scale of the experiment was small, and only after much larger quantities had been extracted did the experimenters become satisfied with the prospects.

They now entertain the hope that in a short time a way will be found to isolate the material in pounds instead of millionths of a gram. It is known that large manufacturing companies are interested in the experiments and that research men for General Electric have separated a bit of it and got results similar to those at Columbia. [June 7, 1940, Page Two]

Isolationism and Neutrality

The syndicated advice columnist and fiction writer, Kathleen Norris, fearing possible United States involvement in another war, wrote specifically to the mothers of America a column prescribing her approach to the threats posed in Europe and Asia, thereby insuring that America remains neutral:

Kathleen Norris Says

This May Be the Means of Saving Your Son's Life

Bell Syndicate-WNU service

Youth and War

There is an organization now in process of formation in America that you ought to join. This organization's name is the Mother's Legion.

If you are among the millions of us who have been saying since 1919 that you "wish you could do something about war," then this is your chance.

If you don't take this chance then don't complain if we get into the preposterous and unnecessary scrap, that is seething all over Europe, and then one day your boy marches away.

He may never come back. In that case you pack up his sweaters and camera and school pictures and tramping boots, and the fishing pole and tennis racket, and you send them to the Salvation Army and you close the door of his room. And you close a door in your heart, forever.

But of course he may come back. They may bring him very tenderly in the door on a stretcher and he may grope for your hand and say in that dear voice you love best in all the world, "Is that you, mom? They got my eyes and my knee. You and dad knew that?"

And for few days everyone will be kind. Neighbors, friends old and new will drop in to cheer up that splendid Baker boy who was so badly smashed and is now back at his home again.

Then they'll stop. He'll sit, in his broken, wasted, silent youth, in the sunny front room; he'll have the radio; he'll master Braille. You'll talk to him, as you come and go and tell him that his old pal Joe Davis has married a lovely girl, and that they are sending Billy Brown to the Australian branch, wonderful chance for Billy! And Sister Kate has a darling baby. Would Keith like to hold his young nephew for a few minutes?

You'll see his face grow more and more sober, as the months go by; you'll see him droop a little. And in 1960, when he's middle-aged, still blind and helpless and idle in his sunny window, and when you're getting to be an old lady, you'll read him a headline, "They're talking of starting another war over in Europe again, Keith."

Because what we Americans cannot understand, and never will understand, is that the war theory is a part of their scheme over there. They believe in war. They believe that the side that kills the greatest number of young men, and blows up the greatest number of innocent villages MUST be right. They've believed that since the days of Charlemagne. They're proving again today that they think might is right. If a neighbor believes something that you don't, then you kill him to prove that what you believe is the truth.

Our point of view is different. We know that the ideology we must destroy, and the only ideology we must destroy is the delusion that might is right. That the most powerful army is the army of God. That war ever, accomplishes anything that couldn't be simply and reasonably accomplished without recourse to fighting that war.

If one European nation in these long twenty years since the armistice was signed, if ONE of them even the smallest, had put forth honest peace feelers, had developed a PLAN for peace, we might feel very differently about our response to their appeal for help today. If the churches, instead of reiterating their pious desire for peace, had formulated a PLAN, then there never would have been this war. Instead injustices, embargoes, blockades, punishments, reprisals went serenely on. Nobody cared about adjusting the pernicious terms of the peace treaties, because everyone was too busy forming plans for the next war.

They Never Have Enough This has been going in Europe for five hundred years. They've had a Hundred Years war, a Thirty Years war, religious wars, civil wars. They've always given high moral reasons for their wars. They've always wanted just one more "to end all wars." They've always grabbed, separately, everything in the way of spoils that they could get, after the war, and they've never surrendered one inch of what they got.

This Mother's Legion must mount to a membership of two million to be able to wield the influence we want to have it wield. We're well on our way to that two million already. We probably will make it five million. Five million votes will swing any candidate to victory in 1940; half that number will. We want all our representatives, and especially our Chief Executive, to pledge us their solemn word that under no pressure, under no circumstances, under no threats that "we will be next," will we ever engage again in foreign wars. We want to be so organized that if our people in Washington fail us, and go back on their promises, we can impeach them.

Don't wait, if you want to help. Don't wait until propaganda has done its deadly work, and the bands begin to play, and the service flags begin to mount upon village flag poles, and the boys of your family come in casually to lunch and say, "I'm in mom. I just signed up. I go to report on Monday."

War Preys on Youth

Youth won't wait. It is one of the devilish subtleties of war that it wants our sons just when they are a little at loose ends; out of school, plugging along in dull jobs, old enough to make their own decisions, young enough to love excitement and change.

There are no dues in the Mothers' Legion. Its simple purpose is to enlist the power of women everywhere to keep us out of foreign wars; to influence other nations toward peace; to resist un-American activities in our midst; to maintain adequate home defense in the interest of peace, not war. Some of the most prominent men and women in the country are enthusiastic promoters of it. Churchmen of all denominations, the American Legion, women's clubs and social organizations are with us.

You be with us too. Watch your paper for notice of the chapter that is shortly to be formed in your town, and then, if someday war does come, at least you can say to the boy you love: "I'm sorry, son. Your father and I did everything we could to keep this terrible thing away from you." [March 1, 1940, Page Two]

In her next installment, published two weeks later, Kathleen Norris proposed her solution to the current world situation:

Kathleen Norris Says

If you Want to Help the World Do Something About It

Bell Syndicate WNU Service

Five hundred women have written me passionate appeals to "do something: about the present war situation and if 500 have taken such trouble it means that about 5,000 feel that way so here are some suggestions that may help satisfy the mad craving that we all feel to help if we can.

This feeling is partly fear partly shame, and partly despair. It is naturally fear, for war is a forest fire that spreads in all directions and may blow across the Atlantic any day. It is shame because a sensible world, and a world moreover that professes to believe in

the doctrines of Jesus Christ, in forgiveness and meekness and goodness, has somehow let things get to such a pass. It is despair because we who remember 1914 truly believed that matters would never reach this point again.

“What is left for us to do now?”

We ask in bitter discouragement, we who have given our time and our energies during these 20 years in a vain effort to show war up in its true colors to those who must fight and die in the ranks, to establish better national understanding everywhere, to clear, the way for lasting peace. For a few days last August it seemed to us as though black darkness had enveloped the whole world, and Christianity and all the other lesser codes that preach love and forgiveness had failed, and there was no hope for civilization or mankind.

But now the smoke of battle has cleared away a little, and it is for us to treat this calamity as we do all the less important calamities of life. To fix our eyes even more steadily upon our ideal, pick up the shattered pieces of wrecked hopes, and go forward again.

For those of us who feel that we know God at all, know absolutely that his first law is love and that love is peace. We may be slow and stupid and blind about making for our goal, but as long as it is His, it is there beyond us, and we draw nearer to it every time we wipe out one single little speck of hate and revenge in this world, and put in its place forgiveness.

Hatred is Dangerous

Forgiveness is a hard word. It is not a natural thing to forgive. We need supernatural powers to love our enemies. We can get them from only one source, and too often we forget to turn toward it.

The other day I tried to settle a violent quarrel between two small children. One was four and other two years old, and neither had ever known or seen or experienced hate; theirs had been as serene and sunny a background as any two little humans could have.

The small one had ripped up a well-made doll's bed and flung its occupant and all the covers to the far winds, and he was unashamed—indeed, exultant over the deed. The older child's simple desire was to maim her brother for life, tear his eyes out, wipe that smile away forever. She was trembling and pale with rage; she could neither breathe nor speak normally. Panting as she listened to the Gospel story she said, “I'd crucify them all—and five times, too!”

But after a few moments she calmed, and when persuaded of her own will to make her brother a present of a lollipop in token of forgiveness, she first re-made the disrupted bed, and then went and flung herself on her own bed, to burst into tears.

Now, if the difficult business of forgiving can so agitate a scrap of babyhood, we must expect that if ever we are really to forgive our enemies, really rebuild a blood-thirsty world along the lines of what we truly profess and believe, we must expect violent spiritual storms. We must expect to be reviled and scoffed at as a bunch of sentimentalizing women. We must realize that men are going to tell us that any romantic plans we have for being generous to a recent foe, to doing good to them that have spitefully used us, is simply not practical.

A Fair Deal for All

Nevertheless, I challenge all the American women who read these lines to set to work at once in their own minds and souls to formulate a definite peace plan, as contrasted to what we have been using before, an indefinite one. I mean a map of the world that gives every nation a more than fair break, a generous break. I mean to apportion oil land, rubber, iron, wheat lands honestly, balancing and changing this map until every nation is willing to say, “We are content.” I mean for each country to sacrifice something in land, in rich undeveloped tracts, in harbor rights; I mean the establishment of many open ports.

The churches have failed to do anything as concrete as this. The rulers have failed. They are all willing to find billions for guns and bullets; they are all afraid to give millions for help.

“Why on earth should we—rich, independent, protected America—help Germany, or Japan or any other country? “they demand. “We have enough charity at home.

Yes, but they don't count what those countries, as enemies, cost us today, and cost us yesterday, in lives, dollars, and arms. If American had loaned the stricken countries of the world \$1,000,000,000 15 years ago, she might have saved nine times that sum in the sudden terror of increased armament that has possessed her.

Women Could Do Much

Our hearts are sick with discouragement and failure today. But if in another year, through some American woman's genius, or the genius of several women working together, a first American World Map is drafted and submitted, and if in two more years every

nation has scorned that map and drawn up another nearer to its heart's desire, and if in three years, seven countries have gotten together on a map, and if in five years 28 countries have agreed to it, in its hundredth changed and amended form, then we will have made a contribution to world progress that no other general of women has touched.

When that map is accepted every country in the world will begin to lessen military preparedness, and the millions so saved will more than balance any tariff rights or territorial concessions that we have had to sacrifice.

Summary: 'Do Something'

Many American women are anxious to "do something" about present conditions in "this troubled world." Fix our eyes more steadily upon an ideal.

Pick up shattered pieces of wrecked hopes and go forward again.

Wipe out all hate and revenge in our lives and in the lives of fellow-man. Substitute for these things—forgiveness.

Formulate a definite peace plan for the world as substitution for the indefinite one we now possess.

Draft a first "American World Map" and have all the nations of the world draft maps that are nearest to their ideas of equality and justice. Then bring these nations together around the conference table and adjust the differences.

Take as much time as is needed to work out the complicated problems that would arise in such a plan, but in the end, the women of this generation will have made a great and lasting contribution to the cause of peace and world progress.[March 15, 1940, Page Two]

Opining on the position of neutrality from a different perspective, William Bruckert expressed his observations in his weekly *Washington Digest* column:

Attitude in US is not really neutral.

About our neutrality: That is not a proper description of the position of the US. We are not neutral. We are, as a nation, certainly favoring the cause of the British and the French. I am that way myself. I really do not care who blows Hitler and all of his gang sky high. Officially, however, the US is still friendly with Germany and Russia. It is so ridiculous that one has to laugh.

Evidence of how our siding in with the allies obtains even in governmental affairs was given just the other day when the President proclaimed the new combat zones around Norway and Sweden. It was a proclamation that avoided saying the countries of Sweden, Norway and Denmark were "at war."

Why? Well, if the US government, acting through the President, had said those nations were at war, another law would have become operative and Mr. Roosevelt did not want that law to be operative. IF those nations had been declared formally "at war," another law would have prevented any money being loaned to them. Mr. Roosevelt wanted to keep the door open so that help can be extended if it becomes necessary.

There, again, you can see the possibilities of danger. Also, the definite evidence of the American desire to help Germany's enemies is plain to see. If we think, however, that the lending of money to a foreign nation that is engaged in war does not lead to additional steps and additional dangers, then we have become an ostrich and we are trying to hide our head in the sand.

The dangers of these various acts are apparent, it seems to me. I make no charge that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to lead us into war. I believe quite the contrary. But with conditions as they are—with a dozen nations with their backs to the wall—every move made here requires the greatest of care and the greatest of understanding before it is made. The examination, as I insisted at the beginning of this discussion, should be made from the standpoint: Why is it necessary to stick out our necks? We can find no valid reason to get into the war.

The whole Western hemisphere has nothing to gain and everything to lose by participating. I entertain the hope that staying out of the war will become a major issue in the forthcoming political campaigns. In that way, the importance of everything done in Washington, with relation to foreign affairs, will be driven home by competent speakers. And any candidate who wiggles or squirms on the question of why should we get into war ought to be snowed under so deep that he would never be heard from again. [April 26, 1940, Page Two]

Having established a position of neutrality that reflected the values of most Americans, the significance of the war was deemed strictly a European or an Asian matter; however, in this invitation of a meeting of local Santa Ynez Valley Republican women, their speaker saw events more expansively and gave a title to this situation in a way which had not been published in the *News* before February 16, 1940:

Mrs. Ernest Lloyd-Harris To Speak in Solvang February 21st

Pictured

The political analyst, Mrs. Ernest Lloyd-Harris, whose lectures on current events are sponsored by the Santa Ynez Valley Unit of Pro America, will speak in Solvang in Veterans' Memorial Hall on Wednesday afternoon, February 21st at 2:00 o'clock.

"Highlights on the Special Session" -- "The Perennial Budget Problem" After **World War II** What? Will be the three main topics of Mrs. Lloyd Harris' talk.

Friends and members of Pro America are cordially invited to be present. [February 16, 1940, Page Eight]

Mr. Andersen visits Denmark

Assuming the risk of foreign travel in January of 1940, Anton Andersen, proprietor of the famous Buellton pea soup restaurant, was visiting Denmark, according to this front page news item:

Talks To Denmark

In the "I Spied" column of the Santa Maria Daily Times Tuesday was the following:

"Mrs. Anton Andersen of Buellton, talking by telephone with her husband in Denmark yesterday. Anton reporting, 'all's well.'" [January 19, 1940, Page One]

Three months later, as European conditions continued to deteriorate, Mr. Andersen made plans to return to California.

Anton Andersen to Return From War Zone in Denmark

Mrs. Anton Andersen and Robert Andersen have been in contact with the American Consul in Denmark, and arrangements have been made whereby Anton Andersen will sail from Genoa, Italy via the US steamship line, on Saturday April 20. It is expected the trip to New York will probably take two weeks. [April 19, 1940, Page One.]

Another month later, Valley residents were advised of Mr. Andersen's imminent return.

"Pea Soup" Andersen on Way Home From Denmark

A cable has been received from Anton Andersen saying that he is on his way home, having left Italy May 18 and will arrive in New York city next Tuesday.

An Interesting Story from a Danish Visitor

In addition to regularly sending tourists to their homeland of Denmark, Solvang often received Danish visitors such as the editor of the Danish-American newspaper, *Bien*:

Editor of "Bien" Honor Guest At Dania Rested Petersen, editor of "Bien" in San Francisco, was an honor guest at the regular Dania meeting Wednesday evening. He was here to make arrangements for accommodations for a caravan of over 200 Dania members from San Francisco and Watsonville, who plan to attend the Dania state convention here in April.

At the coffee table, Mr. Petersen gave an interesting account of his experiences back in 1923, when he was a Danish correspondent in France. At that time, he became acquainted with Adolf Hitler, then a German officer. Mr. Petersen has heard him say that he would become ruler of Germany someday. [February 23, 1940, Page One]

The Occupation of Denmark

The so-called Phoney War in Europe became very serious and much more personal to residents of the Santa Ynez Valley as the *Weekly News Analysis* continued its reporting from Europe with this short dispatch:

Equally jittery were the Scandinavian states, Norway continued protesting to Britain over the Altmark incident, and Swedish wrath rose over Russian bombing of Pajala, a border town near the Finnish frontier. Meanwhile the foreign ministers of both these nations met with Denmark's foreign minister in Copenhagen, expressing cautious hopes that they might remain neutral and that the wars might soon be ended. Of the three Scandinavian states, only Denmark has a really good chance of staying neutral, for Russia was moving closer. [March 8, 1940, Page Two]

One month later, this front page story appeared in the *Santa Ynez Valley News* describing the Wehrmacht invasion of Denmark:

Feeling Running High Here Nazis Enter Denmark

German military might struck at Scandinavia Monday night in the dark, moved troops over the Danish border and by Tuesday morning all of Denmark was in German hands. Simultaneously Nazi troops landed in Norway, German warships blasted the Norwegian coast defenses and German airships bombed Norwegian cities.

Norway, however, fought back. Allies quickly moved to her aid, and by yesterday morning, British battleships and airplanes were blasting the German fleet, which was retreating hastily from what may have been the greatest naval battle in history.

However, Denmark remains in German hands, and Solvang this week has been turning anxious attention to its motherland. Denmark, according to local opinion, was wise to surrender, both because of its geographical location and numerical size. It would have been suicide to fight back. But that fact does not keep Solvang residents from worrying, because although they have little financial interest in the "old country," a very great many of them to have relatives and friends there, and naturally are very much concerned over the outcome of the situation with Denmark, as Adolf Hitler has put it under the "protectorate" of the Nazi government and squarely in the war zone. President Roosevelt, invoking powers of the 1937 "trading with the enemy act" Wednesday night ordered the registration of all Danish and Norwegian property in the US to avert its subjection to a German Blitzkrieg.

The order requires registration by owners of all their real or personal Danish or Norwegian property in excess of \$250 within 10 days.

Iceland has virtually seceded from Denmark, according to a dispatch. In accordance with its constitution, its governmental powers will now be placed in the hands of the Icelandic Ministry. Iceland, an independent country, has been under the personal sovereignty of the King of Denmark. [April 12, 1940, Page One]

In spite of the discouraging events taking place in Denmark, Solvang readers were pleased to receive good news about a one of their friends:

Danish Boy, Known Here, Is Safe in Finland

According to a Seattle, Washington newspaper, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Axel Kristensen of Seattle, former residents of Solvang, is safe in Finland after missing for some time.

Axel Kristensen was in the creamery business here with the late Marcus Nielsen, the creamery being operated in the building now occupied by the Solvang Laundry.

Following is the news story:

"There was joy yesterday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Axel Kristensen, 212 11th Avenue North.

"For the morning mail brought them a letter from their son, Harold, in a war-torn Finland—the first news they had had from him in three months.

"Young Kristensen, a graduate of the Hawthorne school and active in Boy Scout work when he lived in Seattle, has been in Europe for eight years studying medicine. He was graduated from the University of Copenhagen last December, and a couple of months

ago his parents tried to send him a ticket home. The steamship company reported they were unable to locate him, and the family has been quite worried about his safety.

“But yesterday the long looked-for letter arrived. Harold reported he was at Suomi, Finland, assistant to the chief doctor in a veterans’ hospital there. He added that his folks need not worry about his safety, but did not say when he might be coming home.” [April 12, 1940, Page One.]

Several weeks later, Solvang hosted the Dania and Dannebrog Lodges state convention which was mindful of conditions in Europe:

Dania Convention Pays Tribute To Mother Country In Opening Of Five Day Meet

. . . The principal speaker at the banquet was Eric Thomsen, who spoke concerning Denmark, saying, concerning the news that Germany had occupied the little country, “After so many years of voluntary exile, I had not supposed that anything could hit us quite so hard. It tore at something deeply hidden in which quite evidently all my heart strings were deeply entangled. As we began down here to become more vocal about our sensations, I discovered that what I felt deeply and with a sense of unmitigated calamity was shared by many others who had been born and bred in Denmark, and I concluded that the occupation of Denmark by Germany had done something to us of the immigrant generation which we may never forget or live down. The pall still hangs heavy over all of us as we think of what this may mean to our beloved kinsfolk and friends on those native shores which we hardly ever recall without wistfulness, no matter how deliberately and for whatever reasons we may have left them.

Thomsen went on to tell of his own life, sketching in bits of history of Denmark, giving both the side of the old country, association with which all Danes are grateful for, and the other unavoidable side, the side of pettiness and provincialism.

In closing, he said: “If this present age is open which rather fears ideas and seeks to prostitute them to their own ends, let us hope that nevertheless in the future as in the past, human sanity will be restored and the reality great be vindicated.

“Meanwhile let us commend to God’s merciful care those loved ones who at this moment come most easily to our minds. May God bless our native Denmark, no less than our new country the United States of America and ourselves as new Americans, that we may so live as to reflect honor and glory on both of them, each according to our own best heritage and capacity!” [April 26, 1940, Page One.]

American neutrality permitted the receipt of Danish newspapers being mailed to Solvang along with letters to the United States; however, money orders sent from here were returned, according to this front page story:

Denmark Papers Arrive Come Thru in Hurry

Papers published in Denmark, printed since the German invasion, seem to come to Solvang in good time. Papers published there April 13, arrived here on April 30. Newspapers there are censored by German officers, and publish news and articles leaning toward the German viewpoint.

The Germans invaded Denmark on April 9, but no streaming headlines were noticeable, although on the following day one of the papers printed a message from the government of Denmark, asking everyone to cooperate and carry out the rules and regulations as set forth since the invasion.

Postmaster Arne Madsen states that over \$80 in money orders destined for people in Denmark had been returned to the Solvang office by postal authorities, to be returned to the original senders. [May 3, 1940, Page One]

Two weeks later, the *News* mentioned the successful delivery of airmail from Denmark:

Air Mail Letter Comes Here From Denmark

Mrs. Dagmar Rosenberg received an air mail letter Monday from Denmark that has been mailed at Kolding April 22. It bore the German censor stamp of approval on it. It took in stamps one crown and 75 ore to make the trip by air, which is equivalent to about 42 cents. [May 17, 1940, Page One]

After hearing the good news about Mrs. Rosenberg's receipt of a Danish airmail letter, two weeks later, on page one, readers were again reminded of the tenuous postal connection they had with their relatives living in Denmark:

Ship Carrying Mail to Denmark Sent Down

Word has been received here that the Danish steamship Vidar had been sunk in the North Sea with considerable US mail aboard. The ship was en route from England to Denmark when it was sent to the bottom.

The report stated that three sacks of Postal Union mail from the US, destined for delivery in Denmark, had been washed ashore in Great Britain but US mail lost included 11 sacks of letters, 53 sacks of prints, four sacks containing 135 registered articles, and 13 sacks of parcel post. [May 31, 1940, Page One]

In May, reflecting the concerns of Washington politicians by these changing conditions and its effect on the American geographical sphere of interest, the *Weekly News Analysis*, now being written by Roger Shaw, included a brief item regarding the latest developments in the German occupation of Norway and Denmark with fears of additional Nazi European conquest along with Japanese expansion in the South Pacific:

Potomac Peppercorns

Germany occupied Denmark, and there was much talk of Uncle Sam taking over Danish Greenland, in the New World. Should Germany occupy Holland, there was much talk of Uncle Mikado [Japan] taking over the Dutch East Indies, in the Far East. There was, however, one essential difference; Greenland is plenty poor, and East Indies is reeling rich. [May 3, 1940, Page Two] On the same page and to further illustrate this point, a political cartoon depicted an Arctic "Eskimo" and Uncle Sam, holding a copy of the Monroe Doctrine sitting atop Greenland; the native Greenlander asked him, "Is a Nazi bigger than a walrus?" with this response, "Remember Chief, You are in the Western Hemisphere."

A week later, Roger Shaw reminded readers that in addition to Greenland, Danish Iceland, was also in a precarious political position:

Since the Germans took over unhappy Denmark, Iceland has become virtually independent. Bertil E. Kuniholm, a US foreign service officer, now becomes our consul general in this new "nation" of 100,000 people. Stefan Joh Stefansson, Icelandic trade commissioner in New York, becomes consul-general, here in America, for his historic island home, till lately a Danish dominion. Iceland is about the size of Scotland; has the world's oldest parliament. Meanwhile, Lawrence Steinhardt, US ambassador to Russia, left the Soviets for America on a two month vacation. Critics wondered whether this was a "tactful" way to call home our top-nuncio from that red Moscow. [May 10, 1940, Page Two]

Since Denmark was now under occupation, this country's display was organized by Danish-Americans in an exposition to be held in San Francisco:

Photograph of a building with the American and Danish Flags with the following caption:

Denmark, although under Nazi occupation will again this year be represented at Treasure Island through efforts of men and women of Danish origin who have made contributions that make it possible with the fine cooperation of the Exposition. The above building was formerly occupied by Australia, has been reserved for the Danish exhibit. There is a large collection of photographs in Solvang that was sent to the building for display last week.

The formal opening has been set for Saturday, June 22, and big program has been arranged for that day. [June 14, 1940, Page Five]

Local Solvang citizens later attended the Exposition and were seen in a photograph on Page One:

Danes Celebrate At Fair

Photograph with following caption:

The opening ceremonies of the Danish Pavilion at Golden Gate International Exposition was perhaps the most outstanding affair in the San Francisco Danish colony. Sharp at 3:00 pm DANNEBROG "went to the top" under full military honors by a company

of US soldiers who's (sic) band played the Danish national anthem. Simultaneously a giant US Air Liner droned over the Pavilion and released 500 small Danish flags down over the island. Besides a large crowd from the Danish colony the audience was supplemented by many high American dignitaries. Vice Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn and aid; Brig. General John Marston, US Marine Corps, with Mrs. Marston and aid; US Commissioner George Creel and many others. Above picture shows the Exposition President Mr. Marshall Dill addressing the audience. Fifty Danish singers and a score of girls in Danish costumes added further color to the affair. [July 5, 1940, Page One]

Two Danish visitors to Solvang found themselves stranded in the United States as a result of the war conditions which impacted not only their native homeland, but his place of employment in Asia:

East Indies Visitors Get Orders To Stay

Mr. and Mrs. Knud Kiaer of Macassar, Dutch East Indies, who have been staying in Solvang the past two weeks are patiently waiting here for papers from Washington DC to get permission to go to work in this country. Being a vacationist in this country does not permit Mr. Kiaer to work.

Mr. Kiaer, who is a branch manager of the Macassar Produce Company Ltd., Macassar, Celebus, Dutch East Indies, is on his vacation, and when he arrived in America he received orders to stay here on account of the European situation. He is a Denmark citizen and comes from Aarhus, Oliefabrik, A-S.

If he gets his permission to work, he and his wife will leave for New York where he has business connections. [August 2, 1940, Page One]

Late December found the Kjaers returning to Asia and perhaps to even more danger to themselves by the end of next year:

Kjaers Arrive Safely In Philippine Islands

Word has been received by several Solvang residents from Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kjaer, who lived here for some time recently, while waiting for transportation back to the East Indies, where Mr. Kjaer is employed by an importing company. The Kjaers have arrived safely in Manila, and so far everything has been satisfactory, they say. [December 13, 1940, Page One]

[NOTE: The newspaper identified this family with two different first and last names; an assumption is being made that they are in fact the same people; typographical errors, misspellings, and incorrect personal references were often found in the *Santa Ynez Valley News*.]

Personal Observations from Over There

The women who attended the Santa Ynez Valley September Pro-America meeting received a guest speaker who reported first hand on the conditions overseas in Europe:

Group Hear War News From Visitor Who Just Returns (in large headlines)

Pro-America members who attended the meeting at the home of Mrs. Cyril Lamb Monday afternoon considered themselves fortunate indeed to meet and talk with Mrs. M. Hawker, an English writer, who has only recently arrived from the belligerent countries of Europe, and is a guest of Mrs. Saulsbury Field at Serena.

Mrs. Hawker in her charming manner readily answered the numerous questions all present were eager to ask. Having left Germany only three weeks before war was declared she is able to give a vivid picture of the attitude of the German people and told many interesting incidents. For example, the German people showed no animosity toward her, an Englishwoman, on the eve of the war. When in the shops the tradespeople greeted her with "Good morning" in German instead of "Heil Hitler" and salute when they were sure no one else was in the shop or watching. For the past five years, she says that Hitler has taken half the food from the people and this has been canned and now in storage for reserves. In Italy, Mrs. Hawker also found the people friendly and the French were in sympathy with Chamberlain's appeasement policy. She feels confident that England is now well prepared and in a position to be victorious.

Mrs. Hawker's husband was an officer in the English intelligence service in the last war, and went with him on numerous expeditions where most often the spy, or fifth columnist as he would be called today, was a second or third generation German well respected in his community.

After asking her so many questions, she asked the group one: “What can Hitler offer people in this country that could possibly be an inducement to become a Nazi agent?” He has taken all the wealth from the people of his own country which is now in the hands of only his few intimates and has killed off most of those who put him into power. It was a question well propounded and those who are active in subversive propaganda might well ask themselves. [September 20, 1940, Page One] Another visitor to Solvang also brought news from England:

Carl Brisson, Danish Actor, Returns To Hollywood From England

Carl Brisson, motion picture actor and native of Denmark, who has visited in Solvang on numerous occasions, has just arrived in Hollywood after a hazardous trip from England. Mr. Brisson has been one of the directors of entertainment for the British government and reports that the movies are playing an important part in sustaining the British morale and is about the only relaxation the public has.

During the holidays, Mr. Brisson will be guest of his son, Fred Brisson in Hollywood, and unless he remains here to make a picture, will go on to Australia to carry on the work for the British government, returning later to America for a Broadway show. [December 13, 1940, Page Four]

Isolationism Continues To Be Popular

Although tensions in Europe were worsening after the occupation of Norway and Denmark and other Western European nations were being threatened with a similar fate, both Kathleen Norris and William Bruckart were literally and metaphorically on the same page and expressed similar thoughts about the coming fall election in their columns published in May:

Bruckart’s Washington Digest

War is Likely to be an Issue in National Political Campaign

President’s Projected Trip at Time of Republican Convention May Provide Chance to ‘Air’ US Foreign Policy.

... “It is never to be forgotten that the American people are easy to arouse. Their sympathies are quick. There certainly has been an earnest, an unqualified demand, that the US stay out—that war is Europe’s war and must be kept over there.

On the other hand, there are a substantial number of people who think that Europe’s war is America’s war. They believe that if Hitler wins this war, the Western hemisphere will be next on his list. I think that school of thought is wrong, but anyway that is the nature of some of the talk.” [May 17, 1940, Page Three.]

Caption under the illustration of her latest column on the subject of war:

It isn’t for mothers to expect tribute from their sons this year; there doesn’t seem to be any sense in sitting back in pretty old-lady complacency and waiting for flowers and candy and telegrams to arrive. There’s something we can do for them..

... We want to keep Washington continually reminded that several millions of American mothers, for the first time in history armed with the vote that sent these legislators and representatives to Washington, are uniting for the single purpose of electing the men who will promise that we shall be kept out of Europe’s purposeless orgy of bloodshed. ...

Let Men Over Forty Fight

If I could I would get a bill through congress prohibiting the enlistment in army or navy of any man under forty years. This would stop war so fast that soon its memory would blend with witch-burning, small pox epidemics, slavery, and a hundred other insanities and abuses that shame the pages of history. If thoughtful, established middle-aged men, men who are absorbed in offices or professions, who love wife and home and children, and golf and fishing and bridge games, had to get themselves into olive drab and sail across the seas to solve Europe’s never-ending quarrels, how quickly we should be reading some other plan for the solution of international problems!

It is the old men who shrewdly consider profits and expanding markets and uses for surplus products; it is the old men who make the wars. [May 17, 1940, Page Three]

Natural Resources, Agriculture and Manufacturing

America's desire to increase her own national preparedness rekindled interest in the natural resources in the Santa Ynez Valley:

Quicksilver Mining To Be Resumed On Fox And Dalton Claims

The Red Canyon Mining company of Los Angeles has secured an option on the cinnabar claims owned by the Fox, Dalton and Clark parties, located in Happy Canyon. They have an option to buy with the right to prospect and make preliminary survey of the properties.

According to Francis Kanig, who is in charge, several men are at work now getting the mine to work again.

Because of the war, the price of quicksilver has advanced to \$175 per flask. On account of the present high price, many old cinnabar mines have been re-opened, and new ones started. There has been considerable quicksilver taken out of Happy Canyon area in past years, and several mines have been operated there but it is reported that much good ore still remains. [May 3, 1940, Page One]

Five months later, the oil industry published an advertisement reminding readers of the role which this vital natural resource has taken during the current global conflict:

Advertisement: A Report by the Pacific Coast Petroleum Industry

Three quarters of a million people in all parts of the Pacific Coast depend on this industry for their living.

How to Avoid War

Aggressive nations attack only when they think they can win. Here are some facts that should discourage such ambitions toward the US.

The same bomber can fly 30% faster and farther in the US than in Europe. It can carry 20% more bombs.

Why? Because in America we manufacture 100 octane aviation gasoline in quantity—a thing no other nation can do!

But that's only half the story. America's oil companies can expand their refineries to provide aviation fuel for 50,000 planes, or even more, faster than the planes can be built.

Is There Enough Oil?

Yes, thanks to the industry's voluntary conservation program, Pacific Coast wells are operating far below capacity.

No other country in the world can even begin to support a modern mechanized army on its domestic production of petroleum. But the US can, because we have over half the proved oil reserves in the world.

The Pacific Coast by itself can supply the Navy—even a two ocean Navy—with all the fuel oil, diesel oil, and specialized greases it will ever need.

Rubber and Explosives from Oil

Synthetic Rubber from Oil

Synthetic Rubber developed by petroleum research chemists, is now being produced in commercial quantities in cooperation with the large rubber manufacturers. Before our present supply of natural rubber is exhausted, the US can be made 100% self-sufficient with rubber made from oil.

Explosives. The petroleum industry has signed contracts with the War Department to produce 60,000,000 gallons a year of toluene, the basic ingredient in TNT. Glycerine is being made in even greater quantities. Production of both these vital materials can be expanded to the requirements of new explosive plants as fast as the plants can be built.

The way to avoid war is to make America self-sufficient—make America strong.

The petroleum industry, on its own initiative and without government subsidy, has prepared itself to do its part without delay in a national emergency.

America's defense will never be "grounded." Petroleum will never let her down. [October 4, 1940, Page Eight]

The picture portrayed in this advertisement would be altered dramatically for American consumers in the coming years as tires and gasoline would be rationed in order to provide the necessary products and supplies for the Allied war effort.

Since the Santa Ynez Valley was home to number of ranches, the information regarding representatives from the United States Army seeking horses for the Cavalry was quite newsworthy and led to the publication of a couple of articles on the subject:

Government Wants 20,000 Horses for Riding

The cavalry has been authorized to purchase 20,000 geldings, between 4 and 8 years old, weight 1000 to 1200 pounds. All must have good riding qualities and be of solid colors. Prices range from \$150 to \$175 each.

Anyone having horses for sale should notify Western Remount QMC Avansino Bldg., 72 Third Ave., San Mateo, Calif. [October 18, 1940, Page One.]

Army Inspects Valley Horses Busy Only One

The US army inspected valley horses at the Juan y Lolita rancho yesterday morning with the view of purchasing for military purposes. The army officers making the inspection were led by Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Dean, and were due at the rancho at 8:30 a. m. Seven or eight horses were displayed by the Mitchell ranch, Aaron Grace, Buster Wolf, and others, but only one, a mount from the Neely ranch shown by Buster Wolf and Raymond Cornelius, was purchased, at a reported price of \$175.

High grade registered half-bred and thoroughbred horses are being purchased at prices ranging from \$175 to \$200, while unregistered mounts are bringing from \$150 to \$175.

The cavalry purchasing group stopped in Ventura Wednesday, buying only one mount there. They inspected horses at Pershing Park in Santa Barbara Wednesday afternoon. S. A. Anderson, county farm advisor, made arrangements for the inspections. [December 13, 1940, Page One]

Editor and publisher, Walter Hanson, writing on May 17th on Page Four of the *Santa Ynez Valley News*, examined the impact that wartime conditions had already produced for California:

See California First; War Has Good and Bad Effect.

How is the war affecting the US?

From the humming aircraft plants of Southern California comes one answer—a backing of \$150 million in orders for military planes, the largest deliveries on record during the last three-month period, and a payroll of 40,000 workers which is steadily growing.

Another answer comes from the nation's agricultural empire where the guns and blockades of Europe have sharply altered John Farmer's Spring planting intentions. In the South's tobacco lands, there will be a 21.5 per cent cut in acreage from last year. America's cotton field acreage has been slashed nearly 40 per cent. In consequence, cotton growers in Dixie and in California face the hazard of not being able to make ends meet unless the public rallies to their support with increased purchases.

California's dried fruit industry, formerly a \$50 million a year enterprise, has likewise been walled off from many of its former export markets. Scandinavian waters, now a part of the forbidden war zone, have severed still more of America's trade lanes with countries abroad.

All this adds up to one fact. The US must seek to increase consumption at home and utilize to the fullest all her available resources of distribution—resources never more urgently needed than now.

How is the war affecting the US? Both good and ill a survey reveals—a condition that calls, first of all, for cool, level-headed study, lest the benefits or losses brought by war tempt us into rash actions.

The Wehrmacht Continues Its March Through Western Europe

The *Weekly News Analysis* column from May 24, 1940 greeted readers with even more discouraging news developments from Europe, but also with a critical change in the leadership of Great Britain:

Nazi Drive Into Low Countries Is Marked by Terrific Fighting; Churchill Replaces Chamberlain

The War: Bigger and Worse

Domestic, presidential politics were driven, pro tem, into second place by the march of Mars. The Germans added Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg—the three little Low Countries—to their list of victims, which now includes, Czechs, Poles, Norse, and (according to some) the Austrians.

Against the Dutch and Belgians, Hitler used much of the Norse blitzkrieg buildup. This included the big Junkers air transports (20 men per ship), parachute jumpers all armed to the teeth, aerial bombardment of “enemy” air fields and concentration camps, and mass movements of infantry, against the frontiers, by land. The French came to the assistance of Belgium, as in 1914, and the English crossed the channel to Holland—that same channel that Hitler himself would so much like to cross, for a poke at John Bull’s midriff.

‘Toujours La Guerre!’

Luxembourg did not resist (again like 1914), but Belgium and Holland did. The Belgian army was considered fairly good, but the Dutch troops did not carry so high a ranking. Nevertheless, the Belgians and Dutch put up a stiff fight against the masses—29 divisions—of oncoming Field Grays and the aerial hit and run tactics up above. The Dutch anti-aircraft shot down close to a hundred Nazi airplanes, almost at the first volley, but poor, peaceful Brussels took a bombing that killed or wounded more than five score citizens.

Simultaneously with the German-Netherlands invasion, came aerial bombing by the Nazis, of French airdromes, railways, coal mines, and factories. The Dutch East Indies interned all Germans over 16 years old, and seized German ships there. Japan—with surprising decency—announced its respect for the oriental status quo—at least, in that Dutch quarter. Dutch colonies include nearly a million square miles, and more than 60,000,000 natives, beautifully administered. Dutch East Indian Java and Sumatra are excessively rich in tin, rubber, oil, and other badly needed raw products.

Photograph of General Gamelin with the caption: “For France . . . courage, energy, confidence!”

So They Say: What They Said

Hitler said, about it all: “The fight beginning today decides the fate of the German nation for the next 1,000 years. Do your duty now.”

Gamelin, French generalissimo, said: “For France, and all her allies: Courage, Energy, Confidence!”

Roosevelt said: The American people are shocked and angered by the tragic news from Belgium and the Netherlands and Luxembourg.”

Sweden’s leading newspaper said: “Highly civilized countries, whose love of peace is unquestionable, were brutally thrown upon the sacrificial altar.”

The Red Cross said: “\$10,000,000 needed.”

The NY World’s Fair said: “We feel that we will have a happy, carefree crowd at the fair, on opening day.” (Opening day was the second day of Netherlands chaos.)

. . . England Expects: Better Luck, Perhaps

Nice old Chamberlain finally got the gate in England, umbrella and all, and the loud-speaking Winston Churchill, navy lord in the last war and this one, too, got the prime ministry. Chamberlain, highly capitalistic in his outlook, never could get Labor support, in peace or war. Churchill, though a diehard Tory, for some reason has the affection of Laborites. Other Chamberlain men went into political “exile” as the Undertaker from Birmingham (supposedly Churchill’s quip) fell. In France, a couple of extreme conservatives, with semi-Fascist views were taken into the Reynaud cabinet to broaden the coverage and tighten things up. The British Labor party remains excessively important, not because of its numbers in parliament, but because of its myriads of highly

organized trade unionists in the munitions factories, and in other war industries. British Liberals also endorsed Churchill. [May 24, 1940, Page Two]

Additional distressing European news was reported a week later by Roger Shaw. Describing the continuing progress of Nazi occupation either through their efforts to conquer European governments by covert takeovers or military action he published the following in his column:

German March Toward Paris Marked by Terrific Fighting; US Maps New Defense Plans

II German War: III Reich

Nothing succeeds like success. The latest Third Reich included Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Memel, the Saar. Its friends and allies took in Russia, Italy, Japan, Spain, and Hungary. Its sinister "list" seemed to include Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Rumania and some said Sweden. It was more than Napoleonic—Poland in 18 days; Norway in 21; Holland in 5. So what next? England by parachute? France by tank?

There was serious talk of moving the French government out of Paris—destination unknown. England rounded up another 3,000 Germans and Austrians between the ages of 16 and 60; two-thirds of them refugees from the nasty Nazi terror at home. Some quarter-million English volunteers enrolled to sharpshoot parachuters, and Premier Winston Churchill nervously promised his new constituents blood, and sweat, and toil, and tears—always a clever psychological trick in dealing with dogged Englishmen.

German authorities indicated that the government of any of their "protectorates" depended on how much resistance the "protected" had put up. Thereby, Denmark was getting grade-A treatment, Norway perhaps grade-B, and indeed Poland, a very low grade indeed. Holland was expected to get a rating similar to that of the Norse, though perhaps a trifle lower. For the Dutch had fought rather hard. [May 31, 1940, Page Two.]

The topical news column summarized the Wehrmacht conquest in Europe culminating with the Fall of France in July:

France is Ninth Nation to Fall

Succumbs to Might of Nazi Army and 8 Others Had Given Up

Washington—France is the ninth nation to succumb to the might of Germany in little more than two years.

The great Nazi offensive which culminated in the surrender was launched the day after the Germans completed their mop-up of Flanders with the capture of Dunkirk.

Nine days later Adolf Hitler's iron legions marched into Paris and the swastika banners were unfurled over the Palace of Versailles. Within another two days the Germans had outflanked the famed Maginot line and the French were forced to abandon the \$500,000,000 system of fortifications in which they had placed their supreme trust. The withdrawal was the beginning of the end for the armies of France.

The train of events which led up to the outbreak of war last September began on March 11, 1938 when the German troops marched into Austria without opposition.

In March, 1939, Hitler, defying threats of British and French resistance, took over Czechoslovakia without firing a shot. On September 1, 1939, he ordered his armies into Poland, again defying Britain and France, who proclaimed a state of war with Germany two days later.

The Germans required less than a month to overrun Poland. Warsaw fell on September 28 after a terrific siege that reduced the city to ruins.

Invade Norway April 9

On April 9, after a winter of comparative inactivity, the Germans invaded Norway and Denmark, meeting no resistance in the latter country. On May 10, they invaded the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg.

Holland capitulated in four days, and Belgium gave up the struggle 14 days later, on May 28, paving the way for the final defeat of the allied armies in Flanders and the pulverizing German march on Paris.

The rapidity with which the Nazi blitzkrieg methods accomplished the downfall of France amazed military experts, who before the war had rated the French army as the best in the world.

Most observers believe the French made their gravest mistake in imposing too great confidence in the defensive strength of the Maginot line and in failing to adapt their strategy to the German methods of lightning warfare.

The maximum strength of the French army at the outset of the war was estimated at 6,000,000 men, including the air force. The latter was acknowledged to be far inferior numerically to the German air arm, which generally was considered the most powerful in the world.

69 Millions in empire

France has an unestimated number of troops under arms in the Near East and in its African possessions. Whether they will continue to fight and what will become of French territories overseas is a matter of speculation.

France itself has an area of 212,659 square miles and a population of 42,000,000. Its colonial empire embraces 4,613,315 square miles and a population of 69,076,627.

These possessions include:

In Asia: Syria, French India, and French Indo-China

In Africa: Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, French West Africa, Togoland, Cameroon, French Equatorial Africa, Reunion, Madagascar, Comoros, and Somaliland.

In the Americas: St. Pierre and Miquelon Islands; Guadalupe, Martinique, and French Guiana.

In Oceania: New Caledonia and Tahiti. [July 19, 1940, Page Three.]

Two months later, the following syndicated article provided a description of how the United States had exercised its interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine since the fall of France by extending its presence toward the East:

News Item: US to Watch French Possessions

To Watch French Holdings In Atlantic For Moves By Germany

Washington—Diplomatic lookouts for the US government will be established at Dakar, French West Africa, a “jumping off place” for planes flying from Europe to South America, and at St. Pierre-Miquelon, a French possession off the coast of Canada.

This was disclosed in a state department announcement recently.

The announcement said that the consulate at Dakar, which was closed in 1931 as part of an economy drive, would be reopened as soon as Thomas C. Wasson of Newark could arrive from Vigo, Spain, to take charge.

Likewise, it was said, the consulate at St. Pierre-Miquelon, which was closed only last January for lack of business, would be reopened as quickly as Maurice Pasquet of New York reached there from Dairen, Manchuria, where he has been vice consul.

Link to Hemisphere Defense

Dakar is the nearest point on the African coast to South America. Planes of the French transatlantic air service, now inoperative, normally hop off there.

St. Pierre-Miquelon is a possible subject for action by the American republics under the agreements reached recently in Havana. These provided for establishment of provisional administrations in any foreign possessions in this hemisphere which were threatened with a change of sovereignty.

Sumner Welles, undersecretary of state, has said that If France became a Fascist dependency of Germany in any foreign possessions which were in this hemisphere, it would create an emergency requiring action under the Havana agreements.

Effects of German Conquest

The reopening of consulates in St. Pierre-Miquelon and Dakar fits into a pattern which has been developed ever since the Germans invaded Denmark.

Late in April, this government established a consulate in Iceland, which has since taken unto its own government, for the duration of the German occupation of Denmark, the prerogatives concerning Iceland which ordinarily are exercised by the Danish king.

In May, the state department sent a consul to Greenland, a Danish colony in the North Atlantic and a possible stepping stone to the Americas for any power seeking to attack this country with bombing and fighting planes.

Another consulate has been reopened recently at Martinique, a French island in the Caribbean, where trouble has been threatening over a cargo of American-made planes aboard the French aircraft carrier Bearn. British warships have been reported maintaining a watch to see that the cargo did not leave Martinique.

Still another consulate was established on July 23 at Georgetown, British Guiana, in South America. A consular agent was already stationed in neighboring province of Dutch Guiana. [September 26, 1940, Page Six]

Continuing its coverage of the Fall of France, a week later, the newspaper ran this story entitled, "Paris Grim City Under Germans," reporting on living conditions in Paris:

Outwardly Nothing Changed But Presence of Nazis Stifles Activity

Paris—Paris, as the idle tourist or the permanent resident knew it, has passed away.

Arriving from Vichy by train in the early hours of the morning at the drab Austerlitz station is never very inspiring at any time. But arriving under the same circumstances today is positively depressing. Log trains of Reichsbahn cars line the sidings; here and there a sentry in field gray vaguely nods good morning to the railroad men as they pass on their way to the roundhouses. It is still too early for the suburban trains to be running.

In the station itself, one is confronted everywhere with unfamiliar signs in German giving directions to get to the "Bahnhofsoffizier" or how soldiers should leave. Here and there stand solitary sentries presenting arms with robot-like precision at the approach of German officers and impassively watching the rest of the crowd pass.

Leaving the station one encounters the first effects of the new regime. There are no buses, no taxis, no private cars. So one is confronted with the alternatives of walking or taking the subway—unless he has a bicycle. Since Austerlitz is three miles from anywhere, and portable bicycles are still uncommon things, most people choose the subway.

Run Many Risks

Entering the "Metro" anywhere in the neighborhood of a big station at train time is a hazardous affair in the best of times. But entering it now, one runs the risk of crushed feet from heavy suitcases dropped by rushing refugees returning from the provinces.

Arriving in the center of town one finds an even more depressing atmosphere. Outwardly nothing seems changed, but for any one with previous intimate acquaintance with the Parisian his set smile, reminiscent of that on the face of a person going to the dentist, speaks volumes. The Parisian had no choice and has accepted the invasion, but in varying degrees he resents this intrusion of unwanted "tourists." The streets are filled with people, yet they seem empty; there is the usual bustle and hum of a city going about its usual tasks, but one can clearly hear the hollow crunch of half-boots a block away.

'Verboten' Rule Prevails

"Order" reigns everywhere. Jay-walking pedestrians now cross the streets in the "clous" (pedestrian passages). But the order that reigns is that summed up in the word "verboten."

Food at fair prices—the German authorities decreed that prices obtaining the first of May were legal maximums—is available in sufficient quantities. The "halles" are amply supplied daily, but the military gets first choice.

Transport of food from the halles to each quarter is assured by private cars bearing large S. P. (Service Public) stickers on the windcreens. There is one car for each group of five shops, and each car is allowed six liters of gasoline daily. Woe betide the driver who is caught using this gasoline for purposes other than the transport of foodstuffs, however.

In general, private property has not been touched, although there are several authenticated as well as reported cases to the contrary. But these are exceptions.

Continuing one's search for a "landmark" of pre-war Paris, one finds a sadly depleted American colony, most of which now lives at the Hotel Bristol, on the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, a stone's throw from the embassy itself. The hotel was requisitioned by the embassy on the urgent demand for shelter by many Americans on the arrival of the German troops. It is now considered an embassy annex and all guests pay their way, those with money helping those without. The German authorities have not interfered with any one there. [October 4, 1940, Page Two]

The Battle of Britain and the Blitz

After the Fall of France, Great Britain was severely isolated as the only Western European nation not under Nazi occupation or declared neutral. Looking to her neutral friend across the Atlantic Ocean for greater assistance in the form of military hardware and oil to supply her war effort, along with food to feed her island nation since Europe would no longer supply vital agricultural imports. Shipping losses continued to mount as a result of the aggressive submarine warfare campaign waged by the German navy against the Royal Navy and precious supply ships coming to her aid.

Two events from 1940 that were not covered by the *Santa Ynez Valley News* or by any other publication, for that matter, were related to the massive effort being conducted by the British code breaking team located outside of London at Bletchley Park to identify enemy ships threatening her Navy and Merchant Marine fleet. The first story involved the capture of three wheels from an Enigma machine designed for encryption of coded messages by the Kriegsmarine U Boat 33 off the coast of Scotland in February 1940. The second unpublished event occurred prior to the Fall of France, when one of the staff members of this decryption team, Dr. Alan Turing, traveled to Paris, in order to confer with three Polish mathematicians, Marian Rejewski, Jerzy Rozycki, and Henry Zygalski who had designed a mechanical device they called the "bombe" to decrypt the Enigma codes. The "bombe" would eventually provide the framework for later machines developed by both the Britain and the United States in their joint effort in codebreaking leading to the future defeat of the German and Japanese navies.

The Blitzkrieg launched by the German Air Force, the Luftwaffe, caused great fear and damage as was depicted by these captioned photographs and news items:

Photo: Lucky Miss; captioned: The owner of this house is thankful the bomb didn't come closer. The huge bomb dropped by a Nazi raider blew a big crater in the lawn of a home near London, broke a few windows, but left the nearby house otherwise unharmed. [October 18, 1940, Page Two]

Photo: Bomb Misses

Even though his London home was reduced to rubble by an enemy bomb, this little boy takes consolation from the fact that this toy railroad, sections of which he holds in his hand, was not damaged. An air raid precautions worker comforts the little fellow. [November 15, 1940, Page Two]

Photo: Reflects Havoc Of Bombers

An air-raid precautions worker leans on a dressing table removed from a house in northern England damaged by Nazi bombs. The mirror reflects the damage sustained by the town, and reveals other A.R.P. workers cleaning up the wreckage. [December 6, 1940, Page Two]

Photo: Rabbit's Foot

Rescue workers in England came upon this frightened but unharmed rabbit after an air raid. That's not strange if a rabbit's foot brings luck, because this animal had four of them. [December 20, 1940, Page Two]

... Jill Esmond, a talented English actress, whom you hear on the air as Emily Bronte, author and narrator in "Wuthering Heights," spent her last night before leaving England in a Liverpool air-raid shelter, reciting fairy tales for hours on end to keep a group of children entertained. If you haven't been listening to "Wuthering Heights" you're missing something; it sets a new high mark in radio serial drama. [Star Dust by Virginia Vale, December 20, 1940, Page Five]

However, some citizens were not going to be intimidated by the Nazi threat:

News Item: Football Fans of London At Matches During Raid

London—Several football matches attended by crowds varying from 2,000 to 5,000 person were played during an air raid on London. The matches went on without interruption and news tickers sandwiched scores between accounts of the raid. Occasionally the fans broke into cheers for the British fighters overhead. [October 18, 1940, Page Two]

Listening to the Radio and Going to the Movies

The news of the war in Europe and the conflict in Asia was slowly creeping into the American consciousness not only through print journalism in the form of newspapers and magazines, but also through national radio broadcasts from Europe. Anticipating the tenor of the times, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company published an advertisement at the beginning of 1940 reminding readers of the value of home appliances using electrical power:

Listen to this!

World History is on the march! Vivid gripping and spectacular drama floods the air waves! Every minute something interesting or exciting is on the air.

A 1940 radio brings to you the world's entertainment, the world's news, --almost as it happens--abroad or at home.

Ask today for a demonstration

See Your Dealer [January 26, 1940, Page Four.]

Santa Ynez Valley movie viewers regularly attended screenings of films with war time storylines such as Alfred Hitchcock's "Foreign Correspondent" along with documentary footage shown in newsreels including "The March of Time" at the Mission Theatre, in Solvang and operated by Axel Nielsen.

Virginia Vale, writing in her syndicated column, *Star Dust, Stage Screen Radio*, kept local readers informed of the various media celebrities and also promoted the latest films and newsreels:

If the war news in your daily paper and on the radio means a lot to you you'll certainly want to see the new March of Time, "On Foreign Newsfronts." It shows how US newsmen are covering the biggest news story in modern history—tells how men like H. V. Kaltenborn were forced to leave Germany. It records the story of this first year of World War II from the viewpoint of the men who report it to the American people, and shows why the US today is the last stronghold of a free press, and its citizens the best informed in the world. [October 4, 1940, Page Seven]

A week later, she reported again on another March of Time story:

Star Dust Stage Screen Radio by Virginia Vale

Saying that the first feature length film made by the March of Time is important is like saying that the history of our country is important. "The Ramparts We Watch" is living history; the nonprofessionals who appear in the story that is played out against the background of the stirring events of 1914-1918 are just people like all of us thinking and talking as we do now.

Since the film was released in a limited number of cities a new ending has been given it, one so dramatic that the picture is made doubly effective. Despite protests of the German embassy, sections of the Nazi Propaganda film, "Feueretaufe," (Baptism of Fire) have been incorporated at the end of the picture.

The Nazi film, designed to soften countries such as Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France which Germany was about to conquer, was seen by the March of Time as a warning of what free countries were up against today. But UFA, German state film trust, imposed impossible demands for censorship. Then it was learned that the British government had confiscated English language copies of the film in Bermuda. Full title to the film was transferred by the British government to the March of Time.

In this German film, a Stuka bomber dives on a railroad station—and you seem to be in it. Warsaw is razed, the German war machine moves relentlessly. Your daily newspaper's headlines come alive for you. [October 11, 1940, Page Seven]

A month later, Miss Vale in her *Star Dust* column, endorsed an American film with its satirical view of the German and Italian dictators:

Odds and Ends: And the British can hardly wait to see Charlie Chaplin as "The Great Dictator." [November 22, 1940, Page Three]

As the war continued overseas, the *Star Dust* reporter offered this item on a major Hollywood actor who came forward to volunteer:

Star Dust by Virginia Vale

Odds and Ends . . . James Stewart is qualifying fast for the aviation service; he now has almost enough hours in the air to qualify for a transport license, entitling him to a commission in the air corps. [November 29, 1940, Page Seven] On December 6, 1940,

The Mission Theatre advertised the latest March of Time:

Plus March of Time (Britain's RAF) See how Britain's hard-fighting Royal Air Force is today driving off Hitler's Air fleets.

Actual scenes of Battle. Exclusive film just arrived in the US from March of time's camera men in England! [December 6, 1940, Page One]

Two week later another March of Time newsreel, whose subject matter was related to draft, received an enthusiastic endorsement by Virginia Vale in her *Star Dust* column:

Star Dust by Virginia Vale

The March of Time has come to the rescue of all of us who have an interest in someone affected by the new selective service law. In "Army and the Men—U.S.A." we are taken inside training camps and shown how the young men in the nation's rapidly expanding citizen army live, what they learn, what they do for amusement, and how they are being welded into a defensive fighting force.

The film shows what has been done to provide comfortable living quarters for the young soldiers; it shows as well how the nation's industry is concentrating on orders for the gigantic defense program. It's a picture, specially meant for all draft eligibles, their families and their friends. [December 20, 1940, Page Five]

Finding Refuge in America

The United States, began taking in some refugees from Europe having earlier escaped from the Nazi menace, and by others fleeing the terror resulting from the Battle of Britain, as was evidenced by these news stories, and captioned photographs:

Nazi Refugees From Europe Start Life Anew In Iowa

West Brach, Iowa—Far from the battlefields that once were their homes, a number of European refugees are rebuilding their lives here in the quiet of the Scattergood War Refugee hostel.

Fifty men and women have entered the hostel to prepare for life in this country since 24 year-old John Kaltenbach took over the old Quaker boarding school a year ago to give refugees from European oppression a new chance in a new world.

As soon as they have been taught to serve usefully in this country, they leave the hostel to take up their lives, where they left off when forced to flee from persecution.

"We have former factory managers, judges, attorneys, and other professional men, all banned because somewhere they were of Jewish extraction. It took nothing more than a great-grandmother or father to do it," Kaltenbach said.

The occupants work in gardens, take care of tasks in the hostel, study English, economics and other such subjects and engage in any other work useful in their little community.

Many of them still have relatives in Europe.

Representative of the group is a Russian émigré from Germany. A soldier of the czar during the World war, he was captured by the Germans. After the revolution in Russia, he remained in Berlin rather than live under a Communist government.

He became a Berlin representative of an American motion picture company and became moderately successful. Then the purge separated him from his family and eventually brought him to the US and to Iowa. [July 26, 1940, Page Three.]

Photograph: Refugee British Kids Find Safe Haven in America

A group of refugee British children are shown after their arrival in New York city. These youngsters are more fortunate than thousands more in England who, because of a shortage of shipping facilities cannot be brought over immediately. The refugee children will be cared for by friends and relatives in America. The United States Commission for the Care of European Children is in charge of arrangements for placing the youngsters in American homes. [August 16, 1940, Page Two]

News Item: Refugees Like US, But Not Fire Siren

Willow Springs, MO—The four young Britishers staying with their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Armstrong, for the duration of the war think this country is “swell.”

Their only complaint is that the fire department’s noon whistle sends them scurrying in search of an air raid shelter. [August 30, 1940, Page Three.]

Photo: A Wee Bonnie

Safe from the Nazi blitzkrieg, six year old Yvonne McNish is glad to be in the US. The possessor of a genuine Edinburgh Scotch “burr,” she is one of 138 child refugees who arrived recently from Great Britain. [October 4, 1940, Page Two] Photo: World War

Debt Repaid Tiny British war refugee, Diana Long, finds a new pal in “Mickey” [a black and white dog] and a foster home with Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Vanderpool of Chicago. Thus is repaid a debt incurred in the first World war when Diana’s grandmother nursed

Vanderpool and two of his pals, war vets, back to health. [October 25, 1940, Page Three]

News Item: Army Clears Canal Zone By Shipping 134 Aliens

Cristobal C. Z. —US army authorities have cleared the Panama Canal Zone of all known illegal residents today, shipping 134 of them to Ellis Island, New York, aboard the Army transport, American Legion.

Those leaving included 81 who several weeks ago erroneously were termed “foreign agents” in an announcement from Washington. Jewish Welfare society officials said guarantees were posted for entry of the refugees, most of whom were stranded in Panama when countries to which they were bound changed their immigration rules while they were en route.

There still were some aliens employed in the Canal Zone, officials said, but they have Panamanian legal status and thus are not subject to the army’s roundup. [October 25, 1940, Page Three]

News Item: British Mother in US Sprints at Fire Siren

Litchfield, Conn—Neighbors looked amazed as Mrs. J. Matthews began sprinting towards her three children when the fire siren emitted its shrill blasts. Then, they recalled that she was a refugee from England.

“Every time I hear a siren, I think I am back in England, and it’s an air raid alarm,” she said. [November 7, 1940, Page Two]

Photo: British Refugees From War

One thousand refugees which arrived in Miami from Britain recently are shown being unpacked and examined by W. N. Rollason and C. B. Jackson, nurserymen. The “refugees” are priceless orchid plants which were sent out of the war zone because a bomb could have ended strains which had required generations to produce. [December 13, 1940, Page Three]

News Item: Smuggling by Refugees Presents New Problem

Philadelphia- Philadelphia customs officials and the coast guard are guarding the Delaware river from Philadelphia to the Breakwater against alleged diamond smuggling by war refugees. [December 27, 1940, Page Seven]

Customs officials refused to comment but it was reported that refugees from The Netherlands and northern France are flooding the US diamond markets with valuable uncut diamonds.

In this summary of a Kathleen Norris column, the plight of child refugees was also addressed:

Summary: Child Refugees by Kathleen Norris

Child refugees sent from England to America for safety offer this country the greatest opportunity in history to promote international friendship. Kathleen Norris warns that it is terribly important that these children receive unusually kind and considerate treatment. They are living in a foreign land among total strangers with different customs. After all, she points out, they are only children with children's temperament, ill manners and homesickness. [October 11, 1940, Page Three] **Alien Registration In The United States**

Although welcoming to a small number of refugees, America, as part of its national preparedness program, enforced a system for alien registration of foreign residents. To assist in this process, The *Valley News* published a series of articles explaining the steps involved to its foreign born readers:

Alien Registration Starts at Post Offices

Having blank form for aliens to fill out in connection with the federal requirement that all aliens in the country register and be fingerprinted, post office authorities here said that aliens residing in this district are already applying in increasing numbers for these forms.

There is no charge in connection with the registration and fingerprinting. It was emphasized that registration must be completed in four months.

The forms call for the answering under oath of 15 questions. [August 23, 1940, Page One.]

Aliens Can Get Blanks From Post Offices

According to Postmaster Arne Madsen aliens can get blank forms at the post offices in the valley to fill out, in the national registration that is now in progress.

A government official will be here in October for the finger-printing and registration. [August 30, 1940, Page One]

Postmaster Requests Aliens Report Prior to Registration, Oct. 17

For the convenience of aliens in this community who must register before December 26, 1940, the post office at Solvang has made arrangement with the authorities at Santa Barbara, Calif. To come to the Solvang post office Oct. 17, for the purpose of registering those who may desire this service.

In order that authorities at Santa Barbara may know approximately how many registrations to prepare for, it is requested that all persons desiring to register that day, report to Arne M. Madsen, postmaster, not later than Oct. 12. [Friday, September 27, 1940, Page One.]

18 Aliens Registered At Solvang Office

Fifteen adult aliens and three minors registered and were finger printed at the Solvang post office according to Postmaster Arne Madsen. In Gaviota and Buellton, 32 were registered yesterday. The government registrar reported registering 2300 in Santa Barbara.

The registration in the valley was not completed as there was a shortage of forms and another day will be set, when the registrar will be here. [October 11, 1940, Page One.]

Alien Registration To be Completed In Valley Today

S. N. Smoot of the Santa Barbara post office will be in the valley today (Saturday) to complete registration of local aliens. According to his schedule, he will be at the Los Olivos post office at 11 a. m. at the Santa Ynez post office from 1:30 to 3:00, and at the Solvang post office from 3:30 on.

Aliens from Buellton who have not registered may come to the Solvang post office this afternoon and take care of the matter. [November 7, 1940, Page One]

Alien Registration To End December 26; Penalties Will Follow

Alien registration will end on December 26 and all non-citizens who have not yet registered are warned that severe penalties will follow failure to comply with this federal law.

All aliens, 14 years of age and older must register in person and be fingerprinted. Alien children, under 14, must be registered by their parents or guardians. Registrations take place at the post offices. There is no charge of any kind connected with alien registration. The Department of Justice warns aliens to beware of racketeers.

The Post Office Department and the Department of Justice will willingly assist the alien in every possible way.

Earl G. Harrison, director of alien registration of the Department, suggests that those aliens who have not yet registered do so as soon as possible and avoid the Christmas rush at the post offices.

All aliens are also warned that, having registered, they are required to report any change in their permanent residence address within five days to the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the Department of Justice in Washington. Forms for this purpose are obtainable at all post offices.

No alien need be unprepared for the questions he will be asked. Sample registration forms which show him exactly what information he will need at registration are available in all post offices. [November 29, 1940, Page One]

The Red Cross

The American Red Cross, after the Fall of France, recognized that a massive fund raising program would be required to provide necessary items in war torn countries overseas and made a plea to residents of the Santa Ynez Valley:

Red Cross Buys Products for War Needy

The American Red Cross has announced an agreement has been reached with the Department of Agriculture for the purchase of American surplus food products at one-half the market price for shipment to France on the Red Cross "Mercy Ship" early in June. The first order as for:

5, 881,000 pounds of wheat flour

1,240,000 pounds of corn meal

750,000 pounds of lard

800,000 pounds of prunes

800,000 pounds of raisins

Chairman Norman H. Davis explained the Red Cross was able to obtain these items at approximately one half the market price through the Export Subsidy provisions of the Surplus Commodities Corporation of the Department of Agriculture. These provisions, Mr. Davis said, made it possible for the Red Cross to get greater agreement which would permit the Red Cross to give more relief in this and subsequent shipments.

Make Contributions Thru Red Cross Rather Than Other Unknown Agencies

The following telegram was received here by John Frame, local Red Cross chairman from Norman H. Davis, National Chairman of the Red Cross regarding distribution of funds gathered in emergency drive now on.

The telegram reads:

"The funds received by the National Organization will be used wholly and exclusively for War Relief. No part of them will be applied toward the support of the normal program and expenditures of the Red Cross."

Signed Norman H. Davis, Chairman National Red Cross

The quota for the Santa Ynez Valley is \$500 of which \$100 has been subscribed. Leave contributions at John Frame's office, the Santa Ynez Valley Bank or at the News Office. [June 14, 1940, Page One.]

In June, the newspaper printed two articles highlighting local efforts made by the Red Cross to recruit volunteers to assist in war relief projects:

Materials for Red Cross Workers Now On Hand Here

According to Jeannette Davison, chairman of the Red Cross refugee garment workers, the materials are here to start work on garments. Anyone willing to help can come to the Janin building next week in the afternoons. All materials will be furnished. [June 21, 1940, Page One]

More Help Wanted For Red Cross

The Santa Ynez valley chapter of the American Red Cross reports that it is making headway in the sewing and knitting begun done for war refugees.

Temporary headquarters have been installed in the Janin building in Solvang. All supplies for the valley are kept there. The Red Cross rooms are open every afternoon, except Sunday, from 2 to 5 pm.

The women in Buellton are making a record for themselves by taking half the present allotment of yarn knitting. There is, however, a lack of volunteers to do the sewing.

It is hoped that the high school girls who are enjoying the freedom of their vacation time will be generous and volunteer their services for as many hours as they can manage.

These are very busy times and we all have plenty to do but this Red Cross work is extremely important. Every woman in the valley who can sew is urged to present herself at the sewing rooms and volunteer to help those who cannot help themselves.

The need is very great. Please may it never be said that the women of the Santa Ynez Valley were too busy to lend a helping hand to eliminate the suffering that is present in the world today. In thankfulness for our own safety, let us be merciful.

Jeannette Davison [June 28, 1940, Page One]

National Defense Becomes Local

In addition to providing volunteer efforts in various overseas war relief programs, Santa Barbara County began organizing for Civilian Defense:

Defense Council Organized in County

County organized a defense council Tuesday at a meeting of men representing all sections of the county.

Officers of the newly formed council are: Dr. Henry J. Ullman, lieutenant colonel in the medical reserve, chairman; Dr. Marvin Andrews, Santa Maria, Vice-chairman; Sydney A. McFarland of Santa Barbara, secretary; Buell Hammett of Santa Barbara, treasurer; E. D. Solari of Carpinteria, H. E. Denton of Santa Maria, L. L. Ross of Solvang, T. M. Parks of Lompoc, executive committee. General William Lassiter and Herbert E. Weyler of Santa Barbara, advisory committee, which will be expanded.

The program of the council, it was announced, will be concerned primarily with the direction and co-ordination of all defense activities in the county, with particular reference to home guard measures. The council will work under law enforcement agencies and in collaboration with the Southern California Defense Council, the army, the navy, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. [June 28, 1940, Page One]

Under the direction of the American Legion, the Santa Ynez Valley initiated its own plans for civilian defense:

Discuss Home Defense At Regular Meeting of American Legion Post

The American Legion Post held its regular meeting Tuesday at which time home defense was made the matter of discussion. The committee, Paul Squibb, Dr. Edgar Smith, and Jack Ross will study the plan of organization. [August 9, 1940, Page One]

National Preparedness

Throughout 1940, the *Valley News* covered many aspects of national defense and the need for military preparedness. In order to support the growth in manufacturing, infrastructure improvements were also given high priority. Additionally, rural electrification projects would be necessary to improve agricultural productivity. The *News* reported a story on this subject which would eventually become essential to the Manhattan project with the establishment of the Oak Ridge, Tennessee atomic energy fuel processing plant.

Photo: Power for America's Defense Preparedness

Wilson dam, one of the great hydro-electric power producers of the Tennessee valley, is an important unit of the 10 that can produce 1,700,000 horsepower of electricity for America's defense. As the lakes above the TVA dams are completed, speedboat racing has become a fad. Seven regattas have already been held this summer. Pretty Pat Poore, shown, will be "Miss TVA" in Chattanooga's Labor day celebration. Two hundred cities in the seven states of the valley are will unite for the four-day program. [September 20, 1940, Page Two]

In order to pay for the national defense and military preparedness, taxes would need to be raised:

Motorists Will Pay Share For Defense In Increased Taxes

Increases in Federal automotive taxes enacted to help finance the national defense program became effective July 1.

The raise in rates and continuation of the Federal automotive taxes were enacted by Congress for a five-year period, reports the Automobile Club of Southern California in a review of the new tax rates. The automobile excise tax is payable by automobile manufacturers on their price to dealers. It is presumed that this tax will be added to the retail sales price of new cars and equipment affected. The old and new rates are as follows:

Automobiles: 3% ----3 ½ %

Trucks, tractors 2%---2 ½ %

Parts, accessories 2%----2 ½%

Gasoline (gallon) 1cent ----1 ½ half cents

Lubricating oil (gallon) 4 cent ---4 ½ cents

Tires (lbs): 2 ¼ cents—2 ½ cents

Tubes (lb) 4 cents – 4 ½ cents [July 12, 1940 Page One]

With national defense and military preparedness in mind, an article was published in very late 1940 that addressed another infrastructure issue, the suitability of the existing American highway system:

News Item: Highways Suitable for War Needs

Demand for 'Super' Roads Doesn't Exist, Army Experts Report

Washington—Army and government officials believe the US has no need for 'superhighways' for rapid movement of newly created streamlined army divisions and that the present highway system, constructed for normal commercial traffic, is adequate for the nation's defense.

The War department has laid out a 75,000 mile strategic system of highways reaching into every state that will be needed if MDay (mobilization day) comes. The public roads administration is surveying this system and believes that a major portion of it can be utilized with only minor preliminary improvements.

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson stated that "the war department has found that highways constructed for commercial purposes and internal development substantially fill national defense needs."

Chairman Wilburn Cartwright of the house committee on roads observed the plan is "not to build a lot of new highways on a grand scale."

“Military requirements would impose no standards for roads or bridges superior to those that would be required for the accommodation of normal commercial traffic,” Cartwright said.

Speed is Essential

Col. W. C. Caples, army engineer corps, in a magazine article said that in open warfare all supplies must eventually reach the troops by road . . .

“Either a nation must construct its roads in time of peace or have its military operations hampered by the necessity of waiting for road construction during campaigns,” Caples said.

The army’s modern division, patterned after the German “Panzer division,” will comprise more than 13,000 vehicles and can be moved 300 miles in 14 hours—if adequate roads are available. The old non-mechanized division covered 20 miles in a long day’s march.

To provide for mass movements under modern warfare, the standards of construction for roads of military priority as recommended by the war department are as follows:

Surface—hard surface capable of supporting 9,000 pound wheel load on pneumatic tires.

Width—minimum of 20 feet. Bridges to be 4 feet excess of approach roads.

Bridge load capacity, grade, curvature, clearance and sight distance standards similar to those recommended by the public roads administration.

H-Day Designated

Referring to the PBA, survey of existing highway facilities, the National highway users conference stated that 40,000,000 operators of the US 30,000,000 motor vehicles “are willing to share the cost of improvements that may be needed for normal traffic requirements. But highways built for strictly military purposes should be paid for out of defense funds.”

“The greatest handicap to a full and effective use of the highways in the national defense program,” the conference said, “lies in the lack of uniformity in state laws and regulations governing sizes and weights of vehicles, load limits, equipment requirements and other barriers. . .

“Highway improvements for defense would be greatly expedited if instead of diverting upward of \$200,000,000 annually for other causes, all highway users’ revenue were devoted to road purposes.”

The conference has designated H-Day as “America’s highway mobilization day.” When it comes, troops, equipment, and supplies will move over the highways for national defense to make its predecessor, M-Day, a success, the conference believes. [December 13, 1940, Page Three]

In an interview conducted months earlier with John H. Jouett, president of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America, he described steps to increase the capacity of the 45 domestic plane manufacturing plants including, Douglas, Vultee, Lockheed, North America, Consolidated and Boeing to produce the number identified by the President which included operating these plants on a 24-hour basis. At this time, sixty-five per cent of the airplane production was in Southern California. The president of Douglas Aircraft, the largest of the aircraft companies, Donald W. Douglas was quoted in this article as saying, quite confidently, “We can do it.” His enthusiastic response exactly resembled the slogan that would be printed on the famous 1942 wartime poster now associated with “Rosie the Riveter.” [June 21, 1940, Page Three.]

The development of the aircraft industry in Southern California can be seen by items published in the August of 1940 seeking employment recruits for training and employment in the aircraft manufacturing industry:

Advertisement: 50,000 Airplanes

Offers Unusual Opportunities Right Now!

Get ready immediately for employment in tremendous airplane building program. Find out today how you can qualify for Advancement and Security in War or Peace times as an airplane builder. Day and night training, 125 men place past 30 days. Write or see Mr. S. S. Turner, P. O. Box 253 Santa Barbara, Calif. [August 2, 1940, Page 10.]

United Aircraft Representative Here

P. L. King, representing the United Aircraft School of Inglewood, was a business caller in the valley Wednesday on matters of contacting local young men to train for airplane workers. See his announcement in this issue. [August 30, 1940, Page One.] Young Men, Wanted NOW

For the following positions in aircraft factories:

Riveters, Metal Fitters, Sheet Metal Men, Welders

The United Aircraft School of Inglewood, Calif. Is training and placing men NOW. Small payment down, balance after employment. Call or write at once to P. L. King, District representative, 9W. Figureroa Street, Santa Barbara, Calif. Phone 4989. [August 30, 1940, Page Eight]

The unintended consequence of the attractive employment opportunities in California aircraft factories and the naval shipyards, along with subsequent volunteer military recruitment and later compulsory conscription, would eventually create a significant labor shortage in the state's agricultural regions including the Santa Ynez Valley.

With the increase in funding for military hardware, the *Valley News* published two syndicated articles in August discussing the use of other types of aircraft currently being contemplated:

News Item: US Navy May Adopt Dirigibles As Aircraft Carriers

Washington—The navy department has indicated a complete re-examination of lighter-than-air craft as a military weapon, including the possible use of dirigibles as “flying aircraft carriers.”

Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, who is probably the nation's best-known lighter-than-air craft expert and a survivor of one of the world's worst dirigible disasters, has been assigned to the office of the secretary of the navy to investigate all phases of the question.

Despite the series of disasters that have overtaken airships of this type in the US and other countries some experts believe the dirigible has not been given a full opportunity to prove its value.

At a hearing of the senate naval affairs committee, former Secretary Charles Edison said he felt not enough work and research had been done on lighter-than-air craft “to prove anything.”

In response to questions from committeemen, Edison said he “most emphatically” believed this country could develop dirigibles as aircraft carriers.

He admitted that the big “sky liners” were vulnerable to attack, but he expressed the belief they were not more so than surface aircraft carriers. The flying carrier, he pointed out, could seek protection behind clouds and would be considerable faster than “ship” carriers.

The navy at present has no rigid lighter-than-air craft. All aircraft of this type met disastrous ends with the exception of the Los Angeles, which was decommissioned. The Shenandoah, Akron and Macon all crashed with considerable loss of life. [August 23, 1940, Page Two]

News Item: Army Officers Test Helicopter

Machine Has Possibilities in Military, Commercial Aircraft Roles

Bridgeport, CT—Indications that the US army air corps may challenge German development of a vertically-rising rotary wing aircraft were advanced here when two army air corps officers from Wright field, Dayton, Ohio, tested and observed Igor Sikorsky's helicopter.

Capt. H. Franklin Gregory, who was accompanied here by Lieut. Victor B. Haughen, made two flights of five minutes each in Sikorsky's experimental aircraft. He is the only person, aside from the inventor, to fly the machine and is believed to be the first US army pilot to fly one.

Pleased by the Flight

Flying alone—the helicopter is a one-man machine—he slowly opened the throttle to the 100 horsepower motor and the triplebladed air-screw revolved faster and faster. Then, after he pulled a lever which changed the pitch of the blades on the airscrew, the ship rose vertically to an altitude of 20 feet. In his brief flights he demonstrated the ability of the plane to move forward and backward and rise and land vertically.

Later, Mr. Sikorsky made a demonstration flight and reached an altitude of 100 feet.

"The demonstration by Mr. Sikorsky showed the helicopter to act, in and every respect, satisfactorily to the normal operation of an aircraft of this type," Captain Gregory said. "I think its possibilities are great, both in commercial and military fields."

Captain Gregory said he was greatly impressed by the ease with which the helicopter can be controlled. There is no need for basic changes in its construction, he said. The officer plans to return for further flights.

The two officers flew here in the morning from Dayton and took off for their return trip early in the afternoon.

Used for Observation

Recent reports from European battlefields, indicated that Germany has employed helicopters as observation craft, and possibly as attack planes. A news account related that a flyer set an aircraft down in a small area within a fort. Germany is known to possess the only successful helicopter in Europe, which can rise vertically from a stationary position to a great altitude and can land in a tiny place.

Mr. Sikorsky was a pioneer in experiments with helicopters, beginning in 1909 in Russia. He is engineering manager of the Vought-Sikorsky division of the United Aircraft corporation. Capt. Boris Sergievsky, of the Helicopter Corporation of America, recently flew a helicopter built by the late Dr. George de Bothezat, a pioneer in rotary-wing aircraft. At the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Pennsylvania, an English born aeronautical engineer, W. Laurence Le Page, is building a helicopter. [August 30, 1940, Page Three]

In addition to the construction of aircraft for military purposes, America accelerated its shipbuilding to fulfill needs for the merchant marine as well as the US Navy. The newspaper printed an informative article about the many features of battleships, to accommodate the naval personnel numbering over 1000 officers and sailors residing in a floating town. [September 6, 1940, Page Two.] A photograph printed on the same page found the president viewing an example of the national effort of military preparedness:

Photo: Preparedness is Speeding Ahead, Says F. D. R.

Visiting the US naval stations, aerial and ship yards in the Norfolk, VA, area, and the naval and army bases in the Hampton Roads, VA, area, President Roosevelt expressed his pleasure over the advancing state of armament preparations. At left, the President is shown some 37 millimeter anti-aircraft shells by Lieut. E. H. Walter at Fort Monroe. At right, the President is shown arriving at the Norfolk navy yard with his naval aide, Capt. Daniel J. Callaghan. The presidential yacht Potomac is in background. [September 6, 1940, Page Two]

Further emphasizing the concerns of military preparedness from a local perspective, the *News* ran a story on October 4, 1940 on Page One:

US May Include Valley On National Defense Program

The Santa Ynez Valley has been included in the list of tentative allocations for airport development and amounts of \$85,000 which it is said comes under the six year program.

While no details have been divulged regarding what the government proposes to do eventually in the Santa Ynez Valley, it is thought that landing fields and radio beams for guidance of the planes will be made.

The list which includes places all up and down the coast, represents the findings of a nation-wide survey and was compiled as a basis for a six year long-range program of airport construction. It covers some 4000 projects that would cost \$500,000,000 whereas the program now before Congress will not exceed a few hundred fields.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration has made no detailed plans for work on any airports, Connolly said. When the \$8,000,000 airport program now before Congress is passed, the list will be studied by army and navy experts to determine a "priority list" from which will be taken the names of the fields to be improved or constructed.

It was pointed out that the federal government, under the present program, will neither buy land or construct buildings, but will spend its funds solely on grading, draining, paving or runways and lighting and navigation aids.

The Santa Ynez Valley work will depend, of course, under the circumstances, on its relative importance to the national defense program.

It should be noted, however, that plans for a Valley airport would not be implemented until after the coming war. Santa Barbara County air bases were constructed in Goleta and Santa Maria.

A lengthy syndicated news item published under the title, "US Navy is Called Best in World" and subtitled: "Men Who Know Say Fleet Has More Ships Than That of Any Other" evaluated the current strength of the United States Navy and was projected to be twice the size of the British Royal Navy. Possessing only two fewer battleships than the combined fleets of the Axis nations and, six more aircraft carriers than those three powers, along with more cruisers than any single one of these countries, it was argued that the American Navy was highly competitive. Only in submarines, would Germany be superior. The United States had 103 submarines with plans to build 82 more, while Germany had 120 and with intentions to construct 180 more.

Our navy had 15 battleships, the oldest being 27 years old and the youngest is 16 years old. This type of ship, considered essential for naval bombardment, could fire eight tons of TNT from 15 to 20 miles in a rate of three loads per minute.

Next to the battleship, the cruiser ranked next, as a powerful fighting sea craft and America had 37, divided between heavy and light classes. Britain also had 37, and was constructing 23 more. Japan had 44 with plans to build 6 more. To supplement her fleet, the United States with 48 more cruisers in production.

The destroyer class had 15 and was constructing 170, while Britain had 172 and 18 more on the schedule. Japan had 135 and was building 11 more. Italy had 120 and was producing 12 more. Germany had 47 with an unknown number in production. [December 27, 1940, Page Seven]

In an effort to assist in national preparedness, inventors, both professional and amateur were asked to contribute their technological ideas in service to their country through the National Council of Inventors. This article, printed during the month of October, described innovative efforts made during the past war and the contributions provided by America's most notable inventor, Thomas Alva Edison:

News Item: Inventors Turning to War Devices

National Council Mustered to Develop New Ways to Aid Defense

Washington—Patterned after an agency which turned up dozens of devices for use in the World war, among them a mystery weapon which is still being kept secret, the National Council of Inventors is mustering some of the keenest inventive brains in the country into a search for new tools for the army and navy.

From their research laboratories in every part of the country dozens of scientists, long schooled in the patient and painstaking work of tracking down peacetime inventions, have sent offers to the government to help devise more efficient equipment for war.

In addition to the skilled inventors, the aid of amateurs is being enlisted —and the general call for ideas has brought on a brainmatching contest which already is bringing several hundred defense suggestions a day into the offices of the council.

The council is modeled in many ways after the naval consulting board of the US, which functioned under the direction of the late Thomas Alva Edison during the World war. He was responsible personally for the development of more than a dozen devices which were used then and have been used more widely since.

Studies of 1929 Recalled.

Lloyd N. Scott, late captain of the army, who acted as liaison officer to the board and the war committee of technical societies, said after a study of its work in 1929:

“Everyone expected that the board would evolve some invention that would conquer the Central Powers with one fell swoop, and had the war lasted another year, an important and confidential device probably would have justified this expectation to a degree at least; and other devices evolved by the board, such as wireless controlled bombs, devices for the automatic introduction of all the factors in the aiming of machine guns on airplanes, as well as others, gave promise of such results.”

Captain Scott gave no clue to what the mystery weapon may have been. Nor is it discussed with any more expansiveness nowadays. One official said he knew of the weapon and that it was being further developed and perfected. At that point he quit talking.

Wireless-controlled bombs are no longer a secret. Nor is it a secret that the defense forces have a flying bomb which will track down an enemy airman without so much as his name and address. All it has to do is hear him and it follows the sound of the plane.

Edison's Aides Solved Problems.

Most of the inventions came from the experts on the naval consulting board, and many of these after they had been asked to find the answer to some particular problem. Edison and the engineers in his employ made 34 different studies.

He worked out a method of detecting a submarine from a moving vessel, of turning a ship quickly to dodge a torpedo, of camouflaging ships, of rigging sailing lights which would be visible to convoying craft but could not be seen by submarines, of high speed signaling with searchlights and of putting out fires in coal bunkers, and designed a gas mask and an undersea searchlight.

Two other Edison developments which helped to blaze a path toward present-day efficiency were a direction finder which would spot an approaching plane and the direction from which it was coming by the sound of its engine and an apparatus which would spot the location of hidden guns by their sound. [October 11, 1940, Page Two]

Further information about the role of scientists in the development of substitutes arising from the shortages produced during wartime, was published one week later in the following article:

News Item: American Scientists Prepared To Meet Many Wartime Needs

Can Supply Substitutes for Vital Necessities When Needed

New York—Chemists and chemical engineers of America are ready to provide the country with synthetic substitutes for vital necessities if sources of supply are stopped by further spread of the European war, according to Dr. A. W. Hixson, executive officer of the school of chemical engineering of Columbia university.

“America is on the threshold of a great development in synthetic rubber,” he said. “Manufacturers are prepared to produce a synthetic rubber, for some purposes superior to that made from natural rubber.”

“When the country needs synthetic rubber, “He declared confidently, “we will have it.”

Referring to Nylon, a synthetic silk successfully used for the manufacture of women's hosiery, he said that its use and that of similar synthetics would spread to a much wider field.

Synthetic Textiles

“It is not impossible, he continued, “that men will be wearing synthetic neckties, shirts, underclothing and suits. And this is true of another synthetic textile, being made from glass.”

Regarding manganese, the element imported largely from Russia, he said that a considerable source of supply had been uncovered and was under process of development in Cuba. Manganese is used largely in the steel industry to toughen and harden metals.

“Closing of the tungsten mines of China has turned the attention of American chemical engineers to our own deposits,” he said. “They are of lower grade and produced at higher cost. But developments are expected.”

He said that he was impressed with German chemical research in 1938 when he visited that country. He heard that laboratory tests of some synthetic German rubber tires attained mileages up to 200,000 miles.

“I took those figures with a grain of salt,” he said, “but the Germans have accomplished things through necessity. American chemists, however, are as competent as any in the world and the administration of our chemical research is as progressive as any in the world. I would say that this country leads in all fields of chemical research.”

Dr. Hixson, widely considered an authority in his field, inferred that a tin can was not a tin can.

“A tin can is made of iron of low carbon content with a very thin coating of tin plate,” he stated.

“Chemical research has developed a successful plastic which can be used for plating purposes.” Pointing out that not only is the US supply of tin threatened but that of quinine also, he said.

Quinine and Tin

“Quinine is one of our most important drugs. I believe malaria would take charge of the country if it were not for quinine. We have developed compounds with similar medicinal properties. American chemists have been working on these compounds for years.”

He said that chemical research took plentiful and simple substances, such as coal, air, water and petroleum and constructed them into consumer requirements in a wide variety of products.

“Our profession has raised the standard of living more than any other in the world,” he explained.

Dr. Hixson was reluctant to speak extensively on war gas development. He said that chemists however, have kept abreast of all European developments in this field, and indicated that new and far more toxic gases—one that stops the heart instantly—have been developed.

Dr. Hixson developed high explosives for the US war department in the last war. [October 18, 1940, Page Two]

Two months later, in December, the Valley News published a more sobering view of the national need for sufficient natural resources in view of the changing global situation.

News Item: US Faces Shortage of War Materials

Experts Say it Would Take Three Years to Get Needed Supply

Washington—Uncle Sam won’t have to requisition aluminum pots and pans from the nation’s kitchens in event of war—as Britain did—but he’s much less fortunate with regard to some other vital raw materials.

Defense authorities estimate it may take three years for this country to acquire stock piles of some so-called strategic and critical materials adequate to a wartime demand, despite the progress already made in that direction.

If the US should become involved in war in the meantime, strict conservation and distribution control measures and the wider use of substitutes almost certainly would be necessary in the case of some of the minerals for which this country is dependent upon foreign sources.

Of the 29 commodities which the army-navy munitions board lists as strategic and critical, officials indicated they are chiefly concerned about things which the man in the street takes for granted, such as rubber, quinine, mica, chromium, tin, tungsten, and manganese.

Kaleidoscopic changes wrought by the war already have interfered with the normal supply of those and other materials.

Need Tin and Rubber

Army experts, keeping a constant watch on the shifting military and political tides abroad, report for instance, that the French island of Madagascar, source of some of the world’s best mica for electrical insulation, has quit exporting to this country, the neutrality

act and the cost of war-risk insurance has virtually quadrupled the expense of bringing chromium ore from Turkey, where the best grade ore is obtained.

Thus far, Japan's penetration of French Indo-China has not affected the relatively small shipments of tin and rubber from that country, but informed sources emphasized the situation would be vastly different if Japan should attempt to blockade those two essential products as well as the tungsten coming from nearby Malaya.

For military reasons, precise figures as to the size of the growing reserves of the various materials are being withheld, but Edward R. Stettinius Jr., in charge of the defense commission's materials division, reported six weeks after taking office that surveys offered reliable indications that adequate supplies would be available for defense industries as needed.

On the other hand, army sources forecast that if the existing situation with regard to chromium ore, important to the manufacture of armor plate and armor-piercing projectiles, continues, the US would be in "bad shape" on that score in about a year and a half. Domestic production of the ores is insignificant.

Not all the items on the strategic and critical lists are so well known.

There is, for instance, charcoal made from coconut shells. It has long been considered the best absorbent filling for gas mask canisters. The munitions board reported, however, that "great progress" has been made in the development of satisfactory substitutes from domestic materials which are abundantly available. [December 20, 1940, Page Three]

Military Preparedness and The Draft

When war was officially declared in Europe in 1939, the United States did not have conscription. In an effort to promote volunteer military service, a recruitment effort began in June of 1940:

Local Recruiting Board Selected for Santa Ynez Valley

The US Government is contemplating increasing the armed forces of the US by means of a voluntary enlistment plan. The plan, if inaugurated, will be put in operation in every state in the Union, and will be executed by an organization in every county of the state. The plan calls for a County Chairman, whose duty it is to form a County Staff comprised of the following: Publicity Director, Recruiting Director, Medical Director, Transportation Director, and Administrative Assistant. This staff will in turn create necessary Recruiting Boards where needed throughout the county and provide for Medical Examiners and Transportation facilities. The work of all members of the staff and their assistants and all members of the Recruiting Board is and will be without compensation.

The Adjutant General has appointed Judge C. Douglas Smith as Chairman of the County. The staff as comprised of the following: Publicity Director, Marion Winn; Recruiting Director, Col. J. H. Barnard; Medical Director, Dr. George R. Luton; Transportation Director, P. E. P. Brine; and Administrative Assistant, Col. George L. Hamilton.

In the Santa Ynez Valley, the recruiting board will be John Frame, chairman; L. L. Ross, Walter Hanson, H. H. Davis, Paul Squibb, and Dr. Edgar D. Smith. [June 28, 1940, Page One]

After the fall of France, William Bruckart in his national opinion column raised the possibility of a draft being a subject for election year debate:

Compulsory Military Training To Be Live Topic in Campaign

Nothing More Vital as a National Policy Has Come Over the Horizon in Long Time; Might Destroy Morale of Army

Washington—Since it is apparent that the question of compulsory military training is certain to become a much discussed subject during the coming presidential campaigns.

I think it may be well to delve into the subject again with the idea of reporting and analyzing recent developments. There was a first flush of heat churned up when President Roosevelt proposed the idea to congress, but that was small potatoes compared with what is coming. And I hope that the topic does become one of the really great issues of a political campaign because nothing more vital as a national policy has come over the horizon in a long, long time.

I sat in the gallery of the senate the other day and listened to half a dozen speeches about the burke bill which seems to carry out approximately what President Roosevelt has in mind about having all boys and girls trained for military service under government compulsion.

Four of those speeches were favorable to the program, but I could not help noting how each one of the senators supporting the idea skated all around the vital points. There was entire lack of foundation in their argument. They appeared to believe such a course as universal training was necessary only because the President had said so. In other words, two-thirds of the argument thus far advanced for universal training has been predicated upon the say-so of somebody else, an argument that permitted the senator or the representative or the member of the President's official family to make a speech and use the words "for our national defense."

National Policy Requires Vast Amount of Thought

It strikes me as quite silly to speak and vote for a national policy as far-reaching as vital, as revolutionary, as this one only because of a wave of hysterical emotion. That, however, is just my opinion. I shall continue to feel, nevertheless, that enactment of legislation that permits a government to take a year or two years out of the lives of any people in peace time requires a vast amount of thought—an amount of thought far greater than the current program has received. And to emphasize my conviction further, I have to urge that what is most needed of all is a clear cut statement from the head of the nation!

In an effort to find out what the army officers would do with the program, I have talked with a great many of them, individually and unofficially. Since I am not trained in the field of military training or strategy, it was necessary that I have fundamentals explained to me.

Perhaps it is a slight exaggeration to say that enactment of a universal compulsory military training program would overwhelm the army. It is not an exaggeration to say, however, that wholesale induction of young men into the military service would present this country with its finest mess in governmental management yet to be observed. In short, the army is not prepared to handle those extra tens of thousands of recruits and, therefore, any move in that direction without preparation from the standpoint of officers and housing and guns for training is simply laying the groundwork for greater waste in the ill-fated PWA, the Passamaquoddy dam and the Florida ship canal rolled into one. It would be comparable to having 10 cowboys handling 100,000 range cattle.

The army knows this fact. The army is trying to expand as rapidly as it can, but the army will be asked to do the impossible if it has thousands upon thousands of men tossed into its lap, with no arrangements for training them.

Would Destroy Morale Of Our Fighting Force

This may be said to be an unimportant argument. I say that it is vital. The reason is that once the army is discredited, as it surely would be, by failure to do its assigned job—because the politicians never would accept the responsibility—then the morale of your fighting force is gone. Any one knows that maintenance of high spirit among a fighting force is the first essential. Moreover, if the army was discredited, smeared, blackened by political attack, who among those willing to enlist will want to be associated with it thereafter? The number would be surprisingly few.

I have omitted reference thus far to the fears that I have concerning the nation's general attitude. Once before, in these columns, I wrote that the fall of every nation, disintegration or its subservience to dictatorship, was preceded by forced training of all civilians. They became the tools of a few leaders and those few leaders eventually were knocked off, even as Hitler and Stalin and Mussolini have done. Yes, I am convinced that universal military training constitutes another and an important step toward dictatorship. It may be called un-American in principle.

Since the war in Europe gave Mr. Roosevelt an excuse to get excited and to spread hysteria throughout the nation, to seek and gain appropriations of \$10,000,000,000 more from congress, this compulsory military training idea has been spawning. It was due to follow the proposals for the sensational expansion of the army and the navy. It was the next and logical step. With plenty of money to spend and no plans for spending it, comes now the program for universal training. Things like that happen when the wedding takes place after a courtship of two days. [July 26, 1940, Page Two]

Countering the negative opinion regarding the military draft that was written by William Bruckart in July, two months later *The Santa Ynez Valley News* presented an opposing view in an editorial dated September 27, 1940. Taking the position in support of conscription, the editor borrowed the rationale espoused since the Great War by the American Legion which had consistently favored military training for teaching young men additional skills such as patriotism, discipline, good habits, healthful living and personal hygiene.

On September 20, 1940, the young men and their families of the Santa Ynez Valley learned some of the details regarding the newly created draft board serving this region:

Draft Board for Northern Part of County Ready to Function

Superior Court Judge C. Douglas Smith announced personnel of the Draft Board for the northern part of Santa Barbara County.

The board will be composed of Deane Laughlin and Dr. W. D. Sink of Santa Maria, Leon A. Roeser of Solvang, and Tom M. Parks of Lompoc with George M. Scott of Santa Maria, designated as an alternate.

The board will be functioning as soon as the president signs the conscription bill, and will handle the registrations of all men between the ages of 21 and 35, who will be subject to the draft on October 15. [September 20, 1940, Page One]

The October 11th edition of the News greeted its readers with this front page headline: "Valley Men to Register Tuesday For Draft Call" accompanied by an article detailing the process of registering young men from 21 to 35 at their voting precincts on October 16:

Valley Men to Register Tuesday for Draft Call

Santa Ynez Valley men from 21 to 35 inclusive will be required to register at their voting precinct on Wednesday, October 16 as the first step in a conscripted army.

Those eligible will report to a neighborhood precinct between 7 am and 4pm on October 16 to fill out a registration card and certificate. Each will be given a number corresponding to the sequence in which he registers. This number will be placed on the card and the certificate.

The registrant will retain the certificate. The card will be forwarded to the local selective service board, located in each county.

When registration is completed, the national director of selective service in Washington will be informed of the number registered in each district. Precinct judges who handled the last election will serve under the direction of county boards.

Ballard precinct: Los Olivos School House, John S. Downs, Ben B. Bumpass, Mrs. Martha L. Davis, Mrs. Ciara M. Sahm, Nellie J. Stonebarger, Mrs. Eteika Downs

Refugio Precinct: Monroe Rutherford home. William H. Wood, Mrs. Annette Hergert, Kinton S. Langlo, Mrs. Libbie Margaret Buhn, Mrs. Florence Erro, Mrs. Alice Flynn

Santa Ynez Precinct: Santa Ynez school house. Gardner Lockwood, Walter F. Parker, Mrs. Dora E. Barrett, Mrs. Edna Craig, Sadie E. Forsyth, Mrs. Palmyra Murphy.

Solvang Precinct: Legion Hall. A. Austed, Mrs. Jeannette B. Davison, Mrs. Hannah Eckenrode, Mrs. Caroline Knudsen, William Hunt, Mrs. Marie Paaske.

Buellton Precinct: Schoolhouse. Mike Flanagan, Mrs. Al. Bodine, Mrs. Harold Mercer, Mrs. Walter Buell.

Assuming that 4000 will be the highest number registered in any one district, in the county, slips with numbers 1 to 4000 will be placed in individual capsules and put into a bowl in Washington.

These capsules will be drawn one at a time from the bowl. All holding numbers corresponding with the ones drawn will receive questionnaires, asking information type of job, marital status, dependents, etc.

The questionnaires will be returned to the local board and classified. The men will be placed in one of the four classes.

Class 1—Those available for immediate service.

Class 2—Those deferred—or excused—temporarily—because of the essential character of their present jobs.

Class 3—Those who should be deferred because of individuals dependent upon their support.

Class 4—Those specifically deferred by terms of the conscription law.

It was estimated of the 16, 500,000 registrants in the US about 5,000,000 will come under class one.

The peacetime draft will fall entirely on those in class 1. They will be selected in the order in which their numbers were drawn from the bowl. Those selected will be examined by a local physician. If accepted and needed to fill the necessary complement of trainees they will be given a final examination by army, navy or marine corps medical officers. Those who pass will be inducted into the service. Registration draft board for this part of the county are, Leon Roeser, Solvang; Tom Parks, Lompoc, and Dean Laughlin of Santa Maria. [October 11, 1940, Page One.]

Although national conscription had not been mandated until the fall of 1940, Americans had previously volunteered to aid in the allied war effort in Europe by driving ambulances and some of these volunteers were taken prisoner as a result of their altruism. On October 11th, the *Valley News* carried a news item on Page Two about Louis Wehrle, of Fort Wayne Indiana who was a former American volunteer ambulance driver:

News Item: War Prisoner Loses 66 Pounds in Three Months

Vichy France—Louis Wehrle of Fort Wayne, IN, former American volunteer ambulance driver who said he lost 66 pounds during his three-month confinement in a German prison camp, arrived here with another captured volunteer, Murray Shipley of Cincinnati.

The two were captured after German parachute troops dropped around them in northern France in mid-May. They were held at Hoyerswerda, near Dresden, along with two others, Alfred Raymond of Chicago and Marcus Clark of Hollywood. All were released August 23.

In the same prison, Wehrle said, were 6,000 French officers, including all officers belonging to the seventh and ninth French armies. Approximately 20,000 other French prisoners and 4,000 Belgians passed through the camp en route to work in labor gangs in Germany. "The food wasn't so good, but there were no complaints about our treatment," Wehrle said. "We got ersatz (substitute) coffee five times weekly, a porridge made of corn-flour weekly. Other meals included potato and cabbage soup, black bread, sometimes codfish, but very rarely meat. On that diet, I lost 66 pounds in three months."

Prior to the official date of draft registration, October 15, 1940, the first advertisement from the US Army, using the iconic image of Uncle Sam, pointing his finger and inviting young men, to enlist voluntarily, was published four days earlier on the 11th on Page Seven:

Advertisement: US Army

I Want You [Uncle Sam is pointing his finger]

Experience, Adventure, Travel Await You Qualifications

1. Single, US Citizen of good character between ages of 18 and 35 without dependents and in good physical condition.
2. Vacancies exist now for service in Hawaii, Panama, Philippines, and the USA.

Earn—Learn

Men undecided on their life's work should discuss their problems with the Army recruiting Officer. Every branch presents opportunities to learn worthwhile things.

Contact the Nearest US Army Recruiting Office

The front page of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* for the following week provided additional details on the implementation of the draft registration program in Santa Barbara County:

309 Register in Valley For Draft Call

There were 309 between the ages of 21 and 35 who registered in the valley on Wednesday for the conscription. Buellton lead the list with 99, Solvang, 91, Los Olivos 58, and Santa Ynez 61. Santa Barbara County registered 9, 838 men.

The first draft is scheduled for November 18.

Arden Jensen took all the draft registrations from the valley towns to the court house Wednesday night. [October 18, 1940, Page One]

Following the registration, the draft lottery was conducted on October 30, 1940. The next edition of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* described this event and its immediate impact on local young men on Page One:

Nationwide "Numbers" Game Tags 13 Local Young Men This Week

The heap of light blue capsules in the big fish bowl in Washington finally dwindled down to nothing in the early hours of Wednesday morning, as the last of the 9000 was drawn and its number recorded along with its fellows. Almost 250,000 young men were affected for every minute that passed but officials estimate that the first “1500” effective numbers—the total after throwing out the high numbers which for many districts are blanks—would cover the 800,000 wanted at this time. No. 158 was the first number drawn, affecting no one in the Santa Ynez Valley. Daniel McLelland, son of Mr. and Mrs. McLelland of the Alisal ranch, and employee of the Southern Pacific freight office, came in “second” in that district with No. 105.

Thorolf Thygesen was another holder of 105, the third number applicable to county lists. Other valley young men whose numbers were drawn included Eugene Skinner, Helmer Harkson, Viggo Bruhn, Dr. J. J. Karpeles, Arne Sorensen, Ejvind Sorensen, Angelo Carmago, Hans Peter Katelsen, Milton Muetting, Whitney (Tad) Foss, Joe Miranda, and William Stevens.

The list to date is, of course, unofficially compiled, and changes may be made before it is posted by local boards. The men whose numbers were drawn will be first to receive questionnaires, but this does not necessarily indicate that they will be the first to go into training as exemption or deferment can alter that considerably after the questionnaires to into the various local boards.

The second number drawn was 192; the third 8239.

This draft action is an American reply to dictators making the first step in plans to conscript an army of 4,500,000 men to defend our shores against any aggression. [November 1, 1940, Page One]

An unlikely Hollywood celebrity, Charlie McCarthy, a ventriloquist’s dummy, lent his prestige to America’s military preparedness program:

Photo: Real ‘Wooden Soldier’

Col. Benjamin G. Weir, newly appointed commander of March field, home of the largest air armada west of the Mississippi, is shown as he met Charlie McCarthy and his “friend,” Edgar Bergen. Charlie is Hollywood’s first volunteer in the air corps procurement drive to boost its enlisted strength to 95,000 men. [November 8, 1940, Page Two]

Two weeks later, in its ongoing coverage of the draft situation and its effect on local young men, the *Santa Ynez Valley News* also reported on the creation of a five-member advisory board from the American Legion which included, the *News* publisher, Walter Hanson, to provide assistance with the draft process along with results of the quota which had been instituted for the draft board in District 144:

First Draft Skips Local Registrants: Two Volunteer

With the quota for the first draft of last Monday set at two in District 144, and with those two drawn from Santa Maria and Santa Barbara, local registrants were completely skipped for the present. However, when the second draft call is issued within a few weeks, it will probably reach into the ranks of this area.

Thorolf Thygesen and Earl Rasmussen of Solvang have volunteered for duty, thus beating the draft to the punch. They have received notice of date for physical examinations, and expect to be called sometime after Christmas. Since the national lottery in Washington on October 29, many local boards have received more offers from volunteers than their quotas can absorb.

Mailing of questionnaires started last week, and will continue until all registrants have been classified. Because of the length of the questionnaires, and the variety of questions asked, many registrants are having difficulty in filling out the forms, and it is for the purpose of assisting them that draft advisory boards have been set up. Those in the valley who have volunteered for that purpose include the following American Legion members: L. L. Ross, W. L. Hanson, Don Hanly, Jack Fair, and George Hartley. [November 22, 1940, Page One]

As the war continued in Europe and the draft had been instituted, the American Red Cross in its annual campaign for donations also launched a program to increase its volunteers with this public service announcement:

1940 Call for Red Cross Recruits

Join American Red Cross

The 1940 Poster of the American Red Cross sound the call to the nation to serve humanity within the ranks of this army of mercy.

Keeping step with the boys called to the colors in America's new defense army and navy, will be the American Red Cross, fulfilling its mission of service to the men in the line and to their loved ones at home, Chairman Norman H. Davis announced in Washington.

"Several thousand Red Cross nurses already have been called to the colors," Mr. Davis said, "and Red Cross field directors, and thousands of Red Cross workers in Chapters throughout the nation, are ready to help America's soldiers and sailors with personal problems, just as in the 1917-1918 World War period.

"Every patriotic man and woman in the US, who wants to do his or her share in upholding the national defense of our nation, can do so by sharing in the vitally important work of the Red Cross. Join as a member of the local Chapter during the roll call, November 11 to 30, and through your support you will strengthen the Red Cross army of mercy.

"Recruits are needed not alone as members, but also as volunteer workers in the Red Cross Chapters."

Red Cross work will continue undiminished in its usual domestic program of relief in disaster; community public health nursing; safety education and promotion of the Junior Red Cross. An individual membership supports all of this work, not only in Red Cross Chapters, but in the nation. Relief to war victims in Europe is financed by the \$20,000,000 war relief fund contributed by the public during the summer of 1940. [November 21, 1940, Page Four]

Further draft board news indicated that a Solvang physician was appointed as medical examiner:

Hanze Appointed Local Draft Board Medical Examiner

Dr. H. G. Hanze, of Solvang, has been appointed as local medical examiner for the draft board in this section of District 144. In the future, those draftees in the valley who are requested to undergo physical examinations will go to Hanze for them, rather than going out of the valley.

The second group of draftees will probably be called within ten days or two weeks. [November 29, 1940, Page One]

The possibility of being drafted encouraged wedding plans for one couple, Miss Minnie Petersen, formerly from Solvang, and Harvey Christensen, a resident of San Luis Obispo, who were married in Las Vegas on November 13th. He held the draft number 158 which was first drawn and anticipated being called for training shortly. [November 22, 1940, Page Four and December 6, 1940, Page Four]

During the latter months of 1940, as part of the program for military preparedness, the United States embarked on an ambitious plan to establish a number of new military bases throughout the nation which became especially vigorous after the draft was instituted. California became home to various installations including this one along the Central Coast, as was reported in this news item from Friday, November 8, 1940:

About People You Know

Several Solvang carpenters and their families have moved to San Luis Obispo, where they are helping to build the new army camp. Those who have gone are Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nielsen and son, Mr. and Mrs. Arne Iversen and children. Albert Jensen and Clarence Madsen. [November 8, 1940, Page Four]

Beginning in 1941, Santa Barbara County would eventually serve as the location for Camp Cooke, [now Vandenberg Air Force Base], air bases in Goleta and Santa Maria, a Coast Guard station in Gaviota, and a Naval dirigible station in Lompoc. To prepare for these changes, readers were advised of a conference that would be scheduled at the county seat in January of 1941:

Mission Trail Group To Meet In S. B. Soon

The effect of an influx of tens of thousands of trainees upon cities and communities of the Mission Trails area will be discussed by representatives of the Secretaries of War and Navy at the annual convention of the California Mission Trails in Santa Barbara next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, January 3, 4, and 5.

It has been estimated that 150,000 men will be in training at cantonments in the nine Mission Trails counties by the middle of 1941. Officials of the association, concerned with the possible effect of this increased population upon facilities of the cities and communities, appealed to the two cabinet members.

Both secretaries replied they were vitally concerned with the problem, and chose representatives prepared to enter into discussions of all phases of the matter. Major Harold F. Osborne, USA will represent Secretary of War Stimson, and Lieutenant Commander Thomas Archer Esling, USNR, will represent Secretary of Navy Frank Knox.

The subject will be but one of many on the agenda. The wide variety of topics and their importance is expected to draw a record number of delegates, according to Fred E. Beer, president.

Other speakers will include Charles H. Purcell, builder of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge and currently state highway engineer; W. W. Monahan, 1940 manager of the G. G. I. E. and general manager of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; John B. Long, manager of the California Newspaper Publishers Association; Charles Horrworth, managing director of the Associated Hotels of the West; J. L. Bossemeyer, Pacific Coast director of the US Travel Bureau, and R. P. Hood, chief of the Los Angeles office, Federal Bureau of Identification. [sic] [December 27, 1940, Page One]

In the *Washington Digest* column, now being written by the national news commentator, Hilmar R. Baukhage, serving as a replacement for William Bruckart who had died of a heart attack while playing golf in August, an interview was conducted with C. A. Dykstra, the administrator for the Selective Service:

Washington Digest by Baukhage

National Farm and Home Hour Commentator, Western Newspaper Union

Dykstra Plans Aid to Conscripts Released After Years of Training

Draft Head Strives to Provide for Re-employment; Future of Military Training Program Depends Upon its Effect on First Draftees

The time will soon be over when the boys who wanted to get into the army will be the only ones called—the volunteers for the draft are rapidly being used up. Then it will be the turn of those who have to go whether they want to or not. But Washington isn't worrying about how this last contingent is feeling. What it is worrying about—or at least thinking about—is how the whole “new army” —all the boys who do their one year's hitch — are going to feel when they get out. That is one of the most important things that Uncle Sam has to consider in connection with the entire selective service system and that is why C. A. Dykstra was called to be selective service administrator.

When I sat down in his new office in Washington—which a month ago was a dining room of a flat in an apartment house the war department hastily made over—Mr. Dykstra didn't look any different from the way he did when we sat down for a bull session in the fraternity house back in 1908. He has the same warm, overflowing nature and his face is still its window.

After we'd exchanged a few reminiscences, I said that I supposed he had been chosen to head up the draft chiefly because as president of a great university, he stood for youth. He said he supposed so. Then I asked, “But what are you really here for? This selective service system runs itself, what are you supposed to worry about?” Then, we got to the real meat of the nut.

“The thing we are concerned with,” he answered with that dash of ginger that spices his scholarly thoughtfulness and makes everything Dykstra does, live, “the thing that we are concerned with is what is going to happen next year.” I realized he was way ahead of me.

“We have the continuing responsibility of training a citizen army”—and he emphasized the word “continuing.”

“We have to ask ourselves how the boys who have finished a year's training are going to report back home. Will their report be such that their parents and their friends will say ‘it was a good year’?”

Training Should Improve Conscripts

“We want the boy to report that he is physically better off; that his morale is strengthened; that he has seen and learned a lot about the country and is convinced that we have something to defend.

“We want him to be advanced in his education, the kind of education you get living with others; we want him to get a feeling for the whole population; to find out how the Texan looks at things and the boy from the great Northwest; the fellows from across the tracks and on the hill, the country boy and the one from a crowded city.

“We want the boys to learn from talking to each other about all kinds of things; have them learn the defense point of view; to understand and feel their whole country.

“We have to be interested in what happens this year if we are going to look ahead.

“Upon the boy’s report will depend what happens on the floor of congress later. Maybe congress will decide that perhaps the boys should be allowed to get into the army a little younger. Perhaps they should have a wider period of option. Some might want to do their service as soon as they are through with high school. Some might like to postpone it until they have gone through college.

“And then there is another thing. Congress may feel that perhaps this service should be extended to other fields, so that other boys who can’t get into the army can get the wider view, too, by getting into some kind of civilian service—build themselves up physically with work in the fields, or the forests, fighting pests.”

Looks Far Ahead to End of Service

As we talked it was easy to see how much further than the parade ground and the hike, the drill regulations and the rifle range, Administrator Dykstra was looking. Originally he studied to be a professor of history but he switched to political science, partly because of the influence of that great scholar, Charles Merriam, under whom he studied. Political science, the study of things that make the wheels of government go round, helped to pull him away from the campus and the library and into an active role in civic administration. He was finally called back into the college world again. After seven years as city manager of Cincinnati, where he made a splendid record, carrying that busy city through the terror of the flood of three years ago, he was made president of the University of Wisconsin.

Before that he was head of the water and power department of the city of Los Angeles through the period of the building of the Boulder dam when the frightened farmers fought with guns and dynamite the new project which they thought would rob them of their water.

And another thing which he is thinking about when he says “next year” is the job situation and the part the government must play in fitting the trainee back into civilian life.

A part of the function of the selective service system is to see that the boy has a job when he ends his year of service. If the job he left is still there when he gets back, the selective service system will see that he gets it. But some firms may go out of business—then the US employment service will play its part. The administrator explained it this way:

“The employer will want the man who has had a year in the army because he’ll be healthier, better disciplined, and he’ll have learned to live with his fellows. But if the job isn’t there, we’ll have to find another one.

“Then there are the boys who didn’t have a job when they went into the army. We will have to help local organizations working with business to take care of him.” *Students Change Attitude on Draft*

I wanted to know how the boys themselves felt about serving. I knew he knew the content of thousands of letters which have poured into selective service headquarters.

But he went back further than the letters for the beginning of his answer.

“Last summer,” he said, “on the university campus I noticed the change in the attitude of the students. The questions they asked had lost their cynical flavor, their pessimistic approach to the subject of any military service which was characteristic of recent years. For a long time they had been under the influence of ‘Committees Against War’ and other similar organizations, which advanced abstract arguments. But by the time the selective service bill got under discussion, they had something concrete to talk about.

“The reversal of the British attitude of appeasement after Munich affected them. Then the fall of France; and there was the realization of what had actually happened to the occupied countries.”

I wondered if it wasn’t an emotional sweep that affected the country, a patriotic war –spirit. Dykstra did not think so.

“The questions the students asked showed that they had been considering facts. And I think that is true generally. The daily happenings have made the people realize that defense is necessary that they want to be part of that defense. They have begun to realize that ‘it can happen here’” [December 27, 1940, Page Six]

The 1940 Presidential Election

The election of 1940 would break historical precedent by Franklin Roosevelt’s decision to run for a third term, violating the unwritten law of serving in office for only two terms as was established by George Washington. (This was changed during the succeeding Truman administration, when the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution was passed by Congress in 1947 and then ratified by the states in 1951, thereby establishing presidential term limits.) Unlike contemporary presidential campaigns, FDR did not immediately disclose his intentions until later in the election year. The *News*, anticipating the coming election season, published the results of voter registration statistics from Santa Barbara County in the Spring:

County Briefs

Santa Barbara county registration for the presidential primary totals 35,383 voters, divided in the following classes: Republican 14,733; Democrat 18,894; Socialist 40; Prohibition 40; Progressive 44; Communist 4; Townsend 101; Decline to State: 1,527. [April 12, 1940, Page One.]

A possible opponent being considered as the Republican candidate for 1940 was identified in a *Weekly News Analysis* column, under “Names in the News:”

Wendell Willkie, Republican presidential (outside) possibility, received a gold medal from the National Institute of Social Sciences in New York. James West, Boy Scouts chief executive, and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Woman Suffrage association chief, also were “in the gold.” Willkie made a speech declaring we should help the allies every way, short of entering the war.

He said America ought to hand a “brass-knuckle” to the democracies. One critic answered that Perhaps Hitler already had handed the democracies a “Mickey Finn.” [May 24, 1940, Page Two]

As his prospects improved, Mr. Willkie, who was challenging Thomas E. Dewey, was given front page coverage by the *Valley News* as the Republican party convention was approaching:

The Great Unknown Wendell Willkie May Be Nominated

Wendell Willkie, the Republican dark horse, is pushing out in front at a spectacular rate, so at next week’s Republican convention he is liable to be chosen to head the 1940 campaign.

Hugh Johnson had a write-up of the man in this week’s Saturday Evening Post. Willkie seems to have all the qualities to bring the country on its feet in a business-like way.

William Allen White, the Imporia (sic) Kansas editor, whose editorials are the best in the nation, has this to say in a few words:

“Next to the World’s Fair, in New York, I should say the newest, most interesting phenomenon in town is Wendell Willkie. He is a large Newfoundland dog of a man, shaggy and cordial friendly and politically photogenic—which means he takes a good spiritual picture. His political photogeneity consists largely of a certain radiant don’t give a damn-iveness, rare in politics and which is called courage, though it may be a vast indifference. Anyhow, he says what he thinks, no matter how it affects his fortunes. He makes the plutocrats shiver when he talks about civil liberties and the right of labor to assemble and talk any say its say even in times of stress . . .” [June 21, 1940, Page One]

After his nomination, The *Santa Ynez Valley News* published this editorial endorsing the Republican candidate:

Wendell Willkie Accepts

Wendell L. Willkie, Republican nominee for the Presidency of the US, made a brave speech last Saturday in accepting the nomination. It was a speech reflecting not so much the ideals (many of them so indefinite as to be useless) of the Republican

party's platform, as the ideals of a man with definite thoughts and plans in his head and the intestinal fortitude to present them to the people at this crucial moment in his so far interesting life.

This isn't necessarily a plug for a Republican nominee. It is rather, our private opinion of the man and of his ideals. Mr. Willkie did not promise to abolish the WPA, unemployment, six or eight other points under the New Deal set-up that aren't looking any too good. He gave us no false hopes. But he did leave us (and that "us" includes quite a group of Democrats as well as Republicans) with the feeling that if he is allowed by the voters to put his aims into action within a reasonable length of time those aims will come pretty close to abolishing the points under the New Deal which aren't exactly pretty, and at the same time take care of a nice little collection of ills present when the New Dealers stepped into power, and about which the New Deal has done nothing.

In other words, Willkie's acceptance speech has more than ever given us the idea that while he isn't perfect (and who is?), he is still America's Presidential "White Hope" in this third term scare we are now undergoing. [August 23, 1940, Page Three]

One month later, to bolster its continuing support for Mr. Willkie, the *News* reprinted this editorial endorsement from the *New York Times*:

For Willkie, Declares NY Times, Which Twice Supported Roosevelt

The New York Times supported Franklin D. Roosevelt for the Presidency in 1932 and in 1936. In 1940 it will support Wendell Willkie.

In all its history, the New York Times has listed itself as "an independent Democratic newspaper." Only once before has this famous newspaper supported a Republican nominee for President. Its declaration of reasons for deserting Roosevelt is a campaign document of high importance—in fact, according to leading editors, the most important declaration of its kind in newspaper history. It says in part:

"We give our support to Mr. Willkie primarily for these reasons: Because we believe that he is better equipped than Mr. Roosevelt to provide the country with adequate national defense ; because we believe he is a practical liberal who understands the need for increased production; because we believe the fiscal policies of Mr. Roosevelt have failed disastrously; because we believe that at a time when the traditional safeguards of democracy are falling everywhere it is particularly important to honor and preserve the American tradition against vesting enormous powers of the Presidency in the hands of any man for three consecutive terms of office.

Roosevelt the Amateur

Adequate national defense means much more than airplanes, tanks and cannon, even when all of these are actually on hand and not just "on order." It means a nation strong in its economic health and power with a thriving industry, full employment, both of man power and of money, new capital flowing vigorously into new channels of production. It means in short, a nation with gigantic industrial force behind its army and navy.

The record shows that Mr. Roosevelt has achieved least success in the solution of this very problem. He has failed to create the conditions for a confident and expanding business. It is a reasonable assumption that this same problem can be managed better by a man who understands business, who has the confidence of business, who has himself been a part of business, whose interest in business problems has been first-hand and continuous rather than casual and intermittent, and whose experience includes a successful personal record of stimulating business and expanding industrial production.

In this field, Mr. Willkie is the professional and Mr. Roosevelt is the amateur.

The third term issue has been defined by more than 100 years of American history, by the deliberate decision of our greatest Presidents and by the reluctance of Americans to surrender a safeguard of the democratic system.

Third Term Issue From Mr. Roosevelt's own statement to the Democratic Convention the country knows that a year ago he had no intention of challenging the tradition against a third term: "Last September, it was still my intention to announce clearly that under no circumstances would I accept re-election." This announcement was never made.

The doctrine of one man's indispensability is a new doctrine for this country. It is a doctrine which less scrupulous men in Europe have used to root themselves in power. It is a doctrine which we in the US have good reason to question, particularly when we consider how the powers of the Presidency have grown, what immense patronage, what gigantic expenditures, what enormous power to perpetuate himself in office is now within the grasp of any President.

These considerations are especially relevant when the particular President who now chooses to remain in office who has never surrender voluntarily a single one of the vast “emergency” powers which Congress has given him. He is the same President who has shown himself so impatient of constitutional restraints that he was willing to circumvent the Supreme Court itself by adding enough members to give his own opinions a majority. Liberalism and Reform

We welcome the fact that Mr. Willkie stands pledged to conserve rather than destroy what is best in Mr. Roosevelt’s reforms. We believe these reforms would be safe in Mr. Willkie’s hands, not only because Mr. Willkie is a man of goodwill, but because his approach to the problems now before us shows him to be a liberal. [September 26, 1940, Page Five]

The newspaper regularly published political advertisements under the title, “Wendell Willkie says:” Wendell

Willkie says:

Never before has the country experienced so extraordinary a concentration of power in the hands of a few men as in government today. All the safeguards erected by the American people against too autocratic a government have been invaded. [September 26, 1940, Page Five]

News Item: ‘No War’ Is Willkie Pledge to Nation

Addressing an audience of his fellow townsmen at Rushville, Indiana, Wendell Willkie made the following unequivocal declarations:

“I shall never lead the US into any European war.

“I believe completely that the US should help Great Britain short of war, but when I say short of war, I mean SHORT OF WAR.”

Commenting on the charge of Henry A. Wallace that the Republican Party is “they party of appeasement,” Mr. Willkie said:

“If appeasement means working out compromises with dictators; if Mr. Wallace intended to apply that to the Republican Party he was 100 per cent wrong, because if I am elected President of the US there will be no appeasement with any dictator.

“But if Wallace meant to say the Republican Party is the party of peace, then he spoke the truth, because I shall never lead the US into any European War.”

Wendell Willkie Says

“The time has now come to reassert the principles of a limited federal government, because if this trend is not stopped the people will lose the powers that the Constitution gave them. They will lose them to an all-powerful central government.” Cartoon of the capitol as an octopus with tentacles reaching out to farm, church, home and school. [September 26, 1940, Page Eight]

Although the *Santa Ynez Valley News* tilted toward the Republican ticket, the newspaper did publish articles and advertisements on behalf of President Roosevelt and his Vice-Presidential candidate, Henry Wallace; one such example were lyrics penned by local ranch owner, Odin Buell:

Odin Buell Writes Song for Roosevelt

In order to help Roosevelt win this election, Odin Buell wrote a short song which goes like this:

There’ll be gloom in Wall Street, all right

When the mighty Wendell strikes out;

And Coach Hoover won’t know what it’s all about.

The dollar dictator wants to “save” the USA

As Hitler gave Poland his “protection”

But for Auld lang syne we're going to stay With

Roosevelt the all-star selection.

The music for the song was written by Mrs. Buell and several hundred copies were distributed in Los Angeles at the Henry Wallace rally recently. [October 11, 1940, Page One]

As the election drew near, the *Santa Ynez Valley News* published the results of an unscientific poll taken at a local business establishment:

Local Willkie New Deal Poll Neck and Neck

Latest figures on the local presidential poll being handled by the Solvang Drug Co., reveals that Roosevelt in the lead by nine votes, the figures as of last night being: Willkie 256, Roosevelt 265. This poll has been running surprisingly close right from the start.

President Roosevelt has aimed both barrels at nominee Wendell Willkie this past week, a fact that may sway away votes in his direction to a certain extent both locally and nationally, at least temporarily. But Willkie and his associates are holding their own in the number of words being spoken, and it is quite possible that the local poll may be indicative of sentiment everywhere. At least, it agrees with several other much larger polls being held throughout the country in showing that the New Deal landslide next month isn't the possibility today that it has been in the past. October 25, 1940, Page One]

A week later the results of two Santa Ynez Valley polls, one from the previously identified Solvang drugstore and the other from the private outdoor boarding school, Midland, from Los Olivos, were printed a few days before the election:

Roosevelt Ahead in Local Poll

Latest figures in the Solvang Drug Company's presidential poll show President Roosevelt ahead of Wendell Willkie by 24 votes, the total being: Roosevelt 365; Willkie, 341.

A poll taken by Paul Squibb, headmaster of Midland School, shows the students there voting as follows: Willkie, 40; Roosevelt, 20, sixty boys being present at the time the poll was taken. [November 1, 1940, Page One]

When the actual results were tallied, the newspaper printed its page one headline: "Roosevelt Winner in Thirty-Nine States" which was accompanied by an illustration of FDR with this caption: "Well, He Did It the Third Time." An interesting news tidbit from a local citizen was included in the election coverage:

I saw: Termann Paaske, thrilled when the Democratic majority reached the four million mark, thus winning him a nice bet, and thrilled again when the California New Deal vote began to approach the 500,000 margin . . . he also had a bet on that. [November 8, 1940, Page One]

Following weeks and weeks of pro-Willkie political cartoons, commentary, advertisements, and editorials, The *Santa Ynez Valley News* graciously acknowledged an historical first when President Roosevelt was re-elected for his third term in an editorial, published by Walter Hanson in this issue of the newspaper, emphasizing the contrast between political contests in this country and the different approach taken recently in Europe:

A Great County This U. S. A.

Ours is a strange country. On Monday night a G. O. P. parade, ten thousand strong, broke up to mingle with a tremendous group of Democrats waiting to hear President Roosevelt's final campaign speech. Banners were torn down, signs smashed, yes. But when Roosevelt mounted the speaker's platform, peace reigned, and continued until the President had concluded. Then the Republicans went back to their parade, the Democrats moved on about their business, and all was quiet again.

Where in Europe could such a thing happen today, without fist fights, rifle clubbing, a jail sentence or two, and maybe even a murder?

That is why, regardless of the word battles between both parties during the past few months, now that Roosevelt has been reelected, we will all settle down and pull with him again, just as we would have pulled with Wendell Willkie had he become president yesterday.

The US has its faults. Even Uncle Sam admits it. But it's still truly a great country. And Election Day always proves it beyond a doubt. [November 8, 1940, Page Four]

Strengthening The Western Hemisphere

By the end of 1940, most of the European map was dominated by the Nazi occupational flag with the loss of Norway and Denmark, the invasion of the Low Countries, and the fall of France in the West. The Channel Islands, although part of the British Empire, were also overrun by the German Wehrmacht. In addition to Austria and Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Romania joined the Axis Powers. Earlier, In the fall of 1940, Italy invaded Greece, but was unsuccessful in completely subduing this country. The United Kingdom had begun a campaign to defeat Italy in Northern Africa and was battling Japan in Southeast Asia. The previously independent Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania were now tilted in favor of the Russian sphere of influence, an ally of Nazi Germany. Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden and Switzerland were neutral powers.

In response to these increasingly gloomy global conditions, this article appeared on Page Two describing the extent of American efforts to create a strategic alliance with various South American countries of the Western Hemisphere:

News Item: US Bolsters Pan-American Ties

Tours of Military Leaders Serve to Strengthen Defensive Policies

Washington—Quietly, and with a lack of publicity, the US is extending its military picket lines deep into the hearts of South America republics.

It is a "goodwill" picket line, apparently devoid of the usual trappings of "significance," or "implication." It is being forwarded under principles voiced by gatherings of foreign ministers of the Americans at Panama last year, and Havana, last summer.

Inter-American co-operation is its foundation stone. If military fanfare by the US as the greatest military factor in this hemisphere is lacking, certainly meticulous observance of the principle of inter-American collaboration on all hemisphere problems is not.

The latter principle is being hoisted, unostentatiously but definitely, into the saddle of control of the whole Western hemisphere defense scheme.

Defense Survey

At the moment, 23 ranking officers of 11 Latin American countries, including the big nations of Argentina, Brazil and Chile, are seeking everything the US has to offer in the way of army defense organisms. These three so-called "A. B. C" powers of South America know the fifth column menace as well as does the US.

Venezuela and Mexico, whose oil resources are known to all, have officers in the group. Nicaragua—possible seat of the new Isthmian canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, is represented. So is Cuba, the lush island lying immediately south of the Florida peninsula, and Ecuador, with a Pacific seaboard offering easy approach to the Panama canal.

These officers are following in the air wake of a group of 20 others from such republics as Columbia (oil and coffee), Peru (metals), Uruguay (hides, meat and harborage), Costa Rica (coffee and air fields adjacent to Panama), Bolivia (vast tin resource), Honduras, Guatemala, Dominican Republic (all with comfortable approaches to the Panama canal.)

When the current flight ends, a total of 43 Latin American chiefs of staff and their expert aides will have made business-like flights to such important US army posts as Langley field and Fort Monroe, Virginia, Randolph field in San Antonio, Texas, and Barksdale field in Louisiana.

For their benefit mock airplanes bombings, landing of parachute troops, and the thunder of anti-aircraft guns are being staged. The rumble of tanks; mechanized infantry and cavalry, the boom of coast artillery, welcomed them to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Fort Benning, Georgia, Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Their odyssey in search of defense information takes them to the great automotive production center in Detroit, Michigan. Socially they are meeting in such places as Washington and New York, the biggest names on current governmental and industrial rosters, starting with President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

General George C. Marshall, the US chief of staff, is their official host, and General Marshall told a reporter informally—"we're showing them everything we've got." [December 6, 1940, Page Two]

Concerns about protection of the America's valuable Western Hemisphere asset the Panama Canal were brought home to the Santa Ynez Valley when it was learned that one of their young men, Lt. Folmer Sogaard would be redeployed to this essential location following his training with the Army Air Corps:

Local News

Lieut. Folmer J. Sogaard, from the Randolph Flying field in Texas, arrived home Tuesday to spend his furlough of two weeks. He is scheduled to sail from Charleston, S. C. about the 15th for the Panama Canal Zone, where he will be stationed and receive further instruction. The past few months he has been flying and doing "squads east." Folmer received his preliminary training at the Hancock school in Santa Maria, less than six months ago, and has already received his commission as second lieutenant, which is a record to be proud of. [December 6, 1940, Page Ten]

Foreign Affairs Dictate A Fragile Neutrality

Although a majority of Americans still wished to remain neutral, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, among others, both in and out of government, wanted to do more to support the fight against the Axis powers. Following the November 1940 election, FDR conceived the idea of revising Cash and Carry by directly exporting military equipment from the American "Arsenal of Democracy" and supplying agricultural products in exchange for leasing military bases from the Allies to the United States under the Lend Lease program which became a subject of intense Congressional debate in January of 1941, since the United States was technically neutral and Britain's national budget was described as being broke.

In response to the enactment of the selective service and the robust response to creating military preparedness under the guise of national defense, some Americans preferred to remain neutral and formed the America First Committee whose leading spokesman in the following year was America's first aviation hero, Charles Lindbergh, who became celebrated in 1927 for his historic solo flight across the Atlantic Ocean. Several years after the famous flight, he visited the Santa Ynez Valley as a guest of one of the local ranchers. During the 1930s, Col. Lindbergh had moved with his family to Europe after the tragic kidnapping and death of his son. While living abroad, he received a medal from the Nazi government for his pioneering contribution to long distance air travel, much to the dismay of the American public. However, he also toured airplane factories in both Germany and the Soviet Union, providing intelligence reports to the US government based upon his astute observations.

As the year was winding down, Kathleen Norris, still maintaining her isolationist position, responded to the current world situation with her advice column, entitled, "The Quick Way to Peace," by telling American readers to cease worrying, live one day at a time, and focus on the future:

Kathleen Norris Says: The Quick Way to Peace

Summary: Happiness

Kathleen Norris says there is no need to worry about the rest of the world, or what will happen to us at some distant time in the future. She advises everyone to live one day at a time, and to make the best of that day. Stop worrying about the trouble elsewhere in the world, Miss Norris says, and concentrate on your own home and family—make them as happy and perfect as you can.

. . . . Civilization Will Survive

. . . After the war the world is going to need everything that we can give it of help and service. They are going to need food, over there, clothes, bedding, medicine, tools. We have to be ready with all that, and the only way we can give it is to get our own house in order. Solving America's problems; lessen the need for relief; lessen unemployment; replace un-American plots and 'isms' with a good healthy revival of the spirit that created the Declaration of Independence.

And that has to begin with individual homes like yours and mine. Homes free of debt and disorder, of complaining and discontent. One million such homes, scattered all over the continent, would be the beginnings of a new America. Ten million would make us the strongest, happiest, richest, most independent nation on the earth. . . [December 6, 1940, Page Five]

On the Eve of 1941

In the Christmas edition of the *Santa Ynez Valley News*, an editorial commentary written by Leone Baxter, appropriately entitled, "Christmas Story," appeared on Page Four, emphasizing the very positive impact that the military preparedness program had on California:

Editorial

Uncensored By Leone Baxter

Christmas Story

Lying far beyond the tall, cragged mountains and endless plains, the "Golden State" once looked a long way off to men gathered 'round the conference tables in Washington, 3000 miles away. In those days, when the plums were passed around, California was a step-child.

Even as a fledgling state, California couldn't get used to it, and as the years rolled by she polished off a few callow corners and climbed the ladder, rung by rung. Lifting her head a little higher each time, she placed her name at the head of hundreds and hundreds of national roll-calls. Her "firsts" extended ever farther into diversified fields of agriculture, education, art, engineering, music, mining, statesmanship and social legislation.

Today if there is any doubt that the stripling State has grown up and gained an important place in the scheme of national affairs—that in the eyes of the nation, California is no longer a distant relation—one need only glance at the defense program and this State's part in it.

California leads the nation in allotments of defense funds, with a total to date of 973 million dollars. New Jersey is second with 962 millions, and New York is third with 931.

California, was a good and dutiful child—and as Christmas rolls around she has no reason to regret it. She created shipbuilding facilities built aircraft plants, factories and lumber mills. Though perhaps through no foresight of her own—she's the nation's gateway to Hawaii, the Philippines, other Pacific possessions and to the Orient. Her mild climate—though also probably not her direct doing--provides maximum efficiency in industrial production, particularly airplane construction, and her geographic situation makes a natural training ground for Army, Navy, and Air forces.

So California gets a lush share of the defense funds. Her aircraft industry has a backlog of orders which will require five year to complete—and will cost almost a billion and half dollars.

Los Angeles county builds over 50 per cent of all American aircraft, employment there has been increased to 50,000 men in five plants; another 20,000 soon will be employed in Long Beach.

San Diego's plants employ 14,000 men, with a payroll of two million dollars—which will be doubled by June 1941, if the strike situation doesn't intervene.

San Francisco and East Bay shipbuilding orders now total over half a billion dollars. Experts say the program will employ tens of thousands over a period of from five to seven years.

That is a only a fraction of the picture, but it tells a vivid story. California, admittedly grown up, occupies a place at the head of the table in the national family of States. And even to the man who protests the tax bills, along with the New Year, are just around the corner, the Christmas story in California is a happy one. [December 20, 1940, Page Four]

Summarizing the national preparedness point of view, an editorial from the American Legion was reprinted by the *Santa Ynez Valley News* in the final issue of 1940:

American Legion National Commander Milo J. Wagner: Children Without Fear

To passengers in planes overhead homeward bound for Yuletide reunions, the cities and villages look like huge lighted Christmas trees. There are literally hundreds of thousands of lights of all colors of the rainbow in the streets, and on the buildings and houses. The headlights of thousands of automobiles flash in and out under the trees on the narrow road ribbons below. For this is not England, not France, nor Germany, nor Italy. This is the United States of America, just before Christmas, 1940.

Let us go to the streets below. Here is not smothering darkness of the blackout. Here is not the haunting fear of the air-raid siren and the scream and crack and crash of bombs. Here are no gaunt gaping streets and buildings; no stygian darkness where stalks the sinister, and sullen and ever-haunting harbinger of war—death, hunger, and agony.

Here we see great rows and rows of show windows whose bright lights illuminate the streets like day. In one we see a great jolly rosy-cheeked Santa Claus. HE laughs—great deep-bellied, full-throated chuckles. See those children gaze with joyous eyes and rapt attention. Children in whose eyes there is no fear, no terror, no haunting, hungry look. These are American children. This is the Christmas season of 1940 in the United States. Will it be the same next year?

The American Legion says, “To keep our homes intact and our families secure” we must fully arm, not for war, but to insure peace.

We say, “Fellow countrymen, while we pray for ‘Peace on earth, goodwill to men,’ we must prepare. May God give us the strength, the spirit of sacrifice and the courage as one nation to fulfill our great destiny.” [December 27, 1940, Page Four]

Dear Walt, Mella, and Sometimes Phil & Carolyn:

Letters From World War II Published By The *Santa Ynez Valley News*

PROLOGUE: LETTERS FROM 1940

Friday, February 2, 1940, Page One

A Wee Bit of England News Dear

Editor:

I thought perhaps some of your readers might be interested in the following letter which I received from an old friend in England. I had written begging him to bring his wife out here away from this awful war business.

Elizabeth Barnes

"I wish we could join you in California. Nothing we would like better. But these shocking hard times prevent any chance of moving. One can only try to hold on with one's teeth and hope for the best. My theatre jobs have quite gone west for the time, and I was in a play which looked like running to Christmas. Oh well, it is no use groaning. Lots of people have to suffer once more.

The war will go on progressing slowly with the usual set-backs and upsets, and we shall go on getting our teeth slowly but firmly into those 'Hitler-doped' swine until we have choked the life out of them, but whether we shall ever ram sense of peaceful decency into the thick heads of the German nation, used as they have been for centuries to being led, instructed, policed, bullied by overlords, and with it all being bred to accept and welcome discipline, and from years of inertia being quite unable to express individual thought or wish in a country in which—to quote a very fine writer of the times—'all the decencies of social life are ruined by fear of being overheard'—whether it will ever be possible to get them into a natural state of living is doubtful. So that's that! But mad hyenas with their backs to the wall are dangerous animals, and more desperate measures should be taken to exterminate them than our decent and fair-minded leaders feel like committing themselves to at present. London—and England too—is perfectly calm and going on with their jobs, and will take whatever comes calmly, as in the last war. Germany can't understand this calmness; and just two things make them hesitate about big air attacks on London. They are: that they just begin to realize what a magnificent air force we have, and they are in mortal fear of air reprisals on their own towns, remembering the appalling terror that seized their inhabitants in the last war.

We have been trying to sell our house for two years but there are no sales now. It's a sad burden and a white elephant, but we stick to it (we have good cellars, very dry in all senses of the word) and if we are to be bombed, well, it's just too bad, that's all. We have had tempting offers to go to the country but that looks like desertion so here we are.

Your remarks about California country life has given me a yen for a shack of any kind, with a stoop facing south, a bowl, water bucket and dipper, and rag of towel on a bench in a corner, and some homemade soup in a tin. A gasoline cooking stove, a couple of kerosene lamps, a couple of dogs. Old clothes. Bunks and blankets, a bit of a barn, a bit of pasture, a few animals of sorts—and continued sun and warmth!"

Friday, April 26, 1940, Page One

Letter from England Tells of Troubles in War Zone

(Sometimes in a great crisis such as the present European War, we lose sight of the way it hits each individual family. I thought this little excerpt from a letter written to my sister, Mrs. Jenkinson, by her washer-woman which was sent to me, might be interesting to others from a human interest angle. Mrs. Jenkinson visited here last summer from England. Mrs. Walter [Evelyn] Buell).

Dear Mrs. Jenkinson:

"I want to thank you very much for your Christmas card sent to Maxwell. It was lovely of you and it made me happy to know you had not forgotten us. I am going through a terrible time just now, and I am sure it is only with God's help I am carrying on. I feel as if everything near and dear to me has gone out of my life, and yet I ought not to be like this because I still have my two children, and God may spare my dear husband to me yet. He sailed for France last Sunday, while my baby was lying very ill, at his crisis, and my dear husband did not know. I did not tell him, and now baby is getting better, he will not know until he comes home. Maxwell is evacuated to a place called -----.....----- . There were forty children sent to this place and there are only twelve left. Sometimes I wonder if I am doing right in keeping him there. Sometimes his letters are so pleading to come home, and how my heart aches for him, and then I have to harden myself and tell myself that I am doing right. And then I wonder if I am. To me it seems silly, Maxwell away out of danger, baby here in the thick of it. I went away with baby, too, but Oh the place they put me!

"Well, I could write a book about my month's experience there, where I was still eight miles from Maxwell. My mother came through one day unknown and packed baby and me off home. "Well I have no more news just now ----
---- "

[NOTE: The blanks in the letter are a result of censorship, not wishing to identify locations.]

Friday July 26, 1940, Page One

Letter From Sogaard At Randolph Air Field

The weather is nice and warm down here. You just stand still and the sweat runs off you; otherwise it is nice here. Randolph Field is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen.

There are about five hundred Cadets here taking training at the present time, plus several thousand enlisted men. As for planes, we have several hundred.

San Antonio is a nice town, too, in spite of the fact I had my pocket picked. I lost my bill fold which contained thirty-three cents. I guess I was lucky, or was I?

I will be waiting for the next issue of the Valley News. When I sit and read it I feel like I am back home again.

Sincerely,

Folmer Sogaard.

JANUARY 1941

Friday, January 31, 1941 Page One

Interesting Letters Come to News From Various Parts

The following letter from Lt. Folmer Sogaard, who is now stationed in the Canal Zone, tell some of his experiences:

Albrook Field, Canal Zone January 13, 1941

Dear Editor:

I'm going to write you a letter and give you my correct address. The last issue you sent me must have gone through the Canal a dozen times before I received it.

The people are known as Panamanians down here. They seem to be a mixture of Indians, Negroes, Japanese, Chinese and Spanish. A lot of San Blas Indians work for the Army. They come from some tribe in the interior. I've heard that if any of the women from this tribe ever come to Panama City, they can never return again. It must be true, for just the men work around here. I don't believe any of them are over five feet tall.

The average population is very dumb. Most of them wouldn't have sense enough to duck if you threw a brick at them. You may laugh, but it's true. When a native crosses the street he doesn't look either way. If you don't have good brakes it's just too bad. The native police don't lose any time in throwing a white person in the clink, if I may say so. I was stopped by a cop just the other day for going the wrong way on a one-way street. He gave me a long line of Spanish. I acted just like I didn't understand a word, so he got disgusted and let me go. By the way, that's the best thing to do. If you answer them back in Spanish, you're sure to get a ticket (diplomacy, I calls it.) It seems as if the police force is Panama's standing army. They average about five cops to a corner.

Every once in a while I get lost on these crazy streets of Panama City and get into some lower class districts. I don't mind the narrow streets so much, but the smell is terrible. I don't see how even a native can stand to live in such an odor. They would probably died if they got some fresh air. Kids are running around everywhere naked. It's quite some pace. (sic)

I get a kick watching the natives work. They do more talking than anything else. It's a wonder they get as much done as they do; but I'll bet one white man could accomplish as much as a half-dozen natives.

I counted over 30 natives, all working on one house.

I took my first flight over the jungle today. It looks pretty nice from the air, but I would hate to get forced down into it. The only way a fellow could make any headway in the jungle is to cut your way with a machete. All pilots have what is known as a jungle kit hooked on their parachute. It contains a machete, mosquito net and salve, pistol and ammunition, some chocolate, and last, but not least, a compass. We also wear a life vest for forced landings in water. They keep you afloat until a shark comes along. I was fishing last Sunday when all of a sudden a big black shark jumped out of the water. You don't catch me swimming around in these waters, for he looked to be six feet long.

Panama is supposed to have some of the best fishing in the world. I fished from a pier all day and caught nothing but a good sunburn.

The dry season started about a month ago, and will last until April, as this is really supposed to be the hot season; but I don't think it is as bad, in fact, not half as bad as Texas was last summer. It really never gets hot (sic) here, it just feels hot due to the high humidity. We have to keep a heater in the closet to keep the clothes from mildewing. During the early morning hours a blanket feels pretty good.

It took us about eight hours to sail through the Canal coming down here. Today we flew over to France Field at the

Atlantic entrance of the Canal in about ten minutes. I'll take a plane any time, for it's much faster, and besides you don't get seasick.

Well, it's getting close to my bed time and the editor has that empty column filled by this time, surely so, "Hasta Manana," as the natives say.

Sincerely,

Folmer

Friday, January 31, 1941, Page One

The following letter is to Mrs. Landon Barnes [nee Elizabeth Medd] of Buellton from her sister in British Columbia. The letter is interesting, and gives the slant of how their feelings are worked up over the war in Europe. The letter in this column merely gives the opinion of the writer, and does not necessarily express the opinion of this newspaper.

Victoria BC December 31, 1940

Mrs. Landon Barnes

Buellton, California

Dearest Betts:

I was absolutely delighted to get Pam's card and your note on the inside of it.

What is Toad doing and the girls? Too soon yet for you to be thinking of Michael's future! Do send me some snapes (sic) if you can spare any. Also, how is Landon? Give him my best. Wish I could pop down for a week or two. Am glad I took the good trip in the past as from now on, you can't travel "for pleasure" in the US. New regulations out today. Quite right, of course. Apparently a lot of people have been "wangling" money for trips out of the government by various excuses which weren't bona fide. Personally, I don't see how anyone who really wants Britain to win the war can condescend to such things when they know we need every dollar for buying war materials in the US. Some of the worst offenders are people who should be entirely above such things.

I have just been listening to "Big Ben" in London strike midnight—the last of the Old Year. It seemed to me wonderfully symbolic of the truth "There'll always be an England" that even after the terrible bombings and the ghastly fires of Sunday night Big Ben can still be heard around the world. No matter what terrible things may happen in 1941 it cannot be worse than 1940, when for half its course we leant on nations who were unequal to the task of "total war." Whatever comes now, we know we can take it; that, in Churchill's words, "We shall never surrender. We shall fight on alone—if necessary for years." A far greater danger than all the bombs and ship sinkings, the battles and invasions, was the spirit of doubt which prevailed this time last year, when the British people themselves had almost accepted Hitler's estimate of them as decadent and worn out. But all that is gone now. There is fire and spirit and indomitable perseverance and courage alive in their hearts and it has become an exaltation in their blood. I have the most wonderful letters from England, from so many friends and relatives. Not one could bear to be in any other place, or living at any other time, and these people are living in the heart of London under the blitzkrieg, (spelled in the letter with ie reversed) or are the heroic wives and families of naval officers on constant duty, men of Dunkerque, men of the Battle of Britain. I myself would give anything to be there and hate my safe and undisturbed life here.

I am a great Roosevelt fan, and think I was never so stirred up over anything as I was at election time. I listened to the two campaigns, and felt that the campaigns as conducted by Roosevelt and Wilkie represented Democracy at its highest and its lowest, respectively. I thought Roosevelt's tactics and speeches were magnificent and especially his final broadcast, and I felt physically sick, I was so revolted by the frightful mouthings and roarings, not to mention the disgusting filth of the Willkie "ramp." I had to tell myself over and over again that the heart of the US people was sound and that they would not fall for all that "guff" and of course, it turned out that way.

Like Churchill, I feel thrilled at the wonderful feeling of the two great English-speaking democracies irresistibly swinging together. Their destiny is irrevocably bound together, and with the great continent of South America gradually drawing closer to their big brother in the north, and the continent of Asia dominated by the marvelous Chinese people on the east and British India on the west, not all the hordes of Hitler, Stalin, and Sawdust Caesar can stem the eventual victory of the Commonwealth of Nations. That is the New Order, and it is already in being, and it

is because Hitler knows in his heart that this his last chance, that he is so desperately trying to impose his “Old World Order” before it is too late.

This war is utterly unlike the last war. No parades, bands, crowds seeing the boys off, battalions being recruited and formed and drilled here. One regiment only, the 1st Battalion 16th Canadian, Scottish, has gone from here as a unit, though of course there have been drafts for many other units. But no one knows within a couple of weeks or so when the boys are leaving, nor what their destination when they do leave. There are more sailors on the streets than soldiers, though there is now a large camp at Gordon Head for draftees.

I’m quite sure you will be amazed to hear at this late stage of the game I am now “entertaining the troops”! My only form of war work! Can’t knit, sew, can’t drive an ambulance, can’t do First Aid, don’t dance, sing or play piano. So what? Well I provide the house, the piano, the tea and coffee, and part of the eats! Friends of mine, the J. H. Franks, in the Uplands, and myself, take turns in having open house every Monday night for men in the Army, Navy and Air Force, who are strangers here, and particularly for those who like music of any kind—singing, piano, violin. We have had some very successful evenings. We always have several people on hand who play the piano or sing well, and one or two men we know well to help make things go, so that they boys who are strangers won’t feel shy or diffident, and it is proving very popular. There was a general outcry when someone suggested postponing them during the Christmas season, and the “helpers” enjoy it so much that they always want to turn up even if they thing the “Services” can’t be there. It is particularly popular with the Air Force lads, who are nearly all strangers here, but they come in all the way from Patricia Bay and every week new ones arrive as the word is passed on. We have some very attractive girls, as well—Yvonne Archibald, half French, and lovely, a sweet girl with a lovely voice; Mary Vosper, a refugee from England, Captain and Mrs. Blundell from Yokohama. She plays the piano too so marvelously, and her husband just arrived on Christmas leave.

There are quite a lot of new people going to live on Salt Spring. Walter’s Hook has just been bought by a wealthy man and quite a lot of English people just before the war, to escape air raids, etc. are settling there. I’m afraid I rather despise them. They managed to get their money out intact and now crab about things out here. They ought to be living under an air raid in their old homes. I haven’t any sympathy for them. The really worthwhile people are so different. But a great many Last War profiteers poured out here just before and after this war started, bulging with money and as mean as dirt. Very common, too, mostly, though they give themselves no end of air and drive Rolls Royce cars and have bought up a lot of big houses here, mostly for bargain prices. They make me feel I want to spit. But, of course, there are plenty of people here who rush around and lick up the dust after them.

Haven’t been doing much reading lately, as I tried to do some knitting, the dark blue for the Navy, and it put my eyes on the blink. However, by not using them except for office work, they are much better and Dr. Ekington has forbidden me to do any knitting! You should get, if you can, Winston Churchill’s book, “Step By Step,” and also his partial autobiography, “My Early Life.” They give one an insight into the genius of the man who has changed the destiny of the world in six months. It took Hitler, Stalin and Musso years to get their respective people to the place they wanted them to be—automatons, without individual will or conscience; but it took Churchill only two months to bring the entire British Empire, and a large part of the public in the US to a position of voluntary sacrifice, unflagging determination and zeal, and dauntless courage, such as the world has never seen. Of course, he is the incarnation of the spirit and soul of England. An excellent book, one of the very best, is also “Why England Slept,” by John F. Kennedy, son of the former US Ambassador. It gives the reasons why, and how, England came to be so unprepared for war, and is a most remarkable book for so young a man. It is addressed to the American people as a warning. I wonder how likes his father’s Vatican dictated attitude now. At every turn one sees the cloven hoof of the Pope—Cudahy, Bullitt, Kennedy, the Irish problem, the “Keep American Out of War” groups. The Roman Church had the greatest opportunity since the Reformation to show the world whether she was sincere in her religious principles, but to the utter amazement and bewilderment of sincere Catholics everywhere, she turned her back on it and went all out for temporal power. She had the unique opportunity to have prevented Italy entering the war by denouncing Fascist party and leaders even if it meant concentration camp for the Pope and confiscation of Church property in Italy, but with her Cardinals in every country of the world, and particularly in the US she had the organization to set up and

carry on her vaunted position as the head of Christendom, without interference. Instead of that, she chose to support the Fall of France, and the setting up of the Vichy traitors, in the hope of bringing about the downfall of the British Empire, and consequently the heart of Protestantism. She finished herself, of course, although she doesn't know it. Never again will she command the respect of the world at large.

FEBRUARY 1941

Friday, February 7, 1941, Page Five

In Reference To Last Night's Meet On Lease-Lend Bill

Dear Editor:

Why are the people of the Santa Ynez valley so indifferent to what is going on in the world? I gather that it is only indifference that keeps people away from a lecture on a subject of such vital interest as the loan-lend bill.

The three speakers, members of the Committee to Defend America by Aid to the Allies asked us to send cards to our senators urging them to hurry the passage of this bill.

As an American and mother of a boy of fighting age, I feel very deeply that this bill should be passed so that the fighting may be kept away from our shores. Give the president the power to send more help to Britain. I say this and I am a republican and voted for Willkie.

Elizabeth Barnes

Friday, February 7, 1941, Page Eight

Letter from London Tells Experiences

Mrs. Chris Madsen received the following letter from a niece to London, England, which shows the spirit of the British:

30 Devonshire Gardens Chriswick London W 4

December 1940

Dear Auntie and Betty:

Many, many thanks for your letter and my mother's included. I can't tell you how pleased I was. I knew it was coming, because I had a letter from mother in the meantime. I received your letter on December 4. How nice it was to hear from you on the other side of "Dammen," where it is all peaceful! I am longing for the day when we are at peace here again and I can go home and see all my dearest ones. Yes, we have had a bad time and still more ahead, but we don't worry about tomorrow. Hver Dag Har nok I sin Plage.

It must be difficult for you to believe, over there, but it is the truth when I tell you that everybody carries on with a smile, no matter whatever they have been through. The English people are wonderful. Such a nation can never be defeated. I could tell no end of small heroic stories I have come across myself. Everybody is in this war and everybody is doing his bit.

The shops are full of people and of stock, and we are NOT starving, as some people in America believe. There is plenty of food; of course there is some kind we have to be careful with but it is only good for us to be shown how careful we should be for our daily bread.

As you can see by the address, I am in the "hot spot," London. We have had some narrow escapes, but we don't worry. When your time is up, it will come, wherever you are.

I am living in a very nice house. We are four people—man, wife, a little girl (Diasa) and myself. I have been here for three years altogether. We have no animals like you; it is difficult to keep them in town.

It is wonderful that "Bedstemor" is getting along so well, and she is 86 years. I thought of her on December 5, the day after I got your letter. Betty likes the housework, I see. I am getting tired of it now, but still I must not grumble.

I can't believe that there is only a fortnight until Christmas, the time goes so quickly, it is just as well these days.

I will wish you all a very happy and peaceful Christmas and a better New Year for all of us. I shall always be pleased to hear from you, as I don't get many letters these days. I speak English better than I write it. Love to you all, from Cecile

God Bless you all.

Friday, February 14, 1941, Page Eight

Teff Writes About Army Life in Band

February 7, 1941

Dear Editor:

So many people around the Valley asked me to write and tell them what army life is like I have forgotten half of them already; so by writing one to the editor for publication I am sure not to miss anyone. If there are any of you who would like any additional, just write and ask me. I will be glad to answer any questions I can.

Here at the 3rd Coast Artillery Band everything is sort of how shall we say-- off the records. This isn't a regular band, but an experimental band. It is under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. Mr. Stokowski has some ideas that he wants to work out. We are the goats. No, one seems to know yet just what is to take place. As yet we have regular practice under Sergeant Klenik. We are to keep this up until the fellows get into shape again. Most of them haven't played for years, so you can imagine what it sounds like—pure corn with a capital C.

Our uniforms are about the same as regular soldiers' except we wear lighter colored slacks instead of olive worsted pants. Our coats, which are called blouses, are tailored for us. The shoes are regular. The shirts are hard-finished woollens which incidentally have to be dry-cleaned. We are supposed to get sun-tan cotton shirts, but as yet we haven't received them. Most of the time we wear over seas caps. On parade we wear tin hats as a rule.

To the average citizen, the army means a lot of hard work. This is true in most cases, but not in the band. We are almost what you could call play-boys. Our marching drill periods are only two hours a day as compared to the regular eight. We practice four hours as a band and practice individually two. We get up at 5:30 am, eat and 7. We drill from 7:30 until 9:30, practice as a group from 9:30 to 11:30, eat at 12; practice as a band again from 1:30 to 3:30; practice individually from 3:30 to 5:30, eat at 6. From then on until lights out at 9 the time is our own.

The greatest disadvantage in being in the band is we have to stand parade every time the officers feel in the mood for music. That means our leaves are uncertain. We are supposed to get off from Saturday noon to Monday morning at 6 am every week. This week most of us had something planned, but it went in the drink this morning. We stand parade Sunday morning at 10:45. Some stuff!

Our barracks lay on top of a hill just back of Point Fermin. This is known as the upper reservation. All around us are big 14 inch disappearing guns. They fired one of them some time ago when a general came here. It blew out all the windows in the Fort. Since then they have never been fired and probably won't be until necessary.

The only gun that we will ever carry will be a .45 Colt. After a while we will have to walk guard like the rest of the soldiers. They carry rifles; we carry our 45s. They change guards every day at noon. This is called formal guard mount, at which time all guns are inspected. It is a rather colorful sight for those who have never witnessed it.

If there is anything that I have missed, just write and I will try to tell you what I know.

Sincerely,

PVT. Teff Thygesen, 3rd Coast Artillery Band, Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, CA.

Friday, February 28, 1941, Page Four: Public Forum

Let Leo Preisker Declare His War Aims

Buellton California February 26, 1941

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Why doesn't Leo Preisker tell us his complete water plan for his own district before telling us how to give OUR water away?

Production from the combination of soil and water determines a nation's basis prosperity. Livestock production is the very backbone of our economic system. It is only through the Nation's livestock that a balanced agriculture with soil fertility can be maintained.

Modern warfare makes decentralization of huge populations necessary. An airplane picture of this Santa Ynez River watershed and environs, shows an ideal balance in nature of rolling pasture lands to possible irrigated permanent pastures. This would permit finishing at home of all local livestock to meet the modern consumer demand.

The drainage area is such that large quantities of water now flow wastefully and destructively to the ocean. Why not find out if it is economically feasible to use this water on our own lands?

Dry-farm lands now worth only \$50 an acre would show more and surer net income on a \$50 per acre valuation if we could make use of nature's bounteous gifts of soil, water, climate, markets and labor.

Moreover, by using our own watershed, we will fortify the Lompoc valley with a sure summer supply from percolation through the soil to the river gravels. But if this water is taken out of our watershed, it is gone forever.

My off-hand opinion would be that the long time economic outlook for sound county-wide prosperity would depend on our livestock herds with finishing feeds, rather than put more hillsides into the production of lemons in coastal areas. If, however, the complete engineering study shows we cannot use our surplus waters to advantage, we certainly cannot adopt a dog-in-the-manger attitude, and deny the right of this surplus water to other watersheds. It is solely up to the property owners of our Santa Ynez Valley to decide whether or not they care to have these studies completed which are available at very little cost, if any, to the property tax payer.

It was only through united county effort we got the Army Engineer's flood control and ground water surveys. To get the complete picture, an impartial detailed soil survey of this valley must be made before intelligent conclusions can be drawn for the final disposition of waters originating in the Santa Ynez River watershed. This can be had through the formation of a Soil Conservation District.

According to Mr. Preisker, money without interest is available for water conservation by borrowing the money from the United States Reclamation Service with 40 years in which to pay it back. He further points out the Federal Government will put up half the necessary money if flood control is accomplished at the same time.

Now the way it looks to me with this county's high income tax contribution to Government, we would be very foolish to let this money be spent some place else, without at least making the effort to fortify our own as well as our children's future security. For if England falls, the Capitalistic system is doomed. And nothing else offers the sure security of good real estate.

Very respectfully yours, Odin G. Buell

MARCH 1941

Friday, March 14, 1941, Page Four: Out of the Mail

US Army Air Corps

32nd Bombardment Squadron

March Field, California

March 6, 1941

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Editor:

I would like to write a few lines of appreciation to the Santa Ynez Valley American Legion and to the Santa Ynez Valley for their weekly gift of the "news."

I am sure the rest of the boys in the service at varied Army and Navy posts sincerely appreciate it as much as I do.

For information to any you fellows in the valley who have been thinking of joining the Army Air Corps, my advice to you is to jump in and get your feet wet as the Air Corps can't be beat. We have very little drill here, only fifteen minutes a day. The rest of the time we have our serious jobs just as we did in civilian life. These jobs consist of mechanic, gunner, bombardiers and etc. The Air Corps holds up with pride the mess halls, which are the very best in the service. We eat like kings and our meals vary from turkey to steaks; also the proverbial betans [sic] very seldom seen. All in all the Army today is really not a bad place at all, and a fellow who wants to get ahead can write his own ticket as to the education he receives while in the service.

Well, I guess I have taken enough of your time, so I'll close with a wish for your continued success.

Sincerely, Jack P. Oliver

APRIL 1941

Friday, April 11, 1941, Page Five

Lieut. Sogaard Writes From Canal Zone

Abrook Field April 1, 1941

Dear Editor:

About a month ago I asked for a transfer from pursuit to bombardment. Well today I received orders to report for duty in the 74th Bombardment Squadron. Due to this change in my mailing address, I will take the opportunity to write you a letter, if you please. I look forward to receiving the Valley News every week. It's just like getting a half dozen letters all at once, and you know how most of us like to get letters; especially the boys in the Army. In the last issue I enjoyed the letters from the boys that had recently joined the Army under the draft. I hope you get letters from more of them in the future and print them.

For the past eight weeks I have been flying P-36 pursuit planes. They are a single seater ship with an engine that develops about 1,100 horsepower.

It will climb 2,000 feet a minute without any trouble at all, and cruises about 240 miles an hour. By lowering the nose a little it only takes a few seconds to reach 400 miles per hour. This speed is noticeable until you begin to pull out; then be careful. To pull out too fast near the ground is almost fatal for you lose all sense of direction. You can see it doesn't take long to go in the wrong direction fast (into the ground). Several of the accidents that we had lately were from blasting out too near the ground. The real test in flying a fast pursuit plane is to be able to land it properly. It's a common occurrence to wash a landing gear out or drag a wing. I've done the latter several times. If they could only be landed slower the problem would be solved; but the faster a plane flies the faster they must be landed. It's suicide to stall a plane in landing.

Only today I saw a P-26 pursuit plane nose up. It was a funny sight to see a plane standing straight up on its snout in the middle of the field. At about 11 o'clock today a B-18 bomber was taking off when something went wrong before he had cleared the edge of the field. It crashed into the ground in a cloud of dust. No one was injured very badly to our amazement. We laugh these accidents off where no one is hurt much, to the chagrin of the officer involved. (A man of experience speaks.)

To my disgust I hear that all pursuit flyers here on the field are going up to Buffalo after a hundred and eighty P-40 pursuit planes. It would be just my luck to miss out on that trip. It is 4 o'clock now, and the air raid sirens are blowing. There are three or four of them within sound of the field. They blow if I may call it that, three long blasts. The last watch I had was ruined from our exposure to salt water (an hour and half). I now have a waterproof watch. Get it?

Several of us took a hike out into the jungle last week. It's hard to believe your eyes to see all the peculiar plant growths that exist. We spent a half hour trying to shoot down some cocoanuts, but in vain. Finally I decided to climb a tree, but found out the ants had beat me to it. I just couldn't phase them, the little rascals! Yes, we had not cocoanuts that day.

We sure could use a couple of good laundries down here. As it is, it's terrible. We let the whole house know about it when we get our laundry back and it's all there. Of course, you may get the wrong sizes back, but after all, I started out with Number Nine socks, but by now they range from 12 to 15 in size. You see, I'm winner even if I do have to wear the heel on the outside of the shoe.

The weather has been nice all the time up in the last couple of days, when it has become cloudy.

Well, all good things come to an end, so I had better conclude.

With the best of wishes,

Folmer Sogaard

Friday, April 11, 1941, Page Five

Philip Knight Tells Army Life

A letter to Rev. Glenn H. Lutz from Philip Knight, sergeant in the 144th Field Artillery, one of the five boys to go from Santa Ynez, and who with the others is stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, tells of interesting detail work and gives a good account of the other boys.

“Eugene Crane,” he states, “is a good man. I have recommended him to become a private first class. His pay will be \$36, and he will have one stripe to wear on his arm.

“I had Charles Burd and Bud Jones transferred to motors. They had their hearts set on driving tractors and are two of our best drivers. Specialist ratings go with their jobs, and although they don’t wear stripes, they get \$36 to \$40. Their job is to put the guns where we want them. As chief of section, I have to ride with the tractor driver when my gun is taken out.

“Private Refugio Ontiveros is in communication, and he is doing well there. At the present time, he has the phone at the gun position, and transmits firing data to executive officers, who transmit it to me for my gun crew.

“Private Crane is my No. 1 man, and his duties during firing are to open and close the breech, and to fire the piece by pulling the lanyard. His is the most responsible position on the gun crew.

“According to latest reports, we leave for Wyoming in May. From there we are scheduled to go to California, for six weeks for maneuvers—probably at San Luis Obispo. All the boys will be men to be proud of when we come home.”

MAY 1941

Friday, May 30, 1941, Page Four

Our Mail Box

Editor, Santa Ynez Valley News.

Sir:

In a recent paper (Santa Barbara) I notice an Associated Press item to the effect that Mr. John Frederick Lewis, as president of the corporation, the Academy of Music (in Philadelphia) has denied the use of their auditorium on May 29th for a meeting to be addressed by Charles A. Lindbergh and sponsored by the America First Committee. I am aware that Mr. Lindbergh's public speeches have lately aroused a good deal of public controversy. I am not now concerned with whether or not he has been either wise or right, but merely with his right as an American citizen to discuss with other American citizens, in free assembly, any subject not forbidden by law. I venture to suggest to you that the important issue involved in this news item is not anything that Mr. Lindbergh may have said or may intend to say, but whether or not we shall have arrived at that point of public hysteria in which civil liberties have always suffered. Mr. Lewis, says the Associated Press, refused to rent the Academy to the America First Committee "because the audience Lindbergh attracts are Communists and Nazis and enemies of our American form of government."

In the first place, I question the implication that if any man is unwilling to see America become involved in any direct military sense in the present world war, he must thereby necessarily be a Communist or a Nazist. I rather suspect that the majority, perhaps millions of them, are ordinary, old-fashioned Americans. The Gallup polls and other "infallible" oracles give me every reason to believe that this is true. But I am far more concerned about the next implication: that those who are deeply concerned about America First are labeled as "enemies of our form of government."

I should be glad to have you throw your Mail Box open to a few relevant questions and observations.

Does loyalty to "our American form of government" necessarily involve any eagerness or willingness to become involved in war, especially at a time when Congress has not seen fit to declare any war? Might not loyalty to "our American form of government" almost restrain us from any such participation in international war, all the more in a period when international war most surely cannot be kept from running into civil war during which any form of government certainly will not survive without drastic change? Or is it possible that those who most ardently desire that we go to war, think so precisely because they realize that "we shall have no revolution without war; but we shall have not war without revolution," that is to say, precisely because they desire such a drastic change in "our American form of government" that they will not obtain it unless we do become involved actively in foreign wars?

Let me leave these questions standing on their own merits, if they can, while I permit myself a few recollections on the subject of Philadelphia. I happen to recall that during the very times when our fate as a future nation was being decided in Philadelphia there were a great many uncomplimentary references to the manner in which prominent Philadelphians acted. Harrison Gray Otis, reflecting on the anti-democratic manner of certain people, wrote his wife, "Those who constitute the fashionable world (in Philadelphia) are at best a mere oligarchy, composed of a few natives and as many foreigners."

An Englishman (I. Weld, *Travels Through the States of North America*, 1807, i, 21), noted that "amongst the upper circles . . . pride, haughtiness, and ostentation are conspicuous; and it seems that nothing could make them happier than that an order of nobility should be established, by which they might be exalted above their fellow citizens, as much as they are in their own conceit."

A French nobleman (Duc de La Rochefoucauld Liancourt, *Travels Through the US of North America*, 1799 iv 105) could not escape the observation that "the English influence prevails (sic) in the first circles and prevails with great intolerance . . . What is justly called society, does not exist in this city (Philadelphia). The vanity of wealth is common

enough.” Claude Bowers, in his excellent “Jefferson and Hamilton, p. 135, summarizes the situation in these telling words: “A veritable Vanity Fair, many clever, some brilliant, most skeptical of republics, and few capable of discriminating between anarchy and democracy. Such was the social atmosphere of the capital when the fight to determine whether this should be a democratic or aristocratic republic was made.”

Note the words: “Few capable of discriminating between anarchy and democracy” or between comunazism and Americanism. . . !

Great Scott, Mr. Editor, the awful thought dawns on me that nothing of consequence may have happened in Philadelphia in nearly two centuries, at least not “amongst the upper circles” . . . proud, haughty, intolerant, skeptical and incapable of telling anarchy from democracy! Would it be entirely useless, do you think, to recall some of the basic principles, formulated and adopted as indispensable to our national well-being? Such as these:

Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or the press; or the right of the people to peaceably to assemble and to petition the government.”

But if Congress shall not surely it is presumptuous for the Academy of Music to think it might. Would it not, in fact, amount to that very suppression of civil liberties which has been found so objectionable in Communists and Nazis? Is this not, in itself conduct inimical to “our American form of government”?

And while I recognize that Presidential pronouncements may not have the force of law, who shall say that, by constant reiteration, they do not become valuable running commentaries. As for instance, when Thomas Jefferson stated, when ours was still a young nation, struggling to decide whether America was to be another Europe a happy hunting ground subject to the exploitation of an aristo-plutocracy, or a new nation, governed by and in the interest of the whole people—that “If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve the Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments to the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left to combat it.”

Half a century later, Abraham Lincoln, defending this same freedom, even at the risk of civil war, added:

“The country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it; or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. . . If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—and certainly would if such a right were a vital one.”

I shall venture to assume that the rights of free speech and a free press are still vital rights, worth fighting for, also in Philadelphia.

Within the memory of most of us, when the foundations of the old order audibly cracked, and the whole ghastly horror of world war settled all about us, Woodrow Wilson re-defined our national heritage in contemporary terms when he assured his fellow Americans that:

“If there is one thing we love more than another it is that everyman should have the privilege, unmolested, and uncriticised, [sic] to utter the real convictions of his mind. I believe that the weakness of the American character is that there are so few growlers and kickers among us. We have forgotten the very principle of our origins, if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices, if it be necessary to readjust matters.”

There are strong words, Mr. Editor. They come from neither of us, not even from Mr. Lindbergh, but from Dr. Woodrow Wilson, a renowned scholar, then president of the US in a national crisis comparable to our present one.

If you were to object that this is a dangerous doctrine, I shall not contradict you. It is! I know of only one thing more dangerous, namely to drive it underground. For the world war is today more than a war of ideas; but ideas have been known to be intimately related to the circumstances under which men must live, for better or worse. And it was one

of the very wisest men ever to sit on the bench of the Supreme Court who said, in recent years, that "If in the long run, the beliefs expressed by proletarian dictatorships are destined to be accepted by the dominant forces of the community, the only meaning of free speech is that they should be given their chance and have their way." May not this, incidentally, be in the back of the minds of those who would have us make democracy work at home before we become involved in military adventure abroad?

Eric H. Thomsen May 21, 1941

JUNE 1941

Friday, June 20, 1941, Page Four

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

We bicker, while the watershed burns! Now we all have a stake in this watershed, and we can all do our bit to protect it. We have before us today a lesson in France. A democracy, to work, must represent intelligent individualism as against a typical fifth column activity of playing neighbor off against neighbor for selfish gain.

I have just returned from a trip to Berkeley to try to salvage the Lompoc Soil Conservation CCC Camp. From information gained up there the whole thing boils itself down to the fact that, due to national defense demands, the nation as a whole is taking a cut of 250 active CCC camps.

Those getting the first call to remain in operation are naturally those camps in active Soil Conservation districts. However, I discovered last spring that the Soil Conservation Service made a working agreement with the Los Angeles County Flood Control District, pending the formation of a Soil Conservation District in that area.

That means, if for instance our local Santa Ynez River Water Conservation District should negotiate an agreement with the Soil Conservation Service, while we are forming our Soil district, we might be able to keep the Soil-CCC Camp at Lompoc.

To realize how important that CCC Camp can be to us all, just top to consider, if the proposed permanent army camp is established out at Lompoc, it will accommodate 43,000 men. Their water demand is figured at 100 gallons per day per man. That water must be supplied from the Santa Ynez River watershed. That means we must have adequate manpower available for protection against fire, as well as saving every possible drop of rainfall.

What we do today determines how well prepared we will be to meet the economic repercussions of the present world-wide struggle to determine whether civilization is to go ahead or be set back at least 500 years. Get the facts to the people, and we, the people, as plain American citizens, can keep democracy alive.

Odin G. Buell

Buellton,

June 17, 1941

JULY 1941

Friday, July 4, 1941, Page Two, Advertisement: USO

[Illustrated with a picture of a GI typing with two fingers on a typewriter]

Dear Mom:

Well, here it is another weekend and I'm not a General yet. But give me time.

The nearest village is 5 miles away. All you find there is a general store, a garage and a canning factory—nowhere to go for any good clean fun, unless you drop in at a smoke-filled juke joint on the way.

Well, Mom, there's a big favor you can do me. The USO is trying to raise \$10,765,000 to run clubs for us, outside of camp. Places with lounge rooms, dance floors, games, writing rooms. Places you can get a bite to eat without paying a king's ransom.

I know you don't have an idle million lying around, but if you could get the family interested and some of the neighbors, and if that happened all over the country, the USO could raise, \$40,765,000 over night.

I'd appreciate it a lot, Mom, and so would every other mother's son in the US Army and Navy.

Love,

Bill

They're doing their bit for you. Will you do your bit for them? Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to USO National Headquarters. Empire State Building, New York, NY.

These organizations have joined forces to form the USO: the YMCA, National Catholic Community Service, Salvation Army, YWCA, Jewish Welfare Board, National Travelers Aid Association.

Open Your Heart

Open Your Purse

Give to the USO

AUGUST 1941

Friday, August 15 1941, Page Eight

Sogaard Writes From Canal Zone

The following letter is from Folmer Sogaard a local boy now stationed at the Canal Zone, and First Pilot on a bomber plane

Howard Field, Canal Zone

August 9, 1941

Dear Editor:

Thanks for sending the Santa Ynez Valley News. I will also take the opportunity to let you know my new address. All heavy bombardment moved to a new field across the Canal (Howard Field). It will eventually be the largest field on the Isthmus, but it will not be completed for almost two years, I understand. With our daily afternoon rain, plus all the trucks, tractors, shovels, cement mixers, chevacs (native buses) and what have you, we manage to keep the mud pretty well stirred up.

The wild life is also quite plentiful here, if frogs, mosquitos, and bugs come in that category. Most of the fellows sleep under a mosquito net, but I'm too stubborn to do that yet; but I may have to give in and retreat under cover to keep from being attacked by dive bombers all night. The sand fleas are also holding their own.

The only way to cross the Canal is by ferry (without the serenade). It is becoming a real problem with fields on both sides of the Canal. We rush down to the ferry, breaking all speed limits, only to wait an hour to cross a 200 yard strip of water.

Several months ago I was on convoy duty with trucks hauling supplies into the interior for new landing fields. Consequently I noticed many interesting things along the road, which otherwise are never seen from the air. At one place along the road they were building a new bridge. The natives had set up a camp and lived right at the scene of their work. Driving by one day, I noticed the cook was picking a chicken, which is a natural thing to do, you will agree. But how about a live chicken? That's exactly what he was doing! I'll never forget how that chicken was blinking his eyes. Do you blame him? I noticed another rooster sitting up on a branch tied by one leg. His fate was cast!

Few people have wells of their own in the villages. They have community water pumps. Many of the boys haul water on wheelbarrows, but all of the women carry water on their heads. They use many of these five gallon oil cans to carry water in. I still can't figure out how they can balance these cans on their heads. All the little kids run around naked. At one pump the mother had her little son all soaped down, or should I say up? Then she put him under the pump and washed him off, the water dripping right back in the well. You might call it a community bath.

I stopped in one place to have a Coca-Cola in order to refresh myself. To my amazement, the place was full of chickens. They walked around under the counters picking up crumbs and other tidbits dropped. I was drinking my "coke," trying to act nonchalant, when in swoops a pigeon and lights on a shelf. The old boy gave a "coo," poked his chest out and strutted in behind some cans to his nest no doubt. I walked out thoroughly refreshed.

Flying has been sort of slow the last month or so, due to our moving. We also wrecked a couple of our bombers. While taxi-ing, one of them went through a grille, covering a drainage system and ruined one wing. The other one was damaged when the landing gear gave way on landing. They are both on "sick call" now. I am not taking credit for either mishap, by the way.

Speaking of flying, I was finally checked off as joint pilot on a B-18 bomber day before yesterday. If you see a chest come in your office, I'll be about a block behind it. I'll be able to fly a bomber the way they are supposed to be flown in a couple of years, maybe, if I am lucky. A fellow has quite a responsibility when you have five, ten, or fifteen men

with you. Some pilots fail to realize that it seems to me, but I should talk. One never knows what may happen, nor who is to blame.

I wish I could be out in them thar California hills with you Sunday morning after the deer with my trusty rifle and my shaky arm. Well, I am out of news, if not out of paper.

Regards to all

Folmer Sogaard

Friday, August 22, 1941, Page Four: Our Mail Box

August 18, 1941

Hansen Meat Market

Solvang, California

Gentlemen:

I want to thank you very much for your help for Chinese Relief.

It is so kind of you to keep our bowl for contributions on your showcase.

And we appreciate very much the contributions coming from the people of Solvang.

When we realize that one cent a day will keep a child in China from starvation—a child that otherwise would perish—these small coins are well worth collecting.

And ALL contributions to this organization for Chinese Relief go direct to Madame Chiang Kai-Chek [sic] each month. Not one penny of it is used for expenses.

Again thanking you, very gratefully,

Gladys E. Drake

SEPTEMBER 1941

Friday, September 12, 1941, Page Four: Our Mail Box

54th Signal Base

Company B

Fort Ord, California

Santa Ynez Valley News and American Legion Post

Solvang, California

Just a line of appreciation and acknowledgement of receipt of the Valley News every week here at camp. It is indeed a pleasure to keep posted on the happenings around the valley every week.

Our outfit, the 54th Signal Battalion, has just returned from the Washington maneuvers and we were all indeed glad to get back to sunny California as it rained practically the whole time we were there; but we were cheered by the hospitality of the people of Washington.

We served the Fourth Army Headquarters with communication for the maneuvers, and were one of the last to leave, having to take down all of the signal equipment, which consists of radio, telegraph, teletype and telephone.

We also served the Fourth Army Headquarters on the Hunter Liggett maneuvers, spending three months in the hills of the Hearst ranch. Where our next assignment will take us keeps us all guessing.

Many thanks again, and with best regards to all.

Sincerely,

Pvt. Daniel C. McLellan Co. B, 54th Signal Battalion, Fort Ord, California.

Friday, September 12, 1941, Page Four

Camp Roberts September 9, 1941

Hello, Walt.

Just a few lines to tell you that it sure was good to see all the people in the Valley last week-end but wish I could have seen more and talked with each longer. Maybe you would like to hear a little about the Camp here.

We have here about 27,000 men, almost all of whom are draftees. They are divided into two parts—the Field Artillery and the Infantry. I don't know much about the Infantry, but they are on the march all the time.

I got put in the Field Artillery for no apparent reason. Then because I worked in a store and knew what a can of peas looked like, I was assigned to cooking and cook for about 260 men.

Here at this camp we work one day and then we have one day of classes and drilling. The cooking is very interesting, but it is very different from cooking in civil life.

I would like very much to hear from all my friends in the Valley, if you will pass the word around. My address is:

Pvt. John S. Johnson, Jr.,

Battery A. 56th F. A. Tng. Bn Bldg 6318

Camp Roberts

OCTOBER 1941

Friday, October 3, 1941, Page Four: Our Mail Box

USS Hovey

September 24, 1941

Dear Mr. Hanson and Friends,

In response to an article in the September 12, 1941, edition of the Valley News, I'd like to express the views of quite a few of the men in the Navy.

The article was headed, "Is This Fair to Our Boys?" taken from the El Paso Rotary Club publication, "The Roundup." The text of the article was about the labor strikes in our defense industries and what the draftee thinks about it. Well, I'm not a draftee, as you all know, but I'm still in the service, the same as the draftee and probably think just about like he does. We really aren't in the service for the fun of it, but are here to defend our country in time of any emergency and when any man or woman, working in the defense industry strikes against it, it looks very much like we aren't getting very much cooperation from these so-called Americans. I read an article in a local paper recently about a strike somewhere on the East coast, where they were asking for a two cent an hour raise in pay. This looks very silly to a service man who only gets \$21 a month, when he goes into the Army or Navy. The sixteen cents a day those people are asking for would please the average soldier, sailor or marine very much, but can we go out and strike to get it? No; for the simple reason he can't, because he is working for Uncle Sam, and is here for a purpose. Well, in my estimation people working in defense industries are also working for Uncle Sam, so why should they be allowed to strike? What the government should do is to put them in the Army or Navy and give them a taste of little money, being away from home and their families, and working for someone to whom he couldn't ask for higher wages. This Uncle Sam is a great fellow to work for, if some people would only realize it. If he's treated right, he'll treat you right.

People working for defense are working for Uncle Sam, but some of them don't realize it. They are striking for more money when they should be working and helping. This country needs the cooperation of every American citizen and it needs it now, not two or three weeks or even days from now, after they settle the strike. The days lost by strikes is just putting the country behind that much, and millions of dollars, also.

Of course, everyone realizes we can't do anything about it, but the government should step in and take over all situations and get them on the right road.

Sure the cost of living is has gone up, but is the draftee getting a large raise in pay every time he wants it? I should say not! They also have families to support. So why are some Americans (if one may call them Americans) trying to work against us? We don't "get" it.

I hope this letter won't offend anyone, because it is not my intention to do that. But I just thought I'd like to express the views of most of the service men, to the readers of the Valley News. I'd really appreciate very much if you would print this in your Letters column.

Incidentally, I've been reading the Valley News every week now for about five years, and really think it's swell to see about all of the folks back home and to keep up in general on what's going on. I'll confess the Valley News didn't mean much to me when I was home, but you don't know how I appreciate it now. So thank you in advance, I remain,

H. P. "Pete" Hansen

USS Hovey (D. M.S. 11) c/o

Postmaster, San Diego, Calif.

Friday, October 3, 1941, Page Four

Camp Roberts, Calif.

September 30, 1941

Miss Lucy Bancroft,

Buellton, California

My Dear Miss Bancroft:

I am still impressed with the hospitality and if you will let me know concerning the success of your newspaper appeal for records, sheet music and books, I will make arrangements for their transportation to East Garrison.

Again let me express our appreciation to you for your organizing your communities on behalf of East Garrison.

Most Sincerely,

Almira Quinn,

Senior Hostess

Friday, October 10, 1941, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Editor, Santa Ynez Valley News

Sir: May I take the liberty of using your columns to thank all of the people of the Santa Ynez Valley who cooperated to arrange the fine luncheon for the group of men from this command who visited the Valley on September 28?

The hospitality with which we were received was so complete as to defy any adequate means of expressing our gratitude. I have had very many comments on the enjoyment which the visit provided, from the individual men who were with us, and many requests for a chance to return. I hope that we may indeed have an opportunity to do so.

In particular I wish to mention the people of the town of Los Olivos, whom I inadvertently omitted in my thanks at the time. I must assure them that this error was due only to my own lack of knowledge of the full size of your community. Our thanks of course extends to them every bit as much as they do to the towns of Buellton, Solvang, Santa Ynez and Ballard.

Sincerely yours.

Myron L. Birnbaum

First Lieut. 26th F. A. Brig. Athletic and Recreation Officer

Friday, October 17, 1941, Page One

Sgt. Hald Writes From Iceland

The following letter from Iceland was written by Staff Sergeant Ansgar Hald, US Marine Corps, to his mother and dad, Rev. and Mrs. N. P. Hald, residents of Solvang. Sergeant Hald, who has been in the service for nine years, has seen many difference countries in his government service.

The letter follows:

Iceland,

September 7, 1941

Dear Mother and Dad:

Quite a change in location since I last wrote, is it not? We are already going on our third month here, and winter is rapidly approaching. The first three to four weeks we had continuous daylight, but now it's quite different and before long sunrise will be around 9:00 a. m. and sunset at 3:00 p. m. so the Icelanders say.

No, I can't understand Icelandic; however, I do find that I can understand a good deal when reading it. There seems to be quite a foreign element—that is an element not Scandinavian, e.g. "Allur Akstur Bannadur" means entry prohibited to all vehicles. I see no similarity there at all. But here is one purely Scandinavian: "til vinstri" turn left. The entire language seems to run along the same line.

Danish is quite rare, although there are a few who speak it. The majority of the people do speak English to some degree or other. They all understand English if they have goods to sell.

Iceland is far from what I had expected. There are no Eskimos and polar bears, but they do have flies and mosquitoes; also hot water streams. People are much the same as in the States except the blondes are predominant. I would like to travel all over this island and have a real good look-see. So far, I have only been able to climb the highest hill hereabouts and look around.

Well, folks, there is lots and lots of things I'd like to chat about, but as you see our mail is censored, so I'll save those chats until some other time.

Here is wishing you a very happy birthday, Mother, although you probably won't receive this letter until way after the 13th. I'm sorry I did not write sooner, but that's me all over. Here's hoping to hear from you soon and know that you are OK. I am as always your loving son,

Boob Ansgar Hald

Staff Sergeant, US Marine Corps.

NOVEMBER 1941

Friday, November 7, 1941, Page One: Our Mail Box

Howard Field, Canal Zone,

November 3, 1941

Dear Editor

If it wasn't for the weekly Valley News I wouldn't need a mail box. You know how one's fan mail slacks off now and then. Well, mine is at a new low.

Today Panama celebrated her 38th year of independence from Columbia. Naturally, the Americans help them celebrate, for, after all, we get a holiday out of the deal. I went to see the first bull fight I had ever seen. The bulls seemed pretty tired, I thought, but after all who wouldn't standing out in the hot sun all day? The first bull in the arena was sort of a friendly fellow, for all he thought about was to get back into the chute where he had come from.

To make a bull made they throw or rather jab a couple of barbs with about a thousand firecrackers attached into him. What a noise they make! Which sort of gets on the bull's nerves. But they soon tire out in the hot sun.

The second bull in the pen was Ferdinand, for he began to eat grass until he got the fireworks, which got him in the fighting spirit. About this time an onlooker thought he could do better than the bull fighters, so he jumped into the arena, waving his coat, but the bull would not pay any attention to him. Then all of a sudden as this fellow was looking up in the grandstand, the bull tore out after him. I'm not exaggerating a bit when I say he looked like a brown streak as he charged this would-be bull fighter in the seat of the pants. The next thing I knew, this fellow was turning cartwheels 15 feet in the air. When he hit the ground, he didn't move a finger. I still don't know if he was OUT, or just dead.

In a few days my squadron is going on maneuvers up in the interior, so we will be roughing it for awhile, but the Air Corps can "take it." Just ask the Infantry or Field Artillery. "The Heck!" they say. Ha! Ha!

We ordered 1,500 practice bombs and by the time we had dropped them all just name a chimney and we will be able to —well, let's drop it right there.

Things have been pretty quiet here at Howard Field, except last Saturday a fellow nosed an A—17 over because he got off the runway in the mud. When you get off the runway here you need pontoons. You probably read in the newspapers about the three pursuit planes crashing into the hillside here one night. Two of the boys were my classmates.

The day after, I flew a plane out around the hill where you could see the three burned spots with a piece of metal here and there; but I always get a jumpy feeling looking at a fatal crackup from the air, and cleared out of there.

I pity the poor contractors around here. Every time they dig a ditch or a pit for a foundation, a big rain comes up and fills them with water. They spend more time pumping water than at anything else.

I hear the Panama national anthem coming from RCA New York. Will have to learn Spanish or else, for that's all we get on the radio down here. Short wave from the States is even in Spanish now, too.

Best wishes to everybody,

Folmer Sogaard.

Friday, November 14 1941, Page One: Our Mail Box

Members of the American Legion and Editor Hanson:

I want to thank you for sending me the Santa Ynez Valley News. I certainly appreciate hearing all about the folks in the Valley, and I know all the rest of the fellows from the Valley and who are in the service appreciate it just as much as I do.

It is sure great that someone in civilian life thinks enough of the fellows in the service to send them a paper from their home town. The articles that I read and enjoy make me feel that I am not very far from home.

Thanking you again, I am sincerely, yours,

Jack H. Farren, US Naval Air Station, Barracks A-4 A. m. m. School Seattle, Wash.

Friday, November 14 1941, Page One: Our Mail Box

Federal Union Now?

Editor, Santa Ynez Valley News

WANTED: A local Town Hall debate, with question period from the audience on the relative merits of "Federal Union Now" as a step toward creating a world without war through a Free World Association.

I will gladly furnish the speakers for the affirmative of this question, as well as the Legion Hall rent for any suitable night, if somebody else will furnish the speakers for the negative.

The recent rugged individualistic era of high nationalism has seen the machine age come into being, with its high tariff walls, one of the world's worst depressions, and two wars. And today, the remaining democracies of the earth are in a life and earth struggle for survival with forces of Dictatorship. I personally, believe it is time we all gave more thought as to how to make Democracy work more effectively. One of the best tools we still have is public debate to bring out facts. Only an intelligent ballot can make Democracy work.

Intelligent individualism can create A Free World, with all that the name implies. Does the Bill of rights put a premium on ignorance, during an emergency, to the point where Democracy itself is threatened? We must remember ignorance is not only the lack of knowledge, which can be remedied, but something far more vicious, which is the abuse of knowledge through power.

We have a sad example of this today in Hitlerism. But Man can do what Man can imagine. Nearly everybody hates war. Let's face the facts through the American way of debate, and then act with the ballot. Here's hoping this challenge will not go unanswered, because we all have a stake in wanting the correct answers as to how best to preserve Democracy.

Sincerely yours, Odin G. Buell, Buellton, California

Friday, November 21, 1941, Page One: Our Mail Box

We are printing another letter from Ansgar Hald, Staff Sergeant with the Marines in Iceland. He is a son of Rev. and Mrs. N. Hald, of Solvang, to whom the letter was written:

Iceland,

October 6, 1941

Dear Folks:

Just received your registered letter postmarked as follows: "Solvang 20 Sept., Perris Island 23 Sept.; New York, Foreign, 26 Sept." Yes Dad you guessed quite right. I am in Iceland and tomorrow makes three months here. However, I hope you have received my letter which I mailed somewhere around the 8th of September.

Today has been the first day of real fine weather in about three weeks. It has been raining blue blazes and snowing up in the hills. Will probably have snow here before long. Yes, we are dressed for Arctic weather, so don't worry about that Mother. "Long handled" woolen underwear, wool shirts, rubber coats, pants and hats, sheepskin coats, fur-lined caps with fur lined flaps that fold down around ears and cheeks, boots with felt lining and boots, rubber. So you see we don't need a thing.

How do we live? In new fangled contraptions that are known as Nisen huts. The floor dimensions are 16 feet by 36 feet. The walls and roof all one, forming an arc which gives the construction the shape of a cylinder split lengthwise. The hut is made of corrugated steel and is lined on the inside with celotex. A heavy asbestos like fibre. There are two windows and a door in each end; however, we have sealed the door in one end. The capacity of each hut is 11 men. Heat is obtained from coal stoves. Coal and kindling is shipped from the States, as neither is available on this bleak and barren island.

Pay days comes in Icelandic money, kroner and ore. The rate of exchange is between 15 and 16 cents to the kroner. One hundred ore equals one krona. So you see we are basking in Icelandic money on pay days.

Food is excellent. Of course, eggs and fruit come only when a transport convoy, battlewagon or other vessel drops its mudhook. If we get dissatisfied with chow, we have only to go eat a meal with the British. God, they ARE really on a food ration.

I am sending a few pictures taken here. Will send more whenever I get them developed. It only takes the Icelanders a month to develop pictures. I'd do it myself but I'm fresh out of paper and fixing acid.

You were asking when I would be home. That is just as impossible for one to predict as when the end of the world will come. I only wish Uncle Sam would hurry up and get into this war. I really believe that we could crush Hitler Now in short order. Well, folks, it's getting rather late and I must take a bath before turning in. Anyhow, I believe I have told you all news, etc. I have a feeling life will be pretty much the same all winter long, but I have plenty of reading material and am taking a correspondence course in mathematics from the Marine Corps. Institute, so I believe I'll keep from going "plumb batty."

With love to all,

BOOB

PS My address is Ansgar Hald, 1st Marine Brigade (Provisional) 1-X-5

c/o Postmaster, New York, NY (Use no rank.)

DECEMBER 1941

US DECLARES WAR

Japan Attacks Every US Possession in Vast Pacific Region

[V for Victory now appears at the top of the front page on each side of the title]

Friday, December 12, 1941, Page Two: *Weekly News Analysis*:

Gillette: His Letter

Senator Gillette of Iowa, a Democrat who was the first target of one of the New Deal's unsuccessful purge efforts in 1937, and who has long been a relentless and capable foe of the President's foreign policy, had written a letter to the President offering his services in any capacity during the present emergency.

The President replied, in part:

"If the occasion should warrant it, I would not hesitate to ask you to place your abilities at the disposal of your country in some other capacity than as United States senator."

The incident was regarded as another spectacular development in the progressive collapse of opposition to the administration's foreign policy in light of the extreme tension in the Far East.

The Iowan informed the President that he had not retreated from his viewpoint. He said, however, that he was utterly willing under the present circumstances to work for causes which were in conflict with his personal opinions. Said he:

"This is for the purpose of enlisting myself and all that I have in service for the duration of the emergency."

Friday, December 12, 1941, Page Five: Our Mail Box

November 27, 1941

EDITOR HANSON

Santa Ynez Valley News,

Solvang, California

On a recent trip south I stopped by to see Solvang and to have some coffee and Danish pastry. In the small coffee shop, I came across a copy of your paper. I forgot to look at the subscription rate, so would you send me this information, so that I might subscribe?

I am interested in Solvang for two reasons: One, that I am of Danish descent and had the pleasure of a trip to Denmark just before the war broke out. My other reason is that I am always looking for some new travel objective to include in my monthly travel columns in Sunset Magazine. I had heard about Solvang, but I had never seen it to appreciate what it is. I noticed the beginnings of Danish architecture in some of the shops; I visited the attractive little church, and saw the attractive school.

Mr. Voight, of Santa Barbara, told me that Solvang had plans for carrying out the Danish atmosphere in even more detail, but that plans had been somewhat hampered by the invasion of Denmark.

I just want you know that I am extremely interested in the plans, and I shall be happy to have details of the progress from time to time. Sincerely yours,

Helga Iversen

Friday, December 19, 1941, Page One

Kansas Paper Extends Invitation To Coast People

The Delphos (Kan.) Republican was brought to the Santa Ynez Valley News office yesterday by Mrs. Tony Austed, and on its front page in a box was a special invitation to the folks here to come to Kansas. Here it is:

Citizens of this peaceful inland town of 750 souls invites you to spend the duration in Delphos. Only 40 miles from geographical center of U.S. Cheap rents, plenty of beef, pork, eggs, and milk. The town is dotted with storm cellars, built after cyclone of 1925. Guarantee a home like atmosphere. No jitters, all titters, in Delphos

JANUARY 1942

Friday, January 2, 1942, Page One

Soldiers Appreciate Red Cross Sweaters

We have received quite a number of letters the past week from women in the Valley, who received them from soldiers who have received the Red Cross sweaters. The women placed their name and address on each sweater, and the soldiers are showing their appreciation by sending a letter of thanks. The letters are very similar in expression, so we selected only one of them to print, and here it is:

San Diego, Cal.

December 25, 1941

Dear Unknown Friend

I just received your sweater through my Community Officer. I take this happy opportunity to thank you for making my Christmas a little brighter and a lot more complete. The sweater is a gift that is well appreciated, and will be long remembered. I can think of nothing more useful at this time. Again, I thank you.

Gratefully yours,

Sgt. Ray Taylor

Recruit Depot San Diego, Cal.

Friday, January 2, 1942, Page Eight: Our Mail Box

Company 163 Naval Training Station

San Diego, California

December 22, 1941

Dear Editor:

I received the Valley News yesterday and it is certainly a welcome gift. I have been here exactly ten days today, and have learned a lot of things and a few of these things are things that the chaplain told around 1,200 of us at a lecture, and I will repeat. Watch your language; speak when spoken to, and follow orders. He said, "Usually when you hear a civilian speak of the Navy they say that they are a rough, no-good and outspoken bunch and the new recruits have gotten this name for the Navy. I have found that statement true in the short time I have been in the Navy. New recruits go around swearing, acting tough, and telling about their past experiences (all of which are not very good ones). You never hear the ones who have been in the Navy any length of time going around swearing at everything in general, and they speak only when spoken to. The recruit is treated very leniently, and there is no call for him to go around swearing and blowing off about his petty officers.

A faithful reader of the Valley News.

George Melvin Morr

P. S. I would sure like to hear from home folks around the valley, so I will ask that my friends write to me and I promise to answer them with a long letter,

Sincerely,

George Melvin Morr

Fort MacArthur December 24, 1941

Friday, January 2, 1942, Page Eight

Fort MacArthur December 24, 1941

Dear Friends:

I'm caught in one of those almost impossible positions of writing everybody in the Valley and thanking them for their cards and presents. I am hoping that Mr. Hanson will be kind enough to publish this for me.

You can't imagine the feeling of joy it brings us boys who are in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps of our great country. I don't know how I will ever repay you folks except to do everything in my power to defeat our common enemy.

Thankfully yours,

P. F. C. Thorolf Thygesen,

Hq. Btry. 3rd. C. A. Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, California

Friday, January 9, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

The following letter from Pearl Harbor was received by Don Kilbourne on Baseline Road from a relative, who lives in the Hawaiian Islands on Sunday, December 7. The letter is from Ensign Franklin D. Newell, Jr. to his father, Franklin D. Newell Sr., in Minneapolis, Minnesota who sent it to Mr. Kilbourne.

December 16, 1941

Dear Dad:

I hope you got the post card I sent advising that I was well and that a letter would follow. In case you did not, this is the "letter to follow." I must admit that this letter comes rather late in the game, but we have been rather busy out here of late.

I am not certain what reports you have received back home on the battle of Pearl Harbor, but let me make one thing clear: The boys in this Navy of ours will make a good accounting of themselves. They are a good bunch of fighters and as I have said before, we have fine equipment.

You know I came out here with the thought of spending five years at this job if necessary. I am now prepared to spend fifty years at it, if it takes that long. I want you to know I am in top shape in mind, body, and spirit, and will do the kind of job for which no one will have to make any apologies.

You know I felt this war would have to come. You also know that I said any major naval battles would have to be in the Pacific. Well, it is here now, and make no mistake, we will win it. There are many things that must be left unsaid until after the war is over, or at least until you and I are alone together. You will understand that, I am sure.

Friday, January 9, 1942: Our Mail Box

January 7, 1942

33nd Bomb Squadron, Kern County Airport, US Army Air Corps, Bakersfield, California

Dear Ladies:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all members of the "Oldsterettes" Club for the nice Christmas box. I sincerely appreciate the effort all of the ladies must have made to try and make Christmas a little more pleasant for all of the boys in the service. I am sure all of the other fellows enjoyed theirs as much as I did. So I will close with a sincere wish of happiness and good health for you all during the coming year.

Jack P. Oliver

Friday, January 16, 1942, Page Four

Pillsburys Received Letter of Appreciation From Former Gaviota Guard

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Pillsbury received a letter this week from Sgt. Elton, who was stationed at Gaviota the first three weeks of the war, showing their appreciation of what was done for them while here:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury:

For the boys, Lieut. Blaze and myself, let me again thank you and all in the Santa Ynez Valley for the things you did for us during our brief stay there. You were all grand. The boys have not forgotten, and they will not very soon, either.

Also which to say to the Ballard school children that we appreciated the package they sent us.

1st. Sgt. Chas. Elton, 185th Inf. Los Angeles, Calif.

Friday, January 16, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Palace Hotel Guatemala, C. A.

January 8, 1942

Dear Friends and Editor

First of all I want to thank all my friends in the Valley for the cards and letters they sent me for Christmas. Although they may have had a hard time catching up with me, I only enjoyed them all the more. In fact, the holiday mail is still coming in.

We had everything but snow for Christmas this year here in Guatemala. The altitude is over 5,000 feet above sea level, which is just enough to give the air that sort of twang scented with pine trees. The climate is much like that of California. The city lies in one of the most beautiful settings one could expect. Volcanos tower up on all sides to over 12,000 feet. Some of them are supposed to be active, but I haven't seen any smoke come from them yet. Never can tell when one may blow its top. Is a volcano masculine or feminine? Beats me! Well, anyhow, amongst all this grandeur are the most beautiful blue volcanic lakes. Some of the boys went swimming in one the other day, but it felt too cold for me. I just gave it the one-two finger test. We were told that hot currents existed in place, which in turned caused dangerous under current.

Now a word about Guatemala. They are the most friendly people I've ever known, and it's not put on, either. They do everything they can to make us enjoy our being here.

The country is owned by the Spanish while the Indians do all the work. At least the Indian squaws do their share. Early in the morning, before dawn, the women come shuffling to town with huge loads of fruit, vegetables, poultry, meat and flowers, on their heads, while the baby rides the rumble seat on her back. The men use the strap across their foreheads for carrying heavy loads. The poor oxen tote their share, too. It is pretty cold in the morning and to see Indians all running around barefooted, well, it just gives me the shivers; but after all my blood got pretty thin from Panama.

Thanks again for everything,

Sincerely,

Lt. Folmer J. Sogaard, Army Air corps,

C/o American Legation Guatemala, C. A.

Friday, January 16, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

San Pedro, Calif.

Dear Friends of the Santa Ynez Valley

I wish to express my thanks to each and every one for the fine gifts and cards. It made me feel like I was right at home.

We had a very good Christmas dinner, with all the trimmings and also a Christmas tree.

Your sincerely,

Pvt. Aage Larsen

Battery C. Third Coast Artillery

Fort MacArthur

Friday, January 30, 1942, Page One

Post Observers Important Link In Defense Program

The following letter explains part of the new orders for the air raid watchers, which will be posted at your listening post. Read them.

Observers, Santa Ynez Valley Posts

I have just received a mimeograph copy of General William Ord Ryan's letter dated January 19, 1942, and which covers your observation post work. I have read the letter carefully and I agree with everything General Ryan has said.

Please read the letter carefully because I want you to know that the work you are doing is the most essential defense work that is being carried on in your community for the reason that it is a part of the vital link in chain of defense that the Army has set up to protect the people in your area.

As General Ryan so clearly states on page 2, paragraph 4, you are doing one of the most important pieces of work for the defense of the State of California, and the safety of your community, since their defense depends upon your work and that of the air force acting as a team.

I personally appreciate your hard work and I know you will continue to render the patriotic service which the Army expects of all of us during these trying times.

Best personal wishes.

Very truly yours

Percy Heckendorf, County Organizer

Friday, January 30, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Barstow, Calif.

January 22, 1942

Dear Mr. Hanson

I shall take this time to write you to say how much I appreciate your paper. I was surely glad and pleased to receive your Valley News, as it gives me a chance to see what is going on around the Valley. I have read many interesting pieces in it that I would otherwise know nothing about. We are now in our last two months' training, so I won't have enough time to get home again; so again, I thank you.

Your sincerely,

Richard C. Payne

Friday, January 30, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Kansas City, Mo,

January 22, 1942

Here is my new address. We are here going to an Army Radio School and so far I like it very well. I am still enjoying the paper very much, and look forward to getting it each week.

Pvt. William E. Parker,

Robert E. Lee Hotel, Kansas City, Missouri

Friday, January 30, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Santa Maria, California

January 24, 1942

Dear Sir:

After hearing the representative of the people of Denmark, Mr. Henrik de Kauffmann, speak in Solvang, one is more convinced that with the ultimate defeat of Nazism, a peace will be drafted that will restore an intelligent tolerance and balance to the nations of the world, large and small.

Minister Kauffmann with his quiet dignity truly reflected the integrity and undying courage of the Danish people. We can all feel assured that with leaders of the high caliber of Henrik de Kauffmann our final victory is certain. It was an honorable pleasure to have heard Mr. Kauffmann, who so impressed me with his sincerity of purpose.

John A. Weldon

218 West Mill

Friday, January 30, 1942, Page Eight

Letter received from Arnold Christensen

Barstow, Calif.

Jan. 26, 1942

Dear Friends

I wish to thank you all for the gifts and cards you sent me for Christmas. Also thanks for the Valley news, which I get every week and enjoy very much. Everything is going fine. Greetings to all,

Sincerely,

Pvt. Arnold G. Christensen

Btry. L 93rd Reg. Mohave A. A. Range,

Barstow, California

FEBRUARY 1942

Friday, February 6, 1942, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois

Jan. 30, 1942

Dear Friends:

Hello there! Have a few minutes before school time, so I will drop you a line and thank you for the paper you sent me. It was really swell. Just like a letter from home. Well, it is raining here again. It either rains, sleets, snows, or the wind blows, darnedest country I ever saw. I surely miss the hills and trees, and a little bit of salmon fishing. I suppose the fish are really running by this time. Well they are still sticking us with needles. If finished my typhoid shots, and yesterday I finished my tetanus shots. Next is yellow fever shots. After that I don't know what comes next, but I guess they will find something to shoot us for.

Quite a few of the boys are leaving for Kelly Field, Texas. They have joined the flying cadets since the restrictions and qualifications have been lowered. I guess I will stay a plain old grease monkey. Starting next Sunday we are going to go to school seven days a week. They are really pushing us through. We almost had a minor riot here yesterday when the order came out yesterday and all the boys in our barracks but six of us have KP duty Sunday. Pay day is January 31; first one we have had. We will feel pretty flush.

I was one of the lucky boys to have KP Saturday. I have a 36 hour pass, and a couple of other boys that have KP on Saturday are going into Chicago with me and celebrate. We are about 100 miles from there. It will be our last chance to get off the post until we finish school from sometime in March or April.

I like school very much. It takes quite a little studying, but I guess anything you do takes that. They certainly have some wonderful equipment for us to work with, and the best of working conditions, so it is not their fault if we do not learn anything. The eats here are not so bad. Of course, it isn't nearly as good as home cooking, but I have gained nine pounds so it must have something good in it. Quite a few of the fellows have left to join the service, I hear. I sure hope some of them land back here. I would really like to see them.

I will have to close. Thanks again for the paper. I really enjoyed it. I will send home a couple of Jap ears for you to remember me by. As ever,

"Pinky"

Friday, February 6, 1942, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Here's a card from Daryl Nielsen to Harold Morr:

Dear Harold: I've traveled a lot since I saw you last. I'm at Fort Riley, Kan. It's pretty cold here, but there is no snow now, though some is expected soon. I will be here eight weeks for preliminary training, and then shipped some place to a regiment.

Daryl Nielsen

Fort Riley, Kan. Troop D 4th Tr. Sq. CRTC

Friday. February 20, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

USS Sonoma, Pearl Harbor T. H.

February 11, 1942

Dear Dad:

I was certainly surprised to hear from you so promptly. I mailed a letter to Aunt Dessie, Mother and you at the same time, and I really expected to hear from Aunt Dessie first. You see, you surprised me; keep up the good work. Write every day if you feel like it. I won't mind. I just received the record and the card, but I haven't been able to play it.

Well, tomorrow makes two months in the Navy, and it isn't so bad. Get a lot of paint work and scrubbing to do, but I expected that. I didn't get to take up Aviation Mechanics and there isn't very much that I would like to take up on this ship. I was talking to the chief boatswain and he said about the best thing for me to go into was radioman or electrician. I think he is right, because electricians aren't around every corner.

I hear there are a lot of new engagements. Or, that is, I heard about them before I left San Diego; Delma and Will Moran; Rose and Peter, and several others; have any developments come of them?

Haven't as much time to write as I did while I was at San Diego. Well, I am running short of space, so I will say so long.

Your son,

George Melvin Morr, A. S.

Friday, February 20, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Chanute Field, Rantoul, IL,

February 10, 1942

Dear Mr. Hanson:

First of all I'd better thank you for the Santa Ynez Valley news. It seems as though I've waited a long time to write and thank you and those that make it possible for us Valley soldiers to get it, and hope you'll excuse me for not thanking you before.

Our school work keeps us quite busy and I find I don't have quite as much time for writing letters as I did before I arrived at the school.

We go to school from two o'clock in the afternoon until ten at night, and our mornings are usually pretty well taken up with studying.

Vernon Bebernes and I both look forward to receiving the News each week, as it is the only paper we can read and enjoy. At the present time Vernon is in the hospital, and as I haven't heard or seen him since he took sick, I don't know whether he just has a severe cold or just the measles, as so many of the fellows have been getting lately.

I inquired about going to see him, but was informed the patients are not allowed visitors. If the folks in the Valley want to write him, his address is still the same. I doubt he has written any letters since he took sick.

The weather is quite cold at the present time, as just had another snow storm. It seems as though that is about all it does here, and I think Vernon is just like myself about wanting to get back to good old California.

I imagine the Valley is getting quite vacant with all the younger fellows gone. Haven't as yet heard from or seen any of the fellows from the Valley around here, so I guess Vernon and myself are the only two here.

Guess there isn't much more to write, so will close, thanking you again for the News and hoping to continue receiving it.

Pvt. Lester Fredericksen,

4th Sch. Sq. Bldg 160,

Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois

MARCH 1942

Friday, March 6, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

War Production Board, Washington DC

Los Angeles California

February 27, 1942

Mr. Axel W. Jorgensen

Solvang, California

Dear Mr. Jorgensen:

We have for acknowledgement your letter of February 25, 1942, and appreciate very much the interest you have expressed in desiring to contribute in whatever way you can to the war production program.

The actual situation with regard to the small manufacturers in Southern California is that for the most part their facilities are far from busy at the present time, and until the war orders are released to this section of the country in sufficient quantity to put to use the present idle facilities we have here, you can see there will be little or no possibility of additional industry elsewhere.

If conditions develop later on which show that it is advisable to create manufacturing facilities in some of the outlying smaller communities, we shall be very happy to bear in mind your generous suggestion to make use of the Solvang community.

Thank you again for writing to us.

Very truly yours,

Watt L. Moreland, Manager, Contract Distribution Branch

By H. D. Carey

Friday, March 20, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Dear Editor:

My uncles of Solvang are sending me the Valley News, which I know I will appreciate. Although it is 10 years since I left Solvang I still now and remember a lot of people there.

I, being a soldier, decided to add my tale of woe. I was inducted into service in June at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. I spent a few days there and was informed that I was soon to be shipped to Fort Francis E. Warren at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Little did I realize what I was in for. One of the most peculiar things I noted there was that the telephone poles were on a 90 degree angle. They told me the wind blows so hard that was absolutely necessary. Namely, wind never ceases.

I put in 13 weeks of basic training at Cheyenne. I have learned to march at the snap of a command.

I am in the Medical Department; can you imagine a farmer wearing a white uniform?

Little of importance happened until December 7, when we immediately departed for Fort Lewis. The trip was by motor over the Rockies in the dead of winter. We arrived at Fort Lewis nearly frozen. It was raining and we had no place to sleep. I was so tired I crawled into my sleeping bag regardless of the rain. We wear our overshoes so much we forget there are such things as shoes. We live in tents. We would like wooden barracks but as it is we are in the army and it is tents.

How about the Santa Ynez Valley? Is it still there, after the bombardment of the coast? I am wondering.

From a United States soldier. Keep 'em flying.

Edwin Sorensen

(Note: Edwin has been transferred since he wrote us.)

Friday. March 27, 1942 Page Four: Our Mail Box

373rd School Squadron

Moffett Field, California

Dear Walt:--

Please excuse writing this letter with a typewriter, but it is handy.

The first thing I want to thank you and the American Legion very much for the Valley News. I sure enjoy it.

I am very glad to hear that some of the Valley boys are getting into the air corps. It is a real branch of service.

We are only 30 miles from San Francisco, but it is almost impossible to get off. The work that I do here is to handle supplies for all the enlisted men in the squadron. There are about 200 men to a squadron.

I will try to tell you of some of my duties. Monday we try to catch up on all the book work that must be done. Then on Tuesday is the day that all the men change linen on their beds. That must all be accounted for and a form written up so that the laundry can pick it up. Wednesday the fellows wend their personal laundry in. That also requires checking, so that shortages will not occur. Some of the laundries will try to beat the boys in the service. Then Thursday and Friday we have clothing requisition and salvage. That is the time when the boys have a chance to turn in the worn out clothing and get new ones. Also some of the boys are short and we order enough to complete their allowance. Saturday is inspection day. Sunday we have to be here, but there is very little doing. We usually start the book work.

There are about 200 navy men on the field, and they are a swell bunch. As you now, this field was to move. We think that it will be taken over by the navy, and we are soon, but that is one of the things that are unknown.

I manage to get in quite a bit of flying. The weather here is ideal for flying. We start to fly about 7:30 in the morning and it goes on till 11:00 at night.

There have been several Santa Barbara boys here at the field and also from Santa Maria.

They are giving us shots, and I will have to take one, so I would like to thank you once again for the Valley News.

Sincerely yours,

Willard A. Watson Staff Sergeant

Friday, March 27, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

American Legion Post and Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Sirs:

I have received the Santa Ynez Valley News, and I am very glad to receive it, as I have enjoyed it.

I sincerely want to thank you for your trouble in sending it, and I do appreciate your service.

Sincerely,

PFC Henry S. Guevarra 3-M-9 FMFMBC

San Diego, California

APRIL 1942

Friday, April 4, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

The following letter is from George Morr, who is on the USS Sonoma:

Dear Dad, Richard and Signe:

Well, I will see if I can write a few lines without being bothered.

I am fine, feeling well and getting to like the Navy a little more. I took over the ship's laundry Feb. 26, and will get \$50 a month extra for that so I am going to save all I make on it. See Mr. Harkson and find out what kind of arrangements he can make for me to deposit around \$50 till I get tired of it. I intend keeping it at least two months and maybe indefinitely.

After April 12 I will get \$36 regular pay, so that makes \$86 a month. Not so bad, but I am not so crazy about being a scrub woman.

I am sorry not to have written oftener, but it cannot be helped. Tell Aunt Dessie and all hello from me, and I will write again as soon as possible.

Your son,

George M. Morr, A. S.

Friday, April 10, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

This is part of a letter to Nellie Donahue from Pvt. F. H. Yaag, who is stationed at Ft. Knox, Kentucky. He graduated from the local high school.

Dear Aunt Nellie:--

I received the *Santa Ynez Valley News* and read the editorial on the "War Spirit of a Small Town in America." It is extremely interesting and I read it in support of some of my discussions with some of my buddies.

In glancing through the paper I noticed that Professor Venske's and Coach Churchill's names, along with many others. This combined with events, and names of places brought a sense of warm familiarity. So glad to get the News.

As ever,

Fredric Yaag

Friday, April 17, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

American Legion and Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Sirs:

I receive the paper every week. I am certainly glad to read what is going on in the Valley and surrounding communities, and I appreciate it very much.

I wish I was in California rather than in the South. I like the Army very well and hope some time to cross the ocean so I can get a Jap or five hundred of them.

Very Sincerely Yours,

Pvt. Carl Stonebarger

Company A 2nd Battalion 1st platoon

Camp Wheeler, Georgia

Friday, April 10, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

This letter came via air mail, postmarked Navy and was 12 days old, according to the cancellation:

Dear Mr. Hanson

I am writing this letter to let you know my new address, and also to say that I am still receiving the *Valley News*, and I certainly do appreciate you sending it.

I know that the other fellows of the Service also appreciate it and it sure means a lot to us to hear all about the folks back home.

Closing this, I am sincerely yours,

Jack H. Farren, Sea 1/c

Patrol Squadron Eleven

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California

Friday, April 24, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

A letter from Pvt. Rolland Smith, who is serving in the Infantry at Tacoma, Washington, expresses his appreciation to the local American Legion Post and *Santa Ynez Valley News* for the News each week, also wishes to thank the Auxiliary for the Easter card.

[NOTE: There was no Rolland Smith listed on the Santa Ynez Valley Honor Roll; it is quite possible that the *Santa Ynez Valley News* may have conflated Ronald Smith with Rolland FitzGerald.]

Friday, April 24, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Ft. Lewis Washington

April 14, 1942

Santa Ynez Valley News

Dear Sirs:

We have been receiving the *Santa Ynez Valley News* every week and certainly enjoy reading it.

We think the Army is swell, and so is the *Valley News*. Best regards to you and all the rest of our friends in the Valley.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Charles Burd, Bud Jones, Mono Ontiveros

Friday, April 24, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Dear Editor:--

Am writing you to inform you of my change in address.

I have been very glad to receive past few copies of the *Valley News*, and hope to continue to receive it wherever we land, as the news from the Valley is always welcome.

Still three of us fellows together of the 16th who left Santa Maria a year ago, February 24th, Russell Larsen from Buellton and John Silva from Lompoc.

Thanking you sincerely,

Sgt. Fred R. McKee

Hq. Co. 186 Inf APO 1130

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California

MAY 1942

Friday, May 1, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Pvt. Peter (Billy) Jorgensen

414th Signal Aviation Company Ft.

George Wright, Washington

Dear Mr. Hanson and The American Legion:

Thank you ever so much for sending me the *Valley News*. I receive it every Monday and I really enjoy it. I guess most of the fellows have joined the services and you probably don't see very many young bucks around. I really like the Signal Corps and I think we have the best outfit on the Post.

The Army life is an experience that I will never forget and wouldn't trade it for anything.

I am stationed at Fort Wright, which is the headquarters of the Second Air Force. We are attached to the 39th Bombardment Squadron. The work is very interesting and it will take a long time to learn everything. We had the choice of four sections we could go into, they are telephone, teletype, radio, message center and truck driving. I chose telephone and it's really good.

If any of the fellows in the service would like to write me, I would be glad to write them back.

Will close for now and thank you again for the *Valley News*.

Your truly,

Billy

Friday, May 1, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

April 28 1942

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter to let you know that I have been receiving the *Valley News* and I certainly appreciate it, and it surely means a lot to us to hear all about the folks back home.

Closing this, I am sincerely yours,

Joseph Miranda, PFC

214 General Hospital

Camp Robinson, Arkansas

Friday, May 8, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Sheppard Field Texas

April 30, 1942

American Legion and Santa Ynez Valley News

Dear Sirs:

I wish to thank you for sending the *Santa Ynez Valley News* every week. I sure enjoy reading it. I also wish to thank the Legion Auxiliary for the Easter card which I received.

I am going to Mechanic's school here at Sheppard Field, same training as Pinky and Lester are getting at Chanute Field in Illinois. Dick Weston is in a squadron about a block from my own, and we are in the same class at school, so we get together every time we get the Valley News and talk it over.

We surely have a good deal here, compared to Pinky and Lester at Chanute Field; we only go to school six days a week and don't do any K.P. over the weekend.

Lots of the boys are applying for Flying Cadet training from this school. I took my exams and passed, but there is a long waiting list for flying cadet training and I will probably finish the mechanic's training before they give me a chance at flying.

The Texas people are really nice to us, we have plenty of recreational facilities, so we don't wonder what to do with our spare time.

Thanks again and sending The *Valley News*.

Sincerely,

Roger Appel

Friday, May 8, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Dear Walt:--

The folks at the ranch have been sending the *News* to me, but it would be more convenient if it came direct. Could you change the address to the following It is quite nice to have a little contact with the valley and old friends, and it looks like that is about all I will see of it for quite some time.

Adios and Thanks—Jack

1st Lt. J. V. Crawford

Hq. Co. 749th M. P. Bn.

San Bruno, California

Friday, May 8, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

San Diego, California

May 5, 1942

Dear Walt and Mella:

Well, here I am in the Navy, and so far, it hasn't been a bit bad, in fact I like it very much. The fellows in my company are all rated men, and a swell bunch to get along with. While in detention, our company is a Guard company. We have to guard all of Camp Decatur, but that is all we do. No K. P. or street sweeping detail, so I guess I am pretty lucky.

I want to thank you and the American Legion very much for sending me the *Valley News*. The first thing I think of every Sunday morning when I wake up is, Today I get the paper, and by the time we go for evening chow, I have it memorized, it usually gets here about noon.

It's time for noon chow, so I will close for now. Thanking you again, I am sincerely Yours, Helmer

Helmer Harkson, Y 3 C

Company 4 C US NTS

San Diego, California

Friday, May 8, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Signal Dept.

La Push, Washington,

April 29, 1942

Dear Editor—

I want to thank *the Santa Ynez Valley News* and the American Legion post for the news. I have been going to write for some time, but have been putting it off. I really look forward to getting the paper every week, and by the looks of the names in it three weeks ago, there are a lot of other fellows the same way. It looks like a lot of the boys are in the service. I think most of them feel the way I do, you see a lot of beautiful country, but I'll sure be glad to get back to the valley.

They sure have some swell country here in Washington, even if it has been raining for the last three weeks.

By the way the people of the valley are organizing they are going to be ready for everything, but I hope they will never have a chance to use it. Wishing the people of the valley lots of luck and thanking you again, I remain,

Clifford Asselstine

Friday, May 15, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

San Diego, California

May 12, 1942

American Legion and *Santa Ynez Valley News*

Dear Sirs: --

I take time out now to thank you for sending me the *Santa Ynez Valley News* each week. I really look forward to getting it and sure enjoy reading it. It makes me feel more at home when I read what is going up there in the Valley.

As you know, I am here at the Naval Training station in San Diego. The company I am one of, is detailed to the marking department. We have no K. P. or anything like that to do, just mark the new outfits as they come through. I have found that the Navy is not a bad place to be.

Again I want to thank you for sending me the News, and if I have a change of address, I will be sure to let you know.

Sincerely yours,

Ira M. "Tip" Jones AS Co.

42-237 USNTS

San Diego, California

Friday, May 15, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Camp Cooke, California

May 5, 1942

AWVS, Skinner's Café Buellton.

Dear Members:

We are taking this means of expressing our sincere appreciation for the manner in which we were entertained last Sunday afternoon and evening, May 3, 1942.

A soldier's feelings and thoughts can best be explained by quoting a few lines from an unknown author:

"A soldier's world is a lonely, uncertain world. It is a world of men, of work, of scrubby little towns far away from home. It is a world where sweetness and beauty live only in the memory of what has been and what may be again tomorrow."

We are of the opinion, now, that this little quotation could well be revised and if we were blessed with a gift for writing would do so.

It is organizations such as the AWVS that enable the leisure hours of a soldier to be spent in the environment and companionship to which he was accustomed in civilian life.

We were more than pleased to find that the Junior Hostesses were of the same character as our acquaintances back home. So with this in mind it is our intentions to return whenever we have the opportunity. Hoping our conduct met with your approval, we remain,

Yours Truly,

Bob Ratleff, Jim Lesar, Rod Peters, Phil Podzialik.

Friday, May 22, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

This one is from Lieut. Folmer Sogaard, stationed at Guatemala

Guatemala City

May 10, 1942

Dear Editor:

Through the medium of your paper I wish to thank the American Legion Auxiliary 160 for the Easter card. To me it was not so much an Easter greeting, but rather a message from the "Folks" at home, letting you know they haven't forgotten you. We like our station here very much (the best below the border) but at the same time we have been away from home a long time. Some times when we get sort of downhearted, it is brought to our mind of the boys across the sea, and what they have to put up with; but we are ready to take their places any day.

I had sort of planned on a leave this summer, but it seems as if higher headquarters and myself have different ideas on the subject. Many times I find myself dreaming of all the people and school friends I am going to visit when I get back, but then after reading that continually growing "Honor List," published in The News, it sort of makes me stop and think. Of course there is the other angle to look at. A fellow wouldn't have all that completion around to bother him. I'll get a leave one of these days, and I won't need a "homing device" to find Solvang either.

The other day a group of us took a motor-bike ride out into the mountains to enjoy the scenery and also for relaxation as the Army puts it. It was very interesting observing the natives, how they made a living, and the beautiful landscape. But after all we are Americans, and before long we were seeing who could leave the other behind, who could take a sharp curve the fastest, who could climb the steepest hill in high and all that kind of stuff. Yes, we enjoyed the trip very much except for grit in our eyes, a scratched knee, and five badly beaten up motorbikes. The motor bikes we have are German built. Now, doesn't that beat you? We felt that we were not being loyal at first, but now we put them in the category of the spoils of war. Aren't we Americans adaptable though?

I was thrilled to read the short letter from Fred Yaag, an old classmate of mine. I've often wondered what had become of him. It only took a war to find out. To all you fellows in the service, "Let's write more letters back home to the home town paper." I know it's pretty hard to tell just what you are doing these days. A fellow can't even say, "Nice day," for that would pertain to the weather. I don't know how I even filled two whole sheets.

Sincerely,

Folmer

Friday, May 22, 1942, Page Four: Our Mail Box

This letter is from Aage Rasmussen who is receiving his training at Camp Callan.

Dear Walt and Mella:

Many thanks to you and the American Legion for the paper I have been receiving. I appreciate it a lot and look forward to every Monday when your *Valley News* gets here.

I like the Army very much and have been getting along swell. I have gotten some very good breaks since I have been here and have done my best to take advantage of them. The only thing that has bothered me is trigonometry—I have never studied it, and it seems to tax my feeble mind just a little, but I still have hopes. If I can pass the required trig. test I have hopes of qualifying for officers' training school.

We had our record fire, with rifles, the other day, and I made "sharp shooter." They asked me who had taught me to shoot, and I said "Machine Gun Hanson from Solvang." Seems that they all had heard of you—funny how things get around, isn't it?

It's time for "lights out," so best of everything to you, Mella and Audrey Mae, and tell the gang hello.

Your Friend,

Aage

Friday, May 22, 1942, Page Eight

Valley Farm Bureau Center Praised For Their Day Room Furnishings

The Santa Ynez Valley Farm Bureau center committee on furnishing a Day Room at Camp Cooke, received two letters from officers there, thanking them for the fine equipment. The letters were addressed to Mrs. Odin Buell chairman of the committee, are as follows in part:

“This room is now one of the nicest furnished in the whole Division, and it is very much enjoyed by all of the men. Your kindness has made it possible for these men to spend the limited time that they have for recreation in very pleasant surroundings and is doing much to assist in maintaining high moral. We appreciate it more than we can tell you.

Yours, very truly, Thomas G. Dobyns, Lt. Col., 85 Armd Ren Bn Commanding.”

“These rooms promote good feeling and comradeship which is necessary in an Army, such as ours, where the men are assembled from every state and all walks of life. Please, thank particularly the girls who knitted the covers and sewed the curtains. They are the sort of thing that make the room feel like home.

“Please extend your thanks to the other members of your committee and those who worked to assemble the contributions.

“Yours, truly—Kent Fay, Capt. Co. A 85th Armd Ren. Bn, Commanding.”

A piano has been purchased and placed in the Day Room also from funds the committee has secured.

Friday, May 29, 1942, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Dear Members:

We wish to take this means of showing our appreciation for the manner in which we were entertained by your organization on Mother's Day. It really brought home a little closer to us, even if we were many miles away.

A soldier leads a hard, base and lonely life without the helping hand of some organization such as the AWVS. You seem to realize what we are up against and are doing a splendid job of making our leisure hours more pleasant.

We did not realize such pleasant companionship was so near, and will endeavor to return as often as the opportunity presents itself.

Hoping our conduct was above reproach, we remain yours truly,

Michael A. Semanick, Paul J. Bouley

Friday, May 29, 1942, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Santa Ana California

May 26, 1942

Santa Ynez Valley News and The American Legion—

I should have written sooner, but have been waiting until I got settled as to where I will be for some time. Thank you so much for sending the paper, I enjoy it so much. I can do no more than add my name to the long list of fellows in the service who have sent their thanks and praise for your generosity. I have read every issue from front to back and enjoyed hearing about the folks at home.

Thanks again,

Bill McGuire

JUNE 1942

Friday, June 5, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

Here's a letter from Karl Jorgensen, stationed at Fort George Wright, Washington:

Seven Days till Pay Day

Dear Walt and Mella: It's about time for this member to come out of hibernation and give his bearings. Of course the main reason for this attempt at correspondence is to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. The secondary reason was brought about by that cousin of mine, Billy, who in a recent letter to The News claimed his outfit held the prominent position in the Fort. That is practically the same as saying that Washington is better than California. What he forgot to mention was what company holds the high honor of carrying the colors in retreats because of their outstanding drilling and neatness. (That practically calls for another letter from him.)

The company of which I am proud to be a member, is mainly a pole line construction outfit which will construct and maintain communication lines for the branch of the Army to which we are attached. With four months behind us we are still on the receiving end. Climbing, field-wire problems, classroom lectures, drilling, hiking, and of course K.P. has taken up the greater part of the time.

The Army accomplishes many things: but what has impressed me the most is the way the fellows are accepted into their respective outfits. Peculiarities are forgotten and the fellows become one of us. There is one fellow who has had very little schooling and has to be continually helped with his letters home. His handicap I have never heard brought up, and should an outsider ever rib him in our presence, he would find himself rudely intercepted. That is one of the many examples of our democratic comradeship and I am sure you'll find it in every company, troop, battery and squadron. I just wish I could write a separate letter to all of my friends in the Valley, but time won't allow, so this will have to do for the present. Well, Walt, it is time to slip in that "thirty dash," so again thanks and good luck to all you fellows—Karl

Friday, June 5, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Naval Air Station Kaneohe Bay Oahu, T. H.

Mr. Editor:--

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the past issues of *The Valley News*, as you know being over here, one sure appreciates hearing from home and knowing what is going on around home.

I am rather glad I joined the Navy, for many reasons, one, to serve my country in time of danger to things and people I love. Another, The Flag of the US is worthy of everybody's support! Uncle Sam is a very good Uncle to everybody!

I would appreciate it very much if you would be so good as to forward the paper to me, and I sure won't forget it.

I will also take this opportunity to say hello to my many friends about the Valley.

Sincerely Yours,

George M. Morr, Sea. 2c N. A. S.

Kaneohe Bay, Oahu, T. H.

Friday, June 5, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

USNTS Co. 258

San Diego, Calif.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

I just received your Valley News today, and then really enjoyed myself. Reading the paper was just like being home again and taking part in the life that is still first choice with this sailor. Thanks very much for the paper. I can't think of anything more pleasant to a fellow in the service than to receive the news from home.

We really don't know much yet of this training base, for the first three weeks we are in detention and can't go to an adjoining camp except as a company.

In the two and half weeks we have been here we have had instructions in marching, semifore and manual of arms. In fact, put in quite a number of hours drill on these. Friday we were instructed in the use of gas masks. We're sent into a tear gas chamber with the mask on, then the mask was removed and we walked the length of the room and really got the effects of the gas. This test is to make us have confidence in the mask. There wasn't one person that came out of the chamber that didn't gain confidence in the mask.

We are on kitchen duty again tomorrow, for the fifth day. The kitchen supplies eight mess halls, which accommodates some 3,300 men in our Camp Decatur alone.

The food in the Navy is very good with the exception of the coffee. On Memorial Day we had turkey dinner with all the trimmings and pie a la mode. Some meals, our main course is hash and beans, and quite often beans for breakfast, but one gets used to them.

We are allowed to go to a movie every fourth night. Anchors Aweigh broadcast every Saturday afternoon and the Happy Hour every Sunday night.

The other day in front of the auditorium I heard someone call my name. I turned around and there was Helmer Harkson. We were together until after the movie. I had been trying to see him ever since I arrived here, but in a mob of men one familiar face isn't very easy to find. He had been living just across the court from our barracks, too. I found out from him that Judy Hansen works in the canteen in an adjoining camp, which we've passed numerous times, but of course can't break ranks to go in and say hello. And I won't be able to stop in and see her until my three weeks of detention are up.

Thanks again, folks, for the paper. I certainly appreciate it.

Sincerely Yours,

Peter Lauritzen, A. S.

Friday, June 5, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Boys In Service

Dannebrog, Neb.

May 31,

Dear Editor Hanson:

Thank you for sending copy of your paper of May 22 and also Article Personal of our son PFC Arron [sic] R. Jensen. We did get a lot of enjoyment out of that. We know so many neighbors and friends there and as time goes we lose track of them. Arron did enjoy a fine visit there and you may say hello to all of them. We miss our boy and hope that we all may soon be united again. Have an airmail letter from Arron now, he is in a Los Angeles hospital for about a month, he thinks. Yellow jaundice, seems to be.

Thank you again,

A. W. Jensen

[NOTE: The May 22, 1942 edition of the *Santa Ynez Valley News* referenced this soldier as Arvon Jensen and he was in the 134th Infantry Company M; Roster for the 134th Infantry Company M shows Arvon R. Jensen: http://www.coulthart.com/134/roster_company_m.htm; He is listed in the 1940 Nebraska Census for Howard County, Cleveland, aged 21 with his parents: Alfred W. Jensen and Martha C. Jensen.]

Friday, June 12, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Sirs:

I wish to inform you of my change of address. I should have sent it to you some time ago. My paper has always reached me but not as soon as it would with the proper address.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to you for sending the paper all these months. It really helps to be able to keep up with the news of the Valley while being away. Again, Thank you!

Philip A. Knight 1st. Lt. 168 F. A.

Friday, June 12, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Following is a letter received this week by Rev. and Mrs. N. P. Hald, from their son, Ansgar, who is well known to many local people: Pallis [sic] Island, S. C. May 31, 1942

Dear Dad and Mother:

Almost a week ago it was your birthday and I have thought about it ever since. Although I'm much too late, I'd still like to say congratulations. Hope you are as well as can be expected. Yes, I guess I even passed up Mother's Day without writing. However, I wish you could only realize just how doggone busy we are here and you would probably forgive me. I have been on the go from 2:30 in the morning until 8:00 at night every day this week. Men are certainly going through training here by the thousands. They range in age from fifteen to fifty-five.

How much longer we will remain on Pallis Island I don't know. I only hope it is not much longer. I'd certainly like to get out of the States again. In fact, we are so rushed here that we have not time at all to keep up with the news. You at least have that much time out of the States.

The boys are certainly getting married right and left. Never less than a dozen weddings daily. It really keeps the Justice of the Peace and the chaplain jumping, to say nothing of the allotments and insurances to make out for the boys.

Well, folks, I have an awful lot of work to do although it is Sunday, and there isn't much more I can tell on account of censorship, so I might as well close and get to work. As ever, your son,

Boof.

Friday, June 12, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Dear Walt and Mella:

I received your paper today as usual. It comes every Monday as regular as a clock, and I sure appreciate it, so many thanks to you and the Legion for sending it. As they all say, next to a letter from home, the best thing is the home town paper. And you sure appreciate all you can hear from home, when you are away.

It's pretty hot down here these days, but it cools off at night, so it isn't bad at all. But in all the states I've seen so far, you can still give me California.

I've had a bantam, or "Peep" assigned to me now, so I have a lot of fun driving around in the sand-dunes on maneuvers with it. Of course, it isn't all fun driving a car in the army because we have to wash and grease our own cars, too.. And there is no service station to get your flats fixed in, in other words you fix them yourself. But aside from that, it's still a lot of fun to be driving one, and not riding as passenger in them all the time as I was when I first got here.

I pull a 37 mm. anti-tank gun with my car. It's the most mobile field gun (on wheels) the Army has, and when you shoot them, you feel quite sure you have nothing to worry about from tanks, as, even if you don't hit them the noise will certainly scare them away.

Well, I am on guard tonight and it's just about time to go out and do my shift, so I'll close now.

Thanking you again for the paper and hoping this finds everybody at home well and happy.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. D. A. Nielsen

Wpns Trp. 1st Cav. Brig. Fort Bliss

Friday, June 19, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Dear Editor:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for sending me the Valley News. I sure appreciate it and look forward every week for each issue. I would have written sooner, but as I knew basic training would be short I waited until I was assigned to a regiment.

I find the training on the guns very interesting. Also the fellows are very friendly to us who are new to this regiment. Tomorrow we are going out to the range for target practice. This practical experience sure beats lectures.

To all my friends, my new address is Pvt. Raymond Watson, Battery F. 216th C. A. (AA) San Francisco, Cal.

Friday, June 19, 1942, Page Five

A letter was received this week from Mrs. Alice T. McLean of New York, National President of the American Women's Voluntary Services, congratulating the Santa Ynez Valley organization, and reading in part, "Assuring you of our great interest in the future of the Santa Ynez Valley unit, and of our deep belief in the service it can render both your community and the country as a whole I am sincerely,

Mrs. Alice T. McLean"

Friday, June 19, 1942, Page Two: *Weekly News Analysis*

V-Mail For Soldiers

US army units in England and Northern Ireland are now using a new and unique mail system for contacts with the US. Known as V-mail, this system provides that letters may be dispatched to a central station, censored and then photographed on small rolls of microfilm.

Under the army direction these rolls are then sent to the US where they are developed and photostatic copies are presented to the postal service and sent through regular mails to the addressee.

Value of plan lies in the fact that microfilm saves cargo space in eliminating mail shipments.

JULY 1942

Friday, July 3, 1942, Page Three, News Item:

New V-Mail Service For Soldiers Who Are in England And Ireland

Valuable Cargo Space Will Be Saved By New Method The new and expeditious mail in operation between US army units in England and Northern Ireland and the US is known as V-Mail is now in service.

Under this new service, V-Mail from US forces in those areas is dispatched to a central station where, under control of the war department, it is first censored and then photographed on small rolls of microfilm.

The microfilm rolls are then dispatched under the control of the war department, to this country, where they are developed and photostatic copies are made on special forms which are placed in window envelopes and are presented by the war department to the postal service and sent through the regular mail to their addressee.

Saves Cargo Space

Through the use of the microfilm valuable cargo space is saved by eliminating bulk mail shipments and faster and safer transportation will be provided by air.

The inauguration of V-Mail service follows many months of study and preparation on the part of the war, navy, and post office departments.

Special stationery has been provided US troops in England and Northern Ireland containing space for the name and address of the addressee and also the sender, together with the date and place for the censor's stamp.

At the present time, V-Mail is being handled on a one-way basis only, between England, Northern Ireland and the US but details are now being worked out for transmission of this type of mail to and from US armed forces in other parts of the world.

The service will be extended to other overseas forces as rapidly as equipment can be installed and the special stationery furnished them.

Study is now being given to the possibility of extending V-Mail service to a large number of post offices within the US in order that postal patrons in this country may avail themselves of the V-Mail service in their correspondence with members of the armed forces stationed outside the continental limits of the US, although it cannot be emphasized too strongly that this is not in any way a domestic mail service. The results of this study will be announced when completed.

Friday, July 3, 1942, Page Four: Editorial

Victory Mail For Soldiers

Well named are the new "V-mail" letters, to be given quick, preferred dispatch to and from all service men stationed outside the continental US. Specially designed paper and envelopes will be distributed free to service men, and may be obtained at home from post offices. V-mail letters will get there faster; and surely it is a contribution toward victory to speed a cheery letter from home to any homesick boy in the armed services. Hours of waiting around an overseas post office must drag like years. Know a soldier out there somewhere? Write him a V-mail letter—today.

Friday, July 3, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Editor:

I'm sorry that I have let this letter go so long, but it seems like every time I get started on one that something would come up and I would postpone it for a few days. But this time I really am going to finish it. I think that I am just about the last one to write to you and I don't believe anybody enjoys reading your paper more than I do. Thanks to you and the American Legion for your wonderful generosity.

I guess you have a hard time keeping up with the boys with them scattered all over the world. I know that my address has changed at least four times but my paper never fails to get here. That reminds me my address has changed again. The new address is 323rd Service Squadron instead of 323 Material Squadron. However, we are still on the same field so, if you will change the squadron title, there will be no mix up. Thanks again.

It was sure swell to be home again and to see all of my friends, but I missed a lot of the boys that used to be there all of the time. Solvang and the people in it are still the same and believe me I am looking forward to the time when I can come back to stay. I've done quite a bit of traveling and have been in a lot of places but there is no place to compare with our Santa Ynez Valley. The South is nice, but I guess there is no place like home. (Maybe I am homesick or something.)

The South is really a beautiful place though and the southern hospitality is really in full swing down here. Several of the boys have been "adopted" by families and are really treated swell. Of course, the Southern girls, known as "Georgia Peaches," are really the reason that the boys are so willing to be "adopted." Of course this isn't the only place that the boys are treated so good, it's like that in every city and town in the United States.

I am enclosing a little article written by one of Uncle Sam's buck privates. It will give you an idea of what a yard bird really thinks of the Army.

In closing, I want to thank you and the American Legion once more for sending the paper. Best regards to everybody, Sincerely,

Bill Hanly

PS I would like to use this opportunity to say hello to all my friends in the Service and wherever you are the best of luck, fellows.

See? The Army Ain't Run Right

You want to know how I got in the Guard House, hey? Well I'll tell you, Bub, it's this way. In the first place the Army ain't run right. I been here a week and I ought to know. Man, I haven't had a good sleep since the last time they read me the Articles of War. They get you out on the drill field before you're awake and some guys yells "Orward Arch! Hep- Hoo- hee- ore. Eft- eight- eft. So I yells back, "Talk English, Bub, I'm from Wisconsin." So he gets mad. See what I mean? It ain't run right.

I couldn't get a pass to town, but the Sarg' says it's O.K. for me to take a gander at the Bay. So on my way back I stops at a drug store in Mobile. "I'm all full of "military courtesy," and I sees an officer. I pats him on the back, bats off his hat, and offered him a soda. So he wants to see my pass. So I'm on K. P. I guess the Sarg' doesn't know how big the Bay really is.

Other night I was bumming a cigarette. I'm sick of rolling my own. I always got to make an about-face three flanks, and an oblique before I ever get it rolled. I see a fellow in a classy uniform who looks like he can afford a taylormade, so I yells, "Hey chum, ya gotta fag?" So he's a Captain. So I'm laying bricks and the boys back home think I'm flying a bomber. It ain't run right.

I fixed my bunk up swell the other morning, only I forgets to get out of it. So I'm caught. So I'm posting fire guard. Posting guard ain't bad if you like marathons. . They made me use my last handkerchief to wrap around may arm, and I been blowing my nose in my fatigues ever since. It ain't run right.

I see that the NCO's get all the pretty girls so I gets myself some chevrons and I goes to town. The captain spies me and gets suspicious and asks me how in the duce I'm a first class private, corporal technical sergeant. So I says they are promoting me so fast I haven't time to change my chevrons. So I'm collecting garbage. Se what I mean? It ain't run right.

Oh, the Guard House? You wanna know I got here? H-----, I forgot to polish my shoes for inspection last Saturday.

Friday, July 10, 1942, Page One: Let Me Say To You

The following cablegram was received from Richard Kintzel, now stationed in Australia to his friend and “bridegroom,” Paul Jorgensen. We think he got his money’s worth:

“Multitudinous congratulatory felicitations appertaining matrimonial ecclesiasticalities. Anticelibacy eulogistically corroborated. Responsibilities incorruptibly antagonistic preternatural pedanticism.”

Friday, July 10, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Hello, Santa Ynez Valley!

Well, here I am in Alabama, a long way from home and plenty hot, but I like it here. We are working quite hard.

I am in the 81st Division, and it is known as the Wildcat Division. This division is supposed to be the toughest outfit in all the Army and I am doing to help and do my best at any cost. I met Ralph Knott from Los Alamos this evening at the show. We were sure glad to see each other as we are the only ones down this man's country from up there. My letter isn't very long but must write to the folks. Best wishes to all.

My address is Pvt. Dallas D. Davis,

Hq. & Hq Co. 406th G. M. Bn, 81st Div.

Camp Rucker, Alabama.

Friday, July 10, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Dear Mr. Hanson:

I am dropping you a line to let you know of my change in address, for I am on the move again, or was on the move. I hope to stay here for a little while.

I want to thank you and the American Legion very much for the paper. I have been getting it right along. It makes me feel right at home when I get the paper and sit down some place where it is quiet and read the paper.

It hasn't rained for two weeks and I almost thought I was back in California; it has really been swell up here and it makes a guy feel like living again after all of that rain.

I see that all the valley people are still working hard. Well I had better say so long for now, and thanks again for the paper. I remain,

Pvt. Clifford Asselstine

Graylord, [sic] Washington

Friday, July 17, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I am writing you this short note to thank you and the American Legion for mailing me the valley paper each week; I sure enjoy it very much.

Please excuse the delay in acknowledging the receiving the receipt of your paper, as I have been very busy since I enlisted the first of the year.

Very truly yours,

Richard C. Weston

Friday. July 17, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Many thanks for the News. It is like a letter from home. Keep up the good works.

C. Runte

Co. D—Plat 2 hut 90, NCTC, 11th Bat.

Camp Bradford, Norfolk, Va.

Friday, July 24, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Naval Air Station Kaneohe Bay, Oahu, T. H.

Mr. Editor:

Have been receiving the paper pretty regularly now, that is as much as can be expected. I sure appreciate getting it and I also wish to thank Mr. Hanson for forwarding it so many times. I will take this opportunity to thank the American Legion and the Valley News for sending the paper.

Really, I get a kick out of some of the editorials, I remember the one about the mail carrier from Gaviota, I just wonder who the mail carrier is? There is another one, of course I don't remember the date these papers were published, but I remember this one very distinctly. It was some sort of a remark about the President's promise not to allow an AEF on foreign soils. I would like know what ye Editor would have done? Where do you think we Americans would be, and what do you think we would be doing in ten years? I have heard that the German occupied France is a very nice place to live! If you like it. So much for that, I was only joking and telling you my favorite interests in the paper. I certainly do enjoy it.

I am pretty well settled over here now. I really like it here. To tell the truth about it I think we have one of the finest shore stations, Army, Navy, Marines, in the service. I cannot tell much about it you know on account of censorship regulations. We have 24 hours on watch and 24 hours off. Of course we don't stand watch all that time, but we are available. I took examination for aerial gunnery school, but I think I was a little too heavy to pass the physical.

Well, I am going to extend my best wishes to the editor and my many friends about the valley.

Sincerely,

George Morr

Friday, July 24, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Santa Ynez Valley News and The American Legion

Well better late than never. I've written several letters but after reading some of the swell letters some of the other fellows wrote I decided to write again, so never mailed the others. I want to thank you for sending me the Valley News and able to inform you of my change of address. It has been some time since we moved but I've received the paper every week. It's really swell on your part to send all us fellows the paper and it's really appreciated.

I think it is a swell idea for the fellows to write letters to the News, it keeps us in touch with each other and they are also very interesting to read. We can't all write to each other but we all get the paper so let's write a few more letters to the News.

I've been in the Army about six months now and it's pretty good. Not as good as good old civilian life but we cannot complain in these times. I'm not so far from home and have been lucky enough to make it home several times. I only wish the rest of the guys would do the same, but after the war, which won't be too long, I hope we all can get back for good.

The people of the Valley are really doing their share in the war effort and the fellows in the service can be proud to be from the Valley. It takes everybody to win this war so the people at home who have really come all out in their war effort deserve a cheer from the men in the service.

Well, I have a pass tonight and it's just about that time so I'll close thanking you again for sending me the valley News.

Any of you fellows who like to write letters and have time I would be glad to hear from you and would be more than willing to answer.

Bob Asselstine

69th Obsn. Grp. HQ Obsn Airdrome, Ontario, Calif.

Friday, July 24, 1942, Page Four: Editorial

Servicemen—Write Home

There has been a great deal of stress laid on the idea of writing to men in the service as a measure of bolstering their morale. And no truer words were ever spoken. But in a joking vein, the idea has been put forth lately that servicemen should write home for the same reason—to keep up the morale of those of us how have to suffer such indignities as sugar and gas rationing, etc.

That, naturally, is a little far-fetched (we hope!) But the idea back of it isn't It does do something to our morale to read letters from servicemen—especially the type of letters most of them write.

For many weeks now we have published in our columns letters from servicemen. These, too, have helped the morale of all who read the, but in addition, word we receive from the boys themselves indicates that they appreciate these letters too, because they are for the most part the only means boys in the armed forces have of knowing where their uniformed buddies and friends are.

The local American Legion Post, and the Santa Ynez Valley News, have in conjunction sent subscriptions to The News to every service boy whose address is known. These total over 70 subscriptions, which means that virtually every one of our local boys in service receives The News.

So write home, service men—and write to us. We will publish your letters, and everyone—both we here at home and your pals in uniform--will enjoy learning of your whereabouts and reading what you have to say.

Friday, July 31, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

Santa Ynez Valley News and the American Legion

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Valley News for the past few months, and greatly appreciate reading and to know of everything back home, and to know of all the men in the Service. Wishing them all the best of luck and to all the folks in the Valley that I know and don't know. A "Hello" to you all.

Cpl. Joe Miranda

Friday, July 31, 1942, Page One

OVER THE TOP

According to a telegram received Wednesday from Santa Barbara, the county war bond quota has been considerably exceeded, as shown in figures since July 1st. The telegram, praising the local campaign committee and loyal bond and stamp purchasers, follows:

W. L. Hanson, Editor

Santa Ynez Valley News,

Solvang, Calif.

Our July war bond quota \$704,500 exceeded. Based upon sales reports throughout country, \$708,292 bonds, stamps sold to date since July 1st. Please express our appreciation to campaign committee and many loyal Americans who bought war bonds and stamps. Your community has made achievement possible. Urge to carry on. Harold S. Chase, S. B. Co. Chairman, War Savings Committee

Friday, July 31, 1942, Page One

Drive for Old Phonograph Records To End Sunday

Kay Kyser, one of the originators of the present drive for phonograph records, said this week in a letter to *Liberty Magazine*:

“The other day an American Air Corps squadron commander in Australia relayed home a message that good phonograph records are among the best investments America can make in the interest of soldier morale. In the commander’s words: ‘Music is swell for these kids. They ought to have more of it. If somebody at home wanted to do something for the boys who are fighting this war, they would see to it that every squadron had a first-class phonograph and records. There is no better morale builder.’”

It was for this reason that the present drive for old and broken records are inaugurated. The American Legion and its Auxiliary are conducting the campaign, which has as its goal 37,500,000 records. These are to be sold as scrap, the money to buy records and record players for armed forces everywhere.

The drive closes Sunday, so today, tomorrow or Sunday, bring your old or broken records to The News office or leave with Chris Christiansen at the Memorial building.

Let’s give the boys music.

AUGUST 1942

Friday, August 14, 1942, Page Four: Editorial

We Want Mail!

Doting mothers and fond sweethearts can't be blamed if they ply sons and soul mates in the armed services with all manner of gifts and remembrances, many of them sometimes a little impractical. So, let's give ear a moment to what most of the draftees themselves say they'd like to receive. No. 1 on the list is mail. He's famished for it—even if day before yesterday he received a letter from nearly everyone he ever knew. Mail is his one main link with the world he's long known and loved and which for a time, he's left behind him. So when, and if, in doubt as to what to send him, you can scarcely do better than take that pen in hand and send him a letter or card.

Next on the list comes money. Nor can a sender ever go far wrong in sending cigarettes, favorite items of food or candy, or shaving articles.

That's what the service man most wants from the folks back home. It's not a large order he's asking for. Let's do our part in filling it!

Friday. August 28, 1942, Page One

"Dear Mrs. Park:

"I wish to express the appreciation of the hospital personnel for the very kind donation of furniture by the organizations and individuals of the Santa Ynez Valley.

"The furniture has been placed in the Medical Detachment Day room where it has done much to afford a more pleasant place of recreation and relaxation for the enlisted men on duty at this hospital. The increased use of the Day Room by the men on duty here is an accurate indication of their appreciation.

"Please convey our thanks to those who are responsible for these attractive and much needed gifts.

"Very truly yours, For

the Surgeon:

"Leroy E. Toft, 2nd Lt. MAC, Adjutant"

Friday, August 28, 1942, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Norfolk, Va.,

August 16, 1942

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

Thanks a lot for sending the *Valley News*. I enjoy it very much, just like a letter from home.

By now I have been in the Navy six weeks and I am getting to like it better every day.

Next Tuesday, the 18th, I go on a five day leave. I am going to New York. When I get back we all pack up and move, to where I don't know, but I hope it will be good old California.

Henry V. Rasmussen

Friday, August 28, 1942, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Hello everyone in the good old Santa Ynez Valley. I was thinking it was time for me to write a line, so I will try to. I hope that everyone of you are in the best of health.

I am getting along fine and like it over in the islands. I get the paper, and thank you for it. It makes me feel happy when I get it, for it is like one big letter from home. There is times when I get down in the mouth and there seems nothing to look forward to, but when I get the paper then I am myself once more.

I hope that every one of you at home are with us all the way—keep the good work up. I want to say hello to all the boys in the service and the best of luck to you all, pals.

I would like to take this time and thank all of you for the nice letters that you wrote to me.

It looks like I may get a little sleep tonight, so I guess I better get to it, for we don't get much sleep over here. So once more I will say the best of luck to you all.

So long.

Slim Colombo,

Hawaiian Islands

SEPTEMBER 1942

Friday, September 4, 1942, Page Four: Editorial

Greetings

For fifteen years the Santa Ynez Valley News has been published by Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Hanson. During that time, they have done a thorough job of keeping The News in step with the progress of the valley. Whether the rank and file of the valley's citizens realize it or not, they have a weekly newspaper here of which they may well be proud.

We, who are this week taking over The News, perhaps for a year, perhaps for a much longer period, are conscious of a very large responsibility. A town may well be judged by its newspaper. Ordinarily, where you find a live, flourishing newspaper, there you will find a live prosperous community. Conversely, a town with a feeble newspaper is very often a dying town. Communities aren't of course, dead or alive solely because of the condition of their newspapers. But the two do go hand in hand. We intend to make every effort, insofar as is humanly possible and in our power, to help in the continuation of the valley's growth—and at the same time to give you, our readers, a newspaper worthy of your pride and support.

We will make mistakes—we are not all wise or even omnipotent. And we may step on a few toes. But The News has no political friends to reward, or enemies to punish. It will be conducted always as an independent newspaper. Its columns will continue to be open to those who differ from us and are willing to take the responsibility of the things they want to say. But no one will ever be allowed to use those columns to indulge in personalities or to abuse or hurt any other citizen. Of that you may be sure.

The News will be run as a clean, straight forward newspaper, standing for a united valley, free from factionalism (the only method, we believe, by which our community can attain the position to which its many advantages entitle it) standing always for those things which we feel to be for the best interest of our community and its citizens. It is on that basis that we make our plea for your support.

To Walt and Mella Hanson, we say “thanks for everything—and good luck.” WE say thanks as well to those many persons, both in the valley and outside, who have expressed delight at our decision to take over The News. Each of these persons has expressed belief, too, that we can “do the job.” That fact does little to lighten our feeling of responsibility, but it has given us a warm, comfortable little glow somewhere deep inside—and an incentive to give the job everything we have.

So again thank you for your wishes—and for the support which we believe you give us. You may be very sure that you will have ours, at all times, in everything worthwhile.

Phil and Carolyn Lockwood

Friday, September 4, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

San Diego, August 30, 1942

Santa Ynez Valley News

Just a word to thank you for the paper. I am not sure who is responsible for my receiving it, but I believe it is jointly the American Legion and the News. However, it is certainly appreciated.

Concerning my training here I am getting along fine and like it very much. Everyone has to go through the "boot camp" here now, rating or not. We have fellows here that have had previous Navy service for eight years or more, and still go through via "boot camp."

Our company drew the regimental guard duty, which covers duty around the boundaries of the detention unit. The job is not hard but we have to get up at all hours and we average only about 4 or 5 hours sleep. We finish up today, however, and move tomorrow to camp Paul Jones, which is still at this station, but out of the detention unit. We get more drill and practical training there and more privileges. As for entertainment we have movies, boxing, and wrestling bouts, vaudeville, etc., all at no charge.

I saw one of the "home town" boys the other day, Kenneth Rasmussen. I was standing in park (at ease) and someone said, "hello, Nory." I looked at him for a couple of minutes before I could place him as a person surely looks different in uniform.

I guess that is about all the news I can think of now, so many thanks again and best regards to all.

Yours truly,

Norman M. Davison

Friday, September 11, 1942, Page One

V-Mail Service

In an attempt to save vitally needed cargo space for war shipments, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief of the US Pacific Fleet, recently issued an appeal to families of service men to use the new, fast V-Mail system for correspondence from the US to forces afloat and on foreign shores.

V-mail blanks are obtainable at any post office, and correspondence on them receives first priority in air shipment. It is sent to San Francisco for direct forwarding to service men.

The new system consists of photostating letters and forwarding film to be reproduced on 4 x 5 ½ inch enlargements for delivery to addressees.

Friday, September 11, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Fort Benning Ga.

August 29, 1942

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Sirs:--

May I again take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for the paper that enables we fellows who are so far away to keep up with the news in the valley.

For the next four weeks I won't have time to do much of anything outside of the training itself. I'll be looking forward to receiving the paper again.

If the people in the valley could see the rigorous training schedule followed here. I believe you'd feel more confident than ever of the ultimate victory that is to be ours. Men, by the hundreds, are graduated each week. Before being able to get their wings, they must learn to tumble, do ju jitsu, run for miles without stopping, climb a 30 foot rope, and of course make their five jumps from a plane. Each man who receives his wings is eager to be sent to one of the fighting fronts. You can't defeat men with a spirit like that.

Respectfully, Philip A. Knight, 1st. Lt. F. A.

Friday, September 18, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

San Diego Calif. September 9, 1942

Dear Friends:

It's high time I'm dropping you a line to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the *Valley News* every week. It is certainly appreciated. It's nice to know what the folks at home are doing when you are away.

As for the Navy, I like it very much. This type of training doesn't hurt anyone. And a man has every chance to learn a trade some time during his service. I was lucky enough to get a chance to go to school before being assigned to a ship. I'm studying electricity, and have high hopes of making a rating some time. The navy schools are about the best you can find. And the instructors are all men who have had many years at sea working at the trade they are teaching.

Thanks again for The News, and greetings to all my friends in the Valley. And lots of luck to all you other fellows in the service. I certainly enjoying reading your letters in the News.

Sincerely,

Carrol Nelson

Friday, September 18, 1942, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

To the Santa Ynez Valley News

I just want to add my thanks to you and the American Legion in regard to sending me the *Valley News*.

When there is a great deal of water between us fellow here and the Good Old USA a paper does a lot of good to hold our spirits up. When letters are so slow in getting here a paper helps tremendously.

I thank you again,

J. V. Mahurin, Ph. M. 3c APO 932

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Friday, September 18, 1942, Page Eight: Letters from Our Boys in the Service

San Diego

September 9, 1942

Hello, everyone:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion very much for sending me the *Valley News*. I get the paper every Sunday afternoon, and sit right down and read it from front to back. It is just like a letter from home.

I have spent my three weeks in detention now. Tomorrow I get my first liberty, which I will enjoy very much. I am sure. I like the Navy just fine, it couldn't be better, but it is just the idea of having to stay in camp. From now on out it will be much easier, more freedom and liberties.

One thing that is hard to get yourself used to is the sun. My face has peeled ever since I came down here. It is just now beginning to heal up.

Once again I want to thank you and the Legion for the Valley News and greet all my friends in the valley.

Yours truly,

Kenneth P. Rasmussen

Friday, September 25, 1942, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Shucks! We Didn't Get Any This Week!

OCTOBER 1942

Friday, October 2, 1942, Page One

Hansons Now In Arizona

The following letter was received this week from W. L. Hanson. The letter is self-explanatory as to his whereabouts, etc.:

San Gabriel, Sept. 19

Dear Phil:--

So far I have not noticed any improvement in my rheumatism. We are now on our way out of the fog and coast climate. Heading for Banning tomorrow, then for Tucson, where I have been advised to go for my treatments. Do hope I can get relief and get back before the gas rationing hooks us.

Send our mail to Tucson, general delivery, until further notice.

Regards to the gang.

Walt

Friday, October 9, 1942 Page Four: Letters from Our Boys In the Service

Dear Folks:

It is now Monday. I've just gotten in from my first jump, and I'm still trying to remember all that happened.

It was my first plane ride and first jump. We jumped at 1200 feet. I was the 6th man out of the plane. We left one after the other. I remember when there were two men ahead of me, and the next thing I knew, I was flying into space. I remember saying '1000' and the rest sort of choked in me. I tried to check my oscillation and by that time I was too close to the ground to get my back to the wind, so I came in backwards, checked my feet so I'd be sure and not hit on my heels and crumpled as I hit the ground. It didn't hurt me at all except my head snapped back and hit the ground pretty hard. I was still a little dazed as I rolled my chute up in a mechanical fashion and started for a truck. There's not use describing my feelings because I can't. We were all scared, but there's something fascinating about it. We'll jump the same way tomorrow. Wednesday, 12 of us will leave the door in 8 seconds. Thursday and Friday we officers have to act as jumpmasters, and give the command: "Stand up, hook up, check equipment, sound off for equipment, check and stand in the door. Are you ready? Follow me!" I'll jump first and 11 enlisted men will follow. I'll have to act calm. I won't be. I'll be scared to death inside, but I won't let them know it.

Well, four more and I'll have those wings. This afternoon, we officers will be taken on an orientation and jumpmaster training flight, we will be taken up to 10,000 feet, we will do that every afternoon for a week.

Tell the folks not to worry, because I'm too ornery to get hurt. I'm really in condition. All I do in my spare time on weekends is swim at the officers' pool. Last week I swam in the evenings, but this week we'll have to pack our chutes for the next day's jump.

Well, tell all "hello." One year ago I never thought I'd be jumping at 1200 feet in the air.

So long—I'll be seeing you—Christmas, I hope.

Philip Knight

Friday, October 9, 1942, Page Four: Letters from Our Boys in the Service

American Legion and Santa Ynez Valley News

Just a line or two to let you know that I have had a major change of address and also to thank you again for sending me the News, which I have been receiving every week.

I guess that you all know that I have been enrolled in one of the Navy's service schools (A.O.M.), which I was due to complete in about a month. But this move we have just made is going to put us behind for about another 30 days.

When our class arrived here at Norman, Oklahoma, we were greeted by a hot wind which brought along with it two inches of top soil from the western part of the state. After a day or two of wind and dust, "The rains came," and now we have mud.

This is the only state I have hit so far where you can stand halfway to your knees in mud and have the wind blow dust in your eyes at the same time.

I want to thank you again for the Valley News which has surely helped me pass a lot of long Oklahoma hours.

I would like to take this little space to say "hello" to all my friends in the valley, and to all the boys in the service.

Sincerely yours, (a dry-land sailor)

Ira M. "Tip" Jones

Sea. 2/c USN

Friday, October 16, 1942, Page One: Letters from Our Boys in the Service

Camp Gruber, Oklahoma

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Phil:--

Please put me on the records as being of all things an "Oakie."

Got in here Sunday forenoon, tired of the train and ready to eat, which I did plenty of. I think Army life is O. K. We had a lot of fun on the train calling each other "Oakie" to pass the time away.

The lights will soon be out here, but you still have daylight.

We are having summer weather here. It rained Saturday night and the grass is green.

Will be glad to hear from the Valley or any one from it.

Respectfully,

Louis Even

Friday, October 16, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

Camp Barkeley, Texas

Dear Editor:--

I thank you very much for sending me the Santa Ynez Valley News. It seems good to read the news from my home community once more. The Army life isn't at all bad even if they do keep us busy, and pound more and more orders, rules and duties into our heads.

There was a slight mistake made in the address on the paper you sent me, and it may be delayed in getting here sometimes, so if you don't mind I would like to correct it. My address is written correctly at the top of the page.

Again, I thank you and the Legion kindly for the paper.

Sincerely,

Pvt. Jens. H. Mathiesen

Friday, October 23, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

Somewhere in New Guinea

October 1, 1942

Dear Phil:

What does the up-to-date soldier in New Guinea read? He doesn't read the Chicago Tribune, or the Los Angeles Examiner. Neither does he read the San Francisco Chronicle or the New York Sun. How does he keep up on public affairs and the stock market? Even though a couple months late and somewhat tattered, the Santa Ynez Valley News staggers into camp and into my possession quite regularly. (This is not a paid testimonial.) I may assure you, too, that it is read many times and in the end is put to good use.

We are now starting in on the second spring this year, as we left the States in the spring. Coming down we finish our Spring and hastily traveled through summer, Fall and part of winter. And so we missed out on swimming, watermelons, and sunburn; lacked the falling leaves barbecued venison and rheumatism and forgot about the "long handles" and overcoats. And then, after losing an hour back in the States and about thirty-six here—and what happens? They give us another Daylight Saving over here. Don't be surprised to start getting letters from me written in Anglo-Saxon.

After reading this, don't be surprised to discover that you have read very little about nothing. You realize that censorship has to be pretty strict over here. If you write about something else than nothing, the receiver would get less than if you had written strictly about nothing. Therefore, the idea is to glamourize nothing into something so you can deceive the receiver into believing he has received something worthy of a reply. And so we're both satisfied and the war goes on the same as ever. Here's some examples:

The weather is worthy of criticism;

The war will probably go on for a while;

The geographic properties of the region perhaps might be worthwhile looking at –maybe.

Well, get that "thirty dash" ready as I'm about due to go on guard. So I'll close with a hello to all my friends in the valley, and wish all you fellows in the service the best of luck.

Pfc. Karl Jorgensen

ASN 19082672 1st Plat. Co. A 440th Sig. Cons. Btn. APO 929

c/o Postmaster San Francisco, California

Friday, October 23, 1942, Page One: Letters from Our Boys in the Service

Hi, Folks:

Well, here I am in the army as an aircraft specialist after 6 tests of all sorts of questions about mechanics in general. I am feeling fine except for a cold where I caught on the trip down here. I am now quarantined for two weeks having 5 or 6 shots. I have pretty sore arms from it, too. I will start my basic training in two weeks. I like the army fine. The Air Corps has good food, bunks, and clothes, so I am making out all right.

Well, that's that for this time. You can start sending me the Santa Ynez Valley News now—PLEASE! I am anxious to read it!

Yours truly,

Pvt. Earl L. Thygesen

405 Squad, Repl Center Tech School,

Sheppard Field, Texas

Friday, October 30, 1942, Page Eight

List of Servicemen's Names and Addresses Now at Post Office

We have had many requests here in the News office for addresses of servicemen. In response to those requests, we have printed up as complete a list as possible, and through the courtesy of Postmaster Madsen have posted it in the Solvang post office. This has been done both as a convenience to those planning to write to servicemen, or send gifts, as well as a spur to those who haven't given the subject a great deal of thought.

Hundreds of thousands of American boys who have never before this year been outside the US, some of them valley boys, will spend Christmas day in a dozen far places. Many, many others will be in camps inside the US, but away from home nevertheless.

All of us are in a position to cheer these boys a little, no matter where they are, by sending them gifts, letters or cards. To overseas soldiers, such mailing must be done at least by tomorrow, but to the boys in this country—and the majority of our valley boys are still within the US—we have more time.

There is no reason why the Santa Ynez Valley should let even one of its local boys down. The nature of the gift, if any, isn't important. The important thing to him will be a message of Merry Christmas from home.

So make use of the list—it is as complete as we could make it, and is correct up to and including October 27. And remember tomorrow is the last day to send Christmas mail overseas—at least, the last day if you want to be sure of its arrival in time.

NOVEMBER 1942

Friday, November 13, 1942, Page Four: Editorial

A Letter From Home

"I hope you are all well and as happy as you can be in these perilous times to our country. They look dark at present, and it is plain we have not suffered enough, labored enough, repented enough, to deserve success. But they will brighten after a while, and I trust that a merciful God will arouse us to a sense of our danger, bless our honest efforts, and drive back our enemies to their homes. Our people have not been earnest enough, have thought too much of themselves and their ease, instead of turning out to a man; have been content to nurse themselves and their dimes, and leave the protection of themselves and families to others. To satisfy their consciences they have been clamorous in criticizing what others have done, and endeavored to prove that they ought to do nothing. This is not the way to accomplish our independence."

Who wrote this? Robert E. Lee, on March 2, 1862, in a letter to his daughter, all of eighty years ago.

We've come a long way since the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor woke us up, but still there is much to atone for—the years of unpreparedness, the willful blindness which underestimated the strength and malice of our enemies, and the heroism of those who oppose them.

Are we, at last, earnest enough, working hard enough, putting in those extra hard licks for victory? Or are we still idling on the job? Have we stopped grumbling at war time inconveniences, or are we still trying by petty cheats, such as hoarding, to live our lives in the old selfish way? Are we, too "nursing our dimes," or are we digging down to the very bottom of our pockets to buy War bonds and stamps?

Are we paying our share of the price of victory? Or are we still hoping that somebody else, perhaps our soldiers and sailors, or even the people next door, will pay it for us?

Lee's letter should make us search our hearts, and redouble our fight!

Friday, November 20, 1942, Page Eight

United Nations Card Party at Coral Casino Was Great Success

A letter from Marie A. Jendresen of Santa Barbara informs the *News* that the United Nations Card Party at Coral Casino was a great success. Mrs. Jendresen wishes to thank all those who made it possible to send Solvang pastries to the card party.

The proceeds go direct to the Royal Danish Legation, to be used in aiding Danish seamen and fliers.

Mrs. Jendresen has also received a letter from Henrik Kauffman, Danish Ambassador to the US, acknowledging receipt of \$200 and stating that this money had been sent from E. D. Baring Gould in connection with United Nations Festivals in July, August, and September. This amount was to be used to assist in establishing a fund for Danish volunteers.

Mr. Kauffman also thanks the committee for their excellent work.

Friday, November 27, 1942, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Sheppard Field

November 21, 1942

Santa Ynez Valley News,

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Phil—

I guess it's time that I let you know I have changed my address. I was operated on for my eyes a month ago. I am recuperating now for another operation later, so it looks like I will be here for a spell yet. I have to be confined to the hospital until the first of the year, so you can see how much I would enjoy reading The News.

They sure have good doctors here. But my eye is still a little off yet, so they must operate again. But I have lots of patience with them.

It's time for chow now, so I'll close saying that the Army life is still good and I am feeling pretty well now. I will write more later. Yours truly,

Pvt. Earl Thygesen

Post Hospital Ward 1227

Sheppard Field, Texas

Friday, November 27, 1942, Page One: Letters from our Boys in the Service

Dear Carol and Phil—

Please do not send any more papers to the old address. We are pulling out tomorrow, and I'll send you the new address as soon as I get settled again.

My class graduated from school last Friday, and moved to the transfer unit. We won't be here long, most of the class is leaving tomorrow for various parts of the country. MY first move isn't very far. I go to the destroyer base here in town. Where I go from there I don't know.

I certainly enjoyed my visit home over the weekend. I was coming in to say hello, but you were locked up.

That's all for this time. Thanks again to you folks and the American Legion for sending me the News.

Best wishes.

--Carrol Nelson,

San Diego

Friday, November 27, 1942, Page One

Bit of Verse Sent Here From Australia

The following bit of poetry was received by Mr. and Mrs. Al Madsen from First Lieutenant Folmer Sogaard, "somewhere down under." The poem, supposed to have been written by an "anonymous US Soldier, follows:

Somewhere in Australia

Somewhere in Australia, where the sun is like a curse,

And each long day is followed by another slightly worse;

Where the brick-red dust blows thicker than the shifting desert sand,

And a white man dreams and wishes for a greener, fairer land.

Somewhere in Australia, where a woman's never seen,

Where the sky is never cloudy, and the grass is never green,

Where the dingo's nightly howling robs a man of blessed sleep,

When he crawls into his pup-tent for a haven of retreat.

Somewhere in Australia, where the nights are made for love,

Where the moon is like a search-light, and the Southern Cross above

Sparkles like a diamond necklace in a balmy tropic night.

It's a shameless waste of beauty, when there's not a girl in sight.

Somewhere in Australia, where the mail is always late,

Where a Christmas card in April is considered up-to-date,

Where we never have a pay day and we never have a cent,

But we never miss the money, 'cause we'd never get it spent.

Somewhere in Australia, where ants and lizards play,

And a hundred fresh mosquitoes replace every one you slay,

So take me back to 'Frisco, let me hear the mission bell,

For this God-forsaken outpost is a substitute for Hell.

Friday, November 27, 1942, Page Four: News Item

Mail is Chief Item of Interest In Solomons

The following article was written by Sergeant James W. Hurlburt, USMC Marine Corps combat correspondent in the Solomons.

Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, October 27—(Delayed)—Amid battles which are making history and with sudden death drifting through the jungles, one of the important events to the Marines holding these islands is the arrival of mail from home.

Time is reckoned from one arrival of mail to the next—and the dates always seem far between. During the interim much time is devoted to lengthy discussion of such questions as: When will the next mail arrive; how much will there be, and how recent will be the dates of the letters when they arrive.

By some mysterious grapevine, the fact that mail has arrived is known by every Marine on the island almost before the first bag has hit the beach. The pace of activity increases. Good humor radiates. The mailhandlers in each company are kept under constant observation.

Then comes that long-awaited moment when the jeep roars up with its precious cargo of mailbags in the back seat. All activity ceases for a few minutes. Differences in rank seem to disappear. Dignified colonels and plain privates stand side by side in eager anticipation.

“Kelly, Jones, Abernathy,” Wiskowski, . . . “the mail distributor calls. “Here’s Abernathy;” “I’ll take Kelly’s,” come the replies. The mail distributor flips the letters out with the skill of a magician sailing playing cards over a theatre’s audience. Joe Gordon, of the New York Yankees, couldn’t handle a line drive with more dexterity than a marine intercepting his letter from home.

All hands stand fast until the mailbag is empty. There is always a chance that that last pink envelope might be “the” one. Nope, it’s one more for that lucky fellow Kelly.

Then each man his prized collection of letters in his hand, moves away. The gregariousness that exists during air raids disappears when the time comes to catch up on the doings of the folks back in the states. The sacred business of reading mail from home requires solitude.

Current novelty in Guadalcanal is the arrival of letters written on V-Mail stationery. Their microfilmed perfection fascinates souvenir-loving Marines. Specimens are passed from hand to hand. Best of all is the speed of their transmission. Home seems a lot closer to Guadalcanal when the mail moves faster, and V-Mail is the fastest of all.

The most forlorn figure in the world is the Marine who draws a blank in the mail distribution.

So if you’re proud of these fighting Leathernecks, who are winning the battle for the Solomons, and want to do something to help keep their efforts in high gear, keep the mail bags filled to overflowing.

DECEMBER 1942

Friday, December 4, 1942, Page Four

Victory Loan Drive Is Now Underway

A nine billion dollar Victory Loan Drive is now under way, with coupon bonds, being issued in denominations of from \$500 to \$100,000 and registered bonds in \$500 to \$1,000,000 denominations.

The bonds will be dated December 1, 1942, and will mature December 15, 1968. They may not be called before December 15, 1963, but may be called on and after that date at par and accrued interest.

These US Treasury Bonds will draw interest of 2 ½ %. Subscription books will remain open for several weeks, but may be closed without notice.

Information concerning these bonds may be had locally at the Santa Ynez Bank. Regarding the present drive the bank this week received the following telegram from the Federal Reserve Banks of San Francisco: Santa Ynez Valley Bank Solvang, Calif.

Having a very vital interest in the success of the Nine Billion Dollar Victory Loan Drive commencing today, I am soliciting your enthusiastic cooperation with the Victory Fund Committee toward influencing depositors and investors to participate in this essential phase of winning the war. This financing is the most important event in the history of the US Treasury and we cannot fail to insure its success. This is the time to demonstrate that we are not more tender of our dollars than of the lives of our sons.

Wm. A. Day, President, Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco

Friday, December 11, 1942, Page One

Letter from Secretary of Agriculture: Claude R. Wickard

December 1942

Farmers of America

More farm scrap is needed. Farm scrap is needed now in large amounts to blend with lighter scrap gathered in the recent city drive. In order to make the high quality tanks and guns our boys must have on the fighting front.

You have done a fine job of collecting and turning in your scrap but the need increases. Therefore, I am asking each of you to search your farm again and also to turn in your scrap as fast as it accumulates. This winter you will be getting your farm machinery ready for the big drive next spring. Turn in all broken and worn out parts and any equipment that's no longer useful. If it can't be used on the farm front, turn it in for scrap and it will be used on the battle front.

Claude R. Wickard

Friday, December 11, 1942, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

USNTS Farragut, Idaho

Dear Phil:

I'll take this opportunity to thank you for sending me The Valley News which I get every Tuesday afternoon, and certainly look forward to receiving.

I've been here six weeks now, and everyone is starting to talk about getting out of here as it is getting close to that time. I talked to Mickey Hanly last Sunday and he was to leave the next day for school—where, he didn't know.

It's going to be nice to get back to Sunny California. Up here the sun, is just as rare as a cloudy day in Solvang. To tell the truth, I haven't seen the sun for a whole week. About two inches of snow fell the day after Thanksgiving and the temperature has not been above freezing since the snow. It snows about every two or three days. I guess that is so the snowball fights can be renewed.

Yours truly,

Harold (Perry) Johnsen

Friday, December 18, 1942, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Nashville, Tenn.

Dec. 11, 1942

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Phil: -- I guess it's time that I let you know my address, so that you can forward the Valley News to me. I was shipped from Monterey to Nashville, had a long ride on the train, and saw a lot of country that was new to me. It was a swell trip. It sure gets cold here; some days about 7 degrees above, and that's cold to someone out of good old Santa Ynez Valley.

I like Army life and am getting along fine. I'll be shipped from here, but I don't know when or where—California, I hope.

Are any of the boys from the home around this part of the U.S.A.? If they are, I wish they would write.

It's about bed time, so I'll sign off now.

Yours truly

a/c John Pedercini

Sq. H-3, AAFCC

Nashville, Tenn.

Friday, December 18, 1942, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Laurel, Miss.

Dec. 7, 1942

Dear Editor:

I started to write a few days after I arrived here so I would be sure to get the Valley News. But the same day I had a pleasant surprise. The paper showed up. I postponed writing so I could find out what it is like down here and have a little more to say.

The weather has been practically the same as California, even though it has rained every weekend since we've been here and to top it off, we get weekends off. They say it snows here once in a while, but so far it has been pretty warm.

We are about two miles from town but there is a broken down bus that comes out this far. After we get to town there isn't much to do but they have a pretty nice service club there that really does a rushing business. There is a swell golf course and we played one day but by the time we got to the ninth hole we had lost all the balls. We have a good gym here on the post, and we built an obstacle course, so it looks like we'll really be getting a workout before long.

The people seem quite different, but there are some very nice people, and there's a lot of them because there are thirty churches in this town of 20,000 population. I don't know whether that includes negroes or not, but if it does there can't be many white people. All the fellows, including me, would like to be back in California. They say the people are so much nicer there and from what I've seen so far it is really a fact. The biggest beef from the fellows here is about the girls. They carry this hard-to-get stuff too far.

I'll take this chance to say "hello" to everybody in the valley and to all the fellows in the service. The list is sure growing rapidly.

Well, I'd better close for now. Thanks a lot for the paper and for me receiving it so promptly.

Sincerely,

Bob Asselstine

Friday, December 25, 1942, Page One

Greetings from the Hansons:

We would enjoy greeting each of you personally this year. That is, of course, impossible—but we can still wish you the merriest Christmas ever—and a 1943 a little nearer the peace for which we are all praying.

Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Hanson

Friday December 25, 1942, Page One

Letter From Hawaiian Islands Explains Value of Messages From Home

A letter received this week from "Slim" Colombo, who is now in the Hawaiian Islands, made us happy that the Santa Ynez Valley News is serving the purpose it is in time of war, and also made us realize a little more clearly just how much word from home means to our boys in the service.

The letter follows:

December 12, 1942

Dear Mr. Lockwood:

Hello, everyone in the Good Old Valley!

I guess it is time for me to write and tell you that I appreciate the paper very much. It is one thing that I look forward to. I have been blue the last two days, and I am hoping that the paper gets here today, for I may be a long way from home, but when I get the paper it makes me feel a little closer to home, so thanks a lot.

I hope that everyone in the valley is in the best of health. I would like to take this time and say hello to all the boys in the service. Keep your sunny side up, and the best of luck, pals.

I am going you don't know how a letter makes us feel; it makes life a little brighter. So thanks a lot for everything, and keep up the good work.

It looks like I will have to close for I hear someone calling me, so I'll say the best of luck to you all.

Aloha!

--Slim Colombo, Hawaiian Isl.

Friday, December 25, 1942, Part Two Page One: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

It seems as though the only time I ever write to you folks is when I have a change of address. This time I have moved to the Naval Proving Grounds at Dahlgren, Virginia.

I thought a few years ago I was through going to school. But since I joined the Navy, I have started all over again. Having completed my last course in Aviation Ordnance, I was transferred to this base to go to Bombsight School, which is a good deal.

It is at this base that a lot of the new equipment is tried before it is set out to the fleet. At times it sounds like we are on the front as they are trying out guns all over the place.

I want to use a little space to thank Mr. and Mrs. Axel Nielsen for giving the recent dinner for our War Mothers. It was an occasion that I know all Valley boys in the service appreciate and will not forget.

I again want to thank you for sending me the News. It's like a long letter from home, and I really appreciate getting it.

Just one of the many,

Ira M. ("Tip") Jones,

A.O.M. 3/c USNPG

Dahlgren, Virginia.

Friday, December 25, 1942, Part Two Page One: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Nov. 5

American Legion and Santa Ynez Valley News

Dear Folks—

Just a line or two to let you know I am alright and still getting the Valley News. I am still in the paratroops and doing fine. I see that there is another Santa Ynez boy in the outfit. All of the excitement is over when you finish school at Fort Benning, but you never get over that funny feeling. I have made 12 jumps and still have it. You are always scared, but we have a job to do so we don't mind it. We are all waiting for the day we get our crack at the Japs or the Germans and we are not going to take it easy.

Well, I will close for now. Thanks again for the paper.

Sincerely yours,

Carl Stonebarger

Friday, December 25, 1942, Part Two Page One: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Norman, Oklahoma,

Dec. 15

Dear Phil:

Well, it's time I am letting you know where I am. I have been moved down here to Oklahoma to go to Aviation Ordnance school. This is a new base here, but I think I will like it better than Farragut, Idaho, because there isn't 10 inches of snow all over the ground like there was up there. I never saw the sun the last four weeks I was there. There hasn't been anything but the good old sunshine here so far, and I hope it stays that way, because it reminds me of good old California.

Phil, I want to thank you and the American Legion for the Valley News. It sure is nice to get it and I have missed it the last two weeks.

I would like to take this opportunity to say hello to everybody in the valley and hello to all the fellows in the service. And Merry Christmas to everyone.

Yours truly,

Mickey Hanly

Friday, December 25, 1942, Part Two Page Two: Our Mail Box

Publisher, Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Sir:

On behalf of our state, county, and city salvage organizations, we wish to express to you our deep appreciation of the patriotic and generous assistance given us through your participation in the recent National Newspaper campaign.

The critical need for scrap material was brought home to the public, as never before, though the aggressive publicity given by the press in this campaign. It has created a salvage consciousness on the part of our citizens. We are aware of no other medium which could have accomplished such splendid results.

Final figures will show that California collected during the months of September and October in excess of 100 pounds per capita. This is a remarkable showing, especially considering the fact that collection in this valley agricultural areas has been greatly retarded owing to the crop harvesting emergency.

We wish also to thank you for your generous support of the general work of our committees, which is a continuing effort for the duration, and feel sure that we can rely on your further cooperation in this vital Salvage for Victory campaign.

Sincerely,

Judge Edward P. Murphy, Chairman State Salvage Committee

JANUARY 1943

Friday, January 1, 1943, Page One

Ronald Smith With Invaders in North Africa

Alvy Smith this week received a letter from his brother, Ronald who is now in North Africa. The letter tells its own story concerning present action in that part of the world, and is well worth reading:

Rabat, Africa

Nov. 1942

Dear Alvy:

It has been a long time since I've gotten any mail from home. I surely hope I get some soon. I guess you have been wondering what happened to me. Well, I landed on the beach at Fidelah, North Africa, at about -----, ----- and it was a landing I probably won't forget in a long time. The boat we were in banged up on some rocks about 100 yards from the beach and they turned a searchlight on us and started to throw machine-gun bullets at us, but most of them were high. I didn't think I could get so close to the ground.

We took Fidelah and Casa Blanca the first two or three days. Then we went on out-guard outside of town for a few days. Then we came to Rabat where we are doing a lot of guard duty. But it is a lot better than our first week.

I enjoyed the trip across very much I didn't get sick, but most of the boys did. We were on the water ----- days.

I like French Morocco very well. The weather is about the same as at Santa Barbara. But the people and their ways are different. They do their work with donkeys and camels. The Arabs go around with baskets on their heads with stuff to sell, such as bread, oranges and vegetables.

They hardly drink any water. Everybody drinks wine, and boy! Is it good stuff! We can get a quart for a piece of gum or a few cigarettes. By the way—I'm out of cigarettes and we can't buy them over here.

We sure have a hell of a time trying to talk French and Arabian, but get along O.K. I wouldn't mind staying here for the duration instead of getting into another scrap. It scares the hell out of me!

I am invited out to dinner tomorrow night. Two other boys and myself were talking to a couple of girls and they took our pictures and invited us over I'll bet the pictures were honeys, as we had just got in from a week's fight and hadn't washed or shaved for seven or eight days.

Don't worry about me. I haven't felt better in my life. Hope everybody at home feels as good as I do. Try to send a few cigarettes to a poor soldier—they would be greatly appreciated!

Please write soon. Write to Camp Pickett address.

Lots of love from your brother,

Ronald

Friday, January 1, 1943, Page One

Edwin Sorensen Now In North Africa

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross received a letter this week from Edwin Sorensen, former resident of Solvang, is now in Casa Blanca in Africa. He stated that the climate and beach there are very similar to that of Santa Barbara. His company is stationed in a large Buick and Chevrolet garage.

Friday, January 8, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

The following letter was received this week by Mr. and Mrs. Don Hanly from their son, Sergeant W. D. (Bill) Hanly, who is "somewhere in India." For Bill's information, Ye Ed wears size 8 ½ shoes! The letter follows:

Somewhere in India

Dear Mom, Dad and Kids: Yes, at last we are on good old Mother Earth and somewhere in India. Believe me, I wouldn't trade this trip for anything. I am seeing some things that I thought did not even exist in this world. The sights are almost fantastic. I'd like to tell you all about where I am stationed but this is my first letter from this base so I'm not going to take any chances on getting off on the wrong foot with the censor.

One thing I can tell you, and that is that this camp is wonderful. After so long on the ocean it was just like receiving a letter from home, it made you feel so good. The food is really something to rave about, and I'm not saying that just to make you feel good. It's much better than it was back in the States.

We have natives to do all the work for us, and we live like kings. The natives call us Rajahs, and treat us like kings. Everything you buy is handmade and really cheap. I can buy a pair of really good hand tailored shoes for about 12 rupees (\$4). I'd like to have a pair made up to send home for Dad, but of course, I haven't the size or anything so that is almost impossible. I am going to send some things for your just as soon as I can. We spent a day in town and all we did was go through these native stores and look at all the things we would like to buy. If I had a way of carrying this stuff I would really buy a lot of things that could come in handy when I get back home.

Everything they make is usually made out of good material, and very good workmanship. I've only been into town once so I'll tell you more in my next letter.

I hope you are all well and happy at home, and don't worry about me because as I have said, we are living like kings, and I'm in the best of health. We expect some mail from the States soon, and it sure is going to be good to hear from you.

How is Mick getting along? I hope he likes the Navy. Tell him in your next letter that I'm waiting to hear from him. I'll have to close now, folks. Again, Merry Christmas and love to you all.

Your son, Bill

Friday, January 8, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

USNTS Los Angeles

Dear Phil:

I receive the paper every week now and it surely is swell to read about the old home town. Although I'm stationed not very far from it, I still don't get much time off to come up.

I am getting a swell education down here in the Signal Corps. And we also get a Quartermaster course, which takes in everything about ships, etc. I certainly haven't regretted joining up.

Well, I hope this letter finds you and your family well. You are doing a swell job on the paper, Phil—keep it up.

TELL EVERYONE HELLO

Chuck Christensen, S 2/c

Friday, January 8, 1943, Page Eight

Tony Bermudez now "Somewhere Across"

Rosie R. Bermudez of Los Olivos received a Cablegram on New Year's Day from her son, Tony, who is somewhere on foreign soil. Mrs. Bermudez had received no word from her son since he left Ft. Knox 3 months ago. His Cablegram wished a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to his family "and all the rest of the folks back home."

Friday, January 15, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I just want to let everyone know that I landed in Texas safely after my 15 day leave. I wouldn't mind if I could get back to California again, but I hope to someday.

So far I haven't done much, but I am expecting to go to airplane mechanic school here, then from there on I don't know.

Tell everyone—including the rest of the fellows in the service “hello” for me. Anyone wanting to drop a line may do so.

As ever,

Pvt. Earl Thygesen

Friday, January 15, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

Just a line to let you know that I am receiving the Valley News regularly and enjoy reading it immensely, thanks to the farsighted generosity of all concerned. It helps the boys from the Valley in the service to sort of keep tabs on each other, and from the letters they've written, I surmise that the valley news enjoys a worldwide circulation on all fronts. The current happenings in the valley are of much interest to us no matter where we may be.

Our outfit left California last June by train for New York where we stayed about a week, which gave us a chance to see some of the sights in the "little old town." Unlike most of the fellows who have written from "somewhere in a certain place," we are not permitted to disclose our whereabouts and the censorship is pretty strict, so as to make letters very limited.

I am sending you a copy of the weekly paper which is put out by the local forces and is passed by the censor for mailing. I think you'll enjoy reading it.

I was very sorry to hear of Walt Hanson's illness, and hope this finds him much improved. I would like to take this opportunity to send my best wishes to all the people in the valley for a "Happy Holiday Season," and wish you much success in your new venture.

Very sincerely,

Daniel C. McLellan Jr.

Friday, January 15, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dec. 21, 1942,

Britain, England, By V Mail

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Valley News and sure enjoy reading of all the Valley and Community news. For some time I did not receive any mail on account of my new address. I want to thank you and the American Legion very much. It means a lot to me, and hope that you will continue sending The News.

I have not much to say of the place. People are very kind and friendly, and I sort of like it here.

A "hello" to all my friends, and to all the boys in the Service. Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

"Cheerio."

Cpl. Joe C. Miranda

Friday, January 22, 1943, Page One

Jack Oliver In Recent Wake Island Raid

A letter from Jack P. Oliver, who has just been made Technical Sergeant, to his mother, Mrs. N. B. Oliver of Solvang, gives the information that his squadron was on the raid to Wake Island which was publicized in the news on New Year's Day. This is said to have been the longest bombing raid in history, and occurred on Christmas Day. According to Jack, "we wrote names on the bombs that we dropped, in chalk, and on one bomb I wrote, "from all of the folks back home," so the folks will know that the Japs had a taste of what they gave our boys when they took Wake Island December 18, 1941."

No one was killed in the raid and all planes returned. Jack says, "I'd hate to have been a Jap that night. The island was a hell on earth after we finished with it. I feel I'm lucky I was able to put in a lock for all of us, and all of the folks back home that have lost folks across the other ocean when Hitler took Denmark." Jack, and the others who participated on the raid, were given, "Airmen's Medals" for their work.

With Jack's rise to Technical Sergeant, he is now only one more jump to Top Sergeant.

Friday, January 22, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

January 11

University of Colorado

Dear Phil:

I think it is about time I write and thank the American Legion and you for sending me the Valley News. I receive it regularly and enjoy reading it very much. It kind of brings me closer to home.

Everything is going along swell here at school. I am on the homestretch now. It won't be long before I will be pulling out. I will be kind of glad of it, as it is pretty tough going. It seems like you have to get in the mood, or get "code-happy" as we call it, to learn this radio. When I first came here it didn't seem possible that I would be able to learn all that was required in so short a time as this course used to last three times as long.

There is one thing that helps a lot and that is that people really treat us nice here, both at school and on liberty. We aren't required to stand any guard duty, or do any cleaning detail, and the college students serve us our meals, which gives us more time to study. We have liberty every weekend from about two o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday till 9:30 on Sunday night. We are only about 35 miles or so from Denver the capital of Colorado, so that's the place we are usually headed for. Most people around here had never met a sailor until this school started, so we are at a premium, which is all right by us.

Yours truly,

Hakon H. Jensen, S 2/c

Friday, January 29, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Dear Phil:

I know who you are, but you probably don't know me. I'm a Santa Ynez boy who joined up and left with the Burd, Jones, Ontiveros, and Knight boys.

I'm in a Training Battery here now training rookies—a tough job!

I'm writing these few lines to thank you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News to me, and to tell all my valley friends "hello."

We've had a tough day, so I'll say adios for now.

Sincerely,

Sgt. Gene Crane

Friday, January 29, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

Through the Valley News I would like to thank and offer my sincerest appreciation for all the good cheer and best wishes sent in the form of cards, letters, and packages during this Christmas season. I can say this Christmas has been one of my happiest ones in its own certain way. We have much to be thankful for.

A wonderful parcel came today and I know Mrs. McGuire won't mind if I brag to the whole valley about it. All those things are very much enjoyed by me and fifty others. You see, our mail comes to our club and there are always plenty of fellows around. The word 'club' will need a little explanation. I'm afraid. Really, all it is, is a tent with magazines, books, card tables and (keep it quiet) a little bar, but seldom stocked. But since I'm not a drinking man, it doesn't worry me very much, although I do take my cokes straight (when we have any).

The playing cards received will be put to good use, too. I have cards, a table, five or six players and a little money . . . now I have cards, a table, and still five or six players . . . I'll just wait until next month.

I had the pleasure of talking to—guess who—not the President—not Gen. MacArthur—but none other than Karl Jorgensen. It was over a 'phone, but we were only several miles apart. Our duties prevented us from visiting each other, but we will see each other soon. I can't express the feeling I had on hearing his voice again, for after all we are old high school classmates. We are going to have a lot of things to talk about. It is too bad you folks won't be able to hear us.

It makes me laugh a little to myself when I think of what one chap told me about his letter he had sent to his girl back in the States. All that she got of it (and I do mean got) was the heading and ending, with a half-inch border down each side. He should have been refunded half his postage, don't you think? But she could have used the letter for a picture frame, I guess.

Again I thank you all back home for everything. I'm sure all the boys away from home think of you more than ever around Christmastime, not only with the thought of returning to their loved ones, but to push on with more vigor than ever.

Best wishes for the New Year.

(Capt.) Folmer Sogaard

FEBRUARY 1943

Friday, February 5, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Camp Howze, Texas

January 29, 1943

Dear Phil:

I am dropping you a few lines to thank you, and the American Legion, for sending me the Valley News each week. It is surely good to be able to read about all the folks back home. I would have written sooner, but we are taking our basic training now and don't have much time to ourselves. I would like to tell you all about our training, but military regulations forbid it. But I can tell you where we are located. Camp Howze is in the northeastern part of Texas. It gets pretty cold, and the wind blows most of the time, quite different from the weather we have in the valley. I surely wish I were back in California. There's no place like it.

Well, there isn't much I can write about, much as I would like to. Tell everyone hello for me. I am in the Field Artillery Division, and like it pretty well.

Will close now, Phil. Hope I have more to write about next time and thanks again for sending me the paper.

As ever,

Robert Miller

Friday, February 12, 1943, Page One:

Belfast Xmas Party Given By US Boys There

A V-Mail letter, received by Mr. and Mrs. Axel Nielsen from Gael O. Crowell, formerly of Santa Maria and now with Lockheed in Ireland, has in it news of an event that should be of interest to everyone. It concerns a Christmas Party given in Belfast by Lockheed technicians for the underprivileged children.

Crowell's letter, written on December 22, says: "We will entertain about 4,000 of these children all together with a program and tea, and each child will receive a toy and a parcel of candy from Father Christmas afterwards. I'm to be one of the Santa Clauses!

"We have made over four thousand toys and have raised over 530 pounds to pay for the tea and candy, so we feel that a good job has been accomplished. It will be a great party, and so large that we are having four different halls to accommodate all the children, as well as visiting four large hospitals in town.

"Many of the American force units are doing the same thing all over England, Ireland, and Scotland, but none on such a large scale as ours, yet all of these parties put together will be a great factor in promoting good feeling between the two countries and make for better understanding all around."

A later letter, written on Jan. 5th, says, in part, "Last Saturday I had a V-letter telling me about hearing the news on the radio about the Christmas party. It was a surprise to me to hear that the news traveled as far as it did, and apparently got considerable attention at home. The biggest thrill of all was the one we received from the children themselves as they enjoyed themselves at the parties, and later as they queued up for their toys and candy. I'll never forget the smiles of gratitude and happiness on their faces as they came up for the gifts, and those happy faces were more than worth the little effort we went to. I personally played Santa to about 1200, including 150 at one of the hospitals, and so I know from firsthand experience how the affair went over, and it was a howling success, believe me."

Crowell is with Lockheed as a civilian. He expects to be home some time during the summer.

Friday, February 12, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Phil:

I received the last two copies of The News from you, and want to thank you, the American Legion, and whoever it was that gave you my address. I do want to hear how the folks at home are, and also the other boys in the service. Until just recently, the method of delivering papers to us at this camp has been very inefficient. Now it seems to be o.k.

At present, I'm attending an aircraft engine school here in Los Angeles. I like it very much, mostly because I can tie it in with the work I was doing back home. As far as Army life is concerned, I think it's swell. If it wasn't for what has to be faced across the water, I would like to see all the fellows in sometime or other. It's an experience that is really worth getting. At least that's the way I have found it.

I expect to leave here February 13, but where to is a good question. Your guess is as good as mine. Nevertheless, I will send you my next address as soon as possible. I'll sign off now, wishing all of you at home, and in the services, the best of luck.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Joe Alegria

Friday, February 12, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Naval Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, T. H.

Dear Phil:

It should be about time to write to you and the American Legion, and thank you for the paper. It has been very nice of you, and it is a fine service you are doing for the boys. I am sure they all appreciate it as much as I. It is very much like a long letter from home, and it does its bit to cheer us up.

I can tell by the paper that the valley is much more thickly populated than it was when I left. I guess there are a lot of Army officers and their families now living in that vicinity.

It has been a long time since I have seen any of the good old US—a little over a year—but I surely haven't forgotten how it is. Sometimes I read of a soldier in the states crying about the prices, etc. It is usually the soldiers that do the hollering. A sailor usually has some overseas duty and know how to appreciate the good things.

Let me tell all of those who might be crying—thank God you aren't where you really have to pay a price for something! I could go on for a day explaining why a man is lucky to have stateside duty. I think those who were overseas in the last war will verify most of what I have said. I am lucky to be where I am, rather than in North Africa or Guadalcanal Island!

I wish to take this space for those in the American Legion who have so generously donated for the sending of the paper to us boys Thanks again—it is swell of you.

Hello to all my old friends, and please save a place for me when I do return.

Sincerely yours,

George Morr

Friday, February 19, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Camp Wheeler

Macon, Georgia

Dear Phil:

I've changed my address again so I thought I'd better notify you. I've been sent away down to Georgia now for three months' additional training. This is quite a change from Texas but the climate is still good, though not as dry as Texas. We were on the train four nights and three days, and that's as long as I'd ever want to ride one.

This is a big camp here. I don't know just how big it is, but it's all infantry.

I read in the paper a couple of weeks ago that Robert Forsyth is in Africa. If anybody at home knows his address, I would appreciate receiving it.

I hope everybody at home is getting along alright with all the rationing and whatnot. You don't notice that so much in the Army.

I want to thank my friends who sent me the Christmas cards, even if I am a little late doing so.

I'll close, saying hello to all the fellows in the service and wishing them all good luck.

(Cpl.) Jens Mathiesen

Med Det. 111th Station Hospital

Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia

MARCH 1943

Friday, March 5, 1943, Page One: Our Mail Box

Dear Phil:

It surely was nice to receive a copy of "our" paper. It brought me closer to home, closer to the people I know and love to be with. We are "so far and yet so close," when we get news from home.

We have completed our basic training, and I believe the sailing won't be so bad from now on. The weather has been nice the past few days, so everything looks bright on this side. Hope everything is well with you.

Give my regards to all my friends in the service, and everyone at home.

Will be looking forward to the newspaper.

Yours,

PFC Richard W. Fray

Camp White, Oregon

Friday, March 5, 1943, Page One: Our Mail Box

Dear Phil:

Just about a year ago we became “absentees” from Solvang and from that time on have been receiving your paper and thoroughly enjoying it. We read every item, and only wish more contributors would publish their daily doings for the benefit of us who are obliged to be away from home.

We are located about eleven miles from Placerville, on Highway 50 (the road to Lake Tahoe), and live in a little cabin right in the pine woods. Climate—well, maybe we’d better not say too much, but it is grand. I am employed in the Engineering Department at Mather Field and only get home every two weeks (haven’t the courage to apply for a “B”). I like my work a lot, enjoy it and have that satisfied feeling that I am at least doing a little to help toward our grand finale. The military personnel are all friendly, and I have made a lot of friends.

It gives us a real thrill to hear on the radio from time to time that the Solvang boys are making their mark down in the Pacific area. Last week it was Billy McGuire who was decorated –and I thought he was still at Mather field!

Am enclosing our subscription for the coming year, and must say it would be cheap at twice the price. Every Tuesday the paper arrives, and my wife forwards it to me after she has memorized all the local happenings.

Goodbye, and regards to all our friends down there.

As ever,

Tony Austed

Friday, March 5, 1943, Page One

Robert Martin Cited For Performance of Duty in Naval Raid

Mrs. Lee Martin has recently received a copy of a commendation in which her son, Robert V. Martin, was congratulated by his commanding officer for performance in duty.

Martin is a boatswain's mate first class, in the US Navy. The commendation was worded as follows: "It affords me great pleasure to congratulate you in the skillful and effective performance of your duty as Gun Captain, while engaging Japanese naval forces in a daylight raid on the enemy patrol line south of the Gilbert Islands on October 22, 1942. You carried out your duties in an outstanding manner, as a result of which heavy damage was inflicted upon the enemy. Two Japanese vessels enemy aerial attacks were repelled. Your excellent performance of duty contributed in a large manner to the success of the mission. Your conduct was in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service."

Friday, March 12, 1943, Page Eight: Our Mail Box

The Lend Lease

The most encouraging thing I have read in regard to the world situation is an article on Lend-Lease by Hans Heymann, research professor in economics, published in the March issue of the magazine Tomorrow. Here is a brief and very clear presentation of the history, nature, achievements, potentiality and aim of the Lend-Lease. The project is as yet an adventurous boat on mid-ocean, but all history making projects have been that in their start.

Lend-Lease is a new method, radically different from the old way of reparation, high tariff and isolationism. Emerson was right in saying that the venturesome trader is always the pioneering prospector in history.

Aage Moller

Friday, March 12, 1943, Page Eight

Santa Ynez Valley News Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find check for \$2 in payment of my subscription to your paper.

A recent news item in your paper has caused considerable consternation, not only to myself but to my many friends who are accustomed to enjoying the good food at Andersen's at Buellton. To my knowledge this is the first time in over thirteen years that the fire has gone out under "Andy's" pea soup. Sincerely,

Albert Gregersen,

South Pasadena

Friday, March 12, 1943, Page Eight

Norman Oklahoma

Dear Phil:

I have put off writing to you for so long that I am ashamed to write now, but I wish to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News.

I have finished my school here and am now an aviation machinist's mate third class. I imagine I will be here for quite some time now as I have been kept here as an instructor.

The base here is quite new, but in a short time it will be very nice.

Since graduating I have moved quite a bit from one barracks to another, but have always received the Valley News.

In closing I wish to say hello to the fellow in the service and wish them all good luck.

Alfred A. Lang

Friday, March 19, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Letterman General Hospital

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Phil:

I will try to write you a short line, as this is about the only time I will have I am now at the hospital for repairs. I have been here twenty days and they will keep me here a lot longer, from what they say.

I have been receiving the News, and it sure is swell. The boys at the air base send it down to me when it comes, and it helps to pass the time away. The days do get very long.

It is very crowded at the hospital, as there are many of our buddies coming home from the front lines who are in bad shape. Some of the people in the large cities should see this, and then they could realize why we are restricted on some things. The boys are in the fine spirits, even though they are having it hard.

I have been helping some of the boys that are learning to do things they have never done before, such as woodcarving and leatherwork. They are doing some very fine work.

While I have been in the hospital I have gone one step higher. I am a Tech Sergeant.

I will write again when the time permits. And thank you and the American Legion for the paper. It is surely fine.

Sincerely yours,

T/Sgt. Willard A. Watson

PS If you care to write I am in Ward C-2 at the above address.

Friday, March 19, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

San Diego Calif.

Dear Friends,

I have thoroughly enjoyed the Valley News for several weeks now, by courtesy of our old friend Henry Hauser, whose thoughtfulness and generosity I greatly appreciate.

Pleased, I am, to read in your columns of the activities and whereabouts of many of the Valley's younger men, whose acquaintance and friendship I have enjoyed over a period of years. Their letters are interesting to me. I wish that I might receive some short communications from some of them or from any or all of my friends up there. My years of service on the road with the Automobile Club of Southern California qualified me for my present assignment, tuning motors here in the Marine Base Garage.

I understand that some of the Valley boys are here, either in the Marines corps or at the Naval Training Station. I wish that they would pay me a visit.

"Semper Fidelis"

Sgt. Wm. F. Ellis, Sr.

US Marine Corps

Friday, March 26, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Africa

February 28, 1943

Dear Phil:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for the Valley News and also to thank all the rest of the folks in the valley for so many nice letters and packages they have sent me. It does a soldier a lot of good to know that the folks back home are thinking of us over here. I like to read "Our Boys in the Service" to know where the rest of the boys are. And it may give some of us a chance to get together over here somewhere.

I was glad to hear that you got some good rains. I'll bet the valley looks swell now.

I have been getting the paper pretty regularly, but once in a while it is a little late, but good news just the same.

I would like to write a long letter and tell you all the news from this part of the world, but as you know, it is impossible.

I hope this finds all the Valley folks in good health. I am getting along fine.

Yours till victory,

Ronald Smith

Friday March 26, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Camp Rucker, Ala.

Dear Phil:

Well, how is everybody in the good old valley of sunshine? I have finally found time to write to you, and thank you and the American Legion for the valley paper. I sure enjoy reading about what goes on at home. I have received word that way of some of my old schoolmates, who have gotten married, or are in the service here in the States or across. They seem to be making the valley stand out with their high honors.

Well, in about two weeks this division and three more divisions start out on the Tennessee maneuvers, said to be the Army's toughest. It will be a good experience. They also say it will make a person tough, and I imagine I will probably agree with them when it is over. But the Army is fine, and I surely like it.

Not much to do down here while on pass, as there aren't any large towns to go to, so for the last eight weeks I haven't left camp.

I hear that there are salmon in the river now. Well, tell Einer Johnsen, and a few more of the fishermen to leave a few salmon in Bear Creek, I surely wish I could do some fishing there.

Well, I must close now.

Sincerely,

Dallas D. Davis

Friday, March 26, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

February 25,

In the South Pacific

Dear Editor:

I have been looking at magazine and newspapers from all parts of the United States. My buddies are always getting newspapers. There is not a city you can name that is not represented. And every time you look at a paper it will say "somewhere out in the Pacific," etc. Well, naturally a person who is out there is interested. That is why I am writing you this letter. You can't pick up a paper without reading of the place where I am located. As far as scenery goes, it can't be beat. But it is the hottest weather I have ever been in.

I have seen one movie here. Our only recreation is listening to a radio we bought from a Marine.

As far as action goes, we have seen our share. I could tell you plenty, but it wouldn't be advisable in a newspaper!

The fellows are surely doing a swell job out here. Rank, rating or whatever branch of the service you belong to doesn't matter out here. All of us are going through a stage of our life we will never forget, and will wish had never happened. Time and time again I have seen men's brothers and buddies lost in some sort of action. I will be able to tell you more when I get back.

My best wishes to all and best regards from all the fellow's overseas.

Tommie Schell

Friday, March 26, 1943, Page Eight: Our Mail Box

Santa Ynez Valley News

Dear Editor:

Now that one-fourth of our work year is past, it seems a good time for me to publicly acknowledge my appreciation of the cooperation workers have given in the Santa Ynez Red Cross workroom.

Our work consists of sewing and knitting. We have made women's and children's gowns, men's bathrobes, ladies' blouses, children's and men's knitted sweaters, and at present are making surgical gowns. All of this work is very interesting.

This week is a very special week in our workroom because we will be finishing our one hundredth garment for the year 1943. In celebration we will serve angel food cake with our coffee and tea.

One of our workers who says she is not good at sewing, but wishes to do her "bit," serves us a light snack at each meeting, which helps to make the four hours of steady sewing on treadle sewing machines, pass by in no time.

We also have one worker who is in charge of yarn and knitting, another who keeps the sewing machines oiled and in repair.

We work every Thursday afternoon from one to five o'clock at the College grammar school auditorium.

May I repeat my invitation to have you call upon us while we are at work, for an interview that you may yourself write.

Sincerely,

Myrrell Roth, Chairman Santa Ynez Red Cross Workroom

APRIL 1943

Friday, April 2, 1943, Page One

Plane Spotter Need Brings Letter From Watsonville Man [Watsonville Register- Pajorian]

The Santa Ynez Valley is still badly in need of more airplane spotters. This thought brings to mind the following item, an answer to an "open letter" in a Watsonville (Calif.) newspaper written by Chief Observer, in which he called for urgently needed volunteers. The answer straight-from-the-shoulder follows:

To the Editor and To the People of Watsonville and Community in Answer to Request for Volunteers

Maj. Gen. Grant, grandson of our former president, has just stated—"We on the Pacific coast must not release our vigilance. Our coast is one of the most critical areas in the nation insofar as danger of enemy attack which probably will come at a time when we least expect it. Distance no longer means security."

So,--Mr. and Mrs. Watsonville, what are you doing about it? Hundreds of you, I know, are putting all your spare time and spare cash into some sort of defense work. But there are many, many of you who aren't doing a thing but "squawking."

Squawking about gas ration; shoe ration; food ration. You refuse to pull your shades down at night; your cupboards are loaded with canned goods, coffee, sugar.

And the chief observer of the lookout post on the Beach road is literally begging for observers.

Folks, it doesn't cost you anything but your spare time, a few hours of your sleep, a part of a gallon of gas to go down there and listen for planes.

Some day you may look down the Beach road and see swarms of "little yellow devils," bayonets fixed, pouring into Watsonville. Overhead Jap planes bombing and machine-gunning.

Then what will you say? "Some army we have. Where are they? Why aren't they here?"

And just the day before you probably said, "I could run this war better myself. Why don't they do something in Australia, Africa, or whatever? Why don't they get some men over there?"

Sure. Why don't they cover every inch of the entire universe at one time, so lazy, squawking "loyal American" can lie in bed until noon, haunt the bars until midnight, and spend all their spare cash on the very "latest"?

Believe it or not, I've heard just these excuses from American patriots.

"Oh, I couldn't go on Saturday morning. I wax my floors on Saturday morning"; "I have my hair fixed on that day"; or "Who in heck wants their car standing out in that fog?"; and "I'd be too tired. I couldn't get my work done."

Of course the poor boys lying wounded in some murky marsh unable to move out of the way when they see a slimy crocodile crawling toward them, or the youngsters wounded in the jungles being devoured by wild beasts aren't tired! Oh no! They just had their hair done, shot a game of pool, played a game of poker or bridge. Maybe they bowled a few hours, then went merrily out to be slaughtered.

On our post here we have mothers who stand all day in stores, who take their shifts in the night uncomplainingly.

Why? Because they want to do their share. They aren't just leaving it up to somebody else, and then hollering "Why don't they do something?"

Snap out of it, “Americans.” Call up your chief observer, tell him you just didn’t realize the urgency, arrange yourself a shift, and then be there on time, every time.

An Observer

And don’t forget, the observation posts here in the Santa Ynez Valley are in the same spot. Why not volunteer? For the Schley Post, phone 3633. For the Dabney post 3396; Mitchell post, 3833; or Buellton, 268. And then you can also phone Marvin Tillotson, 222; or Don Hanly, 263.

Friday, April 2, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Dear Phil:

I'm writing to let you know that the addresses of Charles Burd, Refugio Ontiveros and myself have been changed. We just finished training 500 selectees (rookies to us) and have distributed them and are waiting to be sent out to get into action with the rest of the boys.

I wish to thank the Valley News and the American Legion for sending us the paper. We would like to hear from some of the gang whom we know and who are now in the service.

Adios for now,

Sincerely,

Sgt. Gene Crane

Btry A 980th F. A. Bn. APO 309 Ft. Lewis Washington

April 2, 1943 Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Sheppard Field, Texas

Dear Phil:

I think it's about time I drop you a line. I have been going to school and haven't had much time do to anything but that. Now, however, I am nearly finished. The school has been very interesting, and very easy for me, as there isn't much to a glider, but I can see how they are going to be beneficial to the Army.

I have been going to Glider Maintenance, which lasts only 40 days, but should take 3 to 4 months. They need glider mechanics so they shove us through. I can't go into too much detail, so that is about the size of it.

I want you to discontinue the News until I let you know my new address. I have been getting it regularly every Tuesday, and it surely helps to keep me informed as to what goes on at home. Well, greetings to all the fellows in the service. As ever,

PFC Earl Thygesen

(A note from Sheppard Field informs us that Earl has graduated from his course, and is now ready to "blast the Axis as one of America's commandos in overalls."—Ed.)

Friday, April 2, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Fort Bragg, No. Carolina

Dear Phil:

Just a line to say “hello” and to give you a more complete address so my paper will follow me.

Tomorrow is going to be a big day. My battery has been picked to jump with a battalion of Infantry as an Infantry Artillery combat team. This is to be a demonstration for Anthony Eden and General George C. Marshall. So my battery will have to really function tomorrow. I’ll bet I inspect each planeload a hundred times before the take-off. I could meet Mr. Eden personally by jumping on the grandstand, but General Marshall might disapprove.

Well, I have a thousand things to do, so adios for now.

Phil Knight

(But you forgot to give your address, Phil.—Ed.)

Friday, April 9, 1943, Page One

Private Pete Oleson, of the US Marines, recently wrote a letter from Guadalcanal to his former coworkers at the Marinship Yards near Sausalito. It is a letter which might do more to cure absenteeism than a special act of Congress—and with the 2nd War Loan Drive now coming up, it wouldn't hurt all of us to read it. The letter follows:

Dear Gang: I've wanted to write you for some time but for the past ten days our gang has been in hell. We chased the Japs across the River and held our ground against mortars, dive bombers, artillery, snipers, bayonets, and belly knives. Eight of us had to lay in jungle slime up to our mouths for a whole day because the Japs had the bead on us from two sides. Charlie, next to me, whispered, "I think I can make it," and raised his head for a look. I saw him grin as he drew his Garand forward. That was all. Thank God he died instantly.

A Jap mortar almost got us when a shell exploded about forty feet away. We practically dug our graves that time. I spit blood for an hour. After nightfall, the seven of us quietly slithered out of that stagnant pool like crocodiles. The Japs knew we were flanking them and fired wildly. (continued on last page)

There was about six inches of water, and when Ed got hit in the spine with shrapnel. I think he purposely went under. A single sound would have told the Japs our location. About the time you fellows on the swing shift were knocking off to go home, we hooked up with our platoon again gave the Captain the exact position of the Japs. A runner crawled to the rear and in fifteen minutes our artillery finished off that pocket of rice eaters.

An hour after dawn we had our first food in twenty-four hours. Dead tired, we tried to sleep on some palm fronds. But a bunch of Zeros came over and spit at us. Louis was carrying some canteens of water, and his number was up. Sometimes, I wish every fellow I know could spend just one day and one terrifying night out here with us. There would be more aching bellies and not so much bellyaching. The only whistles on Guadalcanal are the screaming kind that go overhead.

Remember me to the gang in the yard. So long and good luck.

Pete Oleson

P.S. Was just talking with the pilot of a B-17 that just arrived from the States less than an hour ago he said that one day last week there was quite a heavy rain and that 1,064 shipyard workers did not work. I wish he hadn't told me that. Pete

Friday, April 9, 1943, Page Four: Our Mail Box

421 West Sparta

McMinnville, Tenn. c/o Hinckley Dear

Folks:

Just a line to tell you I am very well situated here in Tennessee. We are about a mile out of town in a nice five-room house. We have another Army couple living with us.

Before I write anymore, I would like to express my appreciation for all everyone in the valley did to make my stay in California such a grand one. Buellton and Solvang will remain in my memory as the most enjoyable places I have ever been. Someday we hope we can return and see every last one of you.

I am keeping in contact with everyone through the Valley News, which I just love receiving.

I do hope everyone will write as I would love to hear for you.

As ever,

Jean B. Eaton

(Hi Jean—glad you enjoy the scandal sheet!—Ed.)

Friday April 16, 1943, Page One

Bill Hanly Receives Christmas Packages

A letter received recently from Bill Hanly by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Don Hanly, states that he had just received (on March 15) two Christmas packages which had been mailed on November 1. Fruit cake and cookies in the packages arrived in good order.

Bill, who is stationed in India, wishes to be remembered to all his friends in the valley and in the service.

Friday, April 16, 1943, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Upham Canal Zone

Hi, Phil:

I have been intending to write you for some time, but it seems that every time I start to write, something comes up and the letter I have started ends up in the waste basket.

First of all, I want to tell you how much I enjoy the Valley News. I have been in the Navy about a year now, and even though I have done a lot of moving around, my paper has been coming regularly, and I have had many hours of reading pleasure. My sincere thanks to you and the American Legion.

As you probably know, last September I was transferred to a Sub Chaser, and while I was a sea-going sailor I had many interesting experiences and visited many foreign ports. Life on a Sub-Chaser is a pretty rugged. It is a very small boat, and when the sea gets a little rough, a guy really gets a bouncing. However, I wouldn't trade my experiences for anything.

About three weeks ago I was transferred here to the air station and it is quite a change from what I have been used to. Here we have about all the conveniences that one could ask for. We have a nice movie hall with a different show every night, bowling alleys, pool tables, a beer joint and a soda fountain. The ship's Service Officer who is in charge of all these things is none other than Elmer Awl, who is a Lieutenant Commander here. It is pretty nice to see another face from the Valley, and to talk over "the good old days."

I want to take this opportunity to thanks all of my friends for the many letters and cards I have received from them. It is those letters and cards from the friends at home that keep up the spirit of the fellows in service.

Sincerely,

Helmer H. Harkson, Y2/c

Friday, April 16, 1943, Page Five

The following letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Davison from their son Bard who is with the US Navy stationed at New Caledonia, Ed.)

Dear Mother and Dad:

Got letters from you and Dad yesterday and one today. Also got two copies of the Santa Ynez Valley News yesterday, issues of Feb. 12 and 19. Was very pleased with the article you wrote about the game wardens. The darn nuts, wanting the people turned loose on the fish and game to relieve the meat shortage. Some of them ought to be over here and have to eat corned beef and Spam and such. Fresh meat is a treat here.

But I can't complain about the food here at the Army camp where I am staying. Tonight we had noodle soup, corned beef hash, sweet potatoes, beets, canned cherries and hot chocolate, and what makes me happy is that the helpings are generous.

Out of paper, so have to stop.

Love, Bard.

Friday, April 23, 1943, Page One

Capt. Sogaard Replies to Joint Valley Letter

The following letter, received this week from Capt. Folmer J. Sogaard in New Guinea, is a reply to the letter recently sent to him, signed by all who participated in the recent very successful War Bond bomber driver held in the valley.

New Guinea,

April 1, 1943

Valley Folks:

It was a real surprise when I opened the letter from all you folks in the valley. I won't try to express my sentiments, for I wouldn't know how to put on paper the way I feel.

I showed the letter to my friends, being so proud of coming from a community with such spirit, and interest in its boys overseas. One fellow said, "It must be a real place you come from."

We in the Air Corps, especially the pilots, are overrated, and receive too much of the credit and glory which the whole crew should share equally, as well as the boys that keep our ships flying. They have my deepest respect. Of course, the pilots and crews who have given the supreme sacrifice cannot be honored too much. They asked for none, devoted only to their duty, which they believed was the right thing. We that carry on are only doing our job which, after all, is expected of us.

One thing that should not be forgotten is the soldier with the rifle and tommy-gun, or the machine gun, fighting his way through the teeming jungles. His role may not make the spectacular headlines, but he is doing just as big a job, and bigger too, than we, with the weapons which he is given.

In closing, I would like to extend my best wishes, and best of luck to all the boys in the services, wherever they may be, as well as to the folks in the valley.

Naturally, we are all looking forward to the day when we come back home to the best place in the world—The Santa Ynez valley.

Folmer

Friday, April 23, 1943, Page Four

The following letter from Pacific Area was received, and read by Mrs. Taft.

Mrs. Oren Taft, III, chairman

Santa Ynez Valley Branch,

Santa Barbara Chapter

American Red Cross Dear

Mrs. Taft:

Mr. Reynolds of the Santa Barbara Chapter has written us of the marvelous doings of the Santa Ynez Valley Branch in their round up of funds for the War Fund Campaign. To think that you gained 163% of your quota is positively breath-taking. We have not the words to express our pride in the Santa Ynez Valley Branch.

The people of your community seem to be more than unusually conscious of the real meaning of this emergency, and to respond with a deep and genuine sympathy, backed up with persistence and determination. I wish personally to thank you and every one of your workers for this outstanding success.

Sincerely,

Esther P. Chadburn

Friday, April 23, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

US Naval Training School

Wahpeton, North Dakota

Dear Phil:

Just a word or two to tell you to discontinue sending me the Valley News until further notice. On Saturday, we are graduating, and will probably get out of here as fast as we can, in search of springtime. Of course, spring weather has arrived here, but the trees are still dormant and in only a few places is the grass green. The farmers haven't been able to get into their fields yet, and I've seen several places under water, though not much damage was done. The Red River rose so high that the entire park was 20 feet under water, both on the North Dakota and the Minnesota sides, but it had receded yesterday.

I'm hoping to get a leave long enough to come home, and see some hilly country for a change, so may be seeing you soon.

So long,

Harold M. Johnson

(Ed. Note—Harold arrived home almost as soon as his letter. He is now enjoying an 8 day furlough in the valley before going on to San Francisco.)

Friday, April 23, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

A letter from Cliff Runte, with a Naval Construction Battalion in the South Pacific says:

Please mail The News to my new address below. The days are growing shorter here. We need something to read on these long winter evenings. I suppose you folks are enjoying Spring weather now.

There isn't much chance of seeing the valley this year. There is plenty of work to be done before we can come home and rest.

Greetings to everyone in the valley.

Cliff Runte

Friday, April 23, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Santa Ana Calif.

Dear Phil:

First off, I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the good old home town Gazette. It really means a lot to any fellow away from home. Tomorrow, I will have been in the Army one month—in civilian life, one month is relatively short, but here in the Army, it seems years. We get so much in such a short time. Of course, we get up and start a bit earlier than we were used to. Still at times we do not have time to do all we should.

Tomorrow, our squadron splits up and we move to new squadrons for Pilot Pre-Flight. We will be here for nine weeks, and then on to Primary Training.

Here we will get our first look at an airplane—that is, in Army life. Here at Santa Ana, we are given speed tests, aptitude tests, physicals, and drill. They tell from the tests what you will be –pilot, bombardier, or navigator. All three are essential. Most of us want Pilot. I was lucky enough to get what I wanted. About 20% of our original squadron washed out (which is our terminology for elimination.) We are always in danger of that, especially in Primary. Here 60% wash out. I hope my luck holds out. If we wash out in Primary, we can come back to Santa Ana and be reclassified as either bombardier or navigator, providing our grades were high enough in our classification tests.

The fellows here are all swell. The officers are the best, and food is tops. All in all, the Army is swell.

We are restricted to the post here for 6 weeks. After that we can get weekend passes. We are certainly looking forward to that.

Well, I guess this has gone far enough. I would appreciate letters from any of the fellows in service. My address is “A/C Raymond Paaske, Squadron 52, S. A. A.A.B. Santa Ana, Calif.”

I guess most of us wish this war would end. I for one do. Because I’m coming back to the valley when it does.

Thanks ever, Phil.

As ever, Ray

MAY 1943

Friday, May 14, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I am writing to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. I have received the last five copies, and am very grateful.

I have been giving them to Bill Deputy, who sleeps in the same barracks and is in the same outfit. After we read it, we really talk over old times.

We are working pretty hard and long hours, but enjoy most of it.

We are sending a poem that we hope you will print in the paper. It is one that we don't let these people down here forget!

We must close now. Say hello to everyone in the valley,

(signed)

Bernie Davis and Bill Deputy.

Camp Swift, Texas

"Deep in the Heart of 'You Name It'"

We've been sitting here and thinking

Of the hills we have back home;

Of the beaches filled with beauties,

Where you see the ocean foam.

Back home where one is friendly

And you never hear "You all ",

Nor hear the screech of damn coyote

Or hear the cattle bawl.

Where the night clubs are really solid

And the orchestras have swing,

Where you really get your money's worth

For each and every thing.

Yes, back in California,

New York and Jersey, too;

Or any state that's near the North,

Where people pull for you.

We've read a lot about that state;
They really piled it deep.
But what a disappointment
After seeing all the heap.
We're "Deep in the Heart of Texas,"
We admit with deep regret.
We can't say much to insult this place;
You might get Mexico to take it yet.
Whene're this war is over,
We'll let you Texans roam;
We're heading back to the USA.
Yes! The Yanks are heading home.
We are serving foreign duty,
Though we may not get the pay;
But we'll do without a helluva lot
To get back to the USA.
Too bad you have a one-track mind
And think the North is another race;
Get a passport and a dog tag
And we'll show you around the place!
(Ed. Note to any Texans who may read this: "It's all in fun, fellas.")

Friday, May 14, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Advanced Naval Base, New Caledonia

Dear Folks:

Hello, everybody. I have a return address for the time being, so I thought I would write a letter. I guess there isn't much to write about, though. I had a tough trip over here but finally made it. It doesn't seem much different than at home. We have general details here at the station the same as at San Francisco.

We have good food here, in fact, darned good. We have three meals a day, too; on board ship we had only two. I surely got hungry at first, but got used to it after a while.

I don't know what I am going to get into yet, and don't know how long I'll be here, but you can write to this address and I'll get it okay.

There are plenty of mosquitoes here, and do they bite! But I have some netting now, so they won't bother me much anymore.

How are things at home? I haven't heard since I left. There might be some mail for me here now, but we can't get it yet.

I'll write again pretty soon when I get time.

Hakon H. Jensen S 2/c

Friday, May 14, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

The following letter was received by relatives from PFC Ronald Smith, somewhere in North Africa:

I finally got your letter, mailed Feb. 24th—over a month old, but was sure glad to hear from you. Would sure like to see you soon, but there is a hell of a lot to be done yet before I can get home.

I didn't even get to celebrate my birthday this year, which was April 5th, but hope we can celebrate my next one together.

We are finally getting a little spring weather. It has been warm now for about two weeks. This would be wonderful barley and wheat country if they just had the machinery and farm tools to work with. All they do is sow their grain by hand, then plow it under with a wooden plow. But the crops look real good.

Well, hold down the home front, and I will do the best I can over here.

Write again soon.

Yours,

Ronald

Friday, May 14, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil and the rest:

This is to inform you of a change of address. Would appreciate it very much if you would forward the paper to me at this new address.

I will again take this opportunity to thank the Valley News editor and the American Legion for sending the paper. It's been swell, and I appreciate it. I guess I have been pretty lucky so far as mail goes, as I have certainly gotten my share since I have been in the Navy.

It has been a long time since I have seen a familiar face. I have seen Henry Rasmussen once, and it was nice to see him; he is the same old Henry. It seemed so darned funny to see him in uniform. I walked by him twice, and he said he never would have recognized me. But that's life, I guess. I bet I could walk down Main st. at home and never be recognized; someday I will prove it.

I think that one of these days I will come back and see how the old town is making out. (I don't know how I will arrange it yet, it is still a big problem.) Well, maybe I should say "sometime after the war is over" that would come closer. But anyway, I'll be back!

Now I must ask this again. If any of the fellows would like along boring letter, write me a line or two and they will get a boring one; how long it will be, I don't know. Also, I would like to say hello from all of us out here to all of our friends who are over there and still in the valley. We are all working together, and that is what it takes. So long. Sincerely, yours

George M. Morr, AMM 3/c c/o

Nav. Air Det.

Navy 28, Naval Air Station

c/o Postmaster

San Francisco, California

Friday, May 21, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I really should have written this letter sooner, to thank you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News to me. It certainly is welcome when it comes.

Now just a line about my Navy life. After boot camp at San Diego, I went through Aviation Ordnance School at Norman, Oklahoma. Then I was sent to Virginia Beach, Virginia to attend another service school, and from there to Norfolk where I went through PBM school, after which I was selected to go to a special school at Annapolis, Maryland, but had only been there about two weeks when our school was transferred to the Glen L. Martin Aircraft plant at Baltimore, where I am now inspecting PBM Patrol Bombers as they roll off the final assembly line.

I guess some of you folks back there are wondering how I like it here on the east coast. Well, Washington DC was the only place that I have really liked much. There is so much to see, and so many interesting places to go; but so far I haven't seen anything to compare with the hills and mountains of good old California, and hope to be back soon.

Sincerely yours,

Philip A. Larsen, AOM 3/c

TTSA Acceptance and Test

Glen L. Martin Co.

Baltimore, Maryland

Friday, May 21, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me The News. I surely enjoy news about people in the valley.

I am going to torpedo school here at the training station. The school is a lot like high school, except that the teachers are Chief Petty Officers who have spent most of their lives at sea. But they are surely swell fellows.

I would enjoy hearing from some of the fellows in service, as well as my friends in the valley. And thanks again, Phil, for the paper.

Sincerely,

Lowell Mansfield S 2/c

Group I Schools, Class 42, Sec. 3 USNTS,

San Diego, Calif.

Friday, May 21, 1943, Page Eight

AWVS by Evelyn Buell

According to Mrs. Michel Levy of Santa Barbara, who returned recently from the State Board meeting in Los Angeles, the Santa Ynez Valley AWVS unit was paid a high compliment as being one of the outstanding units in Southern California.

New members of the Board of Directors elected at a recent meeting are: Mrs. Henry Hanze, Mrs. S. R. Dabney, Mrs. Amory H. Hutchinson, Mrs. Nels Jensen, Mrs. James Powers, Mrs. Cash Wolford, Mrs. Geo. Petersen, Mrs. Earl Jensen, Mrs. Walter Nielsen, and Mrs. Murdo Campbell.

A letter from Lieut. (j.g.) M. C. McGuire recently transferred from the Coast Guard Base at La Purisima where he was commanding officer, reads in part: "May take this opportunity to thank you sincerely for your splendid cooperation and efforts towards affording the men of this station with the right kind of diversion and recreation, and for your assistance in having this place beautified and made more livable."

Arrangements are being made to hold open house to the valley women at the Recreation building in Buellton a week from Sunday, Memorial Day, from 2 to 4 pm. There will be a short informal program, details of which will be announced next week. Mrs. Walter Nielsen, chairman of entertainment, has charge of arrangements.

JUNE 1943

Friday, June 4, 1943, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Dear Phil:

I want to send my thanks to you and the American Legion for sending me the valley newspaper.

I really looked forward to getting The News when I was overseas. It kept me well posted on what all my old friends were doing and where they are.

I have been back from the South Pacific about two months now, but I still enjoy getting the paper as much as I did when I was over there.

Sincerely,

Sgt. Larry Mansfield,

Camp Haan, California

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page One

Student Body SYVUHS

Santa Ynez, Calif.

May 26, 1943

Mrs. Joseph R. Drake, Chairman

\$1.00 a month for China Club

Santa Barbara, California Dear

Mrs. Drake:

Graduating classes of our high school have traditionally honored their alma mater with a Senior Class Gift at Commencement time.

We, the Class of '43, sincerely desire to preserve that tradition, but would do so more in keeping with the spirit of our time—a spirit calling for the direction of effort, sacrifice and funds into those channels where they are most needed.

Feelings such as these prompted us to unanimously vote some of our efforts and ALL of our funds to the aid of our worthwhile and most deserving ally—CHINA.

Our Class numbers only twenty, for we are a country school and six of our members entered the armed services during the year. Therefore, our gift is not as large as we should like to have it. Nevertheless, with proper spirit—unsolicited and freely given, we enclose:

First: The proceeds from iron scrap we collected: \$66.00; Second:

The proceeds from a benefit show we gave, \$47.44; Third: The contributions of individual Seniors, \$31.00.

Total for our unanimous choice—CHINA . . . \$144.44

Sincerely,

Class of '43.

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page One

Chas. Perkins, Jr. No Longer War Prisoner

Charles E. Perkins, Jr. is "safe and happy" after his release from an Italian prison, according to a cablegram received Monday by his father who is in the Cottage hospital in Santa Barbara.

Young Perkins is in Cairo at the present time. He was taken prisoner December 15 with his ambulance and a load of wounded New Zealanders while en route back to a medical camp during Rommel's retreat near Tobruk. Perkins, who is well known here, having spent much time on his father's Alisal ranch, enlisted in the British Field Ambulance unit and was serving with General Alexander's division in Africa. The New Zealanders were sweeping around to cut off Rommel's retreat from the rear after the British had retaken Tobruk. American ambulance driver, dashing back from the front with his wounded passengers, ran into a German patrol.

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

It is about time that I dropped you a line to let you know that I am still going good.

I have put primary flying school behind O.K. and am just beginning basic. The planes we fly here are much larger than at primary.

They are really keeping us on the go here. We all look forward to bedtime each day.

It looks as if I have been doing a fairly good job of keeping you busy forwarding the Valley News all over the southeast.

Will close now, hoping that everyone in the valley is in the best of health, and thanking you and the American Legion for sending me the News.

a/c John Pedercini

Class 43-I, A. A. F. B.F.S.

Courtland, Alabama

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

Today I received an issue of the Valley News, and it was really swell to have something to read for a change. It is the first paper I have received since I "shoved off" from the states not long ago.

Boy! It really does a fellow a lot of good to sit down and read the good ol' Valley News. I am sure the rest of my "shipmates" from the valley feel the same as I do. I want to thank you and the Legion for sending me the News.

Thanks a million, and keep up the good work.

"Just Another Gob,"

Freddie Christensen S 1/c

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Just a few lines to say hello to all the people at home. My paper hasn't caught up with me since leaving the United States, but I'm still hoping it will. It will seem good getting news of home again.

North Africa is quite different than I had thought it would be. In many places, it looks like parts of California. However, the Arabs are very filthy, and from the ages of one to eighty, they all beg. A good part of the French people speak a little Spanish, so on my few trips to town, I managed to order a meal.

My men are getting used to being field soldiers. Since a parachute officer should be able to run further and do more push-ups than his men, I really have to keep on my toes.

I must close for now. Some day you will hear of my Division. We're all anxious to do our job and get back to our friends again. I'll have lots to tell all of you when this is over.

Your friend,

Lt. Philip A. Knight

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Folks:

I have seen quite a bit of Africa by now, and seen some wonderful places. The other day we saw an old roman lost city. I guess it was over two thousand years old. It was all built of stone, and the stone was all chiseled by hand. I don't know how they ever moved them, as they weighed tons and tons.

We have been pretty busy, so don't worry if you don't hear from me as often as usual. I will write whenever I have time, and find something to write on. I am using my mess kit for a writing-table now.

I am getting along O. K. Hope everybody at home is the same. Have had swell weather lately.

Tell the rest of the gang I will write whenever I can.

Pfc. Ronald A. Smith

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

I would like to thank you and the Legion for keeping me posted on the valley news. I get the paper regularly on Tuesday afternoons.

I am attending Torpedoman's school here at the San Diego Naval Training Station. The teachers are chiefs, and on the whole are pretty good.

I would enjoy hearing from any of the boys in the service, as well as from anyone in the valley.

Sincerely,

K. W. McClellan, 2/c

Group 1 Schools

Class 46, Section 4

USNTS San Diego, Calif.

Friday, June 11, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I would like to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. I enjoy reading what is going on back home.

I have moved from Camp Gordon, Georgia, to Mississippi. I finished my training a short time ago, and am now a Military Police. It is interesting work.

Out of the different states I have sent here in the south, none compares with California. There just isn't much in this part of the country; so I will always be glad to get back to California.

Sincerely yours,

John Green

Friday, June 18 ,1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Dear Phil:

I have finally gotten around to writing you and thanking you and the Legion for continuing the paper.

Just as I had begun to think I would have to write home for the, they came—about twenty of them! I was sure busy for several days trying to catch up with things that were happening there at home, that my folks hadn't told me about.

There isn't much that I can tell about the country where I am stationed or what I am doing, except to say that this part of the world isn't at all like I expected it to be.

I will close for now, and try to write again, sooner next time. And thanks again for the paper; it comes with almost every mail, not that it has started.

Sincerely,

Lt. Bill McGuire

Friday, June 18, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Hi Ya, Phil!

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for the paper I have been receiving every week.

I am in Sioux City, Iowa, but by the time this reaches you I will be on my way again. My destination is unknown; I will have an APO number next. Looks like I will finally get over there. Have been in this place since May 10th. It is our final phase of training, and it has really been rugged. Just a few days ago I had a swell trip to Oregon, Washington, Canada, etc. We really had a lot of excitement, intercepted by all types of fighter planes. We worked under actual combat conditions.

Big Red Pfitzner of Los Alamos is stationed at Lincoln, Nebraska, just a shortways from here, but I did not get the chance to see him, as every time we were to meet some place, off I would go on a cross country hop. I have really seen the United States from the air. I have also made my last stripe since I wrote you last; made it in Utah.

How is every little thing going in Santa Ynez valley? On the up and up, I hope.

Well Phil, I have to go to work. Thanks again for the paper and here's hoping it follows me overseas.

As ever,

M/Sgt. Pinky Bebernes

Friday, June 18, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Dear Phil:

I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me The News. I sure enjoy reading about people at home.

I am now going through Ordnance School here in Oklahoma It's O.K., but I love those hills in California.

The Navy really has swell teachers here.

I would enjoy hearing from some of the fellows in the service, as well as friends back home. Give my regard to everyone.

Sincerely,

Pvt. Warren E. Tate, USMC

AOM NO. 9 Shift B

MAD NATTC

Norman, Oklahoma

Friday, June 18, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil and friends:

For the past several months I have been receiving the Valley News and cannot recall any one of my family telling me they were going to send it. I'd like to know to whom I owe the debt of gratitude. Whoever it is, I'd like to say that I certainly appreciate it, and that the paper affords many pleasant moments. I learn of a lot of things that I ordinarily would never hear of, such as Bard Davison being here at the same place. I haven't seen him as yet, but sure hope to.

How is everything in the valley? Just as beautiful as ever? You know I imagine there are quite a few of us fellows in the service that have, at one time or another, said we'd like to get out of the valley to see some of the world. Well for my part, the places I've seen and am seeing can't compare with home at all, and I'm ready to come back, when it's all over to the good old Santa Ynez valley.

Well Phil and friends I hope this little note finds you all well and happy For myself, I couldn't be better, and I hope to stay that way!

Will close now, wishing you all the best of luck, and the safe return of all your sons and husbands.

I remain as ever,

Bos'n H. P. Hansen

Noumea, New Caledonia.

Friday, June 25, 1943, Page Three: Our Mail Box

Dear Phil:

It's been over a year since I last wrote, so I guess it's just about time for me to start pushing my pen your way again.

First of all I would like very much to thank the Valley News and the American Legion for the Great Little Paper of the Valley. It is greatly appreciated.

I've been on the move for some time now and have finally ended up in England. This is about the best place I've ever been in and I've been fed better here than any place in the States. The worst part about this country is that it rains all the time, which isn't so good.

We get paid in English money, so we really have to know how to tell one coin from another. Some months we make more money than in the States, and the next time we may make less. It's according to the US Standard.

I've had my APO address changed again Phil.

Your truly,

Sgt. Bill Jorgensen

JULY 1943

Friday July 2, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I'm writing again to thank you and the Legion for sending me The News. It is certainly appreciated even though some issues take quite a while in reaching me. It's still a pleasure to read them, and to learn what the folks at home are doing.

It's been several months since I wrote the last time. I've been lucky enough to make a rating as electrician's mate, third class, since then, I made the rating the first of April.

I see by one of your May issues that Al Berg paid Solvang a visit. About seven weeks ago I went to a show at one of the big theatres in San Francisco. They always have a stage show and imagine my surprise when the curtain went up and Al put on his familiar draping act. I haven't seen it since Al was in Solvang. He is better than ever.

I was lucky enough to get back in motion picture projection. We show pictures just about every day when underway. I get twenty-five dollars extra a month as operator. That's not to be sneezed at.

There is nothing more to write about so I'll close now. Greetings to all my friends in the valley. Also, best wishes to all you other fellows in the Service. I certainly enjoy reading your letters in The News.

Sincerely,

Carroll Nelson

Friday, July 2, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Marine Corps Air Station

Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Santa Ynez Valley News

I have recently been assigned to the Marine Corps Air Station here at Goleta, a lucky break for me, I sincerely feel. Therefore, will you please mail me your fine little newspaper to me here until further notice?

Semper fidelis

Sgt. Wm. F. Ellis, Sr.

Friday, July 2, 1943, Page Five, Letters From Our Boys in the Service

June 22, 1943

Dear Phil:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for the Valley News I have been receiving each week. I enjoy very much reading the news of my friends back home in the good old valley. Everything is swell down here and I think the Navy is a swell outfit.

Kenneth McClellan dropped in on me last night, and being the first person from the valley I have seen down here, you can imagine how glad I was to see him. We had quite a long chat, and will be able to get together whenever we have time.

I will close now, thanking you again for the Valley News.

Sincerely,

Bernhardt A. Jensen A/S

Co. 43-177 USNTS

San Diego, California

Friday, July 9, 1943, Page One

Word Received Regarding Tony Bermudez

Mrs. Rose Bermudez of Los Olivos, who some time ago received word that her son, Tony, had been seriously injured at the time Africa was invaded by the Allies, had received no further word concerning him until this week, when through the Red Cross, the following letter was forthcoming:

“We have your letter of May 27th inquiring about your son, Tony Jose Bermudez. He was here in the 64th Station Hospital from February 2nd until February 19th at which time he was released and returned to limited service. I am sorry I am unable to give you his present address but I shall forward your letter to the Red Cross at the Replacement Center and request that they send you his present outfit and APO number.” The letter is signed by a hospital social worker with a New York APO number.

This contact was made through the efforts of the Santa Ynez Valley Red Cross organization, and Mrs. Bermudez wishes to publicly express her gratitude for their efforts in her behalf. She will undoubtedly very soon receive further word that will make it possible to contact her son.

Friday, July 9, 1943, Page One

Letter Tells of Decoration of Maj. Sogaard

The recent decoration of Major Folmer Sogaard of Solvang was confirmed this week in an Associated Press dispatch from Australian Allied headquarters.

Sogaard, then a captain, was one of the officers and men manning a Flying Fortress in the now-famed Battle of the Bismarck Sea which sank a Japanese transport. Other actions also entered into reasons for the decoration.

Major Sogaard recently sent home a picture showing himself being decorated by Lieut. Gen. Geo. C. Kenney, chief of the United Air Forces in that area.

A letter, from the Fifth Air Force headquarters and signed by Lieut.-Gen Kenney, was received this week by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Madsen. The letter read in part, as follows:

“Recently Major Folmer J. Sogaard was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross. It was an award made in recognition of courageous service to his combat organization, his fellow American airmen, his country, his home and to you.

“He was cited for extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flights in the Southwest Pacific Area from August 21, 1942, to April 1, 1943.

“He took part in more than two hundred hours of long-range bombing missions during which hostile contact was probable and expected. These operations included attacks against enemy installations, shipping and supply bases and aided considerably in the recent successes in this theatre.

“Almost every hour of every day, . . . young Americans are doing just such things as that here in the Southwest Pacific. Theirs is a very real and very tangible contribution to victory and to peace.”

Still further news concerning Sogaard’s promotion to his Majority came this week, when it was learned that he is now Commanding Officer of his squadron.

Friday, July 9, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys [sic] In The Service

Washington D. C.

Dear Mr. Lockwood:

My thanks to you and the American Legion for the Valley news. Reading familiar names is a big help even when you're only as far away from home as I am. I can realize a little what it must mean to the many who are even further away.

The letters in the June 18th edition from Pvt. Tate and Bos'n Hansen echoed my feelings when they spoke of the valley. I'm longing for some mountains to look at, too. The hills they call mountains around here could never take the place of Figueroa and Ranger mountains for me.

I also prefer 110 degrees in Santa Ynez to the 90 or 95 degrees we get here. I'm apt to speak disrespectfully of the Founding Fathers for locating our capitol in such a place.

Thank you again—and I'll try to do it personally in October, when I hope to be home for a while. Deborah

D. Taggart, (Ens. USNR)

Friday, July 9, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

Pyote Army Air Base

Pyote, Texas

Dear Phil:

This is the letter with my address which I promised you some time ago. I have been receiving the Valley news very regularly. One doesn't realize how near a home paper will bring him, until he has had the experience of receiving one.

It seems as though Texas has a magnet set out for me. I was shipped from Los Angeles to Kelly Field on May 29th. After a three week's stay there I was shipped to Pyote Army air Base to work on the line. Pyote is in the center of a desert and about two hundred miles east of El Paso. The town is composed of a service station, café, and pool hall, so you can use your imagination. As we were nearing our destination, I was sure I was taking my last steps but soon learned differently. We have all the conveniences to be expected at the average base, and very good food. I wish some good home cooked food were available, though.

The weather here is the same as the rest of Texas. The skies are very black, and flashes of lightning are plentiful tonight; also plenty of sand blowing around, and heat to go with it.

I am assigned to the engine installation department for B-17s. We mount the engine in its frame and add all accessories, such as starters, and generators, to it. There are three shifts here, mine being from 4:30 to 12:30. Not a bad shift as it starts to cool off then. The worst part of it is that we have to hit the floor at six to fall out for roll call, drill and of course a little chow.

I certainly miss getting home very other weekend, but I wasn't doing much good in Los Angeles. I also want to add in this letter my regret for not seeing Gene Crane on my last visit home.

I will close now, wishing everyone from the valley the best of luck. Again I want to take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for making it possible for me to receive the Valley News. I am sure it is something us boys in the service will never forget.

Sincerely yours,

Pfc. Joseph Alegria

475th Service Sq. AAB Pyote, Texas

Friday, July 9, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil

Just a line to let you know that I am still alive and well.

Have been receiving my Santa Ynez Valley News regularly, but sometimes with lots of delay. It seems good to read about al the people I know there, and especially the letters from the fellows in the service.

I have seen lots and lots of the US and also have done a lot of things in this big Army I started out as a cook, and have had several kitchens of my own. I then started traveling as 'Acting Provost Sergeant' and as Provost Sergeant. Now I am just a Staff Sergeant with nothing special to do. I will probably take over a kitchen again when and if we ever get one.

Thanks for everything, and hope to be seeing you before too long a time.

Jack Johnson

Hq. and Hq. Btry, 974th FA bn.

Camp Forrest, Tennessee

Friday, July 9, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I want to thank you and the boys in the American Legion for the paper. I am giving you my new address, and then will get the paper more regularly. I enjoy the letters from the boys in the service. The only valley boy I have met is Mervin Davidson. He is working near to where I work.

I have just returned from one of our most advanced bases and have seen quite a lot of action. Keep up the good work on the home front with the food stuff and such, and we will make out over here.

I expect to make First class Petty Officer in July.

Best of Luck,

Bard Davison

Friday, July 9, 1943, Page Five: Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I am sorry that I haven't gotten around to thanking you for the Valley News, but while I was in Pre-Flight school, time was very short. But now that I am flying, I have more spare time, and will take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for the paper. It is really swell to get all the latest news from home.

Thanks again, and keep up the swell job.

Cadet Leslie Sahm

Class 7A, Barracks 8C

Naval Air Station

Norman, Oklahoma

Friday, July 16, 1943, Page One

Halds Hear From Son, Now In Naval Hospital

Rev. and Mrs. N. Hald received a letter this week from their son, Ansgar, whom they have not seen since he joined the Marines nine and one half years ago. He is now recuperating at a Marine hospital in Oakland and expects to arrive here next Wednesday.

He has seen service in the South Pacific.

Friday, July 16, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

Well, I have finally got around to writing you're a letter again. We have been awfully busy with the Tennessee maneuvers and moving here to our new location in Arizona. So I have done quite a bit of traveling. We maneuvered back and forth across the state of Tennessee about six times, then settled down for two weeks getting our equipment back together. Then we moved out here to Arizona. We are about 125 miles from Phoenix, out in the middle of the desert. Next we go on maneuvers in the desert of California, so we will be in the desert for some time yet.

I am looking forward to another furlough about the twentieth of this month, when I will be in the good old valley for about 15 days, I hope.

I have been getting The News, all the time, and it is surely nice to sit in some good shady spot and read what is happening at home, and how all the home folks are doing.

Well, Phil, I must close for now, thanking you and the American Legion for the Valley News. I hope to see you soon.

Yours,

Sgt. Dallas D. Davis

Friday, July 16, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Valley News and greatly enjoy reading and knowing what is going on at home and greatly impressed to know what everybody is doing to help win this war.

As for news here, I cannot say much. I have been on a furlough since arriving here, and have seen many places of interest, but none like California.

I am now working every day, but find little time off. I have purchased a bicycle and devote most of my spare time cycling; cycling is quite popular here, and have found it cheaper transportation.

I want to thank you and the American Legion for the paper, and say hello to all my friends in the valley, and to the boys in the service. Wishing you all good luck.

Cpl. Joe Miranda

298th General Hosp. APO 508 c/o

Postmaster, New York, NY

Friday, July 16, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In the Service

(Ed. Note: The following letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Davison from their son, Bard, on duty somewhere in the South Pacific):

Dear Mother and Dad:

When I returned from my special duty, I had a whole flock of mail from you folks. I was away for six weeks and had 35 letters when I returned. I am going to be busy for a while answering mail.

I don't think it is out of line to tell you I have been up to one of the most advanced bases in this area and saw quite a bit of air action. An air-raid was a new experience for me but I didn't mind it. It was very interesting.

Yes, I have been getting some copies of the Santa Ynez Valley News but not all of them, and they are very interesting. I did not get the one with my letter in it. I will write the, and thank them and give them my address. (Ed. Note—You did, Bard, we printed the letter last Friday.)

You seem to be doing a fine job back home with plane watching, Victory gardens and other things.

Yes I get the Reader's Digest and like it very much.

I will write again soon,

Love,

Bard

Friday, July 16, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

Dear Ed:

I don't know to whom I am writing. I understand Phil has gone. (Oh no, he hasn't. Ed.) I have had a new address for the last two weeks, Ryan Field, Hemet, California. It is a primary flying school and a very good one too. The planes we fly are very good. I mean, try to fly. I don't have so much trouble in the air, but I can't keep the son-of-a-gun straight on the runways. The other day I shot a landing—got it on the ground o.k. but then it wanted to go to the right. I gave it left rudder, but by the time I had gotten it straight I was 50 to 75 feet to the right of the spot where I had originally hit the ground, which isn't so good.

I'm still having trouble keeping it straight. My instructor says if I can get the technique of keeping it straight, I'll be o.k. I've got 6 ½ hours so far, and we need at least 8 to solo. I'll probably need more than that. I hope not. We all look forward to the day we can solo. I really love to fly, and hope I can make the grade.

I hear Folmer Sogaard has been made a major. He really deserves a lot of credit. All the boys over there do. The going is not as easy as it may seem to some. We have had talks by many men who have returned from across. It's plenty rugged.

Our routine here is hard and long, but the conditions under which we live and work are ideal, except for a bit of heat. They surely get us in condition. We here are being trained for the hardships of living and fighting over there.

Well, I guess this has gone far enough. I'd just like to say hello to the boys over there on the fighting fronts. We're working hard so that we soon may be there to give you a hand. Give 'em hell, boys As ever,

A/C Raymond Paaske

Sqdn. 6 27-A

Ryan Field Hemet, Calif.

Friday, July 23, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

Having numerous very good friends in Solvang, and a definite shortage of time for letter writing, so that I can't possibly begin to write each and every one, I suddenly struck upon the idea that I'm in the service, and might possibly rate the privilege of having a letter published in the "Boys in the Service" column. You're probably swamped with letters from all over the world, and people who are doing much more interesting things than myself, but I'd like to tell about the kind of work I'm doing, too.

I must confess here and now that another reason prompting this letter is the wish that any boys or girls in the service who happened to be in this part of the country would look me up. It's pretty lonesome so far away from beautiful California (this is undoubtedly the hottest country I ever hope to encounter). And I'd certainly welcome anyone from home.

This Avenger Field, in Texas, of which we're extremely proud, is composed entirely of women fliers. We're in a civilian capacity, but are under the strictest military discipline. Army Air Force officers are in command, and plainly speaking, we have to "cut the buck" in every respect.

In order to be recruited, a girl must be between the ages of 21 and 35, have 35 hours of flying time and a student pilot's license. The very first day we arrived we were introduced to our "work uniform" which must be worn at all times on duty. They are nothing less than those green G. I. coveralls, and size 42 was the only available size when our class arrived. They're known only the name "zoot suit" here, and mine isn't so bad. It only wraps around me three times, but I wish you could see the little 5 ft. 2 in. girls in them. We get a big kick out of the whole thing.

In the evening, however, we are permitted to wear our civilian clothing, and the change from coveralls to a dress makes all the difference in the world one hardly recognizes one's own classmen.

We were also introduced to our living quarters, etc. We live in barracks, six girls to a room, and our beds must be made Army style, our lockers must be kept absolutely straight and immaculate at all times, and no dust on the desks or floor. I sometimes wonder when they expect us to get all this thorough cleaning done when they've worked out such a full schedule for us, but it is surprising what one can do when seven demerits a week means no open post on Sunday, and 70 demerits means elimination from this thing altogether, with no chance of coming back.

We've learned to march and to drill, and must march to all formations, ground school, mess formations, flight line, and the drill field, When I say discipline, I'm not just fooling, but we all like it a lot.

Our food is always good, and I'm very fortunate in having a good bunch of girls for baymates. They hail from every state in the country, and we seem to have a lot in common. Our chief common interest, naturally, is flying, and that, to us, is a source of never ending conversation and conjecture.

We had the pleasure of witnessing a graduation, three days after we arrived, May 26, and we being the greenhorns, were detailed to guard the airplanes and help park cars, etc. in our brand-new zoot suits. We felt a little put out, but stood in awe of the graduates. It's one of the most beautiful and impressive ceremonies I have ever witnessed, and to see the wings pinned on by Jacqueline Cochran herself, surrounded by all kinds of big officials, was really something to see.

We started flying primary trainers, which are Ranger Fairchilds, 175 horsepower almost immediately, and have quite a few solo hours piled up now. We're learning acrobatics of every description, but won't use them in our work after we graduate. You see, this is a course of six months' duration, which fits us for ferrying planes within the continental limits of the US from factory to base and from base to base. We'll be a regular part of the Army Air Force Ferry Command, but have no idea where we'll be based after we finish here. Our flying consists of 55 hours in primary, 50 hours in basic trainers and 50 hours on twin engine advanced trainers so we really have a hard grind mapped out for

us. We can be eliminated and given our walking papers any time for deficiencies in conduct or inability to fly the "Army way."

They've already told us that there's the right way, the wrong way and the Army way, and the fact that you can't fly the Army way doesn't mean you can't fly a plane. However, we're all trying our level best to make the grade, and would hate nothing more than to be "washed out." It's a hard life, but a wonderful life, too.

I must admit I like being in the Army very much, and would love to hear from anyone who could spare a few minutes to drop me a line. Hello to all the boys and girls in the service, and best of luck to each and every one. Sincerely,

Mrs. Sylvia Barter

43W 7-J-6, 318 AAFCFS (W)

Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Texas

Friday, July 23, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

My hearty thanks to you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley news. I enjoy reading it very much, especially about the folks I know, and the letters from the valley boys now in our Armed Forces.

I also want to thank the Santa Ynez Valley Red Cross organization for their kind and generous cooperation making it possible for my mother, Mrs. Bermudez, to know about my brother Tony's condition.

The Red Cross has done, and is doing, so much for so many all over the world.

Words cannot express my gratitude to the Red Cross there at home, and to the many friends who went to see my mother and offer their consolation.

In closing, I want to wish everyone good health, good luck, and God bless you all!

Sincerely,

Francis Cota,

Boatswain's mate, 2/c USN

Friday, July 23, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I guess it's about time I dropped you a line to thank you for sending me the Valley News. It's swell to hear about folks back home.

I'm up here in Alaska, although I can't say much for the place. I'm in the well-known "Sea Bee's." It's a good outfit if you like it; a little bit of snafu, if you know what that means!

When I was home on leave I took one of my buddies into the valley. He was from the land of the Blue Grass and the only comment he made on the valley was that he liked it nearly as well as Kentucky!

This is about all I can think of to write about. Say hello to all my friends back home. So long for now.

W. J. Phelps, MM 2/c

Friday, July 30, 1943, Page Four

Word from Sgt. Vernon N. Bebernes to his mother, Mrs. Margaret Bebernes states that he is now in England.

Friday, July 30, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

Just to let you know my change of address. I've had several since the one where you've been sending the paper, but the News has been arriving very regularly. Thanks a lot.

I've been in Louisiana on maneuvers, having quite a time. We were assigned to several ground units and had to provide air support for them. There are surely a lot of problems to get an efficient air-ground coordination.

I'm not with the old outfit now, here at Texas A. and M. under the AST program. Kind of hated to leave the old gang. We've been together a year and a half now. It was a little like leaving home. I like it here much better than Louisiana; the climate is quite a bit like the valley, while Louisiana is very damp.

We really have a swell set-up here, nice rooms to live in, the best chow since I've been in the Army. We just walk in, sit down, eat, get up and leave. It seems funny after using a mess kit for over a year.

Classes start tomorrow, and it's going to be rugged. I'll have to get on the ball. We have a very fine course, so it will be worth all the studying we will have to do.

Before I close, I'll take this opportunity to say hello to the fellow in the service and the people in the valley. Hope we can all see each other soon. It will be quite a job to get us away from the valley when we get home after the war. We will really appreciate it then.

As ever,

Bob Asselstine

Friday, July 30, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

(Following is part of a letter received this week by Mr. and Mrs. Jens Johansen from their son Clarence):

India,

July 11, 1943

Dear Mom and Dad:

I came back from my furlough a few days ago. I had a very nice time—traveled about 2000 miles, so I sure saw a lot of interesting places. About all I can tell you is that I was up in the mountains. The climate was cool and nice there. I did a lot of hiking and horseback riding.

Before I left on my leave I was lucky enough to buy a few films from one of my pals who had gotten some from home. I took some swell pictures of my trip and if I'm allowed to, I'll send you some.

Bill Hanly writes he just had a three-day pass. He is fine.

Well, dear Mom and Dad, how is everything at home? Fine, I hope. I'm just fine myself, though it is pretty hot here today.

The chickens we eat here are grown here, but they are scrawny things I sure wish you could make me a homecooked meal! (Oh boy!)

I'll close new with lots of love.

Your son, Clarence

Friday, July 30, 1943, Page Five: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Phil:

I want to thank you very much for the Santa Ynez Valley News which I began receiving recently.

I would like very much to have you print the enclosed in your next issue.

Thank you very much,

Joe Grand, USN

God Bless the Pruitt

By Joe Grand WT 1/c

(to the tune of God Bless America)

God bless the Pruitt,

Ship that we love,

Stand beside her,

And guide her

From Honolulu to Tokyo.

To the ocean for her duty,

Guide her safely back to us;

God bless the Pruitt,

The ship we love.

Friday, July 30, 1943, Page Eight

Mrs. Rose Bermudez of Los Olivos received a telegram Wednesday from her son Tony, "somewhere across," informing her that all was well and that he has now received all letters and packages.

Mrs. Bermudez wishes to publicly thank Mrs. Oren Taft III and Mrs. Selene Fair for making receipt of these items possible.

AUGUST 1943

Friday, August 13, 1943, Page Four: Our Boys In The Service

Hemet, Calif.

Dear Phil:

Glad to know you haven't left the valley—you lucky fellow. I wish this war was over and I could come back. And I'll bet all the rest of the boys in the service wish the same.

I'm still at Ryan field. I finally got so I could keep the son-of-a-gun of a ship straight on the runway. I soloed in 8 hours and 50 minutes, and now have about 35 hours under my belt. I've got my 30 hour check ride coming up tomorrow. I hope I pass it. Keep your fingers crossed, will you?

We've been flying in the afternoons this week. The air has been rougher than h----! Today I was flying at 2500 feet. It was pretty rough. I climbed to about 4000 feet and the air was really quiet for a change. I practiced different maneuvers. Just above me was a big, fleecy cloud. I have always wanted to take a good close look at a cloud, so I proceeded to climb a bit higher. It was nice and cool up there. There is something mysterious about a cloud—so quiet and peaceful. After Army routine, you enjoy some relaxing.

We have about 3 ½ weeks left here providing we make the grade. Time really, flies.

Well, it's getting close to bedtime, so I guess I'll close for now. I'd like to hear from some of the other fellows in the service, or anyone else.

As ever,

A/C Ray Paaske

Friday, August 13, 1943, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Land

Good news about the Danes trying to prevent another siege of Naziism have filtered through. They know that land monopoly with concomitant policy is the main cause of Hitlerism. For many decades have some of the Danes tried to set land free from the mortgage, and now they all feel that something must be done, therefore they have barred all others but active dirt farmers from buying and selling land.

If we are to pass away from Hitlerism in all countries, we must again call land mother earth. She cannot be sold to the gambler. Moses was right in stating that land is God's property. In our language it means that it is an integral part of the values which people must have in common, in order that personal freedom can be secured.

If we of the West will use the guidance we have been given, we can avoid the scourge of Communism.

A sound and strong village understanding and determination in regard to use of land would be a vital factor in committing Hitlerism to the grave.

Aage Moller

Friday, August 20, 1943, Page Four: Letters from Our Boys In The Service

Hi ya Phil:

Well, I guess it's about time I drop you a line, as it is sometime since I wrote last. I don't have to write, as there isn't much I can tell you as to what I am doing right now, but I like it. Right now we are training for overseas and being an airplane mechanic. It really keeps me in the groove.

The squadron is planning on sending me to Douglas Aircraft at Santa Monica, so maybe I'll see California again soon. Douglas has an advanced training school. I hope I'll get going soon, as I surely miss California. It beats any place I've been yet.

Well, must close for now as it is time to fall in for a good night's sleep.

I want to take this chance to say good luck to the boys in the service, hoping to hear from someone soon.

As ever,

PFC Earl Thygesen

438th Troop Carrier Group

90th Sqdn. Sedalia, Army Air Field

Warrensburg, Missouri

Friday, August 20, 1943, Page Five: Advertisement: The Friendly Southern Pacific

How's your conscience today?

The letter quoted here came from a western newspaper editor and publisher. This man has a conscience that can't be lulled to sleep by easy self-reassurances.

We hope many other prospective travelers will listen to the "still small voice" of their conscience when it asks questions like these:

How much business and how much pleasure are involved in the train trip I plan? Is it really important for me to visit those relatives back East this war year? Couldn't I get just as much rest and relaxation a little closer to home?

Today the railroad is hard pressed to find space for essential travelers: People whose trip must be made to keep business and war production going . . . Service men on well-deserved furloughs, possibly the last before combat duty . . . Parents going to visit their son when the latter can't get away from his post. When people travel for pleasure, or other non-essential reasons, they prevent such deserving travelers from getting on the train. Yes, we sincerely mean it when we say: "Don't take the train unless your trip is really NECESSARY."

Quoted from a letter . . .

"My conscience hurts me today.

"When I was washing up before getting off the train this morning, I learned that six sailors and three soldiers had sat up all night. These men were making this trip under orders—yet there was no sleeping space available for them.

"When I think of the effort you of Southern Pacific, along with other railroads, are making to care for our service men—and then remember that I obtained a berth that should have gone to a service man—it humiliates me. I was due back for a War Bond meeting today and at the time it seemed important. But compared with taking accommodations away from soldiers and sailors my presence here was highly unessential.

"It has been a good lesson for me. Hereafter I shall travel only when I know I'm not depriving service men of sleeping space. . . "

Friday, August 27. 1943, Page One

War Bonds, Greetings To Valley Servicemen, And the Valley News Editor's "Swan Song!"

This week's issue of the Santa Ynez Valley News is different in several respects. In the first place, it carries considerable War Bond advertising. It carries, as well, a great many greetings aimed at servicemen plus valley scenes and a certain amount of news concerning progress in the valley and its activities in wartime.

And one m point . . . this issue is the last to be published by Phil Lockwood. For reasons of health, Phil is singing his "swan song" this week, and turning the reins back to the former editor and publisher, W. L. Hanson.

Statement:

Forgetting the editorial "we" in this, my last public appearance in the valley via the columns of The News, I just want to say it's been fun. It's been grief, too—the present times have seen to that. But everyone has been cooperative, friendly, and –well, "swell" is the most appropriate word that comes to mind just now, as vulgar as it may be. Of course, as Monty Wooley would say, "it couldn't have happened to a nicer fellow." But modesty forbids me going into that!

Seriously, I have enjoyed it. And I very much dislike leaving. I am going to miss a good many people here . . . miss them so much that very possibly, when family health conditions straighten themselves out again I may be back here. And the same statement goes for the balance of my little family.

To everyone, I say, "Thanks." A simple word, but it is truly full of meaning. To the servicemen, I say "It's been nice being able to do a little something for you . . . and a thrill getting letters from you, most of them addressed simply 'dear Phil' –most of them from boys I have known for years. The Santa Ynez Valley News will continue coming to you. Walt Hanson and the American Legion will see to that. Good luck to you. And hurry home."

That seems to cover the subject. We won't be leaving town tomorrow or next week—perhaps not even next month. But next week, Walt Hanson will again be at the helm. Give him the cooperation you have given me—and he will have no complaint.

So—adios, amigos. We'll be seeing you.

Phil E. Lockwood

Friday, August 27, 1943, Page Seven: Our Boys In The Service

Dear friend—

I wish to take these few spare minutes to let you know that I'm alright. Your papers and radio have told you more about us and our jump than I can at this time. All I can say is that I'm safe after jumping in Sicily. We encountered anti-aircraft fire, but the rest of the story will have to await my return. There are a thousand incidents to relate. Things have happened and are happening each day that I could never have believed unless I had witnessed them.

All of us over here are determined to fight with everything we have so that someday those of us who remain might return home to our loved ones and our old way of life.

Your friend,

Lt. Philip A. Knight

Friday, August 27, 1943, Page Seven: Our Boys In The Service

Dear Friends—

Will you please mail my Santa Ynez Valley News to me at the address shown below until notified of a further change?
And convey a sincere greeting from me to my many friends throughout the valley, whom I miss very much.

“Semper Fidelis”

Sgt. Wm. F. Ellis Sr.

US Marines

Motor Transport Co. 12-B6

Marine Barracks

Camp Joseph H. Pendleton

Oceanside, California

SEPTEMBER 1943

Friday, September 3, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

Fort McClellan, Alabama

August 3, 1943

Santa Ynez Valley News,

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Editor:

A letter in response to my final issue of the Valley News. It was and has been the most treasured piece of paper that I received from mail call. I am most grateful to the American Legion and you for sending me the paper.

I am stationed here at Ft. McClellan, Alabama located about 130 miles northwest of Montgomery, Alabama, the capitol. Our closest town is Anniston, Alabama, about the size of Santa Maria, California. It took me quite a while to get used to the climate here. It was very hot when I arrived here five weeks ago, but now it is cooling off and is really cold at night. The training I'm getting is regular infantry training. It is a twelve week course and I have finished just five weeks. Since I am in the Army Specialized training program I will most likely be sent to school when my training is done here. So far I am well satisfied but sure do miss the Valley, its people and especially its climate. I've been quite a few places but none can compare with the Santa Ynez Valley. If we are not fighting for our country, it must be the idea that as soon as this is over we will get to come back home. I will close now, again thanking those who made it possible for me to receive the Valley News and hoping that all who read this will be thankful that they are yet living in a country free from actual warfare and have the honor of having a home in the Santa Ynez Valley.

Yours respectfully,

Pvt. Frederick P. Bumpass

Co. B. 21st Battalion, 7th Regt.

IRTC, Ft. McClellan, Alabama

Friday, September 3, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

Here's a letter from Audrey Mae Hanson, who is in the WAVES, stationed at Memphis, Tennessee

August 21, 1943

Hi Ya Phil:

Now don't fall over in a dead faint—it's the old "printer's devil" getting around to writing you. I could tell you that I broke my arm (which I didn't) and also enumerate a million and one reasons why I haven't written sooner, but it will all just boil down to the fact that the Navy just doesn't give me time. Also I might add that journalistic traits were never born in me—I just hate to write.

I have so enjoyed the "Valley Scandal Sheet" or should I say Santa Ynez Valley News, and I want to thank you and the American Legion. It takes a long time to get here. I usually get it on Saturday, but no matter when it gets here it is opened right away and thoroughly read, I assure you.

There isn't much to tell about what we do around here, same old thing day after day. We get up at five-forty-five, rush to chow and rush back to clean the barracks. Then we "shove off" for classes, march two miles and try to understand how an airplane flies. (I don't think I'll ever get it through my thick skull). After noon chow we go out in the nice warm sun and drill, then on to more classes, trying very hard to stay awake. At five we "wake up" clean the school rooms and are supposedly done for the day.

We arrive home about six, too lazy to dress for dinner, we settle down to washing clothes, polishing shoes and also, we have to clean the barracks AGAIN! Then, of course we go to town every eighth day and really have a holiday. Memphis is quite a town. At first I didn't like it at all, but as time goes by, I like it better and better.

Well, Phil, it's nearly nine o'clock, my bedtime, so I'll say goodbye for now. Thanks again for the paper and be sure and get the Valley in good shape because I hope to be home sometime in October. I hope! I hope! Adios,

"Kid" Hanson

PS Greet Carol and Michael

Friday, September 3, 1943: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

Dear Phil:

I am sorry it has taken me so long to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the News. The paper is like a letter from home and everyone knows how much a letter from home is appreciated.

As you probably know I am in Chemical Warfare Service, stationed in Alabama. I can see why this branch of the service is included in the US Army, but why and how did this state get into the Union.

We are starting our tenth week of training and up until last week our training was similar to the infantry. As a matter of fact, some call this "the glorified infantry." But we are getting more and more on chemical warfare. The officers here are a swell bunch of fellows.

Incidentally, Phil, tell Jack Ross and Kin I can really do a good job changing tires and never utter a word. I don't even need their advice or what they called first aid.

Well, Phil, will close wishing you all the luck in the world. Thanks again to the Legion and you for doing such a swell job in seeing that we are kept up on what's doing in the Valley.

Pvt. J. S. FitzGerald

Friday, September 3, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

August 19, 1943

Dear Phil:

Well here's a letter letting you know that Charlie Burd, Mono Ontiveros, and myself have (Continued on Page Four) made a little move from the Mojave Desert to here in Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri.

It's a darn nice camp and its right here in the Ozark Mountains. We miss California and good old Santa Ynez Valley, but some day all of us are coming back.

If there is any of the gang near where we are now, we'd like to see or hear from them.

"Hello" to everyone I know from the Valley, Adios, Phil.

Sincerely,

Sgt. Gene Crane

Btry. A. 980 th F. A. Bn.

Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri

PS This is Ontiveros and Burd's address also.

Friday, September 3, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In The Armed Services

Here' another Wave letter from Adele Poulson, who is in training at Boston, Mass. She is known by many Valleyites.

Dear Mella:

Sure was glad to hear from you. Hope you are feeling better by this time.

Have been kept pretty busy. How I got roped into this job I'll never know. Guess they thought I was awfully smart but they sure got fooled. I'll be a Storekeeper, so they tell me, when I finish. Storekeeping covers custody, Accountability, purchasing, supply, storing, issuing and disbursing of funds to personnel and creditors of the Navy. Each of these require records and I do mean a lot of work and study. We are learning the Organization, Administration and Regulations, Cognizance of bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Regulation and Stock Numbers and Federal Catalogue and Bulletins, Classification Indexes and Accounting numbers for ships and shore stations; the purchase procurement and shipment of fuel and supplies and Navy products. The organization of the Bureaus and Funds. Each group is broken down into divisions and actions. The memory work it requires is astounding. Besides all that we have a varied amount of spelling, English, typing, drill and physical Ed. We are on the go from 6 am till 5:30 every day except Saturday afternoons and Sunday. This is just a brief idea of what we do in the Navy, and then it makes me so mad when we are so tired at nite and civilians crab at us and think we don't do nothing but parade around.

Every now and then we get shot in the arm and sure feel ill for a while.

We do have our moments, tho, and have met a grand lot of swell people. They tell us it will get be much different when we get out of school. They are trying to teach us so much in such a short time, both to save money and because they need us so badly.

Boston is rather a stuffy place. People are very different, but nice in a distant sort of way. Got to see quite a lot of New York while there. I love it for a weekend, but I wouldn't want to live there.

Must close for now. Greet all and drop a line once in a while. It's good to get mail from home.

Hi, Walt? Don't work too hard.

Love, Adele

PS We are located right in the heart of Old Historic Boston, so there are lots of sights to see. Perhaps I'll get time to write about it or else you'll have to wait until I see you to tell all.

Friday, September 3, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In The Armed Services

A letter to Mr. and Mrs. George Smith of Los Olivos from their son Ronald, who is in Sicily:

Dear Mother and Folks:

I finally got your letter and a few others. But haven't had a chance to answer the as I have been pretty busy for the last three weeks.

We made another landing in Sicily about two weeks ago, and has been plenty tough until now. Night before last was the first time we have had a good night's sleep since we landed.

Boy did we ever have a rough trip across the Mediterranean. A few times I thought our boat would break in two. We landed just at daybreak and it sure does give a fellow a very queer feeling every time you land on a strange beach.

That is about all I can tell you about our landing.

Sicily is just about the same as Nevada, nothing but mountains. All of the cities are built on the highest points. They raise a lot of almonds and olives and grapes. Everyone has his own little garden. I'm getting along O. K. and hope you are all the same. The weather has been swell except it gets a little hot at times. Will try to write the rest of the family soon. Love to all,

Ronald

Friday, September 17, 1943, Page One

Mrs. Park Tells of Overseas Duties

A letter has just been received by the Valley branch of the Red Cross from Mrs. Howard Park, last year's chairman, who is now serving with the Red Cross overseas.

At present she is at a rest camp for enlisted personnel run by the Air Corps, where she and another Red Cross hostess arrange all types of games and recreation for men just back from the combat areas. She feels that this type of Red Cross service is most effective, though there is still a tremendous job to be done and so few to do it.

Her experiences must be varied and interesting as she mentions having flown to her base in a Flying Fortress. She says, too, that there is such a contrast in her job, for in a few weeks time she went from tenting in the sand and doing her bathing and laundry in a helmet, to a beautiful spot on the water with every comfort and recreational facility. Her hours remain the same through, running from breakfast time to 3:00 am nearly every day.

Mrs. Park closed by saying "please remember me to everybody there just isn't a chance to write. If you could see the letters I have had back from the boys who have been where you would know it's worth all the struggling you're doing to produce the wherewithal."

Friday, September 17, 1943, Page One

Secretary of the Treasury

Washington, Sept. 4, 1943

To All Newspaper Publishers

On the eve of the Third War Loan, I want to impress upon you how heavily we are depending upon the newspapers, and upon the businesses who sponsor newspaper advertisements, to carry our urgent messages to the American people.

In the past, these industry sponsored advertisements have proved the back bone of our promotional campaign. I am sure they will prove no less in the coming Third War Loan Drive.

I hope you will pass this information along to those businesses and industries in your community who can and will help to sponsor this vital local newspaper advertising.

We all know that raising fifteen billion dollars —no less than five billion of it coming from individuals—is going to be a tremendous task. We must take full advantage of every available source of support.

Sincerely,

H. [Henry] Morgenthau Jr. Secretary of the Treasury

Friday, September 17, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Marana Army Air Field

Marana Arizona, September 11, 1943

Dear Friends:

I guess it's about time to let you know of my change of address. It is A/c Ray Paaske, Sqdn. 9-A MAAF, Tucson, Arizona.

And speaking of Arizona, I like California. Nothing but desert here and a few rocky hills. The routine is rough. We start at 5:30 am and never get through before 8:45 pm. If we have link trainer than we keep on till 12:00 pm. When we start night flying it is worse. Although I can't see how it could be. Well, I guess this is it for now,

As Ever,

Ray

Friday, September 17, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Santa Ynez Valley News

I wrote you some time ago giving my change of address, but evidently you did not receive the letter, because it is still going to the old address.

Even though I have been gone from the valley better than two years, I still enjoy getting the paper, and finding out how the folks there are getting along, and also what the rest of the fellows in the service are doing.

I haven't run across any of them yet with the exception of Geo. Morr, but, who knows? There is a chance some of them will be put in the same outfit, I am in.

Well, as this is all I have to say, I'll close, thank you again for the paper.

Yours,

Jack H. Farren, AMM 2c

Headquarters Sqd.

Fleet Air Wing 6 division

c/o Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, California

Friday, September 24 1943, Page One: Let Me Say To You By Joe Me Fraux

Fifty-two days is a long time to be waiting for a letter from your young'uns. This week Mr. and Mrs. Don Hanly got a long letter from Bill, their son who is stationed near Delphi, [sic] India, in the air corps. He had just returned from several weeks stay at a rest camp in northern India and was feeling fine and enjoyed his rest. No use telling you that pa and ma sure enjoyed that letter. Bill found out that Clarence Johansen had been at the same rest camp two weeks before.

Friday, September 24, 1943, Page One

Mrs. Arne Madsen Receives Red Cross Note From Father In Denmark

The Red Cross forwarded a message to Mrs. Arne Madsen from her father in Denmark on Thursday which had been sent out on April 9th. Her father who resides in Esbjerg, Denmark, was 70 years old on the 2nd of April, says they are all fine. The message was sent from Denmark on April 9, the Nazi invasion date, 3 years ago.

Friday, September 24, 1943 Page Four: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Dear Sir:

Am writing you these few lines to sincerely thank you for your kindness in sending me the Valley News, which I receive and enjoy reading of friends in the valley. They are mostly in the service now somewhere. May God have a guiding hand over them.

Have a change in address to the 4th Parachute Battalion, Co. Hq. Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California.

Thank you again, kindly,

Sincerely,

Henry S. Guevarra

Friday, September 24, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

US Naval Air Gunners School

Dear Friends:

Just a few lines to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. It sure is swell to read about the folks back home. The boys in my class like to read it. Right now, I am in the middle of my marine aerial gunnery training. It's really swell here. The officers are real men. There is an Indian who runs us four miles every Monday morning just to loosen us up. In another month, we expect to be in an operating squadron.

Again I thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. Also want to say hello to all the boys in the service. They are doing a swell job.

Sincerely yours,

Pfc. Warren Tate, USMCR

NAGS Barracks Purcell, Oklahoma

Friday September 24, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys in the Service

From Overseas

August 3, 1943

Dear Friends:

Having received your paper for the past six months, I feel that it's about time to express my thanks. It really means a great deal to us over here to receive the home town news every week. Almost everyone here receives a paper of some sort and believe it or not, they would rather read the home town paper than set in on a beer party. I have one very small gripe to get off my chest. And then I'll be all through. Although I have been serving with the Marines for over a year and wear their uniform, I'm really a sailor at heart. I enlisted in the Navy and am only serving temporary detached duty. Please carry me in your columns as being in the Navy. Thanks. To all my friends, greetings and good luck.

Drop me a line some of you fellows, I can't tell you where I'm at, but if you send me your address I may get there some day. When I get back, I'm going to know this Pacific Ocean from stem to stern. So long for now. Keep 'em rolling. The old morale gets a boost every time I see the Valley News.

Jack

John Keith Carlton, Ph M 3-c

Hq. Co. 3rd Bn 6th Marines

c/o Fleet P. O. San Francisco

Friday, September 24, 1943, Page Five: Advertisement: PG and E

Your government asks your Cooperation in the Conservation of Electricity and Gas

Read these excerpts from a letter addressed to Utilities and Their Customers by J. A. Krug, Director Office of War Utilities

The War Production Board has proclaimed that maximum war production requires the greatest possible conservation of manpower, transportation, fuel, equipment, and critical materials such as copper, steel, tungsten, and many others--much greater than has been heretofore accomplished.

We cannot exert maximum force against our enemies if waste on the home front is tolerated.

In the electric utility industry, the installed generating capacity, together with capacity under constructions, is ample to meet all foreseeable electric needs. But it is essential to save the use of electricity whenever possible so as to reduce directly or indirectly the demands for materials, fuel, transportation and manpower.

The desired result will be obtained through the full cooperation of millions of people in the conservation program. With everyone contributing, the effect will be tremendous in hastening the day of Victory.

By pledging ourselves to the following platform, this company, its 12,000 employees and its 1,700,000 customers can cooperate as partners in the Conservation Program:

1. We will WASTE NOT so that our fighting men will WANT NOT.
2. We will watch to prevent waste of gas and electricity as we watch a leaking faucet.
3. We will buy only those home appliances we need and take care of those we own.
4. We will put every possible dollar of savings into War Bonds and Stamps.

OCTOBER 1943

Friday, October 1, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Desert Training Center, Calif.

September 26, 1943

Dear Editor:

Well here I have found time again to drop you a line. I also want to thank you again, also the American Legion for the paper, as it is usually worthwhile to hear about home. Especially out here on the desert as there isn't anything to do and not any place to go. It sure has been hot out here except for the last three days, as it has been trying to rain and has succeeded once. It cooled the temperature down a lot, so it isn't so bad now. I have been in Los Angeles once since I came back from furlough and that has been the only time I have been off the desert in three months. So now we are known as just plain desert rats. We were supposed to go on desert maneuvers the 22nd of this month but they were cancelled so we don't know what is going to happen now. But while on Tennessee maneuvers we made an excellent record and we are an old division. So we are in about our last phase of training on this side, I hope we sail before long, as we can't do much over on this side.

I am glad to hear about Maj. Sogaard and Lt. McGuire are home and sure would like to see them both, as I went to school with both of them.

Well, I must close for now, so tell hello to all the folks and friends in the valley. I like to read about the Calf Roping Sidelights which is new there. Thanking you again, I remain, as ever.

Sgt. D. D. Davis

Friday, October 1, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Army Air Base, Lincoln, Neb.

September 22, 1943

Dear Editor:

Well I guess it's time I write to thank the American Legion and you for sending me the Valley News. I'm sorry for the delay of my letter and by rights it should have been the first letter I wrote home.

My first station was at Fresno, where they once had the Japs. I didn't mind it there but was a little warm during the summer. After taking my basic training for the Air Corps there, they shipped me to my present base, Lincoln, Nebraska. A person don't [sic] realize how good California is until you leave, so I won't express my opinion of Nebraska.

Here I am going to mechanic school, for fighter planes. The work is very interesting and time goes by fast, but the quicker I get back to any part of California the better I'll like it. So again I would like to give my appreciation to the American Legion and you. So, until later,

Adios Pfc. Prosper Carricaburu

Friday, October 1, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Pyote, Texas September 22, 1943

Gentlemen: Will you please change my address in your files from Minter Field to the following Capt. J. V. Crawford, 30th Bomb Sq. 19th Bomb Group, Pyote, Texas

I was transferred down here a week or so ago and am executive officer of the 30th Bombardment Squadron (H).

I enjoy the News and don't want to miss any more issues than I can help.

Jacob Crawford

Friday, October 8, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In The Service

Truax A. A. Field

Madison, Wisconsin,

September 30

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to thank you and the American Legion for sending the Santa Ynez Valley News to me.

Haven't been in service but four months, and enjoy getting the paper to read. It seems as though a soldier never can get too much news from home, of folks and friends and what they are doing.

The last camp I was stationed at was Fresno, California and was fortunate enough to run across Prosper Carricuburu an old school mate from my home town. Haven't run across any others yet.

This camp is a technical training school for radio mechanics and code operators. Have found this course at times to be very interesting and hope to make the best of it.

The camp here is about the same as any camp, but the humidity throughout Wisconsin is much different than that of California. We boys from the west notice it a lot more than any of the eastern boys. Haven't seen anything but rain the last few days and would appreciate seeing a little sunshine like we had in California.

Well, I will close for this time, thanking you and the American Legion for sending the paper.

Yours truly,

Pfc. Stanley C. Fredericksen

29th Sqdn. Brks, 2638

Truax A. A. Field,

Madison (7), Wisconsin

Friday, October 8, 1943, Page One

Here's a letter from Mono Ontiveros, who is in the armed forces in Missouri, written to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ontiveros.

Dear Lawrence and Ethel:

Guess it is about time I write you. We arrived here in Missouri three weeks ago last Wednesday. We had a swell trip and like it here. We came through Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas into Missouri. I never saw so much flat land in my life. Didn't like Arizona or Colorado or New Mexico. There was nothing pretty about it. The Navajo Indian reservation was interesting. It sure is large and the Indian dress just like you see them in pictures. I saw one squaw with a "papoose" on her back. Those Indians live in round mud huts with thatch roofs. We passed one home and the old squaw was outside baking bread. She was mixing the dough in an iron pot and the oven was a round oval affair. Looked like a wash pan turned upside down. I could tell when we were entering Kansas because the paved highway stopped and the dirt roads started. I liked the last part of Kansas we went through. There are some nice farms. One thing I noticed as soon as we left California was everything is green in all the states. We got off in Dodge City Kansas and walked all over the town with our shirts off. We sure needed the sun and exercise. We went through the town of Morton, Kansas the home of Morton Salt. You know, when it rains it pours. Went through several miles of oil fields and as far as you can see the oil wells are in rows about 200 yards apart, just as perfect as can be. We haven't learned the reason for them being in rows yet. In Newton, Kansas we stopped for about an hour and the Red Cross women greeted us with stationery, cigarettes, candy, sandwiches and coffee. There were 2 or 3 women to a car and we almost broke the windows getting our heads out. I don't know if our chaplain has ever written a letter of thanks to them, but we sure appreciated what they did for us. The nicest thing was that they stayed and talked to us and told us about their sons in the service, or husbands and the work they did. Just being able to talk to them made us feel pretty good. We stopped about 35 miles from here in a town called Sleeper on account of a train wreck. We saw the engine lying on its side. No one was hurt. We roamed all over the town, about the size of Santa Ynez. Missouri is a beautiful state and I'm sure content here. It seems almost too good to be true that we are here. The guys that have been here four or five months hate it, but we like it. There's more to do here in camp than there is in town, but of course it's good to get out of camp too. We have six service clubs and theatres here. There is a big field house (gym) and several open shows and boxing events. There is always a dance going on, or games. We sort of took over when we came here and the rookies sort of run it. The second nite we were here four of us went to a bingo party at Service Club 2 and took all the prizes, mostly cigarettes and shoe polishing outfits. We had to win them piece by piece, first the brush, then the polish, then the rag. We did not cheat either.

There sure are a lot of civilians employed here. There is also four WAC outfits. They do mostly office work in the Engineer's offices. A few of them are drivers. They're neat looking women and some have (continued on last page) sons in the service. We see some swell shows, too.

We also have some good boxing bouts.

Last weekend four of us went to Jefferson City. There wasn't much for us to do and we couldn't get a room in a hotel, but a civilian took us to his home so it was pretty good. There is a state American Legion convention going on. We visited the state capitol building. Went through the museum. We were there about two and a half hours and did not see it all. It sure was interesting. One thing that caught my eye was a tooth extractor that was about 100 years old. It looked like a dagger with a claw on the end like a steam shovel. The instrument was about 8 inches long. I'm glad I was born 100 years too late, because it must have been h--- to have had a dentist work on you in those days. Mono Ontiveros

Friday, October 15, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

England 20:30

September 29, 1943

Dear Friend:

Guess it's about time I drop you a line and let you know that I have been receiving the News regularly and its really swell reading about the exploits of the people you know. I saw the picture of the P-47 the folks in the valley bought. Outside of a flying Fortress, it's the best plane flying. If anyone was to ask my opinion those pictures of Solvang and surrounding towns really were swell. The fellows razzed me about how large our town was—asked me if we had to swing in. Sure wish you could send some shots of some of our ranches, horses, etc. so I could get even with these guys. It's been turning to the cool side of the ledger lately. This is the dampest atmosphere I was ever in. I see now why they have so many umbrellas on this side. Things are the same on this side as in the states, but they say that's a habit so I guess we'll get used to it. We are dealing the Germans plenty of hell Guess that's all that counts. I've been into London a few times. Had a fair time. They have a good many peculiar sights and other customs that are so different from ours. One incident that I'll remember for a long time. Louie and I and Berry went to London. Louie was in the process of getting a haircut, when just about half through tea time rolled around. Louie just had to sit and wait till the barber finished. We really had a laugh about it. Talk about your blackouts, this England is so dark it's impossible to find your way about unless you get a subway or taxi.

There are 21 per cent more women than men. One place we can be a little particular. They have a couple of swell dance halls, lots of pubs, etc. Most of the shows all American productions. Nice theatres. Only everyone smokes and it's so thick if you're in back it's like looking through a heavy fog. But along with our work we have our excitement. All we're hoping for is to get back to the States once again. Dennis FitzGerald wrote, told me all about the crops and other activities, which sounded OK. I've run into quite a few of the fellows I used to work with at Gowen Field, Idaho. Sure swell talking about old times. I have a furlough coming up in the 15th of October. Berry and I are planning on going to Scotland and look things over. Well guess this is long enough. Really not much to write about. Would like to take this opportunity to say hello to all the fellows. Really swell reading their letters in the News. So long for this time.

Pinky Bebernes

Friday, October 22, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

Naval Air Tech Tr. Center

Norman Oklahoma,

Oct. 5, '43

My Friends in the Service:

I think of you often and intended to write long ago, but the Navy keeps me sort of busy. The things we study here are very entertaining. It's like learning a new language, I never knew such things as super-chargers, Impellers, Tappets, buffer push rods, and of course gears, reduction gears, bevel gears and more gears ever existed before. You should have seen me last week—you would really have got a good laugh. I had a wright cycle 1820 all apart. There must have been a least a thousand pieces, I was covered with oil and everything looked like one big mess. I didn't think I would get back together again. It's funny, though, once you get started, every little piece seems to have a definite place and before you now it everything is back together.

Of course we drill, too. And now it's with rifles. I think every sailor on the loose turned up for a good laugh the first day they handed us the Victory pieces. They got it too. But "he who laughs last laughs best." And we are improving. We spent three weeks learning to swim the Navy way. We dive in with trousers on and come up and make water wings of them. I almost drowned before I got my pants off the first time.

We hit the deck at 0445 (4:45) in the morning and lights go out at 2100 (9 pm). I'm dead tired when I hit the old bunk at night. And I'm frightfully hungry all the time. I weighed myself yesterday and wouldn't you know I've gained eleven pounds.

I have a lovely private room. There's only three hundred other girls in it, too. We are slightly squeezed. They moved a hundred Waves from Memphis into our barracks. I have to climb over three other bunks to get into mine —nice and cozy, egad! What a madhouse!

I wish you could see our cute little coveralls. They are short in front and the seats drag out our tracks. No wonder the boys call us the "Sea Bags" And we wear turbans, too. Not a hair showing—confidentially, I think I look like a lu-lu bird.

But in spite of everything, I'm glad I'm here. Some day when I finish this course I may be able to do a little toward ending this horrible war. When that day comes I'll be the happiest girl in the world, and God knows there will be a lot of happy ones.

Thanks to the American Legion for sending me the paper. It's like a letter from home. It's so nice to hear that Folmer Sogaard, Bill McGuire and Bill Martin have the chance to be at home for a while. I'm mighty proud that they come from my home town and I suppose I should say Major and Lieutenant, but I'm darned if I will—to me they are still the kids back in the old Spanish class.

The Best of everything to everybody.

Sincerely,

Cecellia M. Larsen S 2-c

PS Here is one of the little songs we sing now and then (mostly now).

They say that here in Norman

The liberties are fine.

They let you out at seven

And pull you in at nine.

Oh, I want no more of Navy.

Gee Mom, I want to be home.

They say that here in Norman

The biscuits are so fine

But one rolled off the table

And killed a pal of mine.

Oh I don't want no more of Navy.

Gee Mom, I want to go home.

They say that here in Norman

The coffee's mighty fine.

It's good for cuts and fever

And tastes like iodine.

Oh, I don't want no more of Navy.

Gee Mom, I want to go home.

(Mr. Parsons, take note—if I send the formula, will you give me a quarter of the profits?)

They say that here in Norman

The bunks are mighty fine.

But the guy that said it

Never slept in mine.

Oh, I don't want no more of Navy Gee,

Mom, I want to go home.

Friday, October 22, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

Pullman, Washington,

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I am sorry that I have not written before, thanking you and the Legion for sending me the Valley News. It has been coming via Texas and would like to notify you of my new address. It surely is swell to have a home town paper to send and it is indeed like a letter from home.

Since leaving Solvang, I have finished my basic training at Sheppard Field, Texas and am thankful that it is over. I don't think I have ever spent a more disagreeable life than I did there.

I believe that anyone that hails from there will know what I mean when I say you never know what state you are in except by the direction of the dust and wind. It is almost at the Oklahoma border and many a time I have drilled on the field with dust and sand so thick you could not see 25 feet. I have seen soldiers wearing gas masks during guard duty because of dust. I've had too much Texas in my time. Take me out of the state.

When we first came up here to Washington state it certainly was a beautiful sight and feeling to know that our home for the next 5 months would be in such a swell place.

Our studies are quite hard and it seems there isn't enough time in 24 hours to do all we should. So far Sunday has just been another day for me because I still have to study the day through.

We have reveille at 5:30 am and start our classes at 7:30 in which time we have to make beds and shave, shine our shoes and clear the room, etc. We are subject to personal inspection at all times so we really have to be on the "ball." Most of our time is taken up in class, except about 3 ½ hours of athletics and drilling, which is a relief sometimes.

At night our time is mostly devoted to study lectures and campus activities.

We live like kings here. The rooms are very nice and the food tops and all you can eat. A good breakfast tastes mighty good in the cold crisp air of the morning.

The discipline is very strict and we also have the very well known "gig" system. As I look over the ramp from my window I can see a lot of our boys in their marching off demerits, which they have gotten through the week. I am still able to say that I have not received any yet.

The weather has been perfect and the crisp air in the morning makes a fellow feel like really getting in there to do our best. It has been very much like the valley and the surroundings are very much the same as Solvang with the college on the hill, the town below. Rolling hills on all sides are farmed. Sometimes in class I look out the windows and see a tractor going up and down the hills, thinking and wishing that someday again I may be doing the same in the Valley.

At times I guess I get a little homesick for the Valley life, but it seems a person never appreciates the things he loves so much until has them taken away. I have traveled a little and seen a few places but this is the nearest I have seen that I could ever compare with Santa Ynez Valley.

Again I want to thank you for the News and wish all my friends of the Valley the best of luck, wherever they may be.

A-s Niels L. Nielsen

319th CTD (Air Crew) Sec. 11-G Pullman, Wash.

Friday, October 22, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

Pensacola, Florida,

Oct. 2 '43

Dear Mr. Hanson:

This is just a few lines to let you know my new address as I have been transferred (Continued on Page Four) from the home of the "dry land Navy" —Oklahoma, down to Pensacola, Florida. While it is definitely a change for the better, it still isn't as good as it would be if I were transferred to California. I mean that part included in and adjacent to the Santa Ynez Valley. However, this place isn't too bad. There are several swell beaches here on the station, a riding stable, and just outside. Besides these, there are tennis courts and golf courses and sail boats so you can see that our spare time is spent very enjoyably.

On the other hand, much of our flying is done over vast swamps which are infested with alligators and water moccasins. A forced landing over this country would be interesting to say the least.

This is all that time will permit, as I'll close now. Thanks for the Valley News.

Sincerely Yours,

Leslie B. Sahm,

Class 9E Flt. Brigade

Naval Air Training Cent.

Pensacola, Florida

(Ed. Note—Leslie B. Sahm, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Sahm, recently appointed a Naval Aviation Cadet upon completion of the intensive course at the "Annapolis of the Air." Cadet Sahm will receive his wings of gold with the designation of naval aviator, and will be commissioned an ensign in the Naval Reserve or a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve.)

Friday, October 22, 1943, Page Four: Letters From Our Girls And Boys In The Service

Here's a letter from Phil Knight, a paratrooper, stationed somewhere in Italy:

Friends: Just a few lines to let you know that all the back paper have finally caught up with me. It was good reading up on all the old news.

I'm doing quite a bit of swimming lately. I hope I can be home by this time next year. However, there's a couple more jumps to be made before anything can be planned. That's called wishful thinking.

No fooling, things are looking pretty good. It will be a grand reunion when all of us can go back to the Valley, realizing that Hitler and what he stands for is no more.

I must close for now. Thanks again for the paper. I'm enclosing a poem one of my men wrote. It's the answer to what most of us think before we jump.

Your friend, Phil

Today I saw a paratrooper,

And a thought ran through my mind,

"Whatever does that chutist think in a plane while flying blind?"

Because they say he seldom knows

It might be over sand dunes,

Or lakes or mountain humps.

I keep wondering is he insane,

To risk his life like that?

Why, they empty out a transport

In sixteen seconds flat.

I've heard they're superhuman boys,

With guts and power too.

So hats off Paratrooper,

But whatever does he think of.

Gee, I'll bet he swears a lot

Wondering how the jump is going to end,

Will he wind up on a cot?

Now I'm finished with my wondering

I'm going to ask that guy;

Say fellow, what goes thru your mind

In a plane going ninety-five?
That superman looks at me
With a pleasant, friendly nod.
First we think of the job expected
Then consecrate ourselves to God.
Oh, I guess we all have different thoughts
Now me, I reminisce,
Of pleasant things from home I hear,
Of a letter with a kiss.
It might be from Mother,
Or the wife I left behind.
And I recall a little prayer
That has stayed right in my mind,
My mother sent it in a letter,
Way back in my training grind,
And as I stand hooked up in line,
Waiting order, yelled so clear,
I whisper confidentially,
“God is all,” I know no fear,
He is with me here,
He is down below,
And in the space that hangs
After I hear “go,”
Yes faith and truth and love are here,
God is all, I know no fear.

Friday, October 29, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys In Service

Chapman College Los Angeles,

October 26, 1943

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Editor: Well here I am in good old California after 8 months in Alabama. I finished my basic training last week and since I was in the Army specialized training program I was immediately sent out here to engineering college. I have about a year here before I finish. This kind of life is so different from basic training that I have to get used to it before I will be at ease. Here we never get to select the kind of breakfast cereal we want or the kind of pie or cake and whether we want ice cream or something else at chow. I can't be at ease with this because I've been used to eating what they have and liking it. We do nothing here but study, so I guess there should be plenty of that. My new address for the good old Valley News will be.

Pvt. Bud Bumpass Co.

C. 3937 A. S. T. U.

766 N. Vermont Ave.

Chapman College

Los Angeles (27), Cal.

NOVEMBER 1943

Friday, November 5, 1943, Page One

Returned Soldier Lauds Red Cross

After leaving the States a few weeks ago with a group of specially trained soldiers, Philip E. Fauerso, headquarters, service of supplies engineers section, writes from England about the excellent work being done by the Red Cross. According to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Fauerso, managers of a local hotel this is what their son in service since April, has to say:

“The Red Cross is doing one swell job over here, the largest city in the world. They have taken over several of the hotels, where we may take showers, read and write, in fact we can do all the little things servicemen like to do when free time is available. They serve meals, a complete course for one shilling, about 20 cents in American money. Here and there in the city are small snack bars where coffee, doughnuts and sandwiches are served. Coffee is two cents! For 10 cents we can get more than we can eat.

“I was surprised to see the rapid advancements of the Red Cross. Even at the railroad stations they serve free cigarettes and hot coffee to the troops. Give the Red Cross all the support you can and tell the people what a grand job they are doing for us.” –Santa Barbara News Press.

Friday, November 5, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

Dear Friends: It's high time I was notifying you of my change of address as it has been changed twice since I last wrote. I may not get the paper at all if the address isn't changed. I look forward to getting that paper as much and if not more than payday, because we have not place to go and not much to spend our money on over here. We're on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

The only information I can give anyone of my whereabouts is that I am in India, and that's a pretty big place. It wouldn't be such a bad place if it weren't for the mosquitos and beggars. There are a few snakes, too, but I haven't seen any of them or had any dealings with them yet.

Will sign off for now and hope this finds everything running smoothly at home.

Yours sincerely,

Cpl. Jens H. Matthiesen

111th Station Hospital APO 629, care Postmaster, New York, NY

Friday, November 5, 1943, Page One: Letters From the Boys and Girls in Service

Somewhere in India

October 19, 1943

Dear Walt and Mella:

A year has passed since I last wrote to you. I didn't mean to let it get so long and have started to write you several times but for some reason or other never did complete the letter.

The paper has been coming in regular, and I certainly do enjoy it. It's just like getting a letter from home. Lately I have been receiving it two weeks after it comes off the press so you can see that I am up to date on the Valley news. Thanks to you and the American Legion.

I've been going through the usual routine and as usual I can't tell you much. Maybe you would like to hear about my recent furlough. I'm afraid that furlough cost my folks a few gray hairs because they did not hear from me for about two months. After a soldier has been in India a certain length of time he goes on a furlough which we call over here a rest camp. The Army has a camp, situated in the Himalayan Mountains with all types of recreation facilities and could almost be called a resort. When we started for this rest camp we understood we were to spend two weeks there upon arrival, but when our time came to return to the base we got a two week extension. Just before I left for this trip, I wrote to the folks and told them it would be two weeks or maybe a little longer before they heard from me again and it turned out to be a month. That accounts for the long silence.

Most of the fellows in my group had not seen mountains the size of the Himalayans, as a matter of fact some of them had never seen mountains. You can imagine what a treat it was for us to see the largest range of mountains in the world. I think the thing I enjoyed most was the sight of real honest pine trees again; reminded me of the mountains around home. The weather was beautiful all the time we stayed there and that is something we didn't think existed here in India.

There were two English resort towns situated near the rest camp and the population consisted mostly of English civilians and officer's families. On our first leave in to town we almost had to learn our manners all over again. It was just like an American resort town (If you overlooked a few things). There were night clubs and of course all of us caught up on our dancing. The people were real friendly and we didn't have a bit of trouble making friends and getting around to different places. There are several other things that I would like to tell you but I'm afraid the censor would put his clippers to work if I did. I hope my next furlough is back in Solvang and in the near future.

There was one thing about my trip that disappointed me and that was that "Bolly" Johansen had been in the same rest camp two weeks previous to my arrival. We've been trying to get together for just about a year now but haven't made it yet. Maybe someday we'll get together. There is a possibility of my meeting Lester Fredericksen over here. I understand he has arrived in India and if he is in the same place Bolly is he will probably be transferring up here some place. It would be nice to meet somebody from the valley.

The last News I received had articles about some of the fellows being home on furloughs from the Southwest Pacific. Those boys have done a good job and deserve the furlough. Wish I was there to see them but I guess that will have to wait until this mess is over. In one of your articles you mentioned Bill Martin and that is the first I have heard of him since he graduated from High school in 1938. Glad to hear that he is doing well in the Navy. A CPO rating is something to be proud of. The fellows have really put Solvang on the map and deserve every bit of credit they have received for their exploits against the Nips.

I'll have to close now and here's hoping this letter finds everybody well and happy in the Valley. I'll try not to let my next letter go as long as I did this one.

Adios, Bill

S/Sgt. W. D. Hanly

323rd Service Sqdr. 305 Serv. Gp.,

APO 690 Care Postmaster,

New York City, NY

PS Would like to hear from people in the Valley and from fellow overseas.

Friday, November 5, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

The following letter from Clinton Steffensen was somewhat delayed in reaching here from Kiska, Alaska

Dear Friends:

Just a line to let you know that I am fine and to give you my new address so that you can send me the Valley News. I have been getting it from Billy Holzer, who is also here at Kiska with me.

I can't tell you much of this place but I will say that when the Japs left here they were in a hurry, for they left everything as was. They (Continued on Page Four) made mile after mile of caves to live in and it is one of biggest messes that I have ever seen. Perhaps that is why they left—they couldn't stand to live in their own mess.

We live good but we don't have all the things we used to have, like taking a bath. To take a bath, we take two helmets and fill them each one. It is not the best way to bathe but it works till we get the showers built. Say hello to all the Valley,

Yours, Clinton

A Sailor's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Grant no other sailor take

My shoes and socks before I wake.

May no tent lashings break,

And come down before I wake.

Keep me safely in your sight

And grant no Jap about tonight.

God protect me in my dreams,

And make them better than it seems.

And in the morning let me wake

Breathing scents of steak.

Grant the time may swiftly fly,

And have myself rest on high,

In a snowy feather bed

As here I long to rest my head.

Take me away from all these scenes

And smell of half-baked beans.

Take me back to the land

Where they have stew without sand.

Where no demon welkin blows

Where the women wash the clothes.

Take me back, I'll promise then,

Never to leave home again.

Friday, November 12, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

A letter to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Martin from their son, Robert V. Martin, CBM, USS Lamson, Somewhere in the South Pacific.

Dear Mother and Dad:

I sure got a stack of the Santa Ynez Valley News today. I'd like to thank the people responsible for them personally, but can't. Also I'm a lousy letter writer, so I wonder if you would thank them for me. Newspapers are the number one reading material here. We never turn loose one bunch until we get the next one—as our mail is usually held up somewhere. It's almost like a treasure hunt finding the following page, as usually happens when the article is particularly interesting. I know more about small towns and cities now than I thought possible before the war started. Everyone reads everyone else's paper in rotation.

Friday, November 12, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In The Service

Here is a letter from Ronald Smith, written to his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alvy Smith. He is stationed in Italy and has seen lots of action at the front:

Dear June, Alvy, and Arlene:

Well I finally got a little time to write a line. I got your letter and I also got one from Mother and Bug. I will try and write them also.

I have been seeing plenty of action in Italy for the last month and it has been raining almost every day. So you can see I have been plenty busy. Boy, did I ever get a surprise a few days ago when somebody yelled, "Hey, Smithy," there is a lieutenant wants to talk to you." And when I went over, there stood Philip Knight. We had a good long talk for the biggest part of the day. It sure did seem good to see someone I knew. He is the first one I really knew from home.

Well, I hope everyone is OK. I have been feeling fine except for a little cold.

Bug sent me a picture of B's baby. She sure looks like B don't you think. Love to all. Please write soon. Your brother,
Ronald

Friday, November 12, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Mr. Hanson:

This is to inform you of my change of address and to tell you how much I am going to enjoy the home town paper now. I have been getting home often enough to get most of the news anyhow, but I assure you I read every page of the paper. Now I won't be getting home anymore, so it will be doubly appreciated. None of them have caught up with me for several weeks now, so there will be quite an armload when they come. Many of the service men who write in tell of different home folks they have seen in their travels, but we are not allowed to do that anymore, so there is not much of interest I can tell.

Thanks to you and the American Legion again,

Yours,

Roy Moore

The address again:

Roy S. Moore, SF 1-c

Friday, November 19, 1943, Page Four: Public Forum

Santa Ynez, Cal.

November 14, 1943

Dear Mr. Hanson

I have been rather proud of our paper and have been sending it to family and friends in the East to illustrate the fine quality of our Community, but two articles by T.C.P. published recently under "Pro and Con" regarding the solution of the Japanese exclusion problem are a little too un-American to go without comment, particularly as I do not think they represent the views of our thoroughly sound Valley people.

The solution of the Japanese problem in California or anywhere else in the US does not lie in "Torsos on the highways" as these articles recommend. T.C.P. could not limit these torsos to Japanese men and women as he restricts the laws of the Constitution and common justice to Americans. Torsos of every nationality, including Americans, would appear on other highways than 101 were any such principle as he extols to get started in even one section of one state. As there are millions of Americans fighting and dying in order to prevent any such return to savagery as these articles advise it would seem singularly supine not to attempt some slight demurral as to the excellence of T.C.P.'s solution—which is nothing more than murder condoned by a false patriotism completely alien to American standards.

Any decision in regard to the Japanese situation must and will be arrived at by respect for the principles on which our whole civilization and democracy exists. Action in this matter must and will contain a strict regard for the higher motives governing human behavior; just laws applied by controlled procedure. If it, should be otherwise our sons will have laid down their lives, betrayed by those who remained at home to influence mass thinking into retrogression, instead of the future our men are giving their lives to build.

Personally, I am interested only in those periodicals which are giving more and more space to the astounding achievements of the human race in the great fields where there are no national barriers—such as Medical Research, the Arts, Music, Invention, etc. Periodicals which illustrate how deeply every Nation is indebted to other Nations for their contribution to human progress.

The great Japanese medical genius, Dr. Takamini, did not restrict the use of Adrenolin [sic] and other drugs vital to human life to persons of Japanese descent only. Millions—at the front and behind it—are being saved by these priceless discoveries.

Torsos on the highways of California are not the solution. Our men are dying to eradicate ruthless and unprincipled killing wherever it exists. Let us hope that no one in the Santa Ynez Valley will approve of the unbridled cruelty recommended in the articles by T.C.P.—such actions would merely be a short term investment in the horrors of another Global War.

The first line of defense is in upholding our Country's Laws. These laws contain sanity and justice for men of all nations—all Nations are represented in Americans, today.

Very truly yours, A. H. Hutchison [Amory Hare Hutchison]

[NOTE: Assistant Editor, Thomas C. Palmer wrote an opinion piece under his own byline in the *Santa Ynez Valley News* which provoked a series of responses from various Santa Ynez Valley citizens.]

Friday November 19, 1943, Page Four: Public Forum

Santa Ynez, Calif.

November 13, 1943

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California.

Dear Sir:

In the last edition of your paper under "Pro and Con" there was an article that was so opposed to the true principles of Americanism that I am writing an answer to it.

In the first place I shall show that the assumption upon which the article is based are entirely false. The writer (T.C.P.) takes the attitude that all Americans of Japanese ancestry are evil-doers. Can he be attached to a newspaper and be ignorant of the fact that many such Americans are in the armed forces fighting for their country and others are in positions of trust with our government? Is he ignorant of the fact that most of them in this country have been proven loyal and are serving as faithfully as any Americans of white ancestry?

A second false assumption is made in his reference to the Constitution. He states that the Constitution and Amendments were written for Americans. Unless all of our history has been incorrectly written, the Constitution was written for foreigners who came to these shores and for those who were coming. I wonder how many generations of the ancestors of T.C.P. had been Americans at the time the Constitution was written.

The third false assumption is the most surprising of all to find parading under the cloak of patriotism. Does he think we are so gullible to that we will swallow his theory of racial differences even down to "blood plasma"? Not only does Christianity reveal that falsity of such a statement but so does all of modern knowledge and science. The only place that I have previously seen such absurd theories is in the writings of the Nazis who are open exponents of the lie. Where does T.C.P. get his ideas?

If the assumption alone in the article were false we might excuse the writer on grounds of sheer ignorance. But such is not the case. The Writer indulges in cheap imagination and slander of another race which is so ridiculous as to require no answer. But then he stoops to one of the lowest forms of deceit. He quotes the Bible, as authority for conclusion which is opposite of all that the Bible teaches, saying "Absolute liquidation is the only cure for evil." Jesus Christ lived and died that people (including the writer –and Japanese) may be redeemed from sin, not murdered. I wonder what a community or a father could say to its sons when they come back from a war which is supposed to be for righteousness if the community at home and the father should have sunk to the lowest level of fanatical nationalism, ignorant prejudice, and brutal savagery that could be found among the worst of the enemy.

Let us have no more anti-American, anti-democratic, anti-Christian propositions submitted to decent citizens by our local paper.

Here are some truths which we cannot deny without denying our belief in American democracy, and without denying Christianity.

1. Loyal American citizens of all racial backgrounds deserve the same opportunities and privileges.

That's Americanism.

2. Disloyal people and criminals of all types should be treated with justice, law and orderliness, not lawlessness. That's Americanism.
3. Patriotism consists in upholding righteousness, ideals and principles of this country, not only on the battlefield, but wherever we are, in word, thought and action. That's Americanism.

Submitted in the hope that Truth may be the watchword of our newspaper.

Sincerely yours,

Glenn H. Lutz, Pastor

Santa Ynez Valley Presbyterian Church

[NOTE: Assistant Editor, Thomas C. Palmer wrote an opinion piece under his own byline in the *Santa Ynez Valley News* which provoked a series of responses from various Santa Ynez Valley citizens.]

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page One: Let Me Say To You By Joe Me Fraux

On November 25, 1925 the Santa Ynez Valley News was born and has now started on its 19th year without missing one issue since it started. . .

Those who are demanding extra gasoline and crabbing because they can't get it, should remember this (from a letter we saw recently): "Gasoline rationing is an inconvenience to our citizens. Therefore, it is difficult and unpleasant to administer. I am satisfied that the majority of our citizens would prefer to be inconvenienced than to have our boys at the front suffer because of a lack of gasoline, or any other commodity they may need.

"When I accepted this position, I took an oath to administer it to the very best of my ability. I shall continue to do that. Because I feel so definitely that I have no right, in any way, to interfere with the war effort, or to endanger the lives of our fighting men, as I stated before, it is far better to inconvenience some of our citizens who do not fully realize the seriousness of our situation."

"Sincerely yours,

G. Clisby Clark, [sic] Gen. Chr. War Price and Rationing Board, Georgia."

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page Four: Letters From The Boys And Girls In The Service

Cliff Runte writes from Southwest Pacific:

Dear Friends:

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all the folks in the Valley. Thank you and the American Legion, Solvang Post, for the Valley News. You will be getting some good news from this part of the world in 1944.

Clifford Runte, Cm 2/c USNR Co. D 11th US Naval Const. Batt.

Fleet Post Office, San Francisco

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page Four: Letters From The Boys And Girls In The Service

Bob Maloney is now in Florida, but is anxious to get over to the other side, according to this letter.

Camp Murphy, Florida,

November 15, 1943

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Want to take this opportunity to write and thank the American Legion for the paper. Also, to notify you of another change of address. The address now Pfc. Robert Maloney, 801st S. T. R. Camp Murphy, Florida.

They say Florida has everything that California has, but I'll still take the Old Valley anytime. After being in Massachusetts, Texas, New Jersey, and now Florida, the Valley still can't be beat.

In Massachusetts, I froze to death; in Texas, I was burning up; in New Jersey I had to rent a life-boat; in Florida I'm in between the "devil and the deep blue sea." This probably gives you a faint idea of why I like California the best of all.

After going through code school in Texas, the Army decided I'd make a better repairman so I was sent to Fort Monmouth.

After about twelve weeks of radio repair and FM, was re-classified for Radar, and so, here I am in Camp Murphy. I thought FM was tough, but this is the toughest thing I have ever run up against. What I am studying is only pre-Radar and I am sure looking ahead with my knees just a little shaky.

You're up at 5 am, eat chow and by 6:30 am are in school. At 12:30, you are through with school and are back in company area for chow at 1:00 pm. Next comes a little training program which makes me laugh after the basic and advanced training I had in Texas. At 4:30 pm you stand Retreat and then you are through for the day, supposedly. About 7 pm you are in study hall, beating your head against a brick wall trying to figure out a certain stage in a set. 9:30 pm lights out, and you dreamily drift into sleep with a little Radar "bug" chasing you. Some fun, but it is worth any amount of headaches (which this high frequency is noted for), restrictions of any inconveniences, (where did that word come from?) that a person has to put up with.

If everything works out the way I hope, I will probably be getting the paper in England about three or four months from now. It is a long shot that I hope pays off.

Can't think of anything more to write about so will sign off for this time, thanking you and the Legion again for sending the paper.

Sincerely,

Pfc. Robert Maloney Co. D

801st S. T. R.

Camp Murphy, Florida

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page Four

Here's a letter from a former coffee "disher-outer:"

Lake Mills, Iowa

November 3, 1943

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California.

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to write and thank you for sending the Santa Ynez Valley News to me. I surely enjoy reading it. Sorry, I haven't written sooner, but have been so busy visiting from place to place. I guess you all know how things go then.

Had quite a nice trip home, regardless of traveling conditions. I can assure you a nice soft bed was welcomed the first night I arrived here.

I'm enjoying my vacation very much. Getting a little restless to go back to work again.

They're having a lovely fall back here in Minnesota and Iowa, this year. Farmers are all busy picking their corn and getting ready for winter. In spite of all the rain and cool summer the farmers are getting a bumper crop of corn.

As yet I don't know much more than when I left if my husband's coming home. He'll probably walk in on us one of these days, I'm hoping.

I see by the paper the Corner opened the 25th. Guess that makes lots of people happy, as they can get their afternoon coffee again.

I hope one of these days in the future I can get back to Sunny California before the snow starts flying.

Again I want to thank you for the News and say Hello to all my friends of the Valley. Sincerely,

Mrs. Eva Haried.

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page Four: Letters From The Boys And Girls In The Service

This is one from Howard Park, now doing research work for the Navy in Washington, DC.

Dear Mella and Walt:

Dumb, that's me. I received a copy of the paper while I was in San Diego but assumed that someone had just decided to send me a copy as I received no others. Then all of a sudden they came and I received maybe a couple of dozen all at once. Did I enjoy spending one night by myself (except for about 2,000 other youngsters learning to be radio technicians) reading about what takes place at home. We are what they call "slide rule commandos." We can figure out the price in per cent of a dollar, of any article by merely setting the index of the "slip-stick" at one and reading 15 on the "D" scale.

You would like it here. Bourbon doesn't cost anything. Reason—you can't buy any. Maybe you wouldn't like it. They throw stuff at you (I don't mean chow) so fast (maybe I do mean chow) that if you keep awake for a full period of 45 minutes you can brag that you have taken two years of calculus.

But to get back to the main issue, I want to thank you and the American Legion very much for sending me the paper. If it means so much to me as it does, think of what it must mean to those fellows a long way from home. It's really swell and a great help.

Sincerely,

Howard

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page Four: Letters From The Boys And Girls In The Service

We're glad to publish another letter from Major Folmer Sogaard. His first one since leaving here a month ago.

797 Bomber Squadron

Alexandria Air Base

Alexandria, Louisiana

November 9, 1943

Dear Walt:

If I wish to receive the Valley News, I had better send you my address for I really do want to get the paper.

The past ten days have been my first active duty here in the States. As yet I don't know what to think about it. Maybe the South Seas were not so bad after all. The set up is so different here and naturally the red tape is plentiful. One of the boys here from my old squadron says it takes about two months to get used to things over here. I don't doubt him now.

Now don't get me wrong for I'm not complaining in the least. After all people don't shoot at you around here. That's more than a lot of fellows can say these days.

There are a surprising number of sun burned people around here. (Niggers to de white folks). I always thought Negroes like warm climate to live in. Well they sure missed the boat when they came to Louisiana. It was so cold the other night that I didn't get my feet to the bottom of the bed before five o'clock in the morning. That's a pretty slow advance, but I was all alone about it. Was that me said that?

This Air Base is a training school for pilots and crews for B-17 type airplanes. It's really a big job to train hundreds of crews in order to make them proficient combat crews. The pilots must be able to fly the airplane as good as possible including formation and instrument flying, day or night. Navigators must be able to direct the pilot to the target. The bombardier must drop his bombs on the garget and the gunners must keep the fighters away so that this can be accomplished. This sounds simple to you, no doubt, but if you only knew and I know you never will know. There is a lot more to it than just fly up over Solvang and do a couple of loops and a slow roll and go home. So much for that.

Before I close I want to thank all of you that made my vacation one of the happiest I ever spent. I never knew there were so many people in the Valley until I came back and found so many friends. Let's hope there will be as many and more still when all the boy come home again.

I'll be waiting for the Valley News, for which I feel very much indebted to the Legion and Walt.

Sincerely,

Folmer

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page Four: Public Forum

Midland School,

Los Olivos, California

November 22, 1943

Dear Mr. Hanson:

I am glad you brought up the question of the rights of Japanese in the editorial columns of the paper, though I cannot agree with some of Mr. Palmer's ideas.

The question is one of that must be faced and discussed now and not left to undercover forces to foment and perhaps to bring up suddenly at some critical time in the future.

The raised issue, and the bitterness that the war must cause, could easily be made the rallying point for some very dangerous political movement. The National Socialist party in Germany was, of course, shrewd enough to recognize a good rallying point in hatred and fear of the Jews.

But once the notion was established that a full blooded Jew had no political rights, it was easy to extend the notion to include part Jews, and finally to include anyone who so much as thought that a Jew had human rights.

We shall do well to discuss now whether our Constitution applies to all groups or only to certain groups within the country.

A recent article in NewsWeek describes the splendid service of Hawaiian American Japanese soldiers on the Italian front. Those men are showing a devotion to the cause of civilization that puts to shame many full-blooded Americans.

Should these men be denied the rights of citizenship?

We have laws to take care of cases of disloyalty and treason, and those laws should be invoked.

Yours sincerely,

Paul Squibb

[NOTE: Assistant Editor, Thomas C. Palmer wrote an opinion piece under his own byline in the *Santa Ynez Valley News* on November 12, 1943, which provoked a series of responses from various Santa Ynez Valley citizens.]

Friday, November 26, 1943, Page Eight

Expresses Thanks

With the national War Fund Drive coming to a close, your local committee wishes to take this opportunity to thank one and all who helped make this drive a success. Again the people of the Santa Ynez Valley has responded to the call, and again, we have been able to meet our quota. The quota for the Santa Ynez Valley was \$3500. And while a few more contributions are expected from firms with headquarters outside the Valley, a check in the amount of \$3556.22 has been turned over to the County Committee Treasurer and a further \$100 has been pledged.

The Valley is fortunate in not asking any local allotment, and therefore the full amount is paid into the National War Fund. Our thanks and appreciation to all who contributed, large and small, individuals as well as organizations, and to the Midland School and the High School for their splendid cooperation, not only for the money they turned in, but also for the spirit; and our thanks to the sponsors for the advertising and to our local paper for giving the drive valuable space, and last, but not least to all the Workers of the Women's committee, who gave their time and effort to this cause.

We are confident that the money and time you have all given for the War Fund will not be in vain.

Sincerely yours,

Santa Ynez Valley War Fund Committee Alfred Jorgensen Chairman

DECEMBER 1943

Friday, December 3, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

Purcell Oklahoma MAD, NAGS

Dear Mr. Editor

Guess I had better drop you a line and thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. It sure is great to read about the folks at home, about the other boys in the service and those pictures of the valley really are swell.

I have finished my gunnery training, next I go to the local field for flight operations, then we do not know. This is one of the best bases in the states (even with sailors on it). The officers are really swell. The Marines here have to keep on their toes cause we are only sixty five strong and the Navy around four hundred or better. Once again, I thank you, American Legion for sending me the Valley News. I want to say hello to all the boys—

Hello

Yours,

Cpl. Warren Tate, USMCR

Friday, December 3, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In The Service

Camp Pendleton

Oceanside, Calif.

November 14, 1943

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California.

Dear Editor:

Am reading your Valley News up to date now. I kindly want to thank you very much for the courtesy and also many thanks to the American Legion.

In my visits to the Marine Base Camp Pendleton, I've been fortunate in meeting some of my old Valley friends.

Sgt. Ellis, who is in the Post garage recalled to me the days of the Santa Ynez Valley High school, where he refereed several bouts for me at good S. Y.

I also met Laurence Mankins here. So I believe the Valley is pretty well represented in the Armed Forces today. So here is "Hi" to all my school chums and friends. I'll knock off now and turn to. I am enclosing the "Para Marine Hymn."

Yours,

Henry L. Guevarra

Para Marines Hymn

"Is everybody happy," cried the Sergeant looking on.

Our hero bravely answered "Yes" and then they all hooked on.

He jumped into the awful void, his static line unhooked.

And he wasn't going to jump no more.

Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die

Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die

Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die

And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He pulled the cord; the chute fell out and wrapped around his legs,

And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

He hit the deck, the sound was flat,

And blood was spurting high

And his comrades heard him cry;

What a hell of a way to die."

They picked him up still in his chute,
And poured him from his boots,
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

The ambulance was on the spot,
The jeeps were running wild
The medico jumped with glee and smiled,
For it has been a week or more
Since the last chute failed to open.
And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Chorus

Friday, December 3, 1943, Page One

Good Work

Pasadena, Nov. 30, 1943

Mr. Alfred Jorgensen, Chr.

Solvang War Chest

Santa Ynez Valley Solvang,

California

Dear Mr. Jorgensen:

Please accept warmest congratulations on the fine success of your campaign.

Your achievement has given great stimulus and encouragement to the many thousands of other workers, throughout the state, who are giving devoted service to this vitally important campaign.

Be good enough to convey to all the members of your organization an expression of sincere appreciation, pride and thanks of the state for their splendid results.

Cordially yours,

Albert B. B. Ruddock, chr.

Friday, December 3, 1943, Page Four: Public Forum

This newspaper welcomes letters from its readers. Letters must be limited to not more than 400 words, and are printed with the express understanding that they do not necessarily represent the views of the editors. The publishers reserve the right to refuse publication of letters that may be of libelous nature or in poor taste, or those indulging in personalities of any public or private citizen, should they choose.

November 23, 1943

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Not so very many years ago the clergy were claiming the Modern Massacre as an act of justice, while today the "exponents of truth" are vigorously voicing their disapproval of a similar solution for the Japanese problem, as has been suggested by T. C. P. who is more to be pitied than censured. It is therefore evident that justice may be conveniently mutilated for the sake of the argument.

Truth and justice should be our motto: for the Lord has said, Take upon you the name of Christ, and speak the truth in all soberness according to the revelations and commandments which I have given you. But Satan seeketh to turn your hearts away from the truth, that you may become blinded and understand not the things which are prepared for you. I therefore give unto you a commandment to beware concerning yourselves, to give diligent heed to the words of eternal life. For you shall live by word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God.

And that which breaketh a law, and abideth not by the law, but seeketh to become a law unto itself, and willet to abide in sin, and altogether abideth in sin, cannot be sanctified by law neither by mercy, justice, nor judgment. Therefore they must remain filthy still. And thus, none shall be exempted from the justice and the laws of God, that all things may be done in order and in solemnity before him, according to truth and right.

And truth is the knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come; and ----- more or less than this is the spirit of that wicked one who was a liar from the beginning. But leave judgment alone with me, for it is mine and I will repay.

It is true that our sons and daughters are wondering hard about afterwards—about how things are going to be done in this unreliable world when they come home. I want to help my neighbors solve the puzzle of their future; therefore, I offer these suggestions to their thinking.

An Allied invasion of western Europe is imminent. A plan has been formulated whereby Russia shall soon lead the United Nations in an amphibious assault against Germany. And "to the victor, belongs the spoils."

This war shall be succeeded by a terrible revolution; and the land of America shall be left without a Supreme Government. Every species of wickedness shall be rampant; father will be against son and son against father; mother against daughter and daughter against mother. The most terrible scenes of bloodshed, murder and rapine that has ever been looked upon shall take place—and peace shall be taken from the earth.

The land of America shall be invaded in 1945, by the nations of the world, and their armies, led by a triumphant Czar, shall devastate the whole country; burning villages, towns and cities.

But they that are wise and have received the truth, and have taken the Holy Spirit for their guide, and have not been deceived; shall abide the day. And the earth shall be given unto them for an inheritance; and they shall multiply and wax strong, and their children shall grow up without sin unto salvation.

In the name of Christ

R. C. Smith

[NOTE: Assistant Editor, Thomas C. Palmer wrote an opinion piece under his own byline in the *Santa Ynez Valley News* on November 12, 1943, which provoked a series of responses from various Santa Ynez Valley citizens.]

Friday, December 3, 1943, Page Four: Public Forum

Mr. T. C. Palmer—

Civil rights in this country include the right of free speech and expression of public opinion, whether right or wrong. More of the wars of America has fought we believe and assert have been waged to preserve democracy and the rights that are part of democracy. Many American soldiers have died in that cause.

A newspaper, above all, should be first to fight special privilege, discrimination, and un-American ideas. Therefore, it is a sobering shock to read an article written by a newspaper man which reveals such an outstanding belief in un-American, un-Christian principles, such as your article of several weeks ago, entitled "Pro and Con." Why you call it Pro and Con I cannot understand? It might have been written by Germany's Nazi exponent of racial supremacy, Dr. Rosenberg, in support of his theory of a race of Aryan gods. "Pro and Con" usually implies the presentation of both sides of a question. Your article's heading is most misleading.

To reach such an hysterical, preposterous editorial causes one to be tempted to reply in similar vein. I believe however, that the replies to your editorial which appeared the following week are the type of answer every thinking American would make to your statements. I will not attempt to add to the replies of Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Lutz, but I would like to present my idea of how your editorial would be received in Japan.

Please do not take this fictitious reply as disparaging to your own patriotism or loyalty to America. AS I said before civil rights include the right of free speech and free expression of opinion, yes, even one's prejudiced against other races, other religions, other Americans. You have a right to reveal your ignorance and bigotry. So do I. My point is this: The principles you expound in the name of patriotism (and I assume you do so conscientiously) fit in exactly with the principles expounded by the Nazis, Fascists, Japanese Imperialists, or what-have-you.

The point of view you advocate applies to racial prejudice against Chinese, Filipino, etc. It is the point of view which permits mobs to form, to lynch people, tar and feather, and perform other cowardly mob action. It is the point of view which fails to respect Booker T. Washington, Dr. Geo. Carver, Paul Robeson, Dr. Sun Yat Sen and other outstanding examples of great men. Yes, your proposal to display mutilated Jap torsos is a splendid one! But it is not original. I think Nero and a few other boys thought up better ones than that.

Here is the hypothetical reply to your editorial which might have been written by Premier Tojo:

Most Honorable T. C. P.

Greetings from the Emperor of Rising Sun and Most Humble Premier Tojo.

You write most pleasing article for sons of Nippon. You call it "pro and con." Illiterate servant does not understand "Pro and Con," but agree s most highly with your excellent thought s. Principles you honorably expound coincide with honorable Code of Japanese Samurai. No doubt you also expound theory of "hari-kari" which explains your proposal to display mutilated Japanese torso on California highways. So sorry Japanese cannot view same.

However, would like to make suggestion to you on the display of torsos. More pleasing to Japanese if you display other race torsos on highways, as Japanese prefer not to expose body, to view of inferior people.

Although situation in South Pacific look unhappy for Japanese warriors, you console us by your expression of Japanese principles. Though Japanese may lose battle, still Japan prevail if Nippon principles find seed in America mind. Believe American soldier will be most unhappy to come home and find Japanese ideas already adopted by American citizens. Will do much to destroy American Army morale which is hope of Emperor and this humble servant.

Honorable Emperor instructs this person to offer you post of minister in Japanese cabinet. This will offer you excellent opportunity to practice honorable methods. Many countries under Japanese dominations will find it most instructive and pacifying to view displays you suggest.

Your respectful servant,

Tojo

I fully realize that the Japanese question is a disputable, bitter subject of controversy. Therefore please do not misunderstand me. I would write the same type of reply if you proposed to display Danish Torsos on our highways, or Chinese or Filipino or any other. I have no sympathy with disloyal Americans, whether of German, Italian or Japanese extraction. When they are shown to be disloyal to this country, they have no place here.

But in time of war, it is too easy to be silent, to let the mob rule, to permit civil rights American principles to go by default. I object to your article because it does not propose Americanism—it proposes un-Americanism in the guise of patriotism. It is a vicious attack on the democratic principles which American soldiers are now fighting and dying for. If we now agree with the Nazis and Japs in their code of ethics and racial prejudice, what is the purpose of this war? Let's just say we are for the same principles and stop fighting.

Yours for more American, more thinking journalism.

Arden T. Jensen

[NOTE: Assistant Editor, Thomas C. Palmer wrote an opinion piece under his own byline in the *Santa Ynez Valley News* on November 12, 1943, which provoked a series of responses from various Santa Ynez Valley citizens.]

Friday, December 10, 1943, Page One: Let Me Say To You by W. L. H.

[NOTE: The change from "Joe Me Fraux" which was the byline on December 3 to Let Me Say To You by W.L. H.]

Received a letter from Lt. Philip Knight on Monday, written in Italy Nov. 13 and Thursday we received a V-Mail Christmas card from him dated Nov. 5, just to show you how much slower V-mail is than air mail. Due to shortage of space, we will publish it next week.

Friday, December 10, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls in Service

Camp Claiborne, La

Sunday, Nov. 28

Dear Editor:

I have received your papers and I can see what is going on around home. I've been in the army for fourteen months now and I'm still a good old buck private. I am looking for a furlough around the first part of the year.

We just got off maneuvers here. They were a lot easier than I expected them to be. The camp I am in now is a lot better than the one in Texas. I'll will sure be glad to get back to good old California.

The last furlough I had was ten days, this one will be fifteen day one.

I got married to a very good looking blonde on my furlough and I stayed AWOL for five days, but I paid for it, but can say it was well worth it.

Well I would like to see all the folks around there but won't have much time when I come home. Will close for this and get busy and clean my rifle—my wife while I'm in the army.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Arthur E. Beard

Co. E 334 Inf. APO 84

Friday, December 10, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

Dear Editor:

I have finally decided to finish a letter that I have started to write a great many times.

The paper has been coming quite regularly, thanks to you and the American Legion. I missed a few copies while I was on maneuvers and I mean I really missed it, too.

My outfit is stationed here at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and while we are here, I am going to a motor school, that is set up especially for the field artillery. I never thought that I would be going to school for the army and I can't say that it was a pleasant surprise, although I am learning quite a bit.

I have read what the other kids thought about Oklahoma and I think the same only a lot more so. There really is no place like the valley.

I never really appreciated the valley until I have seen most of Texas and Oklahoma. Now I know how much I really miss being there.

Well I guess I will hang up for now. Tell everyone hello and be good.

Sgt. Bernard G. Davis

1st FAS Bn. Motors 50,

Fort Sill Oklahoma

Friday, December 10, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In The Service

Cpl. Karl R. Jorgensen

Co. A 440th Sig. cons. Bn.

APO 929, San Francisco,

November 1943

Dear Walt and Mella:

After a very heated argument with a spokesman for a colony of ants and a family of spiders, we've finally agreed that it's my turn to use this paper and pen. And so I proceed to brush, push and squash the ants off the paper and wipe the cobwebs off the pen. One of the few books around here solves the problem of a table, but requires constant shifting of the paper and a series of creases. The question of the date needs too much investigation so we'll let it go at about the middle of November.

With all this build-up you would probably settle back in anticipation of a lengthy and enlightening letter about the Japs and South Seas. About all I am allowed to say about those two subjects is that they're still here and a good part of the latter are here to stay—that is, the mortal remains. I can't write anything about it but you can read a good part of it in the magazines and papers.

I'm not "tropo" but just something to write about when I want writing about steel helmets. What started this was a cartoon in a magazine showing a couple of soldiers taking a bath in one of these handy gadgets, while the native populace looks on in amazement as one of the fellows is sitting in it with just his head showing. That may be a little far-fetched, but at that time I was also washing myself with the aid of a helmet and still do occasionally. This happens when the only thing handy is a trickling stream about ankle deep or no stream at all. Other uses are:

A good kettle for cooking and boiling coffee and tea.

A container for washing and boiling clothes.

When you move you can cram it full with socks, cigarettes, toilet articles, etc.

And when around camp you can toss all loose articles in it.

Also when you're around flack it's a good thing to have wrapped around your head, as razor blades, chewing gum, pencils and pens, toothpaste, etc. come raining down on you. And then while you're "sweating it out" it comes in handy as a seat.

And now I hear mess kits clanking by so I'd better fold up. I'm no "chow hound" although I've been accused of trampling a couple of guys to death while sauntering up to the line (they knocked over the bully-beef on their way down, so things weren't so bad after all). Being Scotch I see the chance to say hello and to wish all my friends in the Valley and those in the service a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and hope that the coming year will see them closer to home.

Friday, December 10, 1943, Page Four: Public Forum

[NOTE: Editorial Page Masthead no long shows T. C. Palmer as one of the co-editors; it only shows: Walter L. and Mella Hanson, Editors-Publishers]

Solvang, Calif. Dec. 3, 1943

Mr. T. C. Palmer

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Sir:

I have watched with great interest the development of the current verbal conflict between yourself and your readers, and can no longer withhold my own comment.

It seems to me a rather singular fact that not one of your readers has yet written to you in support of your contentions. I say this because I am certain you would print any such comment received.

At any rate, after reading your article, "Pro and Con" (smile when you say that) of December 3, I must express my sincere astonishment at the utter and complete lack of intelligent thought. It is a simple matter for any of us to resort to that time-worn trick of argument known as "emotionalism," in this case razzing, name-calling, and continuous reference to personal integrity. I consider such methods to be entirely unbecoming to American newsmen, and I can say with assurance that they are not in keeping with the great traditions established by them.

Although I believe your thoughts on the Japanese question to be wholly un-American (you are asking us to resort to fascist methods in the perpetuation of American Democracy) this is not my purpose in writing. Your motive in expressing sincere sentiments is a good one, but your manner in answering others, who criticize you is not appreciated by good American citizens.

I hereby request, Mr. Palmer, that in future you confine your column to intelligent and thoughtful statements of the facts with well-founded arguments to back them up. Let's have no more uncalled for inferences as to the personal integrity of our citizens. We give you credit for being sincere and honest in your opinions, why not return the courtesy?

Yours for straight thinking,

Robert MacDonald

[NOTE: Assistant Editor, Thomas C. Palmer wrote an opinion piece under his own byline in the *Santa Ynez Valley News* on November 12, 1943, which provoked a series of responses from various Santa Ynez Valley citizens.]

Friday, December 10, 1943, Page Five: Advertisement: Pacific Gas and Electric Company

Letters of Praise from the Army and Navy

“Gas and Electricity are vitally needed facilities for successful conduct of the war.”

It is only human to be made happy by words of praise for a job well done, especially when such praise comes from high ranking officers of the Army and Navy.

At any rate, that is the way the men and women of this company feel about letters of commendation received from Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, United States Army, and Vice Admiral J. W. Greenslade of the United States Navy. They are pleased and proud and determined to keep vitally needed gas and electricity following in full supply—on time—all the time. Below are excerpts from the letters:

From Admiral Greenslade:

“I am informed by the Inspector of Naval Material and by other officers of my staff having cognizance that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company met wartime demands swiftly and efficiently while at the same time continuing to supply the increased population of the district and essential services. . . . The Company is serving, or has undertaken to serve over a Million Kilowatts of Electricity and over Twelve Billion Feet of Natural Gas to Army and Navy establishments and War Industries. . . . All hands in the Pacific Gas and Electric Company should feel that they have played their part in establishing new construction and production records in this district. . . . “

From General Emmons:

. . . “In view of the splendid performance of the men and women of your organization during the period of emergency, I desire to record my word of commendation to them. The area embraced in the Western United States is a particularly vital and critical one in this war. It has been necessary to construct and operate numerous flying fields . . . to construct shipyards and repair docks and other marine facilities . . . It is gratifying to know that all of the demands which have been made upon your people and your facilities have been met with most praiseworthy performance and that every reasonable expectation fulfilled.”

To all the gas and electric customers, the men and women of this company in turn say—“Thanks for your help” through your voluntary conservation in the use of gas and electricity in the home. Conservation is helping us and helping the war effort.

Friday, December 17, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

This letter is from Lt. Philip Knight son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knight. He tells of some of the fighting his outfit is doing over there in Italy, chasing the Nazis over the mountains:

Italy

Nov. 13

Dear Editor:

I wish to take this opportunity to say Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the people in the valley. I've had the opportunity of seeing most of the southern part of Italy. I've visited Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii and also spent some time in one of the largest cities in Italy. Some of the most ancient and beautiful churches in the world are here. Of course there have been many sights not so pleasant.

It's really slow and rugged fighting in these mountains of Italy. My battery has done a lot of firing in the past few weeks. We've done a lot of good. The infantry regiment that is the infantry for our combat team, I believe is one of the best in the world. When this is over, I believe most people will know of the unit I'm speaking of.

Not many nights ago, my battery went through an experience it nor I will ever forget. The Germans controlled all the high ground. We moved into a new firing position one afternoon. Of course, they saw us move in. About 5 pm the battery having been laid and organized but a few minutes, the well-known German 88's started in. It was pouring down rain, cold and muddy. The next seven hours will always be remembered by us as "seven hours in hell." The first concentration of about 30 rounds lit right in the center of my battery position. I was caught away from my slit trench. I had first gone to my pup tent for my canteen. It was located just behind a rock ledge. I got as close as I could to the rocks and lay there. One round burst about 8 feet above my head as it hit a limb. Pieces of shrapnel went through both sides of my tent. Another round went through the rock ledge just to my right. Each one of my howitzers was hit by pieces of shrapnel. The second concentration was not as large as the first. After that, 15 or 20 minutes a few more would come screaming down upon us. All of us were pinned down in the rain and much so until midnight. Our vehicles finally arrived and after another hour and half, we managed to get our guns down the muddy trail and back behind a large hill a couple of miles to the southwest. We had to continually stop and dive for the sides of the trail as another 88 would come whistling by. Don't believe that old saying about an artillery shell being safe if you hear it. That doesn't apply to an 88. They have a screaming whistle that can be heard most of the way until it bursts on the ground near you. If anyone forgets and imitates the sound, we still dive for the mud. But, it isn't considered the healthy thing to do around here at present.

Since that eventful night my men jump for our guns with vengeance in their eyes as a fire mission comes down and I yell "battery adjust." We got such a mission at midnight and men jumped to their positions some without shoes, some without pants. Yes I believe jerry has paid for those seven hours as we've neutralized.

Infantry units, set Mark VI's on fire, blow up motor units, etc. The men were happy when two days later we fired zone fire of about 70 rounds on a company of infantry. Those it didn't get, were chased over the mountain, allowing our infantry to advance.

Well, that covers the highlights of the last few weeks. That is as much as I'm permitted to tell at present.

All of us over here are fighting to finish this, may we all be together for Christmas in 1944.

Philip A. Knight,

1st Lt. Parat. F. A.

Friday, December 17, 1943, Page One

This letter is from Mrs. Sylvia Bredall Barter, who is stationed at Douglas, Arizona, and is written to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Anker Bredall of Santa Barbara, formerly of Solvang. Sylvia is a test pilot there is the only WASP test pilot from this area.

Dec. 5

Dear Mom and Dad:

I know you've been wondering what's happened to your daughter, but honestly I've been rushed around so much since I arrived here that I've hardly had time to think.

This field is really swell. It's very large, and I am the only woman pilot in the place. Needless to say, a very noticeable sensation is caused every time I walk out with my chute to the ship. Yep, I'm really a novelty and wish like the dickens that there were other WASPS to give me some moral support. They're trying to get some more out of the next class though.

I'm living in the WAC office quarters, eat at the officers' club and all in all, I'm treated royally. But now comes the part you won't like. I'm a test pilot!!! However, on these twin-engine ships, there's nothing at all to testing them and after a couple trips around the field, they're tested. Besides that, I'll be flying other officers all over the country and will probably get several hops up to Santa Barbara way. There's someone going that way nearly every week end. In fact, they fly all over from here and S. B. is only about 4 hours by air. Isn't that nice? It would really be swell to hit some one weekend after next going that way because that's Christmas you know. We'll see! The thing is, I may not know ahead of time when I start out on these trips, so don't be surprised if I people in without warning. So far, I've flown all over Arizona and am supposed to fly to Phoenix this afternoon. Some life!

Tell Ray that a Claude Irving is a pilot here. He used to break horses in the Santa Ynez Valley.

With Love,

Sylvia.

Friday, December 17, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys In The Service

US Navy

Dec. 3

I guess it is about time I am writing to you, but I never seem to get the time.

I have been getting the paper all right but I have a new address now so I must give it to you.

Well there isn't anything else to write, so I will close now.

Niels Iversen S 2/C

Friday, December 17, 1943, Page One: Letters From The Boys And Girls In Service

The following letter was written to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nielsen of Las Cruces and was written by Mrs. Nielsen's brother who is with the fighting forces in North Africa.

North Africa,

Nov. 22

Dear Sis, Walter and children:

Received your letter yesterday. Nothing like a letter from home, especially from you.

I could tell you lots about north Africa, but the censor would cut it out so will tell about some of the things I have seen and am allowed to write about.

I have seen the grape country, and the land that is desert only part of the year. The grape vineyards are cultivated in a big way, and with great care, like cotton in the south of our country and corn and wheat in the west. The wine used largely as a substitute for water which is scarce and poor quality.

Most of the farming is done by Arabs early in the day, as it is too hot the rest of the day. I have seen one tractor and few threshing (continued on last page) machines in the big wheat fields in Tunis. The wheat is threshed by running a donkey round and round over it. In Tunis I have seen hay stacks as big as barns and look like a barn, because they are plastered with mud to protect the stack from winter rains. Wood is very scarce.

Houses are made of stucco. Arabs live in caves or mud houses. Telephone and electric poles are made of iron or steel as are most of the railroad ties. The houses in town are all crowded together, one wall serving for two houses, with door and window in the end. Little or no plumbing, and waste and sewage are dumped in the street, a breeding place for swarms of flies. The most hated things in North Africa by the Yanks.

The heat is bad but we get relief by going swimming in the Mediterranean sea.

Africa is populated by Arabs, who are native French, Spanish and Italians. They are all mixed up in nationality, breed and customs.

The average Arab is very poor. They all think the streets of USA are made of gold, and every American soldier is a millionaire. They know the Yank likes to spend his money and is very kind and generous. They take advantage of this and do him for every cent they can get out of him in their dealings.

Their strange money also gives them double advantage until our boys got wise.

Africa is not the land of mystery as often heard. But rather the land of Arabs, Gypsies, scorched earth desert, sand and flies. As far as this Yank is concerned. I'll take West Hollywood California (my home) in the good old USA on the Pacific coast, and I'm glad to be an American, thank God.

Sis, I will try my level best and utmost, to uphold the reputation of the American soldier has fought for and won in this and other wars, and with God beside me, I feel confident.

Hoping you are fine and enjoying the best of health and will give my regards and best wishes to all for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and with lots of love,

Your brother, Al

Friday, December 17, 1943, Page Ten: Our Mail Box

Los Olivos, December 15, 1943

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Bill of Rights Week is a good time to bring up the question of "Whose rights?"

It has been pointed out again and again by thoughtful people that if you disregard the rights of any member of the group, you are threatening the rights of every member.

In America, we cannot afford to limit a man's civil rights according to the color of his skin, or of his eyes, or of his hair, or of his political convictions—unless, of course, he runs afoul of our existing laws.

I believe we must be on guard against the talk of excepting citizens of oriental extraction from the Bill of Rights for this reason, if for no other. After a carefully worked up campaign of international hatred, some of the worst scoundrels could run for public office on a hate platform and could win over the best candidates that we could put up.

On a cleverly built up hate platform a Boss Hague [sic] could become mayor of Los Angeles and a Huey Long could become governor of California.

Then we should begin to worry about our own civil rights.

Yours sincerely,

Paul Squibb

Friday, December 24, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

December 9, 1943

Dear Friends:

I want to thank all for the Valley News that is sent to me. I really enjoy reading the news from the valley. When my job is done here, I am going right back to the valley. There are lots of boys and girls that are in the service now that I would like to hear from, especially those who remember me.

I've been in the Navy for 15 years

Editor, could you print Cpl. Vincent Mahoney's address in your next issue. I would like to write to him. I would also like to have my address printed, so I could hear from some of my ex-school mates.

Thank you editor.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone in the valley.

Joe Grand,

USS Pruitt

c/o Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, California

Note—We are sending you Mahoney's address by card.

Friday, December 24, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

The following letter is from Ray Paaske, who is taking his flight training in Texas.

Army Air Field

Marfa, Texas

Dec. 13, 1943

Dear Editor:

Just thought I would drop you a short note while I have a few free moments.

If the weather would clear up, we might be able to get in some flying time. As it is we are behind schedule.

We are flying twin-engine planes at this field, I believe I like two engines better than one.

The only drawback to this field is that it is in Texas. So far I've spotted one small clump of trees from the air. The rest is barren waste land as far as I can see

The further I get from California, the more I'm sure there is no better state in the Union.

It's getting pretty close to Christmas now, and if a soldier ever gets homesick that's the time he does.

I would like to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I hope the New Year will see us nearing the Peace that we all are praying for.

I know there are many boys who want to come home.

Well "Ed" I guess this is it, hope to see you in January some time if all goes well.

As ever,

Ray

Friday, December 24, 1943, Page One

V-Mail Greetings

A V-mail note addressed to the American Legion Post 160 and the Santa Ynez Valley News was received this week from T. Sgt. L. H. Fredericksen who is stationed in India.

Another V-mail Christmas message was received by the News from Cpl. Joe Miranda, now stationed in Great Britain. He is with the general hospital there.

Lt. Philip Knight sends a V-mail message from India. He is with the 82nd Airborne division. [thought he was in Italy]

Pvt. Stanley C. Fredericksen sends a card from Madison, Wisconsin, where he is training with AntiAircraft.

Christmas card comes from Pvt. Arthur Beard, who is stationed at Alexander, Louisiana, with the 334 Infantry regiment.

S-Sgt. Bill Hanly, somewhere in India sends us a V-mail Christmas greeting. Bill has been in that part of the country for a long time. Somehow seems like many of our local boys are in India.

Lt. Aage Rasmussen sends Xmas greetings. He is stationed somewhere in South America we think as his APO address is New Orleans.

Friday, December 24, 1943, Page Seven

A Saint Patrick Day Song (tune: "Ruben, Ruben I been Thinking")

The following was written by Mrs. Ernst of Ford City. She is an aunt of Mrs. George Smith of Los Olivos and is 78 years old:

Patrick, Patrick, I been thinkin
 What a happy world 'twill be
 When the japs are all torpedoed
 To the bottom of the sea.
 Had we a son like Gen. MacArthur,
 Our happiness would be complete
 We have a many wonderful fighter
 But MacArthur can't be beat.
 Patrick if you really love me,
 I'm not asking you for much,
 Be always proud that we are Irish
 But we sure can't beat the Dutch.
 When I think of Adolph Hitler
 Sure I'm glad one hair is red
 I can say just what I'm thinkin
 Someone please bring me his head
 For Winston Churchill and our Roosevelt,
 We thank the Father every day
 We are sure that he will bless them
 And protect them all the way

Friday, December 31, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

The following letter is from John "Jackie" Carlton Ph M 2c written to this mother, Mrs. Svend Hansen. Jackie is with the Marines and saw action at Tarawa.

Dec. 15, '43

Dear Mom:

This is the first letter I've written since some time in Sept. No it was October, anyway, it's been a long time. We left New Zealand and were aboard ship for six weeks. I imagine you've already guessed that I was in the Gilberts.

We hit Tarawa. I don't know if it has had much about it in the papers or not, but there was some pretty good fighting for a while. Everything is ok now, I didn't get a scratch. Lucky again I guess. We have now arrived at another camp. Probably be here several months before shoving off again. From all indications, expect me home in 1945. I guess we'll just have to take Tokyo, then go to the States when there's nothing left here. I got some packages today. First mail in a long time. Your Christmas cookies and fruit cake came. I can't remember the name of the cookies (peffernusse to you) [sic] but I know what they are. They made a big hit with the fellows. Gordon Thomson, a good friend of mine, kept saying he didn't care much for them and each time he said it, he would eat a few more. He polished them all off and scraped crumbs up with a knife.

Haven't gotten any letters yet. Hope you haven't stopped writing just because I did. We just have not been able to. I will write more later, to let you know I am ok.

Love,

Jack

Friday, December 31, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

Dear Editor:

Just a short note wishing everybody and all the boys overseas a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

As ever,

Warren Tate, Cpl. USMC

Marine Avia. Det. N A G S

Purcell, Oklahoma

Friday, December 31, 1943, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

This letter is from Harold M. Johnson F 2/c written to Phil Lockwood, former editor of the News. The Hansons took over on Sept. 1st, so you see Harold has been kinda out of touch, having been in the South Pacific in some of the fighting. Harold is in the Naval Hospital in San Diego.

Dear Phil: I'm going to spend my Christmas by sending a note to the News. I asked to have it discontinued because there was a station order at base hospital, that we were to use our ship's address, so I haven't as much as seen a glimpse of one issue since I was home last Oct. so you can send it now to this address as I expect to be here at least a month.

There was really a bunch of happy boys here at the hospital yesterday when the Los Angeles Examiner passed out \$10 bills to all men who had been overseas. They called for men who had combat duty, well I had combat duty, but still don't rate a star on my service ribbon. I left my ship about two weeks before it went into action.

Yesterday afternoon the annual Christmas party was held for the officers and men and civilian employees and children and last night the San Diego high school choir walked all around the camp, singing Christmas carols and presents were also passed out to all patients by the local churches and schools.

Perhaps people at home would like to know what kind of Christmas dinner is served here at the hospital. As we went through the line, we were given one piece of white and one piece of dark turkey meat, dressing, sweet potatoes, soup, cranberries, ice cream with strawberry sauce, a cup of coffee and topped off with a bag of nuts and a bag of Christmas candy, also bread and butter.

Tomorrow it is a month ago since I left for home from 'down under'. All the boys there were in good spirit and the people were very hospitable. I came home on a former Dutch Luxury liner which has been taken over by the army, but is still operated by a Dutch crew, and if you think we have it tough, then it's a wonder that they are still alive. They don't know a single thing about their relatives, as to whether they are alive or dead, and no possible way of getting in touch with them, yet they carry on. The ship is now on its 14th trip to the South Pacific.

I might add that I had two Thanksgiving days off this year. It being 4 pm here now, 11 am there tomorrow morning. I've written enough for one day, so will call it quits.

Harold Johnson

Friday, December 31, 1943, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In The Service

The following letter to Marvin Tillotson commander of the local Legion post was written by A. D. Farren, A Santa Ynez navy man:

Camp Endicott,

Davisville, Rhode Island

December 24, 1943

American Legion

Santa Ynez Valley Post 160

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I want to thank you and Walt Hanson for sending me the paper, it has been like a bit of Heaven in this forsaken place. I am ashamed of myself for not writing sooner, but outside of writing to my immediate family I really have not had time, but don't think I have not enjoyed getting the Valley News.

The east coast is alright—for easterners. I wouldn't trade five acres of Santa Ynez Valley for all this country, and if I ever get back home I will never leave.

We are in training here for a combat unit as well as construction battery.

I am getting a lot of good experience here, on different types of shovels, clams, draglines, cranes, back hoes, and dozers, in fact, any kind of equipment you name the navy has it.

The combat course is really a toughening up process, we go over the obstacle course twice a day, and believe me the water is cold in this country, if you don't make all the jumps.

On one part of the courses, we crawl 500 feet through barb wire, under machine gun fire. We don't get that every day tho'. The guns we have are MSs, it's a carbine and a sweetheart, the range of accuracy is about 300 yards so most of our fighting will be close work.

On the rifle range I shot in at 189 out of 200 at rapid fire. They asked me if I had shot on a range before, I said no, but when you go hunting in California, you have to shoot straight and fast, or no deer.

Well, friends, once again I want to thank each and every one responsible for sending me the News and wish all in the valley a very merry Christmas and happy and prosperous new year.

A. D. Farren, MM 1/c Co.

A Pit. 4, 145 Batt.

JANUARY 1944

Friday, January 7, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In Service

The following V-mail letter is from Mickey Hanly who is in the South Pacific with the Navy:

American Legion Post 160

Solvang, Calif.

Hello Comrades:

Received your Christmas card and enjoyed getting it very much. It was sure nice to receive cards from you folks back home, it made it seem more like Christmas.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you fellows for the Valley News. It sure is a great little paper and I read it several times.

Say you fellows better get ready for the big blow out when us fellows come home. When we start coming, it's going to look like a big invasion coming. Well, Happy New Year, Everyone,

Mickey

Friday, January 7, 1944, Page One

The following is a V-mail letter from Freddie Christensen, grandson of Mrs. Hans Christensen of Solvang. He is in the Navy.

Dec. 28, '43

Dear Walt:

It has been almost a year since I last wrote to Phil, thanking him and the American Legion for sending the Valley News to me. This time I wish to thank you and the American Legion for the swell work and I assure you that each issue is much appreciated by the men who are scattered in places throughout the world, where they have only "memories" and the Valley News to remind them of that beautiful valley.

It is most interesting to read the letters from the servicemen which you have in each issue and I really get a big laugh out of a letter written by a certain young lady in the WAVES. She mentioned the fact that she wouldn't say Major and Lieutenant to Folmer Sogaard and Bill McGuire. "Now that's the wrong attitude," if you know what I mean.

This is about all for now except that I would like to hear from any of the men who are overseas "if they can find the time" to write, and if a certain cousin of mine happens to read this issue I would appreciate it, if he would drop his ol' "sea poppy" a line. How about it Charlie? Good luck, Shipmates.

Freddie,

F. B Christensen TM 2c

USS Dobbin c/o FPO San Francisco, California

Friday, January 14, 1944, Page One

Thanks

Santa Ynez Valley War Chest Committee,

Solvang, California

Dear Mr. Alfred Jorgensen, Chr.

The United Nations War Relief Council takes this opportunity to congratulate you on your successful War Chest Drive. The members of your committee and workers have done a splendid job in putting over this tremendous national program for United States, as well as allied, war work.

As members of the National War Fund we should like to express our appreciation and sincere thanks for what you have done to help alleviate suffering, and to help maintain the armed forces of these countries.

Very Sincerely,

David R. Faries, Chairman

United Nations War Relief Coun.

Friday, January 14, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

In a letter to his grandmother, Mrs. Hans Christensen, as a Christmas message, Charles Christensen, who is in the Navy states that he is still at sea, but had four days off in New York at Christmas time.

He says,

"I've had a nice trip, a short one, when we went to Scotland and England. Saw a couple of bombings over England was about all the action I saw.

"Had my first white Christmas, I'll admit the snow is pretty, but way too cold. I like sunny California about the best of any place I've been yet.

"I haven't had a chance to get you anything for Christmas, so I'm enclosing a ten dollar bill and you can do what you like with it.

"I won't be home until after the next trip out to sea. Tell everyone hello and drop me a line when you can.

Your grandson, Chuck.

Friday, January 14, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Jens Mathiesen who is with the armies in India, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mathiesen:

India,

December 24, 1943

Dear Dad, Mom and Everyone:

Just thought I would drop you a line tonight as its Christmas eve. There is not much else to do as we had our party last night. It was pretty nice and some of our officers and nurses waited on tables and cleaned up afterwards. All the enlisted men had to do was to sit down and eat and drink. We had fried chicken, French fried potatoes, cake, ice cream, coffee and beer. Some of our officers and nurse even donated their beer ration to us. I guess it shows that we have the right kind of officers and nurses.

I mailed a two pound box of tea to you and you should get it in 3 or 4 months at the longest. Just write and let me know when it gets there so I can tell how long it takes. If it goes by air it should not take that long but I think it will go by boat.

I am sending home the C. B. I. insignia, so write and let me know about it also. This is a fancy one I got in town and ones we wear around here don't have any silver on them, just plain cloth.

Well I guess this is about all I can think of tonight.

As ever,

Jens

Friday, January 14, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

January 3, 1944

Dear Editor:

This letter is to let you know of my change of address. It is now Officers Box, A. A. B. Dalhart, Texas.

The country here is mostly flat, with a few very low hills to the north. There is still a little snow left from about three inches which fell the day after Christmas. AS for me, I prefer the nice warm kind common to Solvang, over all the white Christmas I have heard of.

The people here are friendly and treat us well, but they are not nearly as friendly as the people there at home. This latter is not just my opinion, I am prejudiced, but the opinion of many who have been stationed at Camp Cooke and Santa Maria.

Thanks again for sending me the paper. It is always nice to know what is happening at home and the paper sure gives a complete picture.

Sincerely,

Bill McGuire

Friday, January 14, 1944, Page One

Thanks

We wish to extend our appreciation and thanks to all those members of the community who have so generously responded to the recently ended National Salvage Drive.

All clothing collected has now gone to the district headquarters and no further contributions can be accepted.

The handling and transportation of used paper is entirely impractical for this community and we suggest that anyone desiring to aid the National effort that respect, make their own disposition of the material in Santa Barbara.

Storage facilities are unavailable here and we are not attempting any collections.

With many thanks again,

Stephen Gates, C. D. C.

Evelyn Buell, AWVS Chr.

Friday, January 21, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Lt. Aage Rasmussen, now stationed in Panama with the A. A. A.

January 9, 1944

Dear Walt and Mella:

Well, here I am again—but I assure you my thoughts have been with you many times even though I am slow in writing.

I tried for two years to get foreign service and this is what they gave me—about as far from any action as ever. The most dangerous enemy we have here is a very small bug called a mosquito, and A. A. is not very effective against them---!

I was pretty much disappointed when I found out that I was to be stationed in Panama, but I don't feel so bad about it now—in fact I like it here. The work is interesting and living conditions are not bad here at all. The weather is almost like California, except that it rains almost every day. The jungles here are very thick—almost impassable and I can readily imagine what the boys in the South Pacific have to contend with. We have almost every variety of tropical fruit, tropical birds—monkeys and snakes, some of which get to be 18 feet long. The only Boa Constrictor I have seen so far, was very dead, and I hope I never see a live one.

We are in the jungle, yet we are only about 30 minutes from the city. Another Lt. and I have a little cabin with running water, electric lights, a big refrigerator, full of coca-cola (no rum) and a bunch of bananas hanging on the front porch so you see we are very comfortable.

Haven't been getting the paper very regularly and I know it is because I have not sent you my latest address—I sure miss it.

Walt would you please express my appreciation and thanks, to the American Legion for the paper and also for the Christmas card I received. The Santa Ynez Valley News may not be the biggest paper in the world, but to me it is the best. Just like a visit home to read each copy.

Enough for now Walt, and may the new year bring the best of everything to you and your family, and the good old Santa Ynez Valley.

Your friend,

Aage

Friday, January 21, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Jan. 16

Dear Walt and Mella:

Just a line to let you know where I am and what I'm doing in this man's country.

I am stationed in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, going to a motor mechanics school in the field artillery. This part of the army uses heavy guns and uses the big trucks as prime movers of the guns. It is our job to keep these trucks in good condition. I will be stationed here for at least 17 weeks training and then will be a "cadieman" or will be stationed some place in a line outfit to take care of their trucks.

Walt, I would like to continue taking the paper to my home address, as my wife enjoys the paper as much as I do. I think the subscription runs out in February, but I or my wife will pay you to continue it. Also, I would appreciate getting one here at camp for my own benefit.

Now that I'm stationed at a permanent base I would appreciate hearing from some of the boys in the service. My address is Pvt. Delbert J. Davis, Bat. C, 33 BN, 8 Rgt. F. A. R. T. C. Bks 4 Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Thanking you kindly, I remain, yours truly,

D. J. Davis

P. S. Tell everyone hello.

Friday, January 21, 1944, Page One

To The People of this Community

Think It Over

How about doing a little cold turkey thinking after you lay aside this newspaper tonight?

You've got a good job. The chances are there is someone else in your family perhaps two or three working. Your son or your brother may be away at war.

The war must end sometime.

Your whole family, your neighbors are praying it ends soon and those fighting boys of yours will come home safely.

But will you be ready for whatever happens when peace comes? Will you have something laid away? We're all hoping there'll be jobs aplenty, jobs which mean making something for somebody's happiness and not for somebody's sorrow. That's where your War Bonds come into the picture. Sure, Americans own billions of dollars of War Bonds now; and before this 4th War Loan ends they will have put away billions more. But how about you?

You're the one that counts. The bigger the pile of War Bonds you have when peace comes, the bigger chance you'll have to slip right into the post-war world you're dreaming about tonight.

So, "Let's All Back the Attack." The

Editor.

Friday, January 21, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

This letter was published in the Santa Maria Courier, and gives you an idea what our boys are going through for the peace of this country and the world:

“Bawl holy hell out of ‘em, if they think we’ve got a picnic out here,” says Allen C. Lascalles, [sic] writing from the South Pacific war area to his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Philip E. Lascalles, [sic] of Orcutt. Rev. Mr. Lascalles is pastor of the Orcutt Community Church.

The pacific fighter enlisted in the Air Force and has seen action in the Hawaiian and South Pacific battle areas. He writes:

“You don’t know how appreciated your intentions are. A letter now and then does make the distance seem a great deal less than it actually is. Of course, any distance is a long way when it’s under these conditions.

“I’m glad someone thinks we are getting along fast and furious down here. The fellows here seem to think differently. Naturally we are doing everything in our power to benefit ourselves, but wee alone cannot swing the entire show. Part, perhaps not the biggest job, and then again the biggest in the sense of money, must be taken over by those of you who are in your homes.

“I know you sit down and pick up the papers and read all about the so-called victories we are piling up for ourselves and say to yourselves, “The boys are doing all right for themselves,” and let it go at that.

“You (I don’t mean specifically you alone) don’t realize the situation. You haven’t shaken hands with the combat crews and taken final instruction from them as to the disposal of their things, should they not return.

“You haven’t witnessed a take-off for a mission and wondered if you’ll see that ship again.

“You haven’t seen a heavy bomber come limping back from a mission, hardly able to fly because of the damage done and enemy bullets and shrapnel, and land nearly out of control, and after it rolls down the runway a few yards, go completely out of control and then crash?

“How do you think those men feel who are aboard that plane not knowing whether or not their time is up?

“I’ve seen it. I know what they feel. Specifically one instance, because it was my plane. I say mine, because it’s up to me to see that that ship is properly taken care of while it’s on the ground; to keep it in shape, so she can fly time and time again. I know as well as anyone in a combat zone, what it means. It’s real to me, not just imagination. And then you say, “they’re doing alright.” Sure we are all o.k. but how long can we stay that way, if you sit back and keep saying, “Fine, fine, fine!” “I didn’t intend to blow off my top, and here I’ve done it. Paper is too scarce to waste, so I’m sending it anyway. Perhaps you can get a fiery sermon from it, or something. I have known you to do it.

“I said I had to blow my top off somewhere, because I’ve gotten several letters, all conveying the same idea. One from a Coast guardsman, who has been in the service a little over a year, and as yet has not even been at sea. He says he has it in mind we’ll all be home in a month or so. Maybe so, I wish it had been over a year or two ago. One thing else I can truthfully say, “Whether a man claims to be a Christian or not, he finds out fast in a place like this. If you know anyone who claims he’s not, send him down here to me. I’ll make one of him fast. He’ll begin to wish aircraft had never been invented.

“Try to visualize what I have said in this letter next time you read about an allied victory down here. See if you can imagine the price that victory cost. Show anyone who thinks we have a picnic this letter, and then bawl ‘holy hell’ out of them for me.” [NOTE: The surname for this family is spelled Lascelles.]

Friday, January 21, 1944, Page Four: Editorial

To the People of this Community

Kill or Be Killed

US Marines paid the stiffest price in human life per square yard for the capture of Tarawa, vital Pacific outpost.

It was kill or be killed. Your boys did not flinch when they ran into the deadliest fire power along the beaches of this important Gilbert Island stronghold.

This assault, bloody and costly, is one of the many which must be made before Tokyo and Berlin are pounded into dust and ashes.

What are you doing to back up the boys? Remember these are boys perhaps from your very home. Any home in your neighborhood which today does not display the treasury's red, white and blue 4th War Loan Shield proclaiming "We bought Extra War Bonds" is not backing the attack. Every Extra War Bond you buy becomes a direct fighter against Japan and Germany. If you could but see one man die on the battlefield, you would not count the cost of your slight sacrifices to buy Extra War Bonds to make each succeeding assault less costly in the lives of our boys.

You can't afford NOT to buy Extra Bonds in the 4th War Loan if you would help these boys.

The Editor.

Friday, January 21, 1944, Page Six

Photo: Imprisoned Hero Consoles His Son

Exclusive photo of a letter by Lieut. Col. James P. Devereux to his son, Paddy, 10. He received it at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. J. P. Welch of Burlingame, California. Devereux was a major stationed on Wake Island when the Japanese attacked. When Devereux was asked if he wanted anything he replied with the now historic phrase: "Send us more Japs!"

From Major J. P. S. Devereux USMC

Barracks No. O Room No. C-1

Shanghai War Prisoner's Camp

April 27, 1943

To: Mr. Patrick Devereux

c/o Colonel J. P. Welch

QMC US Army

Governor's Island, New York

Dear Paddy:

Our loss must have indeed been a shock to you; it was to me. We both loved her so much. I only wish that I could be with you but you are indeed fortunate to have your grandparents to watch over you. I made a broadcast recording to you last fall. Do hope-----

In your mother's letter she said you were doing well in church and school. Keep up the good work. You will find both extremely necessary in later life.

Your mother wrote that you were "throwing your weight around" the post on account of the Wake Island Marines. They did quite well and I am proud of them but remember that it just so happened that we were there. Anyone else would have done the same. You must remember that the work done behind the lines is often more vital than at the front.

Your affectionate father,

Daddy

[This letter was written in response to the death of Major Deveraux's wife who was Patrick's mother.]

Friday, January 21, 1944, Page Eight: Editorial

To the People of this Community

You are Important

There is no such thing as a “little” investment in the fourth War Loan.

Your \$25 or \$50 or \$100 Extra War Bond may not have great importance in your mind in making up a 5 ½ billion dollar total for individuals.

But multiply yourself by 130,000,000 and then you see in real perspective how truly great each citizen becomes in massing national strength against the Nazis and the Japs.

Capt. Maurice Witherspoon, Navy chaplain aboard the Carrier WASP when she sank, tells of a rescued wounded sailor, who as he regained consciousness asked, “Did I do my best?”

That’s the only question you too have to ask yourself when you decide the extent of your persona participation in the Fourth War Loan.

There undoubtedly will be large single purchases of War bonds in this community but yours—if it is “your best” will deserve equally the red, white and blue shield you are privileged to display in the window of your home.

So “Let’s All Back the Attack.” The

Editor.

Friday, January 28, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

The following letter is from Ronald Smith, now stationed in Italy. It is written to his family here.

Dear Mother and All:

I am sending my European campaign ribbon home for you to keep for me until I get back. We have not received the stars to put in them yet. We are supposed to get a star for each major battle we have gone through. We should get about ten or twelve.

I received the Christmas package from Lorraine the other day. I wish I could get someplace where I could get something to send her. But we don't always get what we want over here.

I think we are going to have turkey tomorrow (Christmas day) I hope.

I am getting along fine. Having plenty of rain.

Ronald.

Friday, January 28, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

January 15, 1944

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

I want to thank everybody that remembered me at Christmas time. I enjoyed the cards very much. I also want to thank the Legion Post 160 for sending me the Valley News all these months. I didn't think I would enjoy the news as much as I do right at the present time.

Sincerely yours,

Henry V. Rasmussen, M. M. 2/c

Friday, January 28, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

January 15, 1944

Dear Sirs:

I was receiving the paper regular but the last few months they have been moving me around quite a bit and it takes some time for it to catch up to me. I still enjoy reading the home news, especially the letters from the boys all over the world.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for sending the paper to me, I appreciate it very much.

I am now down in Texas going to pre-flight school at San Antonio. The weather here has been very good up to now, but last night it got cold and we got an inch of snow. It makes the first time in four years that it has snowed in San Antonio.

Have not been very lucky in meeting any of the boys from home, but hope while in Texas, I would be lucky enough to see some of the boys. Will close for now, so good bye to all.

A-c Frank Alegria

Gp 1 Sq 80, AAFPS—SAACC

San Antonio, Texas

Friday, January 28, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Sticking to a habit learned in childhood, Elmer Rasmussen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasmussen, now with the Seabees in Alaska, didn't open his gift packages until Christmas, a procedure that other fellows in his company, who waited, "took in." This he relates in a letter to a member of his family, adding, "I was sure surprised and pleased to receive a package from my friends back home. Something like that really makes a fellow feel better about being in a place like this. Ever since the war started, I have always thought that if everybody would put as much into the war effort as the farmers do, this war would be shorten quite a lot. Even up here the men do plenty of griping if they have to work over nine hours a day and that's a pretty short day on the farm." Elmer expresses his appreciation to his folks and friends.

A note from the commander appearing in the Christmas Day menu conveyed his greeting to the men and brought the welcome prediction that they would be seeing an early spring thaw at home, "and that isn't scuttle butt," Elmer comments. However, he does not dare to become too enthusiastic about prospects. The weather, he states, is of the Minnesota variety (where he was born) with strong winds, but living in tents is not as disagreeable as he had anticipated. Oil burners are used to provide heat, but are turned off during the night. The bugler, who gets up early, stops in and starts the stove in the tent where Elmer has his "sack" so getting up is comfortable.

Word from Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen's son Earl, who has been in the service three years this week, and was with the invading army at Attu, and now stationed in the Hawaiian Islands, states, that he has recently been promoted to Sergeant.

Friday, January 28, 1944, Page Four: Editorial

To the People of this Community

You Can Afford It

You can afford to buy Extra War Bonds during this Fourth War Loan Drive.

Everyone in this community knows incomes are higher than ever before—that both workers and farmers have more cash than ever before. Everyone knows that more than one member of hundreds of families are income earners—and everyone knows that increases in wages and salaries have far outstripped rising prices and increased taxes. You can afford to buy Extra War Bonds.

As a matter of fact, you can't afford NOT to buy Extra War Bonds. If you spend your money on needless, scarce goods, you are increasing prices . . . if you want to help with the war, you can't afford NOT to buy War Bonds. If you want to help that boy in the service, you can't afford NOT to buy Extra War Bonds and if you want a gilt-edged investment for your own future security, you can't afford NOT to buy Extra War Bonds.

Don't just do the expected—buy all the Bonds you can.

The Editor

FEBRUARY 1944

Friday, February 4, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

The following letter comes from Tommie Schell, son of Mrs. Henry Hauser, who is somewhere in New Zealand. He is with the Navy.

January 25, 1944

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you and the American Legion for making it possible for me to have the Valley News. When I was on Guadalcanal all of my buddies used to read the paper and get a great deal of enjoyment out of it. Most of the fellows are from big cities and aren't used to a paper like the Valley News. I can truthfully say it has been appreciated by all.

I keep reading about the fellows back home and the various places they are doing duty in the states. Boy all I have to say is I sure hope I get a crack at it soon. My best regards to all of the folks and fellows at home. Yours truly,

Tommie Schell

Friday, February 4, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

January 24, 1944

Dear Walt:

Just a short line to let you know of a change of address I've finished a wreck course at Norman, Oklahoma and I am now in a squadron of beachcraft planes here in Florida. I like this type of work quite a bit and I believe I'll get along in the squadron ok.

I appreciate getting the Valley News very much and I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending it to me. Sincerely yours,

B. A. Jensen S1/c AMM

Tn Sqd 8c, group 4 Whiting Field, Milton Florida

Friday, February 4, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Dear Editor:

I am taking this opportunity in writing these few lines to let you know that this is my second Christmas in the HTO [sic]. I am still receiving the Valley News, and do not know how to express my sincere thanks to you and the American Legion. It sure is good to know all the news of home, and to know of all the fellows in the service. A hearty hello to you all.

I cannot think of any changes that have occurred since I last wrote, although I have been fortunate enough to have visited London, but did not find any skyscrapers there, however, I visited many other places, like Westminster Abbey where England's kings and greatest men are buried, and St. Paul's Cathedral with its famous dome; and the tower of London, which was built almost a thousand years ago. All of these buildings have played an important part in England's history.

On my second leave, I visited the historic Scottish capital, Edinburgh, scene of the "Tales of Scotland" and Robert Louis Stevenson, many of which you have read. Also saw many other places of interest.

I would say that the climate here is very similar to California's. At this time of year it is continually rainy and misty, with no snow, but a damp, penetrating cold all the time. I have been here well over a year now and I hope that I shall eventually get used to this climate.

In closing this letter, I shall again thank you and the American Legion for the paper, and also for the beautiful Christmas card that I received. A "hello" too, to all the valley friends, and the best of health and cheer in this new year.

Sincerely,

Cpl. Joe Miranda

Friday, February 4, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Santa Ynez Valley News

Dear Editor:

I just received several copies of the Valley News and it sure was good to read about the valley. It has been quite a few months since I had read it.

North Africa is like some parts of California. There is some farming, but they don't produce much. They grow a lot of oranges, cabbage and potatoes. Most of the people are Arab and French. I don't understand much they say. I sure will be glad to get back to California as it is the best place I have seen yet. I will close for now and I want to thank those again who made it possible to send us the Valley News.

Pvt. John Green

Friday, February 4, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

The following V-mail letter was received this week from Ensign Harley Sorensen, Jr., who is now in the South Pacific as a Port Director in the Navy. It was dated January 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Walt Hanson

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Walt and Mella:

I hope you will forgive me for not having written to you before, it isn't that I don't appreciate receiving the paper—far from it, I enjoy it very much, instead just chalk it up to a natural laziness.

As so many others away from home have written to you, getting the Valley News is one of the high spots in the routine of service life. Reading in it of the doings of the people you know, plays a large part in dispelling that lonesome feeling you get by living away from the valley, and I think I would be safe to say that everyone away from the valley does get lonesome.

I have been away from there almost a year now and the other day when I received a telephone call from "Mickey" Hanly, was the first time I have run into anyone from home. I hope I am lucky in the future.

There has been some delay in the arrival of the paper since I arrived here, due I think to a slight error in my address. Please note correct address.

Thanks again, Harley.

Friday, February 11, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Santa Ynez Valley News

Dear Editor:

Thanks to the American Legion, I'm able to keep up on what's new in the valley and I want to thank them sincerely for the news which I have been receiving regularly.

I finished my training in November and since that time, have been based here in Douglas, Arizona as test pilot in these twin-motored training ships. It's an extremely interesting job, though very tiring, and to say that never a day goes by that something different doesn't happen puts it mildly. It's wonderful work, though.

I'd like very much to hear from the other boys and girls scattered around the country who, like myself, have very strong roots binding them to the beautiful spot called the Santa Ynez Valley, and if anyone happens to be right down here on the Mexican border in their travels, would certainly like to have visitors. My address is, Sylvia B. Barter, WASP c/o P. O. Douglas Army Air Field

Douglas, Arizona

Sincerest wishes to all,

Mrs. Sylvia Bredall Barter

Friday, February 11, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Feb. 3, 1944

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

Just a line to let you know my change of address and to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News which I enjoy very much. Also to thank the American Legion for the hospitality card which I just received.

Sincerely,

Kellis Wolf AMM 1/c

Moon Island Airport,

Hoquiam, Washington

Friday, February 11, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Feb. 6, 1944

Dear Walt and Mella:

Just a line or two to thank you and the American Legion for the Valley News each week. It is certainly nice to be able to sit down and read all about what's happening at home and what all our friends are doing. As you can probably imagine, Helen and I have a fight every time the paper comes to see who gets it first, and as usual she always wins.

The sun is actually shining here today, the first time since Christmas. We haven't had to dream about a white Christmas here, we've really had one.

Thanks again for the paper, and also for the Hospitality card sent by the Legion.

Yours truly,

Daryl A. Nielsen, 1st Lt. C. E.

Eng. Sec. Utah ASF Depot

Ogden, Utah.

Friday, February, 11, 1944, Page Eight: Advertisement: What You Buy With War Bonds

V Mail

When a soldier or a sailor is low in spirits there is nothing that will cheer him up as much as a letter from home, so the War and Navy Departments have devised a method for getting "the word" to its fighting men with greatest dispatch. This is the microfilm method of transmitting letters, known to all of us as Vmail.

Any news from home is bound to please our soldiers and our sailors but the news they want to have most is the news from our production front and news that we are winning our fight against inflation by our savings and investment in War Bonds.

US Treasury

Friday, February 18, 1944, Page Four: Letters from Our Men and Women In The Service

Dear Editor:

I know it's been over a year since I have written a letter to the paper. There is not any excuse, but I never seem to get one written. Every time the paper comes, I plan on writing and thanking you and the American Legion for sending it. But another week goes by and the paper comes and still the letter has not been written. Have a little time on my hands for a change, so I will write and let you know that getting the paper is really swell, it's about the only way a guy can keep track of all the boys and girls in the service, besides knowing what is going on in the valley.

I am still up here in Washington, but it does not look like I will be here very long. Been in this camp for over twenty months, and am almost used to all the rain they have here. We have had swell weather for this time of the year. Last year, at this time, we had four inches of snow and a lot of cold wind. This year it has been like summer-we even had a week of sun shine.

Bud Jones has been down two or three times and we had some fun. Been looking for him down again, but have not heard from him. I see by the paper that Kellis Wolf is stationed at Moon Island, Washington. That is only 25 miles from here. Am planning on going on pass this weekend, so may try to see him.

Will close for this time, thanking you, and the Legion for sending the papers. Say hello to all the boys and I hope to see them all soon, as ever,

Cliff Asselstine.

Friday, February 18, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Boys And Girls In The Service

The following V-mail letter from Lowell Mansfield, who is in the Navy.

Dear Editor:

It's about time that I write and thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. Believe me I really enjoy it, even it is a month or so old.

Since I left the states, I have seen a lot of new places. Was down at Cuba and in the Caribbean and thanks to our Navy's sub chasers, I didn't have to swim in it, but for while I thought I was.

Now I am stationed on a Naval air station which is a good duty but these islands, I can't say too much for them.

There isn't much more that I can say so will close and hoping everyone is fine. I would like to hear from some of the fellows that I went to school with.

Sincerely,

Lowell S. Mansfield S 1/c

Friday, February 18, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Alexandria, Louisiana Feb. 6

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

Thought it was about time I dropped you a few lines and thanked you folks and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News that I have been receiving regularly. Rose enjoys the paper as much as I do. Also wish to thank the American Legion for the Hospitality card and I assure you that I will use it. Not much in the way of news to write about. I am still stationed here in Louisiana. The last time I wrote I was in Texas. We had two months of maneuvers down here and have also gone to machine gun school. Haven't met up with any of the fellows from the valley as yet, but hope to some time. We thought our maneuvers were pretty rough, but I now they are mild compared to what the boys have to go through over there.

It is too bad that you can't have some of the rain out there that we have here. It has rained at least two or three days of every week since we have been stationed here.

There are two other army camps here besides Camp Claiborne and two air bases, so it is a pretty busy place, especially on weekends.

Alexandria is about the size of Santa Barbara, but not nearly as nice. I still don't think there is any place like California and the Santa Ynez Valley. Will close for now and hope to see you all again soon. I'll take this opportunity to say hello to all the fellows and girls in the service from the valley. The best of luck to everyone, I remain. Sincerely yours,

Robert "Pete" Miller

Friday, February 18, 1944, Page Eight

German War Prisoner Heard From Through Red Cross

Mrs. Oliver Crismon was happy to receive the first direct mail on Tuesday from her husband, who is a German prisoner of war, through the Red Cross.

Friday, February 18, 1944, Page Eight

Ronald Smith Writes from Italy

A letter from Ronald Smith to his folks has been received. He is still in Italy and reports that he is still ok. He has been made corporal and stated that he would be made sergeant in a couple of days. He says "they say that the war will be over this year, I sure hope so. I don't know if I can stand much more of it." Ronald has been in Italian campaign from the start and has seen some of the toughest fighting so far.

Friday, February 25, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Aleutians,

February 5, 1944

Dear Editor:

I guess it is just about time that I write and thank you and the American Legion for sending me the paper. It sure is good to get caught up on all the activities that are going on in the Valley. The paper didn't arrive very regular at first but it comes regularly now. I sure like to read about the other boy in the service and their letters they write, but when it comes to write myself that seems to be a different story.

This is a cold place up here and we do get plenty of snow and you know I am not used to that. I have been writing to Raymond Watson who is also in this area, but as yet our letters seem to have a little trouble arriving at their destination. I have written to him about three times and he hasn't received a letter of mine. He will probably read this in the paper, so he will know I have answered his letters.

I have been up here for about 8 months and was in the Infantry when I first arrived up here. They made us hike up and down all these hills and I do mean hills. But then we were transferred to the Coast Artillery and have been taking life easy. All I have to do was stand guard for a couple of hours, then sleep for 20 or so.

I sure would give anything to see the Valley again and some of that sun. I don't like this winter nor the snow either.

I want to thank you and the Legion for the Valley News and would like to hear from Bob Asselstine. I lost track of his address and where he has been.

Sure hope to see you soon and good luck to the rest of the Valley soldiers.

Edward FitzGerald

Friday, February 25, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Dear Walt:

Just a line to thank everyone that remembered me at Christmas time. I really enjoyed the cards very much. Also want to thank you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News. I sure appreciate it very much. That's all for now and thanks again for sending the news.

Sincerely yours,

Arnold Christensen

MARCH 1944

Friday, March 3, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Wally Johansen, formerly a Santa Ynez Valley cowtester. He is a brother of Mrs. Don James, who formerly lived here.

Pearl Harbor,

Feb. 21, 1944

Dear Editor and Friends in Solvang

You've had a letter coming for a long time, but I just couldn't seem to get around to it until now, I finally made it.

I've been here on the island of Oahu for eleven months now, seems like a long time. I've been getting the Valley News quite regular. Sometimes they come in bunches, but like the rest of the fellows say "it's always good news even though it's old."

I saw Henry Rasmussen and Arnold Christensen over here. It is swell to meet someone from the old stamping grounds.

I've got pretty good duty over here, sleep on innerspring mattress and work six days a week with every Sunday off.

Honolulu isn't much of a liberty town, but we get along. At least it's better than a fox-hole.

The chow is pretty good. We get lots of butter and quite a bit of fresh fruit, but I'll take "Sunny Corner" any day.

It is almost black-out time so I better sign off. I want to take this opportunity to send my greetings to all the Dairymen in the valley. I sure miss my cows and wouldn't mind being back with the Dairy Department again. Let's hope '44 will bring better days. Sincerely yours,

"Wally"

Friday, March 3, 1944, Page One

The following letter is from Slim Colombo to the Bumpass family. Slim is in the South Pacific.

February 14, 1944

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bumpass:

I received the Valley paper the other day. As I was reading it, I read what you folks are doing for the boys in the service. I think you are the swellest people in the world, you're doing a great job. You can bet that I am pretty proud that I am from the Valley. I guess you would like to know how I am making it. I am feeling fine, altho I thought for a while it was H---. I think the worst part is no sleep. For the first month I was so sleepy I could even sleep standing up. There were many nights that our little friends would come and pay us a "visit" and he would keep us up all night, the rat, altho I will always remember Christmas night. He came and his pals came with him. He may have given us H---, but he payed that night, for he never got home. I guess I better not say too much about it, for it may be cut out and that is not so good. I can say the place has taken a good cleaning and it is not so bad to live here. We have a swell PX so you see we can get some of the things we need. One thing we always look for is the time for mail call. I get a letter most of the time that there is mail call. When I get the Valley paper I sit down and read it all before I do a thing. I can't stand how much the paper helps me along, for there is times when I don't care what happens, then I get the paper and see what you folks are doing in the Valley and it puts the old fight back into me. It looks like I will have to close for this time. I'm hoping this letter finds you all in the best of health and keep the swell work up.

Yours as ever,

Slim

Friday, March 3, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

February 18, 1944

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson

I want to take this time to thank you and the Legion for sending me the Valley News.

(Continued on last page)

(Continued from page one)

I'll try and tell you a little about this place. It's as flat as -----! The wind blows harder and stronger than at Gaviota Pass and blows every day and is icy cold. There is ice on the ground and icicles on our barracks all day long—so far we have had snow twice and really had some good snow fights. Our food is tops (dessert twice a day). Our clothing is warm and we really enjoy our red flannels.

Had better sign off now and do my laundry.

Thanking you again very kindly for the news.

With Respect,

Q. A. C. Alfred J. Barrett

902 T. G. Blks T-308

Flight 216-B A. A. A. F

Amarillo, Texas.

Friday, March 3, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

A.S. T. S. U. 4763 Veterinary company Barracks 7

Barracks 7 Colorado State College, Fort Collins, Colorado

Mr. Walter Hanson, Editor

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Mr. Hanson:

I am writing to send my sincere but tardy thanks to you and the American Legion for your most welcome paper and for the hospitality card. They are both appreciated very much but above all, they make me feel very glad that I hail from such a grand place as the Santa Ynez Valley. Even though I've been away a great deal of the time during the last 6 years, I'm determined as ever to return there some day for good.

Please extend my best wishes to all the Valleyites in the service and to all those on the home front around there.

In haste—but with very best wishes.

John Carricaburu

Friday, March 3, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

49 Chester St.

Watertown, 72 Massachusetts,

February 19, 1944

Hello Folks:

Well I suppose you folks in the Valley think I have forgotten you. Really I haven't. It is so good to read all about you in the Valley News. I am hoping I will be able to renew my subscription for another year.

Since last I wrote to the Valley News, Bill and I have travelled all over the place. When we left California we went to Tennessee where Bill was stationed for about a month and a half. From there he was transferred to Adjutant General School at Fort Washington, Maryland. I went home for a visit while he was there and joined him for his last 2 weeks. Then we were transferred to Pine Camp, New York. We liked it up there. Bill was there only 2 months when he got his orders to report to Fort Knox to be in the Armored Replacement Training Center. At present that is where he is. As you can see I am here at home as my Dad needed someone to take care of the house. I have been home since my Mother passed away and expect to be here for the duration.

I guess that brings us up to date so I will close with—I miss every last one of you and hope someday to come and see you all.

Yours as ever—

Jean B. Eaton

Friday, March 10, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Henry Rasmussen M M 2/c who is stationed in the South Pacific written to his folks Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasmussen of Solvang. He saw his brother Earl for the first time since entering the service.

February 27, 1944

Dear Mom and Dad:

Today I was on the best liberty I have had since I came in the service. I was out to see Earl. He was surprised to see me. He did not have the slightest idea I was here. It sure was pretty nice to see him. He is just fine. I guess you know he was down in the Marshalls. We sure had a lot to talk about. It was the first time he had seen me in uniform.

Today when I was with Earl he got two letters from you. He and I both had to read them. Tonight when I came back, here was a letter for me from Mom. Thanks a million. It was a V dated Feb. 20.

So you have been kinda under the weather. I hope by this time you feel better again.

I guess this will be all for tonight. Will write again after next Sunday.

As ever and always,

Henry

Friday, March 10, 1944, Page One

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Morr each received letters from sons in the service. Mrs. Morr's letter came from her son, Kenneth, who is a T/Sgt. In the Army, stationed in England. He has been there four months and is feeling fine although he has scarcely seen the sun during his stay there. Mr. Morr's letter was from his son George, who is an AMM 2/c in the Navy, stationed at Pearl Harbor. On arrival there recently after a leave spent in the states, he stated he met "Mickey" Hanly thirty minutes after he landed.

Friday, March 17, 1944, Page One

Cliff Runte, who is with the Seabees in the South Pacific, wrote to the American Legion stating he was feeling fine, although he was still on the mend from a knee injury. Letter received today from Cliff states that he is in the Navy hospital at Pleasanton, California, arriving there Wednesday.

Friday, March 17, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service
Fort Bragg, NC

Dear Editor:

Just a line to let you now of change of address. I am now in Tr C. 44th Cav. Ren. Sg. Mecz. Fort Bragg, NC.

I have been receiving the Valley newspaper over a year. It is sure swell getting it.

Well that's the only way a guy can keep track of all the boys in the service, besides knowing what is going on in the Valley.

I will close now and I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News. PFC

Simon Ortega

Friday, March 17, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In the Service

The following letter had four censor stamps on it, and had portions cut out.

Australia,

February 28, 1944

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know I'm still receiving the ever welcome News for the Valley.

Really enjoy the letters from the Valley boys in other parts of the world.

Have made a couple trips to New Guinea in the past year, but was not treated too badly up there although it isn't what I would call a healthy climate to live in.

Will soon have two years down here on this under side of the world, but hope before another rolls around to be back to the Valley for a visit. The aerial photos you published some time ago were really appreciated.

My address has changed a bit since I wrote last, so you can make a note of the change.

So long for now and Best of Luck

Sgt. Fred R. McKee

Friday, March 17, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

USS Waller March 3, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have a little time on my hands, so I thought I would drop you a line to let you now that I am still receiving the Valley News right a long and that I appreciate it very much. Mail is the one thing we have to look forward to. You can always tell when we are nearing port as about all you hear is the letters you are going to get or expecting to get. As soon as we are inside the nets we have the boat in the water and going after mail. They know better than to come back without any mail, too.

I hear that there are quite a few fellows for the Valley out here. I t has been over a year since I have seen or talked to anyone from the valley, and I sure would like to run across a few of them.

Things are looking pretty darn good here now. When I first came out in this area we always seemed to be fighting against odds and sometimes had a pretty rough time of it. We have hit them with some mighty hard blows and have gotten the upper hand now and expect to keep it.

Yours truly,

Hakon W. Jensen R. M 3/c

Friday, March 17, 1944. Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

South Pacific

March 1944

Hi Walt:

I guess it is about time for me to write and let you know that I have been receiving the paper since I arrived here again. I don't know here you got the address but I sure enjoyed having a couple of the papers to read when I arrived.

Everything is about the same as when I left, except maybe a little more work. I haven't quite gotten settled yet, but I guess I will shortly. I did lose all seniority in time. I am just as bad off as far as getting reassignment.

The first "thing" I met when I returned was that "Mickey Hanly". About a week later I looked up from a sound sleep to see Jack Farren, and I nearly passed out. One of this station from home is nearly enough to suffer without having to see two of your buddies suffer too.

I would like to thank my friends about the valley for their hospitality and consideration. I didn't quite know how to appreciate it until I left it. That is my trouble, never knowing when to appreciate a good thing.

Thanks, Walt, and also the American Legion for sending the paper. I enjoy it very much.

Sincerely, Yours,

George M. Morr, AMM 3/c

PS Walt, I received the Hospitality card from the Legion. I wish to thank them very much I will perhaps be using it one of these days.

Friday, March 17, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

March 8, 1944

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Dear Walt and Mella:

Just a short line to thank you and the American Legion for the paper as it is always good to get and read. It is the only source of news I get from the Valley outside of the news I get from the folks.

I would appreciate hearing form some of the fellows in the service, as I don't know their address so I can't write letters. I've been getting letters from Johnny Carricaburu who is in Colorado.

By the way has the valley a basketball team? I haven't heard much about them but sure would like to be there to play with them.

This is the most desolate place outside of the US that a soldier could be in, so you can guess how much I'd like to be back in the Valley.

I was sure sorry to hear about Henry Holzer, as it must have been terrible.

We are in the eighth week of training and we have only seven left and then will be shipped to either, Fort Ord, California, or Fort Mead, Maryland to a line outfit and then from there, I don't know. From what they tell us it will be overseas so I'll try and write you from Tokio or Germany.

Well Walt I'll close now with my best regards.

Pvt. Delbert Davis

Bat. C. 33 Bn 8 Rgt Bkts4

F.A.R.T.C. US Army

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

PS Give my regards to everybody in the Valley.

Friday, March 24, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following V-mail letter is from Cpl. Karl Jorgensen who is in the South Pacific, with the 440 Signal Battalion:

Dear Walt and Mella:

After sloshing back from KP wading around to the shower, and swimming back again here I am sitting down to write letters. I don't know, I must be in the advanced stage or passed over. A normal GI would at the moment be passed out comfortably on his cot with that exhausted look on his pan slowly turning to contentment. But not me, no! With a cigar in my teeth, a look of determination, I sit here still writing replies to Christmas mail. Two reasons: laziness and Christmas mail is still coming in.

I want you to know that your card got here and I was mighty glad to get it also the enclosed photo. Believe me, if it hadn't been for the name under Audrey Mae in the photo, I might still have been in a quandary. Also, through you, I'd like to thank the Legion and the Auxiliary for their cards. The poem you enclosed made a hit in the tent and must admit there was a sharp drop after the climax. Just like me, solving a mystery –always wrong at the end.

Here's the end of the page so will have to close will write the news later. Karl

Friday, March 24, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

March 15, 1944

Dear Editor:

I guess it is about time I am writing you a line, but when it comes to writing letters I am not much good at it.

I have been getting the paper regularly and it sure is good to read what is going on in the old valley.

There isn't anything else to write so I will close. I want to thank you and the American Legion for the paper.

As ever, Niels Iversen

USS West Virginia, Div. X

% FPO San Francisco, California

Friday, March 24, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

This letter is from George Ortega who has been in action at Guadalcanal, written to Odin Buell of Buellton:

March 3, 1944

Dear Mr. Buell:

You will be surprised to receive this letter from me, but I am in the mood of writing. Hope you folks are in the best of health and does Jimmy get to ride any of the colts yet? I'll bet he will be a good old cow hand.

I was in Melbourne, Australia and had a good time there, also was in New Caledonia and Fiji Islands. In Fiji there are mostly natives, some very big fellows and the women are also large. They run around barefooted and wearing a skirt. They sure have got coarse hair, something like steel wool.

There are lots of bananas and coconuts and its green here most of the time on the islands. Rains most of the time.

Also was in Guadalcanal and saw action there. I am feeling fine and in good shape. Answer soon.

George Ortega

Friday, March 24, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

March 9, 1944

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

I have been wanting to write you for a long time, but never seem to get down to it, so today I have a little time on hand so thought it would be a good time to write a line or two. I want to say hello to you all in the Valley. I am OK and getting along fine. I want to thank you for the Valley news, as I appreciate it very much. It is one thing I always look forward to. I may be longing for home, but when I get the paper, the distance don't seem so far. I can't seem to think of the right words to say, of how much I appreciate the paper.

Thanks to the American Legion for the courtesy card. I am in the Gilbert Islands and all I can say about it is, it is a H of a place. They can say what they want about the Japs, but I think they are pretty tough. I hope I never have to go through this again.

I will never forget the first time they bombed us. I was scared and I don't mean maybe, but you soon get over it.

See by the paper that the boys always wish they could meet some of the boys from the Valley. Don't blame them for it, as it is swell to talk to someone from the Valley. Guess I am pretty lucky. Arnold Christensen and I have been together all the time since we got in the army.

Would like to take this opportunity to say hello to all the boys and girls in the services and also want to thank you all for the letters that you have written to me. I think they are all swell. So long for now, Sincerely yours.

PFC A. F. Colombo

Btry C 865 AAA A/W BN

APO 459 % Postmaster

San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, March 24, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Lt. Phil Knight, who has been stationed in Italy since the campaign opened there.

Italy,

February 24, 1944

Dear Friends:

It's not raining so I'll take this chance to say hello to you all.

I am on the Anzio beach-head. It's rougher there than it's ever been with artillery going both ways, day and night. Air activity is constant by the Jerries and us. A personnel bomb was dropped by the right flank of my battery about 4:00 am a couple of days ago. We've seen many planes go down in flames.

We've been shelled as many as four times in one day. We stay in our slit trenches, under cover all day. We eat before daylight and after dark. After spending about 22 hours a day in a slit trench, I feel like a gopher. I give all fire commands by phone.

It's going to be like a dream when all this is over. Thanks again for the paper, it's still coming alright.

Your friend,

Phil Knight

Friday, March 31, 1944, Page One

Joint Statement of Thanks

Speaking for the War Fund Committee as well as for the Santa Ynez Valley Branch of the American Red Cross, we wish to express their sincere appreciation and thanks for the wonderful response of the community to the 1944 War Fund Drive. Such whole hearted cooperation and enthusiasm for the Red Cross is very gratifying to all of us who have participated in the campaign and encourages us to greater effort to merit the continued confidence of our supporters. We take this opportunity to thank each individual contributor, and each organization who gave so generously, and to assure them of the significance of their trust and interest. With such 100 participation on the part of the American public, the Red Cross cannot fail in its mission of mercy.

Very truly yours,

Alfred Jorgensen War Fund Chairman

Elizabeth K. Gates, Santa Ynez Valley Branch, American Red Cross.

Friday, March 31, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Major Sogaard, who is now stationed at Alexandria, Louisiana

March 20, 1944

Dear Walt and Valley Friends:

It has been a long time since I've written, but you are not forgotten. I want to thank you and all my friends for the many cards I received for Christmas, also I wish to thank the Legion for the Hospitality card and also for helping you to send the Valley News each week. The Valley News is one of the most important pieces of literature to come through my "in basket." It is with regret I put it in my "out basket" after reading it all.

With my work here in Station Operation, I see quite a few pilots come in every day from all over the US. Who should get out of one of them but a "Wasp". She was the first one I had ever seen except for Sylvia Bredall. I didn't actually see Sylvia fly, but I did see this one actually fly.

I watched this take off expecting to see something unusual, but I was no different than any other pilot. I still don't see how they do it. I always thought flying was a man's job but it just goes to show you.

That reminds me of one I heard the other day. A couple of big he men "hot pilots" were watching a flight of P-47s come in for a landing. They came over the field like a streak of lightning, zoomed up. Lowered their wheels and came in, each making a beautiful landing, and taxied up to the line to park. The one "hot pilot" says to the other, "that's what I call a man's airplane." The other ace replies "you can say that again." Well the cockpit slides open and out jumps a "gal" from each one. Now wouldn't that beat you?

Well the last airplane just landed so I can go to bed, and at the same time send my best wishes to all of you.

Friday, March 31, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

England,

March 16, 1944

Dear Editor:

I am on guard duty today and have a little time, so thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know the Valley News is beginning to catch up with Charlie Burd, Mono Ontiveros and myself. I also want to thank the American Legion and Valley News for sending us the paper. It's nice to know what all the people we know in the Valley are doing. England is quite a bit different than the good old USA. They have had quite time with the Jerrys bombing their homes and cities. I happened to be in one of their attacks on London. And it's no fun to have bombs dropping around. People at home should feel good to know they are safe from things like that. We had quite a time getting used to the English money and ways, but ones doing alright now.

If there are any of the fellows here that we know, we'd sure like to hear from them and see them. And also from the people we know in the Valley. Adios for now.

Sincerely, Gene Crane

Friday, March 31, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

San Francisco, Calif.

March 7, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Just a line to let you know my new address and tell everyone that I am fine. I am on the same island as Bill Holzer and I have been getting the paper from him to read. We live right next to each other. Boy it sure is good to have someone from the Valley around to talk over old times with.

Life here on Island X is pretty dead. But the other day Olivia de Havilland came to see us, and it was the first woman most of us have seen in seven months and she sure did look good. It sure did seem funny to see a woman in between all those big burly fellows and then left.

Well good-bye to everyone, and I hope to see you all next Xmas.

Clinton W. Steffensen CM 3/c

Navy 422, Carpenter's Shop

% FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, March 31, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From The Men And Women In The Service

Fort Benning, Ga.

March 22, 1944

Dear Editor:

Well it's about time for me to drop these lines thanking you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News, which I appreciate very much.

I never had an opportunity to drop a line sooner, on account of my movement. I also want to mention my new address where I am stationed now at Fort Benning, Georgia.

In the future I expect a furlough. I hope to see some of my friends from the Valley.

I will close now wishing all the boys in the Service the best of luck.

Sincerely yours,

Leandro J. Armenta Co. K. 4th Inf.

Fort Benning, Georgia

Friday, March 31, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Kingman, Arizona,

March 26, 1944

Dear Editor:

I wish to express my appreciation to you and the American Legion for the swell job you are doing in keeping the Valley news coming our way. After eight hours of school work here at gunnery school it's swell to sit and relax while reading the News of the week from the valley. Please convey my thanks to the American Legion for their hospitality card. While in Amarillo I used my card several times and was shown utmost courtesy and hospitality. Here at gunnery school we have six weeks of extensive training on the 50 cal. Machine gun. It's study is quite interesting after using small arms while hunting in the valley. With shed shooting, night firing, air to air firing and air to ground firing, we will be quite busy so with a hello to all my friends in the valley I say so long for now.

Yours truly, Pvt. Clifford Powers

Class 44-18, 3rd SS Flight D Sec 5 K.

A. A.F. Kingman, Arizona

APRIL 1944

Friday, April 7, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Dear Editor and the American Legion:

I want to express by my appreciation for sending me the Valley News, and to inform you of my new address. I enjoy reading the home paper very much and I usually go through it three or four times. Have been receiving the paper quite regularly, in spite of the address not being right, which is all my fault.

I wish to say hello to all the boys and girls in the service, especially to the ones overseas. So far, I have not been able to get very far from home, but hope to yet. Am now in the Army Transportation corps, working with small boats.

Here's wishing you all a Happy Easter.

Cpl. Aage S. Larsen

Hq. Bty. 1st Btn 3rd Coast Art Ft.

MacArthur, Calif.

Friday, April 7, 1944, Page Eight: Public Forum

Oakland California

Dear Walt—

It must be nearly a year ago that I sent Phil a check to pay for a year's subscription each for my brother and me to that doggone Republican scandal-sheet of yours. If you will keep me posted on due-dates I'll renew those subscriptions. At the time, I guess. Phil didn't consider S. Sgt. Clausen a Valleyite so he didn't rate a Legion Hanson gift subscription, but I notice that you put him on the honor roll when you took over the editor's chair again. Be that as it may. I am enclosing a copy of a report sent by headquarters to my home town paper. You may publish it if you wish, the "Kid Brother" had quite a few friends in the valley who will be interested to know how he's faring. He wrote me one time that he enjoyed reading the Valley News but he wouldn't write and tell you for fear you'd print it on your front page with your weekly testimonials.

As for me, I spent a year building Liberty ships for Kaiser, and the past year I've put in 10 hours a day, seven days a week down on the water front loading cargo and implements of war. Since my last stupid article in your paper, I've seen a million things and situations that would make good material for human interest articles but it's also war—any mention of it brings a dozen FBI men running. How the hot breath of Uncle Sammy's is blistering my neck so I'll soon be dropping my longshore pants in favor of a khaki tuxedo.

Forgive me if I say so, but I do believe that one blessing of this war for Solvang is the scattering of her younger set to the four winds. I hope they all come back safe and sound. Solvang, I hope and believe, will be a much more worldly and less provincial place I which to live as a result. It grieves me to see so many references in your servicemen's letters about how a terribly a place to live is any spot outside the Santa Ynez Valley. But I'm glad to see a few people like your own little Audrey write in to tell that they're glad to see what the world is like beyond the edge of the duck pond. All of our country's 130 million people can't live in the Santa Ynez Valley even if that would agree with John Frame, so throughout America there are thousands of "Santa Ynez Valleys," whose people have as much right to respect of their choice as we have out here.

Now, the fond frau gives me that "you ought to be in bed you bum" look from across the table so I shall close and consort with Morpheus before another long shipside day. War, said General Sherman is hell! My greetings to you and yours, and Phil and his,

Sincerely,

Bob Clausen

Friday, April 14, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

R. C. Nelson, EM2/c

E. Div. USS Copaher [sic] Fleet

Post Office San Francisco, California

April 9 1944

Dear Walt:

It's been a long time since I have written, so I will write a few lines now to express my appreciation to you and Mrs. Hanson and to the American Legion for sending the home town paper. I don't think I've ever missed a copy. Of course there are long periods of time when there is no mail. But I always know that there will be several issues of the valley news waiting when mail does come through again. I certainly got a pleasure out of reading through the paper to see what all the folks I know at home are doing.

I've been in the service two years now, 15 months at sea. I wish I could tell you all about my ship, but you know how it is. I can tell you that I am an electricians mate and that I made my second class rating two months ago. I'll try to tell you just a bit about my work. I have been bridge electrician for about a year, having charge of all running and navigation lights, and search lights. The circuits have to be kept in perfect working order, even though they are seldom used. I stand my watches either on the bridge or in the engine room. In port I get liberty every other day. It's been a year now since I had leave. I'm hoping for one before so very long now.

I wish I could tell about some of the places I've been. I will mention that I was on board the USS Dobbin once last year, exchanging movies. Didn't know then that Freddie Christensen was on board.

Nothing more to write about, so I'll close for now, with greetings to all the other fellows and girls in the service. I get a thrill reading all their letters.

As ever,

Carrol

PS special note to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hill, due to a news item in the Valley News not so long ago, I found that one of the fellows in my division, an electricians mate, third class is your son-in-law.

Friday, April 21, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

April 13, 1944

Doane College

Crete, Nebraska

Dear Mr. Hanson

Well at last I have found time to sit down and write my thanks to both you and the American Legion for sending me the paper. It is perhaps the most welcome piece of mail that I receive since it gives me an idea of how everything and everyone in the good old Valley are. I enjoy especially the letters from fellow servicemen. Also articles concerning sports and fishing.

We have a pretty stiff course here and it is fed to us so fast it is hard to digest all of it but we are making the best of it. There are about 350 men in this station of whom well over half are, like myself, Naval Air Cadets. We are here for 8 months (two terms) and are then sent to Pre-Flight schools, where we take ground training. From there we are sent to flight schools and then to duty.

I would certainly like to hear from any of the fellows in the service with whom I went to school, and also from anyone among those stationed anywhere near Nebraska, since I get frequent liberties and would love to "chew the fat" with a "valleyite." Well, I must close and get to bed before taps, so thanking you, and the Legion again for the paper, I remain,
Yours truly,

Burdette Rubey,

Room 104 Dres Hall, Doane College,

Crete, Nebraska

Friday, April 21, 1944, Page One

Submarine Sinks Boat With Santa Ynez Valley Man On It

George H. Hartnett, rancher of Santa Ynez Valley during peacetime, but since the war started as member of an oil tanker crew engaged in carrying gasoline to the Pacific fleet on the other side of the world is "alive and well" according to a letter received by his brother, Alwin M. Hartnett, dispatcher at the Santa Barbara post office. He was an engineer on the H. D. Collier, sunk by a torpedo in the Arabian sea in midMarch and the captain are missing.

Apparently when his tanker was sunk by a submarine in the Arabian sea, he reached shore safely.

The next word received by his brother was an Easter greeting wire. This was from "somewhere in India."

The Santa Ynez man has a son, George M. Hartnett, training for the war at Pensacola, Florida.

Friday, April 28, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

April 20, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson and American Legion

It is with pleasure that I join the other valley boys in thanking you both for the Valley News. I read it always as the highlights of the week, as it brings us close to home and also furnishes a meeting place for members of the service. I am now here at Gardner Field, for on the line training, prior to going to college. I would also like to hear from some of my friends, whom I have lost track.

Sincerely yours,

L. L. (Jack) Williams ACV-OLT

Sqd G. Flt 13 Gardner Field,

Taft, California

MAY 1944

Friday, May 5, 1944, Page One

Photos: Capt. Wilson E. Burrill; Sgt. Ronald Smith

Two Men Recently Reported Missing, Are German Prisoners

A card received this week from Sgt. Ronald Smith of Los Olivos, informs his relatives that he is now a German Prisoner. He had been listed as missing in Italy since Feb. 6th.

Sgt. Smith, with the 30th infantry, has seen action at Casablanca as well as the Sicilian and Italian invasions. He has been on the fighting line nearly a year and a half.

The printed letter received from him this week reads as follows:

Feb. 18, 1944

"I am prisoner in German captivity, but in perfect health. From here I shall be transported during the next few days to another camp, the address of which I shall give you later. Only there I can get your letters and reply to them. Kindest Regards,

Sgt. Ronald A. Smith, "Infantry."

Capt. Wilson E. Burrill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Burrill of Los Olivos who was reported missing over Austria, March 19, is also a German prisoner of war, according to a communication received by his relatives this week. Capt. Burrill whose wife resides in Lompoc, was stationed in Italy and was on a bombing trip over Austria when taken prisoner, according to reports. He started his training in 1940.

Friday, May 5, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From The Men And Women In The Service

At Sea

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang California

Dear Friends:

Just a word again to say thank you for the Valley News. Also to say "hello" to all my friends in the valley.

We're still fighting to finish this war so we can get back to the life we left behind. At this time, Anzio seems like a nightmare. I don't believe I'll ever be under more fire than on that beachhead. We shot day and night ourselves. I wore out four howitzers firing 15,000 rounds while there.

Well, I must close. It seems like a dream just thinking of what it will mean seeing the Valley again when this is over.

Your friend,

Philip Knight

Friday, May 12, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men and Women In The Service

USS Pruitt

April 28, 1944

Dear Editor:

This is one of those long delayed letters which I should have written to you and the American Legion many months ago. I have planned to write a good many times, each time I received the paper, but I hope you understand as I have no excuse.

I enjoy reading the news of the valley very much. It is good to hear all that is going on in the valley and to hear about my friends in the service.

When I say "Thanks to You and the Legion" I really mean it. I thank all that makes it possible for me to receive the Valley News.

I would like to hear from some of the other fellows that are here in the South Pacific. It would be nice to meet someone from the valley and be able to talk about the valley. If anyone is out this way stop in and say "hello." I am on the USS Pruitt.

I cannot think of anything more to say. But will write again soon and let you know how things are if I meet up with any from the valley.

Again I want to thank you and the Legion for the Valley News.

As ever,

Joe Grand, Cw/t

USS Pruitt, Fleet P.O.

San Francisco, California

Friday, May 12, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men and Women In The Service

The following letter is from Cpl. Earl Thygesen to the local Legion Post. Earl is stationed at Fort Wayne, Indiana

April 28, 1944

Hi Comrades:

It's time to drop a line as it is the first time in a long time.

First of all, I would like to thank you very much for the "news" and the Legion cards, as they both come in handy, especially the "news." It really keeps me up on what's on the home front. Right now we are not so busy but they always find something for us to do anyway.

There's not much news around here, but I am getting along fine and also feeling fine and hope you are all the same. I want to greet the rest of the boys and girls in service as well as you.

Well it's time to hit the "sack" so I'll close for now and hope to see you again in the very near future.

I remain as ever, Earl

Friday, May 12, 1944, Page One: Letters from Men And Women In The Service

Tonopah Army Air Field

Tonopah, Nevada,

April 30, 1944

Dear Editor:

I guess it's time I let you know my new address and thank the American Legion for sending me the Valley News and the Hospitality Card. I'm sticking my neck out at the present moment, because I'm using G. I. time. I don't have much time, because we operate on two twelve hour shifts, of course, I have night shift. We have all the planes pre-flighted and waiting for the combat crews to take over, so I guess everything is O. K.

This place is a training base for combat crews, that just finished school and are here for their overseas training, and don't think that they don't need it, pilots and all. The other day one of the flight engineers asked me how to check the gasoline, a S/Sgt. At that.

Tonopah is located about 200 miles from Reno and about the same from Las Vegas, right out in the middle of the desert, where the sand blows freely, seven days a week. It blows so hard at times that they have to ground all the planes for a day or so. About the only thing that ever happens here, is plane wrecks.

We had something a little different the other day, one of the gunners killed 4 of his buddies with a .50 cal machine gun, just another accident.

Well I see the crews coming so will have to close again. I give my thanks to you and the American Legion for the Valley News, it comes in handy to read something other than about an airplane. So for now, Adios,

Prosper Carricaburu, Sqdr. D. 422nd A. A. F. Base Unit

Tonopah, AAF, Tonopah, Nevada

Friday, May 12, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In the Service

Somewhere in England,

April 24, 1944

Dear Friends:

A few lines to say "hello to all."

My paper arrives regularly which is next to a miracle. Mail keeping up with Parachute troops is most welcome. At times, we get it several months old.

At present, I'm up to my neck in paper work. I was made battery commander a week ago. I never fully realized how much desk work there was to a B-C's job. But it's good to be able to sit at a desk.

The country is very pretty here. It reminds me of our valley in the spring. The people treat us swell.

I must close for now, if I expect to keep my job, I'll have to get some of these bulletins taken care of.

Your friend,

Phil Knight

Friday, May 19, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

United States Marines

May 8, 1944

Dear Sir:

I just received another bundle of Valley News. They come in bunches out here. Mail doesn't come very steady, but the papers make up for it. Each paper is like an interesting letter, giving all the news from the valley. I'm certainly glad to get them, thanks a lot.

My address has changed a couple of times since I last wrote, so they might get here a little faster if you get my correct address.

We left the States the 2nd of March stopped at Hawaii and continued to here. We passed ----- and got a good look at it, or what was left of it. They really tore it up.

Now, not that I'm crowded for writing time, or that news is scarce, but the censor has a strange hobby of keeping interesting clippings.

Thanks again for the swell paper.

I hope you keep it coming.

Sincerely ours,

PFC E. A. Hansen USMCR Hd.

Sq. Mag. 15 c/o fleet PM

San Francisco, Calif.

Friday May 19, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

May 7, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson:

I want to take this time to thank you and the American Legion for the Valley news, as I look forward to each week to receive and learn all the news of the valley.

I'm in Cedar City, Utah, going to college for Air crew training and from here go to pre-flight out there in good California. The college isn't very large but is pretty. The town and country here is really nice. The town is located at the foot of some mountains here which are covered with snow at the present time.

We stay in the largest hotel here and it's really nice. We have private rooms and bath and clean sheets and towels twice a week, something I sure didn't count on in the army.

Our studies consist mainly of math, physics, and physical training—the hardest on me is the physical training—we are supposed to be able to run 4 ½ miles without stopping along with exercises.

I receive the news regularly and wish to thank you again and hope to hear from some of the gang in the service. If you guys will write, I'll always answer.

Here is a "Hello" to all in the valley and I'm in hopes of seeing you all soon.

So Long,

A/S Alfred J. Barrett

3055th AAF Base Unit

BAC-CTA, Sqd 1 Flight B

Cedar City, Utah

Friday, May 19, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Miramar, California

May 10, 1944

Dear Walt:

Well I guess it's time I drop you a line and let you know my address.

This place is really crowded, boats coming in and the salts going on leave.

We are ready for our boat ride, but something always comes up and we stay awhile longer. It's hard as the devil on the nerves.

I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News, also for the hospitality card, it's really swell.

Got to knock it off now. Give my regards to everyone in the valley.

Yours, Cpl. Warren Tate, USMC

Hdgs Sqd A1 MAG 61

MCAB Miramar, San Diego 45, California

Friday, May 19, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Ft. Bliss, Texas

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson

Have not written before as I did not know how long I would be here. From the way things are going now, it looks like I will be here for some time as this outfit has about 17 or 18 weeks training to go through before we leave Texas. The day I leave Texas will be the happiest day of my life.

Imagine that we will go out on the desert fairly soon and then maybe this outfit will start shaping up. Right now, no one seems to know what is going on and what they are supposed to be doing.

Will have to close, as I have a class in a few minutes they want us to learn something about this Radar.

Want to thank you and the American Legion again for the paper.

Sincerely,

Bob Maloney

Friday, May 26, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Dear Editor:

Well I have finally found the time to drop you a line or two, and tell you that I still receive the Valley News and just how much I enjoy reading it. I haven't received it for some time now, as I have been moved again, so will enclose my change of address and hope it will start arriving regularly again.

I am now stationed on the Gilbert Islands, and it isn't bad here, plenty of vegetation so a person doesn't lack for shade here. The natives that are here are pretty much uncivilized, but are very friendly. They surely lead a primitive life, just about like we used to read in History Books. When I first arrived overseas I landed on the Hawaiian Island, then went to Christmas Island, back to Hawaii and then ended up down here. So I have rode quite a number of miles on the old Pacific Ocean.

Well must sign off, saying Hello to everyone, and thanking you very much for the Valley paper.

Yours truly,

Dick Payne

JUNE 1944

Friday, June 2, 1944, Page Four: Editorial

Just Before the Battle, Mother

Sometimes it seems that the white flame of patriotism, which flared throughout America immediately after the outbreak of war, isn't as bright now as it was during the dark days that followed the attack on Pearl Harbor. The war is an old story now—and as the first shock has worn off, there are some on the home front who grumble, “What’s this war about anyway?” We don’t believe that attitude is typical, but for those who need to be told again what we are fighting for we recommend a letter written by Bob Rayinier, 23, stationed somewhere in Europe, to his mother, Mary Rayinier, who lives in San Francisco. The letter follows:

“Dear Mom: We’re waiting for an attack. It’s below zero and I’m almost frozen.

“You know, Mom, out here we have lots of time to think—too much sometimes. Well, anyway, the other day I got to thinking about you. I realize now more than ever how much you really mean to me. I think of you all of the time, even during battle. “I know now what I am fighting for. I am fighting for the curl in your hair and the tenderness of your touch. I am fighting that you may go on worshipping God in the same beautiful way. Well, Mom, we can hear the planes buzzing now, so I’d better close.

“All my love, Bob.”

That’s what America is fighting for—for kindness and friendliness, for the simple, sacred thing mothers teach their sons: for the right to live and work and worship, as free men. When a boy on the fighting front can write his mother that kind of letter, just before he goes into battle, certainly, we, on the home front, have no cause to grumble or question.

[NOTE: Unable to fact check this person in various military databases. This identical editorial appeared in several American newspapers at the same time.]

Friday, June 2, 1944, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Oakland, California

Solvang Free Press

Dear Walt:

Here, belatedly, is an order from Gianinni's bank [Bank of America] to pay for the two subscriptions on my bill. The kid brother—you figure it out! He only had 12 days in Santa Monica and then he was reassigned to his old outfit in South Carolina.

Since my letter appeared in our paper, four people have bothered to come around and pat my broad back—so you see you evidently do have readers. I'll try again some other year.

Tell Don Hanly or Emmett Edwards that I have had to spend considerable time the past few days telling all I know about the Valley's old timers to a Joe Machado who is driving winches in our gang. He says he grew up in the valley and "chummed" with the above mentioned boys, but left there 25 years ago. I did encourage him to go back for a visit and he says he's coming to tell your Chamber of Commerce where to send my check! Good Luck to you,

Bob Clausen

Friday, June 2, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men and Women In The Service

The following V-mail letter was received from Lucy Buell, who is with the American Red Cross in the South Pacific:

Dear Walt and Mella:

You poor devils! If all the service people have as many changes of address as I, you must have a time getting your mailing list straight. I had one paper on the train. Since then have traveled so far and made so many changes my mail is most haphazard. Am certainly looking forward to that first issue to get thru. I'm in New Guinea. Are there any others over here?

Lucy

Editor's note—Answering your question about anyone in New Guinea. Yes there are and will mail you a list of those we know that are in that area—Speaking of poor devils, well, we really do have address changes with over 200 of you folks in the service from here. We try to keep up with you and am glad to be of service to you all.

Friday, June 2, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

We received the following letter from Lt. (j.g.) Deborah Taggart USNR, who is stationed at Wave officers' quarters in San Diego US Naval Barracks First Street, Coronado San Diego, 51, Calif.

May 23, 1944

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

Now that I'm in my new job and quarters, I'd like to start getting the Valley News again. I've enjoyed it so much in the past year that I don't like missing any more copies than absolutely necessary.

It certainly feels good to be in California again—fog and all.

Last summer I fairly prayed for a good fog, but Washington never gives you that. I said then that never again would I grumble about California's May weather, which is practically the same in San Diego as in Santa Barbara.

The Wave barracks are on the beach practically in Coronado, and from my window I can see the lights of San Diego across the bay. We go to and from work by boat, which I vastly prefer to Washington's busses and streetcars. The quarters are very comfortable and pleasant, and the meals are almost too good. I'll have to start playing tennis to work them off—we have two very good courts here.

I'm hoping to be in the Valley on leave sometime this fall, and only wish I could make it sooner.

My thanks to you and the American Legion for making it possible for me to keep up with the news of the Valley I call home.

Sincerely,

Deborah Taggart

Friday, June 2, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following news item was received by the Valley News this week from headquarters of the US public relations office:

An eighth AAF fighter wing England – Six thousand miles from home, Sergeant Peter W. Jorgensen, son of Mrs. Alex [sic] Jorgensen, of 430 E. Solo [sic] St. Santa Barbara, California and his grammar school—high school friend, Master Sergeant Vernon Bebernes held a reunion somewhere in England.

Sergeant Jorgensen is a non-commissioned officer in charge of telephone communications at this P-47 Thunderbolt and P-51 Mustang wing headquarters. His unit, the former San Francisco air defense wing, was the first operational fighter wing in the European Theatre. Master Sergeant Bebernes is also in the eighth AAF serving as line chief at a B-17 Flying Fortress station.

When both were attending Santa Ynez high school they were well known in athletics as members of baseball, basketball and soccer teams. Sergeant Jorgensen upon graduation from high school was active as a member of the Solvang “Cuckoos” famed cowboy hill-billy band which was featured at Rancheros Vistadores, Vaqueros de los Ranchos and American Legion events.

Friday, June 2, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Cpl. Albert Linde writes from Texas, He was formerly a split pea “artist” at Andersen’s in Buellton.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hansen:

After receiving your paper for such a long time, I feel I ought to send you a few lines and thank you for it. My real reason for writing is I haven’t been getting the News for the last two weeks, and surely have missed it.

I was transferred to Texas and neglected to mail you my new address. I imagine I have a few copies of your paper at Richmond and that they will eventually catch up with me.

As for myself, I am doing fine and am in the best of health. Will be here around four months, so I was told. Our Btry, is taking a training course in Radar, Searchlight and Radio. Where we will go from here I don’t know and really don’t care, as I don’t like the desert any too well. I sure miss good old California, even if we had a little too much rain once in a while. This part of Texas is very dry and if I hadn’t seen some rain last night, I would never have believed that there was such a thing around here.

Met John FitzGerald in camp the other day. He is stationed across the company road from me and I do see him once in a while. It sure felt good to meet somebody from the valley.

I will close now. My thanks again to you and the American Legion for mailing me the Valley News. And my best regards to you and my friends around the valley.

Your’s truly,

Cpl. Albert Linde

Bty A. 365 AAA Sit/Bn

AAATC Fort Bliss, Texas

Friday, June 2, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following is from Pvt. Stanley Fredericksen who is stationed at Drew Field, Florida.

Dear Editor:

I think I have held off long enough now without letting you know just where I am situated and how things are going out in this neck of the woods.

Before I go any further, I want to thank you and the American Legion for the paper. I receive it weekly and enjoy every bit which is written in it, and look forward to getting it at all times.

After returning to this base, after spending a few days at home, found this to be a camp which none of the boys care too much for, and I care that much less for it. I haven't as yet found out why they did pick a spot like this to build a camp on, but that's usually the way most of the camps are laid out. I think the carpenters just got tired packing the building material here and put a barrack up where it looked somewhat level.

The organization itself here is very poorly set up and of course, that helps things out that much more.

The weather down here has been far from pleasant. I think today has been about one of the worst days we have had. The weather is sultry and we feel sticky which makes a person feel far from comfortable. This is supposed to be the rainy season of Florida, but as yet, haven't seen much rain.

The mosquitoes haven't been too badly lately but when I first entered this place, they were plentiful. I swore I had the chicken pox at first for I wasn't used to being bitten by mosquitoes. We use mosquito bars at night as they do in India and other places where mosquitoes are thick.

K. P. here is the ideal thing. I don't know just how many times I have pulled it here, but can say I haven't really enjoyed it. It seems that they know me by heart, being that I get nailed so often.

I have started my refreshing course here in radio, but don't know for sure how long I will be here. It is supposed to be a 5 week course but men are going out before they have their 5 weeks in. The majority are going P. O. E. for overseas replacement.

While I am at it, I would like to say hello to all the fellows from home in service. A number of you are doing a good job overseas and hoping some of the rest of us will get over to help shortly.

I think this will be all for this time, thanking you again and the American Legion for the paper,

As ever,

Stan

Friday, June 9, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Iran

5/21/44

Another Sunday

Dear Editor and Friends:

Have been receiving the Santa Ynez News for a long time now, and am just getting around to thanking you for it. It seems that we spend so much of our time writing; no use trying to alibi, just want you to know that my neglect is in no way due to the fact that I don't appreciate it.

So far, in none of your issues have I seen a letter from Iran. I'm thankful for that, would hate to think of anyone else from "The Garden Spot of the World" being sent here. The contrast is far too great. Judging from some of the other letters I've read, (in the News) maybe I'm not too unfortunate, at least we're not in combat, though conditions are such that sometimes we can't help wishing we were.

When we landed here, sixteen months or centuries ago, we found things pretty much the same as Jesus Christ must have left them. (They say he was born near here.)

Now for some of the "Brighter" things. We have come a longways. The sanitation work of the US army has been really something of which we can be proud. Last year at this time, we weren't certain whether the insects were going to be the only survivors, or not. This year, while not "Extinct" we have very little trouble. We have barracks, shower facilities, movies, good food, sometimes, ice cream regularly, adequate refrigeration and numerous other, what? I guess that's all anything else I might add would undoubtedly be held against me.

In describing this country and its inhabitants, well, more words are inadequate. So, when I must resort to that as a topic, it's "Nough Said."

Thanks again for the paper and you might change my APO no.

Sincerely, Cpl. Earl N. Barnes

ASN 18th Field Hospital

APO 799 c/o P. M. New York, NY

Earl is a son of Mrs. Ida Barnes who resides in Solvang.

Friday, June 9, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Major Folmer Sogaard, who is being transferred to Nebraska

May 27, 1944

Dear Walt:

Your Valley News has not been getting to me very well recently, but it has not been your fault. I've been back and forth across the States so often lately that I know every train conductor between Orlando and Phoenix, to say nothing about a half dozen bus drivers.

I'm with a new outfit now and am looking forward to its career. We have been going to school here in Orlando the past month at the army air force school of applied tactics. WE have learned a lot, but there is no better school than actual experience.

This is a very beautiful state with its hundreds of lakes and many orchards. It runs a close second to California, I think. That is a real compliment to give any state.

In a few days we will leave for our new station in Nebraska. My new address will be McCook AAF, 9th Bomb Group, McCook, Nebraska

Sincerely,

Folmer

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page One

Prisoner of War Writes Home

The following message comes from Sgt. Ronald Smith, who is a prisoner of war in Germany to his folks, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith. He was taken prisoner in Italy on February 6th while fighting with the 30th Infantry. The letter follows:

Dear Mother and Father:

I hope you know by now that I am a prisoner of war in Germany near Munich. I am getting along fine and getting enough to eat. We get a Red Cross parcel every week which is sure swell.

You are allowed to send all the cigarettes you want so please send one carton of Camels or Luckies per week. I think you can send an eleven lb. package every sixty days with food and clothing so send me 1 lbs. sugar, Tabasco, 1 lb. rice, 1 lb. Hotcake flour, 1 lb. cream of wheat or oats. 1 lb. can dry chocolate. Send the rest Hershey and Milky Way candy bars.

I am in a transit camp near my regular camp so check with Red Cross for details. Cancel the Valley News. Send parcels as soon as possible. There is nothing to worry about.

I am O. K.

Love to all,

Ronald

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Oahu Island, Hawaii

June 1, 1944

Dear Sir:

Just a short note to let you know I've been receiving the Valley paper and I appreciate it very much. It brings back many fond memories. I just wish I was reading it in Solvang, instead of Hawaii. I'm now in a tactical position on Oahu.

Everything is going along fine and I feel that I'm real fortunate I being in the set-up I'm in.

I'm looking forward to receiving the paper and again I want to thank you.

Sincerely,

Pvt. Neal L. Glisson

Btry D 485th AAA (AW) BN

APO 952 c/o Postmaster

San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men and Women In The Service

June 5, 1944

Camp Gordon, Georgia

Hi Walt and Mella:

Just a short line to give you my change of address as I've shipped out of Fort Sill to a line outfit here in Camp Gordon. It was a pleasure to get out of Oklahoma, but from the looks of the country I don't believe I've bettered myself any outside of getting into a live outfit.

The weather here is just a little bit hotter than California, but the country is just about the same as around the good old valley, except that it is covered with pine trees and not so many hills.

We are about 170 miles out of Atlanta and 15 miles out of Augusta on the Savannah river, and just about 100 miles from the Atlantic coast. If I get a chance, I'm going swimming in the Atlantic this summer.

Well folks, it's about bedtime so better close now, thanking you and the American Legion very much for the paper as it is always welcome.

Respectfully,

Pvt. D. J. Davis

Service Battery 257 F. A. Bn Camp

Gordon, Ga.

PS If any one of the fellows or girls in the service will write, I'll be sure and answer as I would like to hear from them.

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Four: Letters from Our Men And Women In The Service Armed

Guard Center

“Pacific” San Francisco, Calif.

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Editor:

It is with a great deal of appreciation that I write to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News.

When you are away from home, as thousands of us are today, we realize more than ever, the meaning of the old favorite, “Home Sweet Home,” –and any bit of news from home is always more than welcome.

We in the service do not always have the time to write each one of our friends individual letters, and so through the medium of your paper, we are able to keep in touch with the various ones, and in that way feel that we have not lost our contact with them.

Please extend my best to all of the boys in the service, and I believe that now I am safe in saying girls in uniform too, also my friends at home.

Thank you again, I am

Sincerely,

Francis E. Cota, BM 1/c

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Four Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Billy Parker writes from Italy where he has been the past two months with the signal corps. His letter follows:

Italy—May 30, 1944

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

I would have written earlier but had nothing to write about. That may sound strange, as one would think there would be lots to talk about when in a place like Italy. Well there is -----but there's always this fellow "the censor" to make you hesitate when you go to write something down.

The past two months or so, I've spent here in "Sunny Italy" haven't been so bad. Didn't find at all what I'd expected. The war machines has made a pile of smashed masonry out of some places, but others are quite intact and much as they were. Offhand I'd say the natives had degenerated somewhat as I'm sure the towns were never as dirty as they are now. The AMG is trying to get the people to break their habit of throwing garbage into the gutters, with some success. Still around some of the smaller towns are pretty smelly.

Naples is quite a town. I spent a day there a few days ago. It's just about like any other war time city only a little more so, as there are the scarred buildings to remind you that not so long ago a battle raged in through busy streets. The old city of Pompeii is another interesting place. If you don't recall your history, it's the town that was buried when Mt. Vesuvius erupted back in 79 AD. Much later parts of it were uncovered.

Old Vesuvius gave out with quite a display here a while back. I was lucky enough to be around when it happened, and I must say it was quite an awesome sight. I hear it hadn't put on a better show since 1872.

In general the climate is much the same as that of California so I sort of like it here. Don't get me wrong when I say that. It's just that I find it interesting. Saw very little of that much talked about Italian mud and right now the weather is swell.

I noticed in the paper awhile back that the valley had a Red Cross drive with a good deal of success. I suppose you wonder what happens to your very generous donations. I can assure you that some of it gets out here. It's the only organization that really puts out with any visible results. They do this by establishing in most of the large towns very swanky Red Cross clubs. You might say—what the USO did in the states, the Red Cross is doing over here.

Say—the next time you publish the Honor Roll, how about making it a little different. I would like to see the fellows listed under the country they are in at the present time—or something like that. It would be of interest to know where all the valley fellows are.

In closing, I wish to thank you and the Legion again for sending the paper each week and also for the Legion's Hospitality card.

Sincerely,

Billy

Editor's Note: Your idea in segregating the service folks into countries is fine, but I fear the work of keeping it up would be another big job as you fellows seem to be on the move a good deal of the time.

Help in this country of yours is getting to be a real problem. That's one of our biggest worries nowadays.

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

June 1, 1944

Dear Walt:

Well I have finally found time to drop a line. I have moved twice since I last wrote you. I have been getting the paper O.K. though, so I haven't changed my address.

The last time I wrote you, I was on the Arizona Desert, well from there we moved to Camp San Luis Obispo and we stayed there for 5 months and then moved up here to this post at Marysville, Calif. But don't change my address yet, as I think that Uncle Sam will do that for me before too long. This place up here is similar to what Alabama was only more trees and grass, but about the same soil and winds. I have been living in a place called Grass Valley, which is in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains which was sure a nice place. I lived there about a month, as my wife was visiting me at the time. Tell the old hunters down there that if they want to do some pheasant hunting to come up here, as they are plentiful.

Well, Walt, I must close for now and thanking you and the American Legion again for the valley paper.

My regards to all,

D. D. Davis

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

I guess it's about time I dropped you a line from somewhere in the Southwest Pacific, thanking you and the American Legion for the Valley News. Us fellows sure enjoy it over here. There's a line a mile long waiting to read it.

Well, I'm in a 75 mm Pack Howitzer Bn as you probably already know from my address. I always look forward to getting it at mail call.

Well, there's not much to write so will close now, but am enclosing a letter about the Fourth Marines which our outfit is attached. Well so long, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Bob Hill

Editor's Note—The 4th Marine regiment is a reorganization of the old 4th which were pretty badly shot up in the tragic days in the Philippines. They are under the command of Lt. Col. Alan A. Shapley of Detroit.

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Five: Editorial

To the People of this Community

This is a home front communique on the most vital war action now in progress in every community on the land—the Fifth War Loan.

We are advancing on our objective. However, we must make certain that we reach and pass our goal by July 8. This can be done if everyone of us puts something extra of ourselves into the fight.

No one needs to remind you that it is an American trait to go into a spring with the goal in sight.

We started this push, June 12. Reports from every city and town in America tell us that the number of individual buyers of extra War bonds today has reached an unprecedented total. We all know that in addition to numbers we need fire power. Your extra War Bond is absolutely essential. The greater the stockpile of War Bonds, the easier it will be for us to get this war over.

This very moment our boys are waging a life and death struggle. Every additional War Bond you buy will play its part in the outcome. Last month's War Bond, last week's War Bond, yesterday's War Bond are already in the embattled foxholes. Today is another day for the home front just as today is another day for the boys on the battlefield.

The Editor

Friday, June 16, 1944, Page Eight: Public Forum

Dear Walt:

Like a number of other Valley people who serve on election boards, I have received a petition to circulate for an initiative measure which takes away the property rights and ownership of watercraft from aliens and persons of Japanese ancestry.

I refuse to circulate this petition on the ground that in my opinion it is unconstitutional and misleading and its sponsor are playing upon the patriotism of the public for personal gain.

We already have laws which take care of undesirable aliens and traitors of any ancestry. The American born citizens have certain rights which are guaranteed them by our constitution as in the case of citizens of any ancestry.

The only native American is the Indian, so the rest of us can never tell when our country may be at war with the country of our ancestry. Why not take away the right of persons of German ancestry? This measure is sponsored by a Japanese exclusion association, yet nowhere in the measure does it mention removing the Japanese or excluding them from California. There is nothing in it which would prevent land and water-craft interests from hiring Japanese— Aliens or persons of Japanese ancestry. It would give these interests an opportunity to hire cheap labor at a “rice” living. I do not believe in the persecution of minority be they Japanese, Jew or negro. Our country is large enough and strong enough to handle any minority of whatever ancestry.

The whole Japanese question is a tough one and will need the best minds of the country to solve it. This measure solves nothing.

Perhaps others receiving these petitions also question the motives of the sponsors and what will really be accomplished by the enactment of the measure.

Sincerely,

Evelyn Buell

Friday, June 23, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

June 2, 1944

Valley Friends

I received my first paper since I've been over here in England. There are a few boys here from California that liked the paper.

I haven't seen any country that is as pretty as the Valley. It's pretty over here, but that's all. I don't like the weather.

It's awful hard to write a letter when there are so many things we can't talk about.

While I was home on my last furlough, I missed a lot of friends that I went to school with. I suppose everybody is working pretty hard now as it is haying time.

I've noticed that the Service letters are slowing down, there was only one in this week's paper. I like to hear from the rest of the fellows, so write.

I'll close this as it's hard to write an interesting letter to all of you.

Arthur E. Beard

Inf. Con -APO 15186

c/o PM New York, New York

Friday, June 23, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Camp Butner, NC

Dear Editor:

In reading reports of the rest of the valley representatives in this world struggle they all seem to believe with their heart and soul that the Santa Ynez Valley is the best place in the world to live. I believe they know what they say.

I have been here at Camp Butner, NC about 3 weeks now. After being on the West Coast this place feels like a boiler room. I am in radio maintenance here in H. Q. Co. 354 Inf. 89 Division. We have charge of all Regt. Signal equipment and its maintenance. The weather here is extremely hot and the camp is located where winds, if they blow, wouldn't reach us. The people here, however, are very hospitable. USO are plentiful, if you don't have KP. I was driving for our col., but the radio job takes me away from him. Since a col. driver didn't have KP, that wasn't such a bad job. But I can stand the KP as long as I can stay with the maintenance job. Right now we are reorganizing the Div. so there is not much doing, but soon we start training again and then there will be plenty to do. I have been getting my Valley News pretty regular and it sure is like a dove from heaven to read about the home folks. Well, guess I'll say so long, for now and wish all the fellows everywhere the best of luck. Thanks a lot to you and the Legion for keeping the news coming and Hello to all.

Yours sincerely,

Pvt. Fred Bumpass

PS Please fellows, send your address with your letters and maybe more mail will come your way.

Friday June 30, 1944, Page One: News About Service Men

The following is from Lt. Raymond Paaske who is stationed at Sioux City, Iowa:

Dear Walt:

Well it's been a long time since I last wrote you. I graduated from the Roswell New Mexico, B-1y transition school the 28th of March, was lucky enough to make first pilot. One of my buddies with whom I had gone all through cadet training with was killed a few days before we finished that course. From Roswell we were sent to Salt Lake City, Utah. I can't say that I cared much for the people in that town—not very sociable to the service men—we spent two weeks there waiting to pick up our crews and orders to go to our final training base in the US. They closed the base at Salt Lake while we were there and were sent to Lincoln, Nebraska. Here after another two weeks delay, we picked up our crews and headed for Sioux City, Iowa.

Iowa is a pretty state to fly over that is in the day time—the farms present quite a colorful picture. The Missouri and Sioux rivers both wind in and out among the farms. At night we are kept pretty busy trying to keep out of thunderstorms. It rains here a great deal of the time. I guess you've read about the floods we are having around these parts. It's kinda hard to tell you just what we do here, without infringing on military secrets. The main thing is getting the whole crew to work as a team. Also to improve our proficiency in our particular job. We practice bombing for the bombardier, got on gunnery missions for all the crew except the pilot and co-pilot. We take cross country trips to sharpen up the navigator.

We took one the other night. We took off at ten pm and landed the next morning at 5:20 am. The navigator practiced navigation by celestial or by the stars. The co-pilot must be taught as much about flying the plane as possible because he may have to take over some day. I've got a very capable co-pilot, he used to be a farmer. All in all, keeps us going.

This will probably be my last letter until I reach my overseas destination. So until I get back, keep the paper coming. I really enjoy reading it.

As ever,

Ray

Friday, June 30, 1944, Page One: News About Service Men

United States Navy

June 21, 1944

Dear Walt:

A few lines to let you know that I am receiving the paper, however the post office has been after me for the past 2 or three months as my address wasn't complete. You see there are different departments, Leo Hanly was in Gunnery Dept. well, my department is Naval Air Detachment, not that I'm proud of it, but that's beside the point.'

I suppose by the time you receive this, 'my old shipmate' will be home, the lucky devil. Well, I guess I can't say too much that way. I bet he will miss the lovely 'hula' girls and the tropical evening at Waikiki! Anyhow, I bet he will miss the "Paradise of the Pacific."

So much for the "prattle." I wish to thank you, Walt, also the American Legion for sending the paper, as I can more or less keep track of the rest of the fellows, and it keeps me posted on what is happening around home.

Also like to say hello and best regards to the folks about the valley.

Sincerely,

George M. Morr, AMM 1/c

JULY 1944

Friday, July 7, 1944, Page One

Photo: Lt. John Pedercini

Lt. Pedercini Killed Adj. Gen. Reports

Mother of Local Boy Still Has Hopes That Son Is Alive in Germany

Mrs. Peter Petersen of Santa Ynez received a telegram from the Adjutant General's office in Washington, DC this week to the effect that her son, Lt. John Pedercini, who was previously reported missing in action was killed in action on May 10th over Austria.

Mrs. Petersen, however, is still hopeful and has a feeling that her son is still alive, as a letter from the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy relates the following:

"John was co-pilot on one of our B-24's which engaged in a daylight bombing mission over Wiener-Neustadt, Austria on the date mentioned. His plane was hit by flak bursts from enemy ground defenses and was forced to leave the formation with two engines disabled. During the time it was in the vision of the accompanying crews, no parachutes were observed to leave the stricken ship. Interrogation of the accompanying crews reveals that when last seen, the plane was in a controlled glide northwest of the target area. The latter is indicative of a forced landing, placing John and his fellow crew members in the hands of the enemy. If this be the case, past experience has taught us that it will be many months before official confirmation reaches us. Until that time we can only wait and hope that John is well and safe.

May your anxiety and sorrow in the dark days ahead be eased by the knowledge that John has played a vital role in some of our most important operations. You may be proud of the service he has given his country in her hour of need.

Very Sincerely Yours,

N. F. Twining

Major General, USA

Mrs. Petersen also has received word from Mrs. Alfred La Femina of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wife of the navigator on the same ship as John was on that her husband is in a prisoner of war camp in Germany. This has given her more hope of learning that her son too, may also be a prisoner of war in Germany.

Friday, July 7, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Somewhere in Iran

June 27, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson and American Legion

Just a few lines of appreciation for the editions of the Valley news I have received. It was a pleasure to receive them and also a pleasure reading them. I enjoy reading them very much, because they keep me well informed of what's going on back home.

I've been overseas eighteen months and never enjoy reading anything as much as do the Valley News.

Many thanks to both you and the American Legion.

Respectfully yours,

Stanley H. Lopez

506th Ord. co. (HM) APO 767

c/o Postmaster NYC, NY

Friday, July 7, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Stanley Fredericksen who is at Geiger Field, Washington.

Dear Walt:

I should have written to you a couple of weeks ago, letting you know my change in address. I had no more than written my other letter to you and found myself on an off-post shipment. I have received a couple of my papers from Florida and expect to receive the rest shortly.

I left my other base May 31, and arrived here June 5th. Haven't as yet found out just what I am to do here in the outfit I am with. They gave me a speck number of a caterpillar driver, but received another speck number of a heavy equipment man after going through my records processing there. I held my radio operation speck number, but as yet don't know just which one of the three I will be doing.

This outfit I am with happens to be a new outfit just starting on their training, and they are really pushing us at the present. We are on a schedule to go out on O.T. one of the first days and after returning from there, we will get furloughs if we are entitled to one. I doubt very much if I will get one, being I've just returned from one, but hope on a 3 or 5 day pass so I can visit some of my relatives here in Washington.

This outfit will be ready for oversea's duty after returning from O.T. so I don't expect to be in the states much longer.

We have it pretty nice here at this base and doubt if one could ask for anything better. It was really swell getting back on the west coast again and I have felt the change already. None of us had much life while stationed at Drew Field, Florida.

Well, I think this will be all for this time, thanking you and the American Legion for the paper, and excusing my slacking in letting you know my change in address.

As Ever

Stan

Friday, July 14, 1944, Page One

Jack Carlton Hit in Leg By Jap Sniper on Saipan Front

A very interesting letter was written by Jackie Carlton, Ph. M. 2/c to his mother, Mrs. Svend Hansen tells of the part he played in the Saipan invasion in which he received a minor bullet wound in the leg received from a Jap sniper. The letter follows:

July 5, 1944

Dear Mom:

Well, things have mostly quieted down now and I can give you something of a blow by blow description I'll tell you what I can under the censorship rules.

I spent a month at sea and landed with the assault troops at Saipan. You've probably read all about it, but I can tell you something of my own past. On D-Day, I left the ship about 7:00 in the morning and hit the beach at 8:43. There had been a terrific naval and air bombardment and I didn't expect to meet a great deal of resistance.

About half way to the beach, mortar shells and artillery began dropping around my amphibious tractor and I began to realize what was in store. My boat, was, luckily, not hit on the way in and landed me high and dry on the beach. I got out of the tractor and stepped into what my version of hell has always been.

The entire beach was covered with smoke and explosions of all descriptions were sending shrapnel through the air like bees around a hive. There were several pill boxes right on the beach, and the Japs were firing from them and throwing a great deal of hand grenades. I turned into a mole and dug my way to the side of a wounded man to treat him. I was just starting to work on him, when a grenade exploded two feet from my head. It dented up my helmet a little and blew up my carbine, but for some reason, I wasn't hit. I continued working on the wounded man, who was now bleeding from several new places, when another grenade bounced directly off my helmet. This one was a dud and didn't explode, but I decided to find a better spot.

For about an hour, I thought it was going to be another Tarawa, but I finally got off the beach and pushed inland for about 200 yards.

The rest of the day we got reorganized, and although it was a tough fight, continued pushing forward until we gained the high ground.

By now everything is pretty well under control, and although there were a lot of Japs on this island, most of them are good Japs now.

I was slightly wounded in the right leg by a sniper. It was really only a graze, but the bullet tore through my pants leg and ripped a furrow down the side of my boot. I'm OK though, and in good shape, p to know so I guess I've still got a lucky star.

Mom, I've got something for you, but whether I can get it home or not I don't know. I've got a brand new Japanese parachute. Yards and yards of pure white silk. Numerous amounts of dresses and things can be made from it, can't they? I'm going to do my best to hang on to it and might get it back. Don't count on it too much though.

I guess that's about all for now,

Love,

Jack, John K. Carlton, PH. M 2/c

Friday, July 14, 1944, Page Five

Thanks

We wish to thank each and every one who donated articles for the Fifth War Bond Auction Sale, thanks to those who assisted in putting on the sale and also thanks to those who came and bought bonds.

Carl C. Campbell, Chairman Grange Committee; and Valley War Finance Committee

Friday, July 21, 1944, Page One

Victor Lopez Receives Purple Heart for Gallantry

Pfc. Victor Lopez, of the US Infantry, son of Mrs. Olivia of Santa Ynez and Henry Lopez of Santa Maria, was heard from this week for the first time since February. The captain of his regiment No. 132, Lyle E. Widdowson, reported that Lopez will receive the Purple Heart and Bronze Star Medal, together with the Combat Infantryman Badge for gallantry in action.

Following is the general order issued by the army:

“Private First Class, Victor Lopez, Infantry, US Army for gallantry in action on March 26, 1944 at Bougainville, Solomon Islands. As lead scout on patrol, Private First Class Lopez detected the presence of the enemy. When the signal to commence firing was given, he killed two enemy, one of whom was an officer in possession of a brief case. Under heavy enemy fire, he searched the body of the dead enemy officer and removed a brief case containing valuable maps and other information. Home address, Santa Ynez, California.

Victor Lopez has several sisters here and has two brothers in the service. Stanley is in Iran and John is with the Navy on USS Republic.

Friday, July 21, 1944, Page One: Let Me Say To You by W. L. H.

With permission we are reproducing a letter written to Mr. and Mrs. J. Ray Keaton of San Rafael, who received it from their son Frank. This letter expresses in beautiful language what must be in the hearts and minds of many sons who have left for war.

“Dear Mother and Dad “Here is the letter I both like and dislike to write. Tomorrow we are scheduled to board the ship which will take us wherever we may be going. I know how you feel about it and my way is the way you must learn to look at it.

“In my thirty-one years I have had everything a boy could want I had the love of two parents and wonderful brothers and sisters—with all the kids we had a home that had everything a home should have. Our whole family combined to give me a name of which I can be justly proud. Through these people and through myself there is a list of true friends many of whom have gone further than anything that friendships demands.

“I’ve grown up with the constant help and guidance of these people. I have gone to school and later to college to learn a profession, with every advantage of heritage and surroundings. I’ve had everything a boy needs to shape a life of usefulness.

“My eyes have seen much of this country of ours. If I do not come back there is nothing to be sorry about because I have had all of these things. I’ve done most of the things I’ve wanted to do. I’ve seen many of the things I’ve wanted to see, and I’ve already had a life-time of fun.

“Now here is the most important thing of all. Up to now, I’ve given nothing for what I have taken and now I am at the age when usefulness to our society and to the world at large is expected of me, so that my life will be justified in the eyes of God and Man.

“What better things can a man ask for, than a chance to fight for what he believes in—fight to give a new generation and the generation not yet born a chance to live a life like my own has been; a chance to play; to go to school and learn about the world; not just one race or creed, a chance to love and be loved, a chance to add a name to the long lives of great men and women who have made names for themselves in every line of endeavor.

“When I think of this my heart swells up and chokes me. Here, early in life, I’m given the opportunity to serve, to make the living of my life not in vain. Some men live a full lifetime and do not achieve this one distinction. This world conflict has given me an easy chance and a big opportunity.

“This then is the way I want you to look at it. You both have given me everything that it was in your power to give me. Give all the kids a big hug and kiss for me and say goodbye to all my friends. My last request of you is “Do not pray only that I shall return, but that I shall and will have the Power to do my duty.

“Your loving son, Frank”

[NOTE: Frank Keaton is listed, aged 27 in the 1940 CA Census for San Rafael in Marin County.]

Friday, July 21, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Dear Walt:

Guess I better get down and drop you a line so you can get my new address. The trip over was swell, more swabs got seasick, the hygiene's -----

I don't think we are going to stay here very long. There are about four of five islands in sight. The head-hunters are really the stuff with red hair and it stands on end. The native women can talk better English than most people in the states.

Thanks to you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News.

As ever,

Cpl. Warren Tate, USMC.

AUGUST 1944

Friday, August 4, 1944, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Alaska,

July 23, 1944

Dear Sir:

I guess it is about time to drop you a line and let you know how everything up here is. I've been receiving the Valley paper regular and it really is good to hear the news from back home. As you knew Pete Lauritzen and I am stationed on the same base but even at that we very seldom see each other as he works for the A and R Division, and I work for transportation. We are both expecting to be shipped out of here in the next few weeks and I sure will be glad.

I've been here for fifteen months and for me it is fifteen months too long. I wouldn't trade one ounce of the Valley soil for this.

From now on please send my paper to 52 Arboleda Rd. Santa Barbara.

Yours truly,

Bill Phelps

Friday, August 11, 1944, Page One

Clyde Knight Writes From the "Deep" South Pacific

The following letter is from Clyde C. Knight

United States Navy

July 24, 1944

Dear Walt:

Don't be too surprised that I am actually getting around to writing you and the American Legion. I won't make a lot of excuses because there is none. I just haven't taken time out to write.

When I got back from the last trip, I had 30 letters and 8 copies of the Valley News waiting for me. I sure enjoyed reading about all the news in the Valley and the letters in the paper from the guys and gals in the service. There is a merchant marine aboard ship that used to work for the Buell's out at Buellton. His name is Peter FitzGerald. I give him the Valley News to read when I am through with it. He enjoys it very much and says to tell all his friends in the Valley hello.

Some of those kids graduating from high school seemed so young to me when I was home. But maybe because, I am a "papa" now.

I sure would like to get home and see my son. I got some pictures of him. He is cute as hell. He looks pretty dam husky to me. Maybe I can teach him to lead with his left instead of his chin, like I did in Santa Barbara one night.

Ellen wrote me that Jake Burchardi was down around where I was. I sure would like to have seen him. The going was tough, but the fellows are doing a wonderful job. I've seen some unpleasant sights and had some close calls, but a guy gets a little wiser each time.

It will be wonderful when this mess is over and we can all come home and live in a decent world if we can rid the world once and for all of the greed, hate, and killing.

I am sorry as heck to hear about John Pedercini and Roland Smith. Good luck to both of them.

Thanks a million to you, Walt and the American Legion for the paper. It was swell of the American Legion to send us those hospitality cards. I assure you that it is appreciated very much.

Tell all my friends in the Valley hello.

"Pop" Knight

PS I have the picture of my son here while I am writing. I really believe he does look a little like me.

Friday, August 18, 1944, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Dear Walt:

Just a note to tell you to mail the Valley news to this address. It is only temporary, and expect to have a permanent address within the next 6 weeks.

I'm here at the Pre-Commissioning Center at Treasure Island, waiting for my ship to get into commission. She is a medium sized troop ship, and is named after General Patrick of the air force in the last war. It slid down the ways at Kaiser's Richmond yards about a month and half ago. As yet, I haven't been on board, but got that foregoing information about a magazine clipping that was up on the bulletin board.

I wish I was back in Solvang it must be there they refer to when they talk about sunny California, because it certainly isn't 'ere.

Harold Johnson

Friday, August 18, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Sgt. Harold Larsen of Viborg, South Dakota, a brother of Miss Elna Larsen, and son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Larsen who live in Solvang. The letter was written to the Viborg Enterprise and we are reprinting parts of it as he tells of some interesting experiences. The letter follows:

I suppose that you people who have sons or husbands over in this neck of the world are wondering about that burning question of when your loved ones are going to be relieved and returned to the land of the free. That is a burning question on this side too. There is a plan set up whereby we're supposed to be returned to USA after 18 months or more of overseas service in this area, but we think that the machinery of officialdom will be moving with its usual slow speed so we probably won't be showing up back home for quite a while. In some cases it doesn't matter, but some people think of nothing else than returning to their country. It is interesting to note the various reactions of the men to their environment and the varying degrees of homesickness. There are the boys who have been wrested rudely from the soft comfort of a carefree home life, and they are among the more miserable lot. There are the boys who are afraid of bombs and the idea that there are Japs lurking around, and they usually become nervous wrecks and are evacuated to some rear base. Then there are the boys who look upon war as an experience that can have value if they utilize this experience correctly, and these are the practical lads who get ahead in rank and learn many things. Lastly, there is a fraternity of adventurers, men who are at war because they enjoy such goings-on, and these are the hardest of the lot. I wish we had more of them. All of these men are affected differently by the force of homesickness and worry over family conditions back home. Naturally, the married men are less carefree than us fortunate bachelors. My sincere advice to any young soldier is not to get married before the war is over, if they contemplate overseas service. I have seen guys go near-crazy because they've left young wives back in the States and can't get them off their minds. A GI who is going to wage war on foreign soil is best off if he has no family responsibilities back home to worry about.

At this station we have come to know the natives better because they've been working for us. I dug into the old duffel bag for my book on how to talk Pidgin English and acquired a working knowledge of that great Esperanto of the South Seas. This later proved of value when another sergeant and I were put in charge of a gang of 30 or so of the "boogies" on a tree-chopping detail off in the bush. Of course there would have been no necessity of taking of them at all because they knew what was expected of them and were much better woodmen than we were but it pleased them immensely to have us spring a little Pidgin on them. I told one black rascal in my most fluent Pidgin that he was a monkey which soon had the whole bunch of them in paroxysm of laughter. They seemed to work more enthusiastically when they got to know us better. These natives have been of greater assistance to the Allies in New Guinea by their various services to us. They build our roads and set up buildings for us to work in, and they help us build our airdromes. They are non-complaining, hard-working, and extremely courteous, a reflection of the respect they formerly held for Australian administration in peace time. They are well-treated and in their simple minds they develop strong loyalties towards the men who are willing to take care of their needs.

One remarkable thing about these natives is their woodmanship. They know every tree in the jungle –which ones are poisonous (and there are many of them), which ones that will leave a rash to the skin it touches. When they go to the bush to cut trees, the first thing they do is weed out all dangerous bushes and trees, and with their machetes they cut their branches and carefully pull them out of the way, leaving a cleared path to the tree they intend to cut down. They have a system whereby half the gang chops the trees and the other half carries them out and loads them on the truck. The choppers are the more skilled and the guys who carry rate as yardbirds more or less. I made the dreadful mistake while in the bush with these natives of telling a chopper to give a hand at carrying out a log. This was tantamount to an insult since it was beneath the dignity as a chopper to carry logs. He soon set me right on that point and I didn't make the same mistake again! Outside of some abominable habits which they have they're fairly convivial people. It might turn one's stomach to see them happily popping live grubs into their mouths and chewing some enthusiastically or to see them brew up a delicious stew using lizards, certain leaves and herbs which they find in the jungle. Actually,

they don't eat anything that isn't good for them, and if one were to try to exist on the provender of the jungle alone, he could do so by simply eating what the natives ate—and liking it! The snakes, lizards and grubs which they eat are nourishing though they are somewhat unpalatable to white men. But we have been told that if we ever bail out over some jungle wastes we can exist on these creatures, too which we can even eat raw if necessary. If I should ever have that experience, I would never again be heard complaining about G I corned beef.

Harold Larsen

Friday, August 25, 1944, Page One

Official Word Says Lt. Ned Harrison Prisoner of War

Official word was received here through the local Red Cross that Lt. Ned Harrison is a prisoner of war in Germany. The first report received by Mrs. Harrison, stated that he was missing in action and through the short wave route it was learned that he was alright, but his whereabouts were not revealed, although it was presumed that he was a prisoner of war. He was in the Normandy invasion and has been missing since July 12th.

Friday, August 25, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Ensign Jack L. Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smith of Los Olivos, writes from near Cairo where his uncle is located, after leaving Australia which is quite a hop between two points. The following letter is written to his parents here:

Dear Folks:

Are scheduled to make a short stop-over in a port within the next few days so will drop a few lines to let you know all is well and every turn of the screw is taking me closer and closer to home. Will make a stop around Uncle Ernest territory in then next week or so.

The weather is commencing to warm up resulting in very little clothing to be worn during the day and sleeping under the stars at night. Majority of the men aboard exercise a great deal of heed when it comes to exposing the body to this tropical sunshine; ever since leaving Australia, my uniform of the day has been khaki shorts and a sun helmet and not once have I felt any ill effects from it. Going to take a devil of a long time to get rid of this tropical paint job. I haven't had an ache or pain since leaving the states and have every reason to contribute it to sunshine

"aplenty."

This voyage certainly will so be classified as an extensive one before we drop the hook in a US port and will have been in every theatre of war. The trip has been most enlightening and wouldn't trade my experiences for all the tea in China but I certainly would hate to repeat this trip without a short breathing spell. Am looking forward to leave when I get back. Uncle Sam may be planning things different in the meantime so I won't start packing until he gives me the go sign.

Loving son, Jack

Friday, August 25, 1944, Page One: Let Me Say To You By W. L. H.

A word from our off-spring who is a Navy aviation machinist in Ottumwa, Iowa, has this to say:

What do you think about the coming election? Do we (Dewey) or don't we—That's a common expression around here. You'd be surprised how many "Dewey men" I have found around here. Yesterday, in the pay line, they handed out cards which are to be mailed to our Secretary of State, so that we may get a ballot. Pretty nice, don't you think?

Nothing really new around here—Scuttlebutt has changed, it's not our base that is going to be broken up, it's all the other surrounding ones and this is going to be the only one left. So, it now looks as if I will be here for the duration plus six months. It is also going around that three hundred new WAVES are coming in here. They have already fixed one of the sailors' barracks. But then, one never knows from one minute to the next.

So you think I should come home for Christmas? Well, there is you know, nothing that I would rather do, but it seems as if the Navy has other plans. I'm not entitled to any more leave until next year, which means after the first of January. Why don't you two take a little hop back here and run up to Minneapolis for a few days too? Oh yes, I remember, there's a War going on—and only Eleanor can travel!!

Audrey Mae

SEPTEMBER 1944

Friday, September 1, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Elmer Rasmussen, S 1/c who is stationed somewhere in the South Pacific, is written to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasmussen of Solvang.

Island X

August 15, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad:

I finally reached my destination and I am sure glad of it. We got in here last night, so you can see I was on the boat quite a long time. I can't tell you where I am yet but I think I will be able to in two or three weeks.

I had expected a little better camp than what we got, but it could be worse. It rains most of the time, so it is pretty muddy but we will be issued rubber boots to wade around in.

This camp has just been started, so for a while we are going to be pretty busy building it up. At the present we are living in tents, but they are not fixed up like the ones we had at Adak. So far, I think I would rather be down here than at Adak.

The food is sure good here. Three times a week we get ice cream and almost more than we can eat. Every other night we get two bottles of ice cold beer. (2 bottles for 15 cents.)

Love,

Elmer

Friday, September 1, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men and Women in the Service

Somewhere in South Pacific,

August 22, 1944

Dear Walt:

I guess it's time I drop you another line. The paper comes in splurges and then I wait awhile. I read the old ones over and over, they are really swell.

It rains most of the time here and it's awful hot.

There is really nothing going on around here that is of any importance, but it could be hotter than hell.

I see in the paper where Lucy Buell is in New Guinea, sure hope I can get down there some time.

I want to say hello to all the gang. Thanks to you and the American Legion for the paper, it is really swell.

Adios and thanks

As ever,

Warren Tate

Friday, September 1, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

August 26

Dear Walt

I've finally settled down for 16 weeks of Torpedoman's mate training so I can feel free to send you my address, knowing that it will stick.

I certainly have missed the valley but the good old Valley News with its articles about home really hits the spot. Lots of my friends like to read it too and they get a big bang out of the article, too, because their home town newspapers have much the same thoughts. One fellow from Taft saw the Sat. night dance article and joyfully expressed "I know where that is!" As I said before, I'm due for school here so it will be quite a little stay. We all are anxious to get our learning, and our chance will start Monday. I couldn't add anything to that because we hardly know what kind of course is in store for us.

Before I close, I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the News here to me. I certainly appreciate it.

I also want to give you my permanent (16 wks) address.

As ever,

"Bud" Bredall

Friday, September 1, 1944, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Editor, Santa Ynez Valley News

I would like to express my appreciation as well as that of many others, for the privilege of hearing Captain [Allan] Hancock and his gifted musicians in the program of exquisite music on Sunday night. Our hearts were thrilled by every number. The ensemble as a perfect whole and their marvelous perfect whole and their marvelous performance will linger as our most reassured memory. It was truly a gracious act on the part of Captain Hancock to have given pleasure to so many. The people of Santa Ynez Valley say "Thank you."

Very Sincerely,

Grace L. Davison

Friday, September 8, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Southwest Pacific

August 25, 1944

Dear Walt:

Just a few lines letting you know that I'm OK. These native girls see that us boys are well taken care of "no-be." I wish you all could see them once—they are no Hedy Lamour's [Does he mean Dorothy Lamour or Hedy Lamarr?] I'll tell you. See a couple of nice ones today, Francis Langford and Patty Thomas. "Nice eh." A guy can't get a word in edge ways when there is only another ten or twenty thousand other boys trying to talk to them at once.

Well you guys going into the service now, when you get over here may be things will be different.

The boys out here are really doing a good job. It won't be long till we'll all be home again, hum. Let's hope.

I want to thank you and the American Legion for the valley paper. Sure makes a fellow feel a little better when he knows there is still a wonderful place left in the world like the Old Valley.

Saying hello to you all. See you soon.

Bob Saulsbury, Coxswain

PS Seen plenty of action. Don't care for it much.

Friday, September 8, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Italy, August 30, 1944

My Dear Mr. Hanson:

Just a few lines which I have been trying to write for some time.

I want to thank you for the Valley paper which reaches me regular, and I can't tell the enjoyment I get reading it, it makes one feel they have something to fight for, when they read of the functions at home, and makes one wish they could be there.

Italy is a beautiful country, very much like California, in climatic condition, lately we have had some very hot weather. There is plenty of fruit and wine, grapes are just starting to get ripe, we probably will get a belly full of grapes.

Everything is going as well as could be expected. Our division had a wonderful write up in the Stars and Stripes a few days ago, (I am sending a copy.) of the accomplishments since we have been in combat.

The news sure sounds encouraging we are all in great hopes this won't last much longer, so that we can all be with our loved ones.

Mr. Hanson, can't help recognize what effort the Valley is putting in the 5th War Bond drive. I feel certain it will be a success. Please express for me to the War bond committees and especially to Mrs. Kent, my hearty congratulations, it is such effort as these that will beat our enemy in the very near future, and bring Victory home— Am closing for present, and trust that this letter finds you and yours in the best of health.

I am yours truly,

S/Sgt. Richard Fray

C. A. 316 Med Bn APO 91 c/o PM New York, NY

Stars and Stripes quotation says, "the 91st Division, elements of which have been fighting with the 5th Army since June, was the first American division to reach the Arno River, and the first to enter the southern outskirts of Pisa, an official announcement disclosed today.

The division which saw action in the World War I from the Meuse Argonne offensive to the Armistice was reactivated 15 August 1942. Its original cadre was drawn mainly from the 1st Cavalry Division which has seen action in the South Pacific. Personnel hails predominately from the West and Midwest."

Friday, September 8, 1944, Page Four:

Letter to the Editor from Doc Hanley campaigning against FDR

Damp Fool Remarks! On April 18, 1932, a man who was then a prominent Democrat made the following sage and sane remarks: "There will be many in this nation during the coming months who will implore you not to swap horses crossing a stream: there will be others who will laughingly tell you that the appeal should have been worded, "do not swap toboggans while sliding downhill." But it seems to me that the more truthful the more accurate plea to the people of the nation should be "If the old car in spite of frequent emergency repairs has been bumping along downhill on only two cylinders for three (to ten) long years, it is time to get another car that will start uphill on all four."

"As a matter of fact of course, there never has been any sound basis for the "Don't change horses," argument. Were it sound, in relation to politics. It would mean that no public official could never be replaced."

And then what happened? That selfsame man, having perverted a portion of the Democratic party eight years later set out to prove himself a liar or a fool as regards his previous statement. And today, what? If he was right in 1932, he is wrong as hell now. The man who spoke those words was the (second-third-fourth-fifth) and sixth) candidate for our Presidency, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. If he was right in 1932, he is knowingly expressing his contempt for our mentality. And as he himself so wisely remarked "it is time to get a new car." The war and the war alone brought us out of the depression. Are we to have recurring wars—are our sons and daughters to be in jeopardy continually in order to afford the luxury of a self-repeating Roosevelt by all that is holy, are we never to get rid of Eleanor?

While the gangster-Communist shouts "Don't change horses in the middle of the stream," Roosevelt, knowing as he said that the issue is a phony, has gone quietly and changed part of the jack-ass and will promise (for votes) to change more. For instance, already has changed the hind legs (Wallace) and when the subject of Old, Old men is brought up, he will promise to change more of the jackass. There's the nose (Morgenthau), the bray (Ickes), the tail (Mme. Perkins), the ears, (Farmer Wickard), and the eyes (ayes) Stimson. So he will come up with practically a new jackass to fool the people into thinking that the new administration is a frisky young colt. But—the New Deal is not the original Democratic jackass, but is an offshoot—'n other words, a mule and as everyone knows a mule can't propagate. Nor can the New Deal. As a consequence Old Man Roosevelt, his running mate, Old Man Truman, will be surrounded by the same Old Gang that kept the United States in a constant stage of depression since 1933. For ten long years we were in "The middle of the stream." Are we supposed to be amphibious If the country gives no hope for anything but depressions or war, why in God's name are the boys fighting for? Millions of boys are fighting for a better America than Roosevelt gave them during Roosevelt's depressions. Are they to come home to a WPA or a CIO dominated America? We are not even condemning our present enemies to such a fate. Yet what hope can there be in an administration dominated by machine gangsters and CIO Communists

Forget "changing horses" —change riders?

Yours till Victory

"Doc" Hanley

[NOTE: The "nose Morgenthau" referenced the Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, a Jew.

Other members of the Roosevelt Cabinet who were criticized include: Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of Agriculture, Claude Wickard, Secretary of Interior, Harold Ickes, current Vice-President, Henry Wallace, and the Vice-Presidential nominee, Senator Harry S. Truman. The jackass is referring to the 19th century symbol created by political cartoonist Thomas Nast for the Democrats, a donkey. The CIO is a labor union group, long accused by Republicans of being Communist controlled. It should be noted that the publisher and editor of the SY Valley News, Walter L.

Hanson, was a member of the Santa Barbara County Republican Committee. "Doc" Warren T. Hanley was a newspaper writer, living in Santa Barbara.]

Friday, September 15, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Camp Ross, Calif.

September 4, 1944

Dear Walt:

I guess it is time I wrote you a few lines. I would like to inform you of a change in my address. I have been transferred and would very much like to keep on getting the home town paper, as I enjoy reading it very much.

I also would like to thank the ones that are responsible for my receiving the paper so regularly.

Say hello to all the boys and girls in the service for me, and also everyone at home.

I would like to announce my engagement to Miss Bobbie Ellis of Long Beach, California. The date for the wedding has not been set as yet.

I will have to close for now, Walt. Please excuse the short letter, but I don't have much free time any more. Hope to be seeing you soon.

As Ever,

Aage Larsen

Friday, September 15 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Cheerio Ed:

Hip! Hip! And all that sort of rot, you know. As you see, I'm in Bally ole England. That alone speaks for itself.

I've covered a lot of ground and water since last writing to you. Now the only thing I can think of is covering it again in reverse. I've only been on this side a month, but was ready to come home before I reached shore. I'm not sore at anyone, although I guess I will be when they start shooting at me. As all Valley boys, I'm just a peace loving kid at heart.

Speaking of Valley boys, I'm stationed at the same base as "Pinky" Bebernes, and today Billy Jorgensen came up to visit us. Boy! Did we celebrate. Evald Skytt is not too far from us too, so I hope to see him soon.

You folks at home should see "Pinky" and his boys work. His job is to keep the ships in the air. It sounds simple, but it is a hard job and one that never ends. I've seen them waiting for their ships to come in after a raid. Sometimes it's heart weaking. I can't write in words what I've seen, but it is something that would do everyone good to see. I've watched Pinky work, and I can tell you, that you folks in the Valley can sure be proud to have fellows like "Pinky" serving you.

I read "Pinkies" "News" today. It was about two months old. Nevertheless it was sure good to see. Mine have not caught up with me as yet.

I was sorry to read about John Pedercini was shot down. But I'm inclined to believe he is either a PW or is still trying to get back to our lines. Many of our boys who are shot down come back after several months of no word from them. So to the Pedercini family –don't give up hope because there is every chance of John coming back.

Well, it's getting late so I guess I'll hit the hay pretty soon.

By the way, Billy has the limiest of limey mustaches.

Well, by the time you get this letter, I'll have a few missions under my belt. Keep your fingers crossed.

As Ever,

Ray Paaske

PS Let's hear from some of you fellas and gals in the service.

Friday, September 22, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

US General T. H. Bliss

August 24, 1944

In the Atlantic

Dear Mr. Hanson:

The valley news has been coming to me for over a year now and I feel that it is just about time to tell you how much it is appreciated. I have received all of the copies thus far. Although they usually come in bunches of five or six. The copy to reach me the farthest from home came to me in New Guinea, and of course the farther from home the more welcome they are.

It hasn't been my luck to meet any of the boys from the Valley so far, but I have been in the same "neighborhood" of several of them both in the Pacific and Atlantic.

I hope that the Legion is making progress in its efforts to open the National Forest to the public as it was before the war. It is good to know that they are trying to protect some of the rights we enjoyed a few years ago. It has been several weeks without any mail so I'm getting a little anxious to get caught up on the news that shouldn't be long now.

Best wishes and thanks again to you and the Legion for the News.

Hoping to get home soon, I remain

Yours very truly,

Lloyd H. Downs Y1c

Friday, September 22, 1944, Page One: Public Forum

The youngish Dewey is saying some good things. In order to avoid more war, more imperialism and more unemployment, we must take the course of decentralization; but Hoover's and Roosevelt's parties have not in any way indicated that they are taking that course. The one party wants the Center to be in New York and the other wants it to be in Washington. As usual we must find our way, intact of the parties.

Aage Moller

Friday, September 29, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

September 18, 1944

Dear Editor:

Sending you these few lines to inform you of change in address.

Want to sincerely thank you and the courtesy of the American Legion of Santa Ynez for making it possible to receive the valley News.

It sure does make us feel good to receive it. It brings us close to home and to our old buddies here and there.

Thank you kindly,

Sincerely,

Henry S. Guevarra

Friday, September 29, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Iran, September 13, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have no excuses or alibies to offer for not writing sooner. I really do enjoy receiving the Valley News, and you and the Legion deserve a great deal of thanks for asking it possible for us boys to get it, not matter what part of the world we are in. Through it I can keep some sort of contact with where all the boys and girls are and how they are getting along.

For about a year after I left the states, I didn't get a paper—we did a good deal of moving around and it took quite a while to get settled and I sure did miss it. But it comes through pretty regular now and I look forward to it.

I see by a letter published in the News that Earl Barnes is in Iran, also, he is another part of the Command and I have no chance to look him up—but I sure feel for him. He gave a pretty good description of this country, so I won't try to add to it. I'll just confirm emphatically everything he said.

I must close for now. Once more I want to thank you very much for sending the paper, I appreciate your sending it.

Sincerely,

Bob Dillard

Friday, September 29, 1944, Page Four: Editorial:

An American Mother [reprint from Stars and Stripes, London Edition, September 11th]

Sometimes we Americans serving in the Army and Navy overseas are inclined to get browned-off at the folks back home. We don't like the strikes. We disagree with the labor policies of some employers. We read about peak holiday travel and from a chilly pup tent in France or a hospital cot in England we think our folks may be letting us down. But are they?

If you think so, read this letter from "An American Mother" and remember that 130 million Americans back home, while they may not all be as articulate, are proud of us and grateful for the job we're doing over here.

This letter, dated June 16, 1944, is addressed to Any US Soldiers in Any Hospital in England:

"Dear Boys:

"I'm just a farmer's wife, gray-haired, fat and forty. I live on the west Coast of the USA. On Invasion Day, I sat rocking my baby boy to sleep. I looked out across the Valley, peaceful and golden.

"Food, health, happiness, security for these two children of mine. No fear of the planes overhead or the Army on the highway. No terror in the eyes of my 10 year old girl. No hungry, crying baby. And my heart filled with thanks to all of you who make happy childhood possible for our little ones over here.

"I am an old nurse. I know the nights and days of pain—that fight against the darkness when pain drives sleep away.

"At such times, remember all our happy children are sleeping peacefully only because of what you and the rest of are doing. May God bless you and bring you home soon."

The writer is Mrs. Walter Squier, of Solvang, Santa Barbara county, Calif. Stars and Stripes think Mrs. Squier has written us the best editorial of the war—Stars and Stripes, London Edition, Sept. 11th.

Editor's Note—The above editorial was brought into the Valley News by Mrs. Evald Skytt, who had received it from her husband, who is stationed in England. We also think it an excellent letter and worthy of republishing.

OCTOBER 1944

Friday, October 6, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Two Years Breaking Horses Promoted to Medics

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

I sure want to thank you and the American Legion for sending the paper to me so faithfully. It is really swell to read about how all your friends are doing and where they are, also about how folks are doing at home.

I have spent nearly two years doing nothing but riding horses and now I find myself in the Medics, stationed here at Ft. Lewis Washington.

The scenery is pretty, but the climate doesn't begin to compare with the valley's. All the cracks they make about California's weather should by rights apply to Washington instead.

After this is all over, I plan on seeing you all once again for I want to come back to finish college.

I am enclosing my new address. Once again thanks a million for the paper.

Sincerely,

T/Sgt. Richard Romans

Friday, October 6, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Mathiesen Making False Teeth in Army

Assam, India

Sept. 22, 1944

Dear Friends:

It seems as though it's about time I was writing you again to let you know I'm still getting the paper and appreciate it very much. It hasn't been coming too regular, but it gets here and that is the main thing. Probably one reason is that it still coming by my old APO number. Since I've had a new one for over a year maybe it would be good idea to let you know about it. Instead of 4669 it's 629.

A month ago I spent two weeks at a rest camp in the mountains and looking over the registration book in the day room there, I saw Lester Fredericksen's name. Inquiring I found out that he had left there about five days before I arrived. In the two years I've been in the Army, that's the closest I have ever come to meeting any one of the fellows from the valley.

I'm still doing the same kind of work that they taught me to do when I came in the army. That is making false teeth. It's something I never in the world dreamt I would be doing, but at times I'm certainly glad that they gave me that kind of job.

Singing off, I'm wishing the best of luck to all the girls and fellows in the service from the valley and would like very much to hear from any of them.

Cpl. Jens Mathiesen 111

Sta. Hps. APO 629 c/o

PM New York

Friday, October 13, 1944, Page Four

Red Cross

Mrs. Walter Buell, chairman of the valley Red Cross camp and hospital committee, who recently sent over twenty-one items of furniture salvaged from the Gaviota Coast Guard Camp, to the 23rd replacement depot at Camp Cooke, has received the following letter of appreciation from Captain H. J. Rigterink of that unit:

“On behalf of the enlisted men, I present their sincere thanks to you for the furniture. It has done a lot for them in helping to equip their day room.”

This furniture was all donated by valley people and organizations through the Red Cross committee, and now that the coast guard has no further use for it the donors will be glad to know that it is being use and appreciated at Camp Cooke.

Friday, October 20, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Shoemaker Hospital

Shoemaker, California

Dear Mr. Hanson:

First of all a "thank you" for the paper. I enjoy it so much, as do all the rest of the people who get it. I'm sorry I haven't written sooner but as you probably know, the hospitals are terribly crowded and therefore we corpsmen are really kept busy, so I have very little time for writing.

Being in the Hospital Corps is terribly depressing at times, but I wouldn't trade it for another branch. At present, I'm working on a ward that has nothing in it but patients with gun-shot and shrapnel wounds. Most of them, ghastly things to look at, and some of the fellows are terribly deformed. Out of 44 patients all but about 6 have the Purple Heart, and I really feel that it's a privilege to help care for, talk to and know these boys.

Skipping to pleasanter things, I've made my Ph. M. rating and it's made me very happy.

Do you hear from Audrey often and where is she now? Send her, "regards from a mate" for me, will you? Well, it's back to duty for me in a few minutes, so I'll say again, I certainly enjoy getting the Valley News and Thank you.

Sincerely,

Angie Henning Ph. M. 3/c.

Friday, October 20, 1944, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

New Mexico

Friday, October 13th

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

Received the Valley News and wanted to let you know that its coming O.K. to my new address.

This is the poorest excuse for an air field I've been at so far—it's really in the sticks—we are in the thick of sagebrush and the coyotes howl like hell at nite, there is no place to go and nothing to do.

We really hated to leave good old California cause we know where we were heading and on arrival here we found it even worse than we thought it would be.

In 15 more days, it'll be 9 months I've been in the Army and have been lucky enough to be home several times and will be home again November or December on a 15 day furlough.

After my basic training at Amarillo I went to college to prepare for pre-flight and start my training for pilot—since I left college in June, I've been waiting my turn to enter Santa Ana and preflight, but guess I won't be there for another 3 or 4 months as they are taking bombardiers and navigators so I'll have to sweat it out till they call pilots. Its' swell to get the News and find out what's going on at home. I read it over two or three times so I'll be sure and not miss anything.

Letters are always welcomed. Wife has written me every day since I've been gong and I haven't missed a day writing home. Letters from home really cheer you up and its darn easy to get lonesome and blue especially when you have a swell wife and two boys at home. Tommy's birthday is Sunday the 15th, that's day after tomorrow and I'd sure like to be there. He will be 2 years old. I'm in hopes of being home on Jan's birthday, he'll be 5 November 13th. I'm almost sure I'll be there on this birthday or Thanksgiving. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

Letters are welcomed and I promise I'll answer all I receive. Hope to see you all soon, so long, and good luck to everyone. Thank you for the News. With respect,

A/s Alfred J. Barrett

Sec. L. 3013 AAFBU

Deming, New Mexico

NOVEMBER 1944

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page One

Photo: Alan H. Mercer In German Prison Camp

Alan Mercer is Prisoner of War

The people of the Santa Ynez Valley rejoiced with Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Mercer when the news arrived that their son, Alan, was a prisoner of war in Germany. He has been reported missing since July 27th.

The Mercers were notified on Tuesday by the war department by wire which said, "It has just been reported that your son, Alan H. Mercer is a prisoner of war in Germany. Letter will follow"

Alan was reported to be with the 4th division which entered Paris on the 25th of July and was missing-in-action on the second day of this big drive. His buddy who was wounded wrote a letter to this effect. A former Santa Ynez Valley High School student, young Mercer was attending Santa Maria Junior College at the time he was called into service in November 1943.

He is the grandson of the late Henry Doty of Santa Barbara and Mrs. Doty of Buellton. His parents are prominently identified in the county Farm Bureau and Home department.

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

A card from Lt. Philip Knight states he is somewhere in Holland now. He was on the Italian front for a long time. Says he is waiting for the Valley News to catch up with him so he can find out what has happened here. Says he is fine and sends his greetings to all. The card was dated September 29.

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page Twelve: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Lowry Field

October 25, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson:

This being my first letter to you, I first want to apologize for not having written sooner, thanking you for the kindness of sending me the "Valley News" which I enjoy so very much. It is certainly a great help in bring ones thoughts back to home—reading about various activities, and occurrence which take place in and around the Santa Ynez Valley. Also I would welcome letters from any of the fellows in the service.

I arrived at Lowry Field, October 23, expecting to find the weather a little chilly, but on the contrary it is very warm and sunny making the climate most comfortable.

I'm here for an eight week course in Armorer training, after this I will be sent to aerial gunnery school for completion of course.

Looking forward to seeing you again, I remain

Your sincere friend,

Kenneth Cornelius

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page Twelve: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Dear Walt:

I think it's a swell thing you are doing by sending the paper to all the Valley boys. I know I appreciate it and am sure they do too because it enables us to keep up with the things that make the surroundings of home. Thanks a lot.

Bob Campbell

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page Twelve: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

A V-mail letter from PFC D. J. Davis, is now stationed in England.

Just a short line while I have the time this morning before going to church. I'm sorry that I haven't written sooner, but we have been pretty busy traveling. We had a nice trip across and smooth sailing all the way. We are now stationed here in England, in a small town about ----- out of London, the people here seem very nice and sociable.

I haven't received a paper now for about a month and sure hope that they soon catch up as I sure miss getting the news from the good old valley.

So far I haven't seen anybody from the States that I know, but would like to get in touch with some of the fellows that are over here and maybe we could get together.

I don't know how long we will be stationed here, but I like it very much cause it reminds me quite bit of the Valley.

Well, Walt, I'd better close now and go to church. Give everybody my regards. D.

J. Davis

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page Twelve: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

The following V-mail letter is from Sam Dabney, Jr., Mo MM 1/c who is on the USS Protector somewhere in the Pacific:

October 20, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson:

I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley news, although it is generally three or four weeks old, news from home is always great to read, regardless of how old it is.

Due to the censor, I can't say much about where I am or what I am doing. The country around here is "something you read about and seldom see." The Texans and "Okies" say it looks "just like California" but personally I can't agree with them as it is rather cold and desolate.

I have been hopefully looking for someone I know from the valley, but as yet, I have been rather unsuccessful. I thought for a while I might see Eddie FitzGerald, but unfortunately I didn't.

That time has come, "Chow down" so I will have to close.

Sincerely,

Sam Dabney, Jr.

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page Twelve: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

October 11, 1944

Dear Members of the American Legion: I want to thank you sincerely for making it possible in receiving the Valley News, which I enjoyed very much these years. It is good to hear about all the friends and buddies of the Valley and their whereabouts these days.

The Valley paper has its place in every service man's heart, as it brings you that much closer at that time to the greatest place a man would want to be Santa Ynez Valley.

Just don't know how to thank you for your service, but it is greatly appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Henry Guevarra

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page Twelve: Letters From Our Men and Women In Service

USS Dobbin

October 10, 1944

Dear Walt:

It's been quite some time since I last wrote you, so now that I have a little spare time on hand I really want to thank you and the American Legion for each and every issue of the Valley news that I have received.

I believe that a lot of our mail down this way gets lost in shipment because there have been several issues that I have never received, but just the same I still look forward to receiving the News down this way, and believe me Walt its 4.0 [sic] reading matter.

I am looking forward to the day when I can get back to the Valley and visit all my old friends and relatives, so until then I will say "adios" with that thought in mind.

Sincerely,

Freddie Christensen

Friday, November 3, 1944, Page Twelve: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Spokane Washington

October 19, 1944

Dear Walt:

Just a line to let you know I have been receiving the paper regularly and to give you my new address. It surely keeps you going with these changes. It won't be long before I will have another one for they say we will be going south soon for glider training and from there it will be most likely overseas.

Just returned from a two week bivouac and thought I had better get it written before we pulled out. Just how much longer we will be here I don't know. Have an idea we will be out of here by the middle of next month for they are pushing us pretty heavy to get our full training in.

I picked a good time to come back from my furlough. Didn't lay around but a few days and found myself in this Air borne outfit. None of us really care for it. We don't have any choice, so guess there is only one thing to do, and that is see it thru.

Guess this will be all, thanking you and the American Legion again for sending the paper.

As Ever,

Stanley Fredericksen

Friday, November 10, 1944, Page One

Valley Over Top in War Chest Drive; First in County

With the War Chest drive officially ending tomorrow the local committee reports that the valley drive has gone over the top, with about \$800. The result as given by the committee treasurer, Harald Harkson, shows as we are going to press, that the amount raised is \$4145.50 with additional pledges coming in. Again the Santa Ynez Valley has shown its unity in another drive and fulfilled its quota. The committee reports that every district in the valley is the first area in the county to report to have gone over the top. We congratulate the committee and the people of the Valley for the fine patriotic showing.

The committee reports that the local expenses will amount to less than \$50.00.

A message from the committee: To the Valley People

With our 1944 War Chest campaign coming to a close we wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for the fine cooperation we have received in our drive which makes it possible for us to give a favorable report. Our thanks to every individual who has contributed, and to every organization, schools, all business corporations having interests in our valley, all of whom have responded practically 100%.

And also our sincere thanks to the businessmen of the valley in sponsoring the publicity in connection with the campaign. The Santa Ynez Valley News for its cooperation, and last but not least we want to express our sincere thanks to every member of the women's committee who have again this year faithfully given their time in soliciting and making the drive a success.

We have on the Home Front anxiously scan the news for results of one battle campaign or another. Our fighting men away from home are likewise anxious to know the results of our Home Front efforts. They want to know: How goes the production effort? How goes the Bond drive—the hometown effort in the War Chest campaign? To them we can say: We have met our quota, and this gift—this expression of our free will for the cause speaks for the unity and spirit of our Valley.

Thanks to You

Sincerely, Santa Ynez Valley Branch Calif. War Chest

Alfred Jorgensen, Chairman

Friday, November 17, 1944, Page One

Redlands, California

November 8, 1944

Dear Walt and members of the American Legion:

I'm very sorry about the long delay in writing to you. I have been wanting to for a long time, but I kept putting it off. Finally when I read that Alan Mercer was alright, I had to write. And finding it out from the paper made me realize how much we depend on the paper for news from home. I get it fairly regular, and I await it with a great deal of pleasure.

I especially enjoy the letters from the rest of the fellows and about the news from the local folks.

I have to sign off now as we are kept very busy here now.

So long and thanks again for the paper.

Yours very sincerely,

Herman Burchardi, SS USNR Navy V-12 Unit

Friday, November 17, 1944, Page Eight: Editorial

To the People of this Community

The best way to observe the defeat of Hitler is to buy an extra War Bond. In thousands upon thousands of American homes today, there is pride and sadness. From these homes have come fighting men who died to bring us this far on the road to decisive victory over, all our enemies. It will take more sweat, more tears more toil, more and greater individual War Bond buying before we see Japan in the ruins these barbarians of the Pacific planned for us. How much more blood and tears depends on every individual American war worker and bond buyer.

The Sixth War Loan symbol—a bomb hurling down on the Rising sun can only come to reality with your individual help. Buy at least one an extra \$100 War Bond above your normal payroll savings. That's the least you can do, to back up your fighting men.

The Editor

Friday, November 24, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

November 15, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson and Members of the American Legion:

Just a line or so to let you know that I certainly enjoy the valley News and sure appreciate having you folks send it to me. Yes, thanks a million.

I am now stationed at Heesber Field Mississippi for my A. M. training. From here I will be sent to gunnery school and it is exactly the deal I wanted when I came in.

There are many of the boys in here that have been overseas, and have come back. They are coming in every day and I have been watching to see if I could spot "Pinky" because a lot of them are from where he is.

I miss being away from home, the same as all of us do, but I really don't mind the army life and they have been treating me swell.

This country down here sure is pretty and we have been having some wonderful weather.

This seems to be a very nice base and we have plenty of privileges.

I received the Valley paper yesterday and sure was glad to hear that Alan Mercer is all right. Yes, I used to go to school with him.

Well, Folks, if I write much more I will be taking up too much of your paper, so will sign off for now, again thanking you people for the paper and your more than welcome services.

Yours very truly,

Pvt. Irving Munoz

Friday, November 24, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men and Women In The Service

Memphis Tennessee

November 10, 1944

Hello Walt:

Well it's about time I write you and thank you for the paper. It sure is swell to get it and read all the news from the valley, I haven't been getting it regular, but I have had three different addresses since I joined up, so I guess that is why this address is permanent, until I get through with school, which will be four or five months. I like School very much, they keep us pretty busy, but we learn a lot.

It's very interesting work, working with guns, when you first start on a gun it looks pretty tough, but after you have taken it apart once they are simple. Right now we are in our basic phase which is pretty easy, but I guess it will get pretty hard.

The weather and country down here is nice, the weather is about the same as it is at home, but the country is quite a bit different. The land is fairly flat, with lots of streams, which are very muddy. I don't see how fish live in it. Boy, the Mississippi really is a big river and is really muddy. There are also a lot of green trees around which are very pretty. The houses in the residential district are very nice, but the buildings in town look old. These southern towns aren't as nice as those at home. They have real narrow streets and the buildings pretty ragged.

Boy a fellow sure misses the valley after he has been away from it for a while, when I left I thought I was glad to get away from it, but do I ever wish I was home to go fishing and hunting and the Saturday night dances.

Well that's about all I have to say now, and thanks again for sending the paper.

Your ex-neighbor,

Carroll Jorgensen

Friday, November 24 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Woman In The Service

Somewhere in the Philippines

Dear Mother and Dad:

I supposed you have just about figured out by now where I am.

We had a couple of skirmishes with the Japs, but came out pretty good both times. As usual the Japs don't believe in quitting until he is dead.

I don't care much about the climate down here. The sweat just runs off you all day long just sitting around, and then when you have to go walking its twice as bad. We eat salt tablets all day to keep up the salt in our bodies and eat pills to keep away the effects of malaria, and we are so doped up with shots that I'm not much afraid of getting sick. The mosquitos are pretty bad, but we have nets and mosquito repellent so with a little care they don't bother much.

We get a big kick out of the Filipino natives here. I never did figure they lived so primitively. All they wear is a straw hat and shorts. The women wear dresses, but little boys and girls under ten years old wear nothing but a shirt that just reaches their navel. They sure seem happy to see us land. I guess the Japanese gave them a pretty hard time. There are not many of the natives that speak English, but a few gestures with the hands and they soon understand. It didn't take them long to catch the meaning of eat and cigarettes.

Coconuts and bananas are plentiful here, but I haven't seen any ripe bananas yet. I think they have to be picked before they will ripen.

The natives all use water buffalos to do their work. They look about like a cow. It's not unusual to see one come along the road with three or four kids riding. Yes, we sure see a lot of new and strange things out there.

Well I think I will close for now. I hope this finds you all well back there. And last of all don't do any worrying about me. I'm not worried myself, so I'm sure everything will turn out OK. Will write again when I can. With love,

Earl Rasmussen

Friday, November 24, 1944, Page Five

To Service Men of the Valley and their Families

The Red Cross wishes to remind you of the following routine in connection with furlough extensions for men at home on leave. The request for the extension of leave is telegraphed to the Commanding Officer over the serviceman's own signature and at the same time the Red Cross telegraphs the Field Director on the post verifying the circumstances as stated by the serviceman as the reason for his request. The Red Cross has no further direction as to whether or not the request is approved or disapproved.

It is a service to the men which the Red Cross responds to immediately upon demand and exactly in accordance with the regulations as established by the US Army and Navy.

It has been called to our attention that in one particular case it was questioned as to whether or not the required telegrams had been sent by this office. I know this insinuation to be untrue and it is most regrettable that such an opinion should have been expressed. Unless complete confidence exists between the community and the organization, the effectiveness of this particular Red Cross service will be curtailed and an obligation which we have accepted willingly and with entire conscientiousness be grossly misrepresented.

Mrs. Stephen Gates, Chairman Santa Ynez Valley Branch, American Red Cross

Friday, November 24, 1944, Page Eight: Public Forum

The New Deal

Like most other people I was provoked by the impudent questionnaires when the New Deal started to rehabilitate destitute farmers. It hurt me to see young girls ask mature farmers about details in household and farming. A friend of mine roared so loudly, that it was heard all over the courthouse, when he was asked how much tobacco he smoked.

Now I know, however, that a large number of the farmers who have been given a lift, have been habilitated. I can also see now that the New Deal was out to get statistics and such they must have, if land is to be made available to those who desire to live. Statistics are necessary if wealth is to be distributed and purchasing power secured.

In taking statistics, the New Deal did not enter the area of conscience, thought and belief. It did not act in totalitarian style.

Aage Moller

DECEMBER 1944

Friday, December 1, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

US Naval Air Station

Terminal Island, Calif.

November 21, 1944

Dear Walt: I want to give you my new address so I can get the Valley paper again. I've been gone from the Valley only a week and already wish I were there again. Next best is to read what goes on there from The Valley News.

I'm attached to Aircraft Commissioning Unit here. We receive all types of new planes from the manufacturers, check them and fly them. When they are OK accept them for the Navy and ready them for shipment or ferrying to their destination. I think I'll like the work a lot, as we handle most every new model of planes that the Navy uses.

Of course, there is no comparison in being stationed here and being in Alaska. It was surely swell being home on leave and seeing everyone again. I hope you are all OK up there.

Thanks very much for sending the paper. I really look forward to reading it.

Sincerely,

L. P. Lauritzen

Friday, December 8, 1944, Page Five: Public Forum

Ely Culbertson

In days to come all kinds of people from all kinds of countries we are going to live orderly together and not start shooting on the first provocation. A world civic order and mutual understanding are the two prerequisites. We must heed men and women who have sufficient vision to make order and we must acquire more and more understand of the people from Russia, China, etc. We civilians must keep up with the soldiers who are learning the hard way.

Ely Culbertson is a recognized leader, both in regard to the intricate job of making a peace plan and in regard to understanding of the peoples. Let us hear him and I suggest that we get more of his kind into the community.

Aage Moller

Friday, December 15, 1944, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Indianapolis, Indiana

December 10, 1944

Dear Pop and Mom:

Well, here I am in the Hoosier weather, I'll be here awhile. Yes, already I got a hop order for here and RON (Remain over Night), but the weather looks like it will be—remain over nights. When another WAVE who went with us on this trip and I awoke this morning there was a blanket of snow on the ground.

You should have seen me when I went aboard the plane—I looked like someone from Mars with all my flight gear. Big fur lined boots, suit and helmet, and goggles and top of it all, my parachute. Was I loaded down, but a good thing about it was it kept me from freezing, so I didn't care what I looked like.

The country beneath us was beautiful. When we left Ottumwa, the fields were covered with snow and the Des Moines, Mississippi, and Illinois rivers were icy ribbons. As we came east, we could see cultivated and uncultivated sections, one after another for miles and miles, plus a few cities scattered here and there. This part of the country is certainly flat.

Our pilot is from Los Angeles. Indianapolis is quite a large city.

Much Love,

Audrey Mae Hanson AMM 2/c

Friday, December 15, 1944, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Germany

November 4, 1944

Dear Walt:

Have time this afternoon to write a few lines so will try. The War Dept. has lifted quite a bit of secrecy on our Battalion so can tell you a little about it.

One Btry of our 155 MM guns has landed on Dx1 [D-Day+1?] and on Dx6 [D-Day+6?] we landed. We were the first artillery to cut the Cherbourg peninsula by fire and to fire on the city of Cherbourg.

First of all when we landed we rolled off to gun positions at St. Mere Eglise at Ploenville on July 4 we participated in the multi-gun Independence Day Salute. Also from this position we supported the Infantry advance into La Haye de Piuts and the taking of Hills 121 and 131. At the St. Lo-Perienes breakthrough we fired on German anti-aircraft.

We fired on German anti-aircraft positions to protect the thousands of bombers that came after to paste Jerries.

After the breakthrough we moved rapidly. Also we helped close the Falaise Gap.

Rapid moving put us through Chartes, Alencon, Manne and Seine Rivers and Chateau Thierry.

The last city to get through in France was Laon [sic] and on Sept. 4 we passed into Belgium.

In the vicinity of Mons we took quite a few prisoners.

Next town was Charleroi, then Liege. From the vicinity of Herve we fired our first rounds into Germany at a railroad overpass in Meresenet, Aachen on September 11. Eupen was the last city to go through in Belgium and on September 17 we hit in Germany.

I suppose you know already that we were originally the 144th F. A. California National Guard. Then they made separate battalions and called one 980th and the other 981st.

A btry is from Santa Maria. Bud Burd, Mono Ontiveros, Phil Knight, Bud Jones and myself joined from the Valley. Since then Bud Jones, Phil Knight and Mono Ontiveros have gone to other units. Bud Burd and myself are the only ones left.

We've come through pretty good so far and hope to see everyone soon. Have not received the paper for quite some time, but expect they will be along soon.

Hoping this finds everyone whom I know fine and thanking the American Legion for the Valley News.

As Always,

Sgt. Gene Crane Btry A 980 F. A. Bn APO 230 c/o PM New York, NY

Friday, December 15, 1944, Page Four: Editorial

To the People of this Community

Five billion dollars of the 14 billion dollars our country needs to press the war against our enemies must come from individual investors. That sounds like and is a lot of money. Actually success or failure of the Sixth War Loan is up to each individual American.

Every war loan has been oversubscribed because Americans by the millions have shared its responsibility. Americans such as you have recognized the need of extra War bond purchases over and above their normal payroll savings.

There is no such thing as a little fellow in a War Bond drive. Your War Bond purchases, multiplied by the War Bond purchases of your friends and neighbors, become fighting power which saves lives of Americans on the battlefronts and brings us nearer our common objective.

The Editor

Friday, December 15, 1944, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Camp Butner, NC

November 26, 1944

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Having not written for some time and feeling that a letter is about due you, I'll write this evening to let you know I still receive the paper regularly. Of course you know it is the most prized panel of my mail. All we fellows are eager at mail call to get our home town papers. After each reads his own, then we trade around. That way we find out what's going on in every town all over the US. They are all alike and so are the fellows from them. Each is grateful to his paper or his home town Legion Post for sending him the news. It is the only way we have of keeping up with the ones we know.

I received the greeting from my Legion and I want to express my thanks to them and you for your attention to we fellows from home. From the sound of the literature about the "GI Bill of rights" you at home are making it very pleasant for our return. We all appreciate it I'm sure.

I am still waiting to move somewhere. We were to ho a month ago, but plans were cancelled to some future date. One never knows when that will be. Training is still going on, but it's just a routine schedule only meant to keep us a bit in certain subjects. The weather here is extremely cold since the 1st of November. No snow as yet, but it is expected at any time. The trees have lost all their leaves, and the post looks like a deserted mining camp. No one goes out unless they have to, because you have to bundle up so much. Oh, for sunny California! Sure will enjoy myself there sometime in the future.

Well, this is about enough for this time. Very shocked to hear of the death of Charley Gott and also George Downs. Those of us who know them will realize their absence I'm sure.

Glad to hear that Santa Ynez High has finally started a football squad. Although the score of the first game was onesided, they must start somewhere. We of the Alumni realize their hardships. We too thought of football often, but the lack of man-power for a team stopped everything.

We had a very enjoyable Thanksgiving dinner, all we could eat of everything. Of course the spirit was at home, but we managed fairly well.

Hello to all the "G.I.'s" everywhere and thanks again for the Xmas greeting and the "News."

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

As Ever, Sgt. Fred Bumpass

Hg co. 1st Bn 354 Inf. APO 89

Camp Butner, NC

Friday, December 15, 1944, Page Six: Advertisement

The Facts on the Coffee Situation

A Statement by the Producing Countries

Mr. George C. Thierbach, President

National Coffee Association

120 Wall St. New York

Dear Mr. Thierbach:

In view of the various reports that have appeared for some time in the press of this country relative to both the supply and prices of coffee, and in view of recent statements from responsible sources to the effect that the responsibility for the solution of these problems rests with the producing countries, the Pan-American Coffee Bureau has decided to submit to you a clarification of the factors involved in the great crisis which now faces the coffee industry of Latin America.

The Pan-American Coffee Bureau has, without exception, always scrupulously abstained from expressing any opinion or taking any position with respect to any of the war-time regulations of restrictions imposed in the United States.

As a foreign agency the Bureau has rigorously refrained from direct or indirect interference in any manner, in subjects concerning the internal economy and policies of this country.

This policy has been strictly adhered to, as can be testified to by the National Coffee Association and during recent years, so fraught with difficulties and problems for the coffee industry, the Bureau has concentrated on cooperating with the National Coffee Association, the various government agencies of the United States and the producing countries for removal of difficulties, an early solution of existing problems, and faithful adherence to all war-time regulators.

We have considered these policies as the least we could do in order to reciprocate the favorable and cooperative attitude shown by the government, the trade and the public of this country towards the Bureau and the entities which the Bureau represents.

However, it does not seem to me to be necessary to deviate from our policy in order to submit a concise statement of facts as they affect the Coffee producing industry of the Western Hemisphere.

Coffee Prices Reached All-Time Low in 1940

Following the outbreak of the European War, with its consequent closing of markets for about 10 million bags of coffee produced in Latin-America, the price of coffee already greatly depressed because of a long period of overproduction, because of abandonment by Brazil of the price support policy which it followed until 1937, and because of restrictive tariffs in various consuming countries –(colonial protection in Continental Europe and Imperial preference in Canada and Great Britain) reached the lowest levels in history.

These disastrous levels, starvation prices if permitted to for any length of time would have resulted in ruin for the coffee industry of Latin America, and in economic chaos for the 14 coffee producing countries of this Hemisphere.

Such a catastrophe would have resulted in deplorable social and political repercussions, would have opened the doors of the Americas to dangerous extremist ideologies which were making bold experiments in Europe and what is most important, would have cut off initially important markets in Latin-America for United States industries.

Ceiling Price Set Below 30-Year Average

The completion of the Inter-American Coffee Agreement, in which the United States participated averted this calamity. The coffee market slowly recovered and prices reacted in a healthy manner until they reached, late in 1941, a level which was then acceptable or even satisfactory when compared to the disastrous depths to which they had fallen in 1940.

It should be noted at this point that the sole basis for the acceptability of these prices was the fact that they represented a partial recovery from the all-time lows afore-mentioned, which obviously cannot be taken as a fair basis of comparison.

When war-time conditions made necessary price control in this country, green coffee prices were frozen at the levels prevailing in 1941, levels which as we have seen were at that time acceptable to the producers. However, it is clear that these so-called "recovery" prices of 1941 were far from remunerative, when it is considered that they were still about 4% below the average of the past 30 years.

Coffee prices still continue frozen on that basis today, at the end of 1944.

Production Costs Substantially Higher

With this background, the present situation may be summarized as follows:

The agricultural and industrial wages, local transportation, the cost of machinery and other articles which coffee producers import, etc., all rose substantially between 1941 and 1944 (in some cases up to more than 100%) which increases have been fully reflected in highly increased cost of coffee production. But the prices of coffee continue frozen on a 1941 basis and therefore, coffee producers at present have to produce coffee and to live in 1944 at 1944 costs while their income is frozen at 1941 levels.

Abandoned Coffee Trees Portend Disaster

This state of affairs is already resulting in the abandonment of millions and millions of coffee trees throughout Latin-America and in the failure adequately to care for and maintain plantations still in production. If this situation is prolonged there will be an inevitable collapse of the coffee industry of Latin America. As the war stimulated the demand for meat, cotton, and grain, many producers have found a temporary and precarious compensation in raising cattle and growing other products. With the advent of peace and the restoration of local production in the countries devastated by the war, this temporary demand will cease and with it will cease the temporary income offered former coffee producers whose situation will then be desperate.

Present Prosperity in Coffee Countries—an Illusion

The apparent prosperity in the coffee producing countries, an appearance resulting from existing favorable international trade balances, is illusory and frankly misleading. Such balances result solely from the impossibility of buying, in which these countries find themselves, from the impossibility of obtaining the instruments of production necessary for their activities and of obtaining many other essential articles of life. The restrictions imposed by the war have not permitted them to import except in very limited quantities, agricultural and industrial machinery, railroad, cars, mills, rails, trucks, automobiles, electrical equipment, and often did not permit them to import even spare parts either new or used. Now, the very modest industrial plants of these countries, their railroads, systems of urban transportation, highway rolling equipment, agricultural, industrial and transportation equipment, water transport facilities, coastal or interior, already deficient before the war are today on the verge of collapse, and the open process of disintegration through lack of replacements or even remotely adequate maintenance and repairs. This is the sole reason for the existing balances, which will evaporate on the day the war-time restrictions which impede the purchases of material are removed. Such balances are actually not sufficient to renovate our agricultural and industrial equipment or to repair the depreciation caused by three years of excessive use, without even a minimum of adequate maintenance, and repairs. Increase Needed—Only 1/8 of a Cent a Cup

An increase in coffee prices sufficient to maintain economically in production the billions of coffee trees in Latin America, sufficient to avoid the loss of valuable markets for industries of the United States, would not constitute a sacrifice for the public because it would represent, at the most, about 1/8 of a cent in the cost of a cup of coffee. This means that a consumer who drinks four regular cups a day would have his budget for coffee increased by about ½ cent a day.

A Lowering Production May Affect US Coffee Supply If some adjustment is not made an unfortunate situation might arise, which would prevent or disturb the free flow of coffee to the American market, just at a time when the shipping situation is such as to permit an ample supply of the product for United States needs. Coffee producers cannot be forced to sell their coffee at a loss, i.e., below the cost of production when the abandonment of plantations and the neglect of adequate cultivation of those which are still in production has already reduced the yield of coffee in neglect of the plantations for one year results in a reduced production which takes at least 3 years to return to original yield. In the case of Brazil, unfavorable weather conditions and inadequate returns have reduced by more than 50% the last two crops.

Coffee Growers Unable to Take Further Losses

With reduced production, on one hand, and with the impossibility of continuing to produce without suffering economic losses under present conditions, on the other hand, it is only logical that the producers, so badly squeezed for some time past, will not be able to sell in 1945 at 1941 prices.

Would Rationing Be a Solution?

It is our considered opinion that rationing would not be a solution because it would not permit the restoration of plantations already abandoned or being abandoned, thus adversely affecting the producers, the trade and the consumers.

This is the present situation of coffee as viewed and interpreted by the Pan-American Coffee Bureau. The gravity of the menace which weighs over the Latin-American producers who derived their livelihood from coffee, over the roasters, importers, brokers and distributors in the United States who deal in coffee and over the public which has made coffee its favorite beverage, can hardly be exaggerated.

In conclusion, may I express to you personally and on behalf of the countries represented by the Bureau our great appreciation for the cooperation offered at all times to the Bureau by your Association.

Cordially yours,

Eurico Penteado, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Pan American Coffee-Bureau

The following countries are members of the Bureau, whose headquarters are at 120 Wall St. New York: Brazil Colombia Costa Rica Cuba Dominican Republic El Salvador Mexico Venezuela

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page One

Lt. Ned Harrison who is a prisoner of war in Germany writes that he is fine. Mrs. Harrison who resides at the White Gate ranch says she is receiving letters regularly from him now.

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Word has been received from Neal Glisson by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Glisson, to the effect that he has been hospitalized for sickness. This was the first message they had received from him in three months. Neal is with Anti-Aircraft in the Philippines.

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

A V-Mail letter to the Valley News force from Lucy M. Buell, who is with the Red Cross in the South Seas, indicates that she is getting along alright, and states that the "Valley Squawk" is reaching her several months late.

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

We also received a V-Mail letter from T.Sgt. Lester Fredericksen. His Christmas greeting is written in India, Burma, and Chinese. He states that it reads the same in each—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page Three: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Terminal Island

Santa Ynez Valley Post 160

Solvang, California

Dear Sirs:

I received your Christmas greeting card and two booklets enclosed. I want to thank you for your interest in the veterans of this war. I am honored to be remembered by your very fine organization.

Many of us had no future planned before the war. But now the government with the help of the VFW has planned for many opportunities for the returning vets. Every man in the service now should have your booklet, "The Gateway to Opportunity for returning veterans of world war No. 2" They will find the answer to many of their post war problems. Let me congratulate you on your fine work.

You have heartiest Christmas greetings and best wishes for the coming New Year.

Sincerely yours,

William C. Clark

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page Three: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

December 12, 1944

Dear Members of the American Legion

I want to thank you for the Christmas and New Year's greeting, also for the information about the Legion. It is very nice to know that the folks in the Valley are thinking of you.

I enjoyed very much attending one of your meetings while on leave. I know all we fellows in the service are looking forward to the day when we can be known as veterans, too.

Merry Christmas to you all,

Sincerely,

Peter Lauritzen

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page Three: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

USS MacKenzie

Naval P. O. New York

December 5, 1944

Dear American Legion:

I sure appreciate all you have done for me. And thanks a lot for sending me that most welcome Christmas card. I also receive the Valley News and I sure enjoy getting it. It makes you feel at home for a while.

Well, I wish you all a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year. Lots of luck. God Bless you all.

Yours truly,

Pfc. George D. Ortega

Friday, December 22, 1944, Page Four

Life in London Told by Refugee To Solvang People

The following is taken from a letter sent to Marius Larsen from M/Sgt. Joseph Simon, who is stationed in England. Sgt. Simon will be remembered here as the young Austrian refugee, who escaped from Denmark when the Nazis invaded that country. Several talks and lectures were given in Solvang by Sgt. Simon when he was here three years ago. These were of special interest to the many local people who have close family ties in Denmark. The following extract from Sgt. Simon's letter gives us interesting glimpses in British American relations in London:

Dear Marius Larsen:

Life in London is very interesting, sometimes almost exciting. I was blasted twice, but I was not hurt at all. The bomb fell also not in our block, but in the next one, however, the blast is very strong. And the plaster fell from the ceiling on all places except the one where I tried to dress myself after I had been awakened by the motor and then by the whistle of the bomb. The bombing has dropped very considerably, and we expect that it is only a lull, but that the advance of our Armies in Northern France has ended this nuisance. Life in London had continued with an amazing normalcy. The movies and restaurants are over-crowded; the meetings in Hyde Park and the Change of the Guards are like in the old times. The food has never been good in London; a Canadian officer was sitting beside me today in a cafeteria and wrapped his sausage in a paper. "I will send this home; they shall know what we have to go through here." It is difficult to obtain fruit; sometimes, a cart with apples or pears appear on the street, and a queue is formed at once.

There is much in the papers about the relations between the British population and the American soldier. Of course, such a question would come up. I listen rather regularly to the German broadcasting; while they have not told very much about the military situation, they report long about alleged incidents; yesterday a letter written by an American girl, and found in some obscure paper was read; the girl complained that so many American soldiers are marrying British girls; that would not prove the rest of the broadcast, namely that the British and Americans are on bad terms. In my outfit we have both British and American soldiers; they forget that the most American soldiers whom they meet on the streets are here on leave only; and that they wish to amuse themselves while the most British soldiers here are on duty, secondly the British have a home where they can go while the Americans have to populate the public places; the Americans are therefore heavily concentrated around Picadilly and the other well-known places while the British soldiers are in the entire city. The British soldiers understand that better. Of course, he has other grievances, the Americans have a much higher pay and they can therefore afford many things which even a British officer cannot afford.

In the theatres, the American privates have often better seats than the British Senior Officers. A British friend of mine is very glad for that fact and asserts that British life has democratized this way; now the American soldier or sailor takes his British girl friend to restaurants and other establishments where formerly the cr me of British society was assembled.

How close the relations between the two nations actually are can be seen on the street or in the bus where a high percentage of the British civilians chew gum which comes regularly from pockets of American soldiers. If a little boy or girl approaches you, you can bet that you will be addressed by "Any gum, chum?" I feel that the American personnel conduct themselves better than could be expected. Although the majority of the foreign troops are American, you see really uniforms of all Allied nations here, Polish and Greek sailors, Norwegian and Dutch flyers, etc. It even happens that you meet a man in British uniform with a little Dannebrog and the inscription Denmark on the left shoulder. Of course, the Norwegians are very numerous and very popular.

The main subject for the discussion were for a long time the flying bombs, the dugs [sic] now people begin to wonder what should happen Europe after the war. If ear that the main interest is concentrated on changes of frontiers while their removal would be of more importance, and still more the change of minds.

Please give my best regards to the friends in Solvang, especially the Tarnow's and Gudrun Sorensen.

Cordially yours,

Joseph Simon

Friday, December 29, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Pvt. Thomas Ortega to one of his friends in the valley.

Somewhere in Italy

Dec. 5, 1944

I received your letter and don't know how to thank you, but it sure really does help my morale quite a bit to know that I'm not forgotten by my old friends back home.

I appreciate your part in trying to understand our part. Us guys over here really need a little sympathy and morale booster now and then.

At the present time, I'm fine, thanks to God, but couldn't say that I am in tip- top shape, but believe I am coming home alive—I hope.

I can sling their lingo here (Italian) pretty well, but wish I had taken language as my study. Italian is similar to Spanish, so it is rather easy for me to get along with the natives, although they have many dialects. My little Latin that I knew has helped me, too.

The weather has been miserable with plenty of rain and mud and it has been rugged fighting all the way through.

I never knew before that home and mother could be so dear. All these years, though, have made me hard, miserable, and thoughtful, but nevertheless I never lose hope.

Yes, I did receive the home paper, but due to the fact that my address has changed so many times, I have not received it for some time.

I feel rather proud to know that the people in the valley are right there pitching with all their hearts in some way or another with us guys.

With best of everything for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and all my friends who still think of a "dog-face" over here.

Very sincerely,

Tom

Friday, December 29, 1944, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The letter that follows is from Sgt. Earl Rasmussen who is now in the Philippines. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasmussen.

Somewhere in the Philippines

November 28, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad:

I received one of your V-mail letters several days ago, so I'll try and answer it today. The mail don't seem to be too fast in getting out here, but I guess they have more important things to haul and it really is quite a ways too.

Everything is OK with me. We got a few Nips once in a while, otherwise, they are pretty well disorganized. I've seen a couple of Zeros shot down by P-38s the other day which gave everybody quite a thrill. The Jap planes haven't much of a chance when they come over here.

The rain, mosquitos and hot weather really get a person down when we have to walk. Five hundred yards is about as far as I can walk without getting all wore out. So far, we haven't done too much walking so we have been pretty lucky.

The jungles here are so thick that there is no air that moves at all. Banana and cocoanut trees are the main trees and they grow so thick you can just see a few feet in front of you. It seems impossible that so much stuff can grow so close together. Every once in a while, we come across a native shack made of cocoanut leaves. They have a small patch of corn and sweet potatoes around the house. I don't see how they can get enough to eat, but I guess they do if they are left alone.

These natives here really go for soldiering and killing Japs. We have some of them with the company right now. They know the jungle and jungle trails like a book so they come in pretty handy. If we had a few more of them well organized we could all go home and let the Philippines take back their own Islands.

I almost forgot to tell you about our big Thanksgiving. When you read in the papers about all troops getting turkey for Thanksgiving, don't believe it. I got a wing from a chicken and that is all. Even that tasted pretty good. The rations we get are the same thing day after day so they get pretty tiresome. Argentina beef, chopped ham and eggs, and cheese day after day. Someday we'll get our kitchens set up have a decent meal again

I am running out of paper so I'll have to close now. Hope this finds you all fine. Will write again soon.

With love,

Earl

Friday, December 29, 1944, Page One: Editorial of the Week

Editor's Note: The first American nurse to be killed by enemy action in the European theatre was Lieut. Frances Y. Slinger of Boston. She died on October 21, when German 88s hit an American hospital where she was stationed. On November 7, a letter written by Lieutenant Slinger and signed by her and three tent mates was printed as a two column editorial in the Stars and Stripes. Here is the editorial as it appeared in that soldier newspaper.

To the Editor of Stars and Stripes:

It's 2 am and I have been lying awake for one hour listening to the steady breathing of three other nurses in my tent. I have been thinking about some of the things we have discussed during the day. The rains are beating down in the tent roof with torrential force. The winds are on a mad rampage, and their main objective seems to be to lift the tent off its poles and lifting it about our heads.

The fires are burning low, just a few live coals are left at the bottom. But with a slow feeding of wood and finally of coal they will be roaring again. I couldn't help thinking how like a human being is a fire which is allowed to run down too low.

If there's a spark of life left in it, it can be nursed back. So can a human being. It's slow. It's gradual. But it's done all the time—in these field hospitals and in other hospitals in the ETO.

Today we were reading several articles in different magazines and papers sent by grateful GIs praising the work of the nurses in the combat zones. Praising us! For what?

Lieutenant Bowler is sleeping with one eye open. I whisper to her. Lieutenant Powers and Lieutenant Cox slumber on. Fine nurses and great girls to live with. Of course, like all families there's an occasional quarrel. But they are quickly forgotten.

I'm writing this by flashlight. In this light the tent looks like a dive. In the center are two poles. Kindling wood lies in disordered confusion on the damp ground. We don't have a tarpaulin on the ground.

A French wine pitcher filled with water stands by. The GIs say we rough it. We in our little tent can't see it that way.

True, we live in tents, sleep on cots and are subjected to all types of weather. We wade ankle deep in mud, we are restricted to an area—a cow pasture or a hay field. But then, who isn't restricted? We have a stove. We have coal. We even have a laundry line in the tent. Our GI drawers are at the moment doing a dance on the line. With the wind howling through the tent, rain beating down, guns firing, and me writing by flashlight. It all adds up to a feeling of unreality.

Sure we rough it. But in comparison to the way you men take it, we can't complain nor do we feel that any bouquets are due us.

But to you men behind the guns, driving the tanks, flying the planes, sailing the ships, building the bridges, and to the men who pave the way and to the men who are left behind—it's to you, we doff our helmets. To every GI wearing an American uniform—for you we have the greatest admiration and respect.

Yes, this time, we're handing out the bouquets, after taking care of you and your buddies, seeing you brought in, bloody and dirty, caked with earth and mud and grime. Most of you so tired. Somebody's brother. Somebody's father. Somebody's son.

And seeing you gradually brought back to life and consciousness. Seeing lips part in a grin, when they first welcome you. Hurt as you are, you usually kid. It doesn't amaze us any more to hear, "Howya babe?" or "Holy mackerel, an American woman!" Or the indiscreet, "Say, how about a kiss?"

Such soldiers stay with us only a short time—for ten days or two weeks. But we have learned a great deal about the American soldier and the stuff he's made of.

The wounded don't cry. Their buddies come first. They show such patients and determination. The courage and fortitude, they show is awesome to behold. It's we who are proud to be here. Rough it?

No. It's a privilege to be able to receive you and a great distinction to see you open your eyes and, with that swell American grin, say "Hiya, babe."

JANUARY 1945

Friday, January 5, 1945, Page Eight: About Valley Service Folks

The following letter is from Frank Buell, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Odin Buell, who writes an interesting letter from the South Pacific.

Dear Odin Buell, Josephine and kids:

Received your lovely and thoughtful Christmas packages, just a few days ago. They kept very well, especially the fruit cake, that was especially good. There was only one thing wrong with it. It had a moreish taste. I haven't got the names. I wonder who could have sent me three plugs of tobacco, I wonder?

I guess by now that the grass is coming along pretty well, how do your cattle look? There are only a few days left until Christmas. That's a big day for the kids. I only wish I could send them something, but where I am right now, it's pretty rough, and there is nothing except rain and lizards.

Has that big boy of yours brought in any bacon yet? I won't know him when I get back. He will be grown up and a man. How is old Glenn and Juan? I guess Glenn's boy has been in some fighting by now. He sure has a lot of nerve. Those paratroopers are a pretty tough outfit to get into. I was in a strafing run made by the Japs not long ago, and it's no fun.

I wish I could tell you all I have seen and done. I am flying quite a lot now and I like it pretty had some well. We had some pictures taken of all the Detachment where I am and I shall send you one as soon as they are developed. We have caught lizards over 42 inches long. We have caught a wild pig which is our mascot. We don't have too good chow out here but you can live on it.

I went to the show a couple of nights ago and saw "Heavenly Lady" with Hedy Lamarr. She sure is a hunk of a woman, isn't she?

I hope everyone is well, and wish everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours, Frank Buell, Jr.

Friday, January 12, 1945, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

The following Thanksgiving menu was received from Sgt. Wm. E. Parker by his mother, Mrs. Hannah Parker and was mailed from France. For dinner they had tomato juice cocktail, French dressing, radishes, celery, pickles, roast turkey, baked ham, giblet gravy, cranberry sauce, fresh parsley potatoes, June peas, buttered cauliflower, fresh butter, bread, jam, fresh pears, apple pie, ice cream, coffee, assorted candy, cigarettes. Their supper was oyster stew, (didn't see it) leftover turkey, sliced cheese, potato cakes, luncheon meat, cherry pie, fresh butter, bread, coffee.

The letter accompanied the menu was written November 30th, had been delayed en route. This is Billy's third thanksgiving dinner eaten from a tin mess kit and he says he is pretty well used to it, but still thinks he would enjoy his meals better if they could be eaten from dishes. He says the oyster stew listed on the supper menu failed to appear, and the cherry pie was underscored, meaning it is his favorite dessert, in or out of the army. The butter they get is shipped from USA, as he says the French people haven't had butter for years. The meats and fowl are canned and most of the vegetables are either canned or dehydrated. Billy has been in France since September, but has never been fortunate enough to meet any Valley boys.

Friday, January 12, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Germany

December 21, 1944

Dear Sir:

This is to notify you of my change of address. Have not received the Valley News for a while, but expect that they will catch up with me soon now that I've quit moving around. I sure do miss the paper.

I'd like to say hello to all my friends in the service and in the valley, and many thanks to the American Legion.

Sincerely,

Mono Ontiveros

Friday, January 12, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Lt. Philip Knight sent us an airmail Christmas card, mailed on December 15, which arrived here January 9th. From the card we take it that he is with the 82nd Airborne Division near Germany.

Friday, January 12, 1945, Page Four

AWVS

Cards were mailed this week to members on which to register their hours of voluntary service and qualify for their Merit Award ribbon, similar to the overseas ribbon worn by servicemen.

We are an organization of volunteers who pledge ourselves to service in the war effort wherever needed. We do not seek to duplicate the work of other organizations but urge our members to serve where needed. Therefore, hours of service to the Red Cross, Airplane observation post, time spent in collecting funds for war work, bond drives, etc. may be counted as well as those on AWVS projects.

Two hundred fifty hours is the minimum requirement for a ribbon and your membership card must be on file. For further information call Mrs. G. L. Erwin, 219.

I wish to thank all those who generously contributed both money and work and time toward making the Los Olivos Sunday night dinners at the AWVS the success they have proven to be. This has turned out to be one of our really worthwhile projects and has given pleasure to a great many homeless, homesick service men. Signed,

Josephine Stonebarger

Friday, January 19, 1945, Page One

Valley People Helped Build USS Mercy, Sees Action in Leyte

First hospital ship to take part in the Philippine action, the San Pedro built USS Mercy, moved into a Leyte beachhead in the early days of the campaign, it was learned here in word received from crew members and confirmed by Navy officials.

This ship was worked on by Santa Ynez Valley folks, who are proud of her. The Bernard Davis family, including dad, Laine, Bernie, Delbert or (D. J.) and Davis' son-in-law, Tom Cadwell. The ship was commissioned last August. Both Bernie and Delbert are now in England and Dallas is in the South Pacific. The "Hope" a sister ship is also in the Pacific and "the Comfort" also a sister ship is in the Atlantic.

In a situation made precarious by air raids, landing operations and the proximity of units of the Japanese Navy, the Mercy, in her first mission, embarked more than 400 patients from the island and its approaches.

Earl Niemeyer, machinist's mate 1/c in a letter to Todd Shipyard, said: "We established a record which is destined to become a proud tradition of the ships."

At the appointed rendezvous, the tense atmosphere of the air raid alert prevailed as the Mercy approached the anchorage. Almost as soon as the anchor hit bottom, the warships and transports in the harbor opened a terrific antiaircraft barrage with Jap planes as targets. To most of the men aboard it was baptism of fire, Niemeyer related.

The embarkation of casualties was accompanied under similarly trying circumstances. Groups of patients came aboard in rapid succession, were carried or assisted to receiving stations, given emergency treatment if necessary, and moved on to the wards.

Friday, January 19, 1945, Page Four: Our Mail Box

January 15, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

The Red Cross would be glad if you could find room in the Valley News for the item next Friday.

Respectfully submitted,

A. H. Hutchison

“As an example of how the Red Cross reaches across and around the world into every exigency where human help is needed, I take the liberty of quoting from a recent letter from Lt. Col. Sir Ian Fraser, C. B. E. MP, of St. Dunstan’s, the great institution for men and women blinded in War Service.

This remarkable school was created by Sir Arthur Pearson, himself blinded during the First World War, and has been carrying on during the years between, at the present time more intensively than ever before. At the time of Sir Arthur’s death, Sir Ian Fraser was chosen to succeed him. Sir Ian was blinded, at nineteen, in 1914. He is a member of Parliament. Among other personnel described in his letter dated December 13, 1944 is the following:

“Among various cases of St. Dunstanners—is an ex-corporal of the Royal Hussars. Unfortunately as well as losing his sight he lost his left hand and the fingers of his right are damaged. After receiving his wounds in North Africa he spent considerable time at our South African Home—. He has now completed his training and as he is an impressive speaker we have given him a post in our Propaganda Dept. this lad was an enthusiastic member of our band when he was at training center, and at a recent public concert of the Red Cross he delighted his audience with “Softly awakes my heart,” from the opera, “Samson and Delilah,” played as a trumpet solo. It was a grand effort with so few fingers.

It may interest you to know that we have had seventeen members of the American Armed forces at St. Dunstan’s, at the same concert in which Corporal Ellis played his trumpet solo, six American soldiers did a most successful turn entitled, “Salute to America” in which they were assisted by five Canadian V.A.D.s members of our staff. The last little party of Americans left us some weeks ago bound for home., but we gladly welcome any others who have the misfortune to be blinded, and will do everything in our power to help them while they are with us.”

Arrangements for such deeply moving friendship and cooperation as this instance of our boys being at St. Dunstan’s until able to face life with renewed courage once more are due to your Red Cross and its marvelous efficiency. Every penny you give is applied to similar acts of mercy and rehabilitation. The Red Cross pours out activities in every theater of human suffering. You are its blood bank. Keep giving to your Red Cross.”

Friday, January 19, 1945, Page Eight: About Valley Service Folks

Seattle, Washington

January 5, 1944 [sic]

Dear Mr. Hanson:

I'm taking a few moments to send you my new address and to express once again my deepest thanks to you and the Legion for the Valley news. If possible, I don't want to miss a single copy, because it seems to bring a little bit of home wherever we are. I apologize for not expressing my gratitude the other day in Solvang, but my very hasty visit there made me forget a good many things I intended to attend to while there.

I don't believe I'll stay here very long as I am now in a pool awaiting reassignment.

However, my first impression of Seattle is very good—it's a lot warmer than Colorado even though it may be slightly wetter.

With best wishes,

John Carricaburu

Friday, January 26, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Lois Mansfield, who is with the WAC detachment in Paris, writes an interesting letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman T. Mansfield, of Los Prietos. Lois attended the local high school before she went into the service. Part of her letter follows:

“You wanted to know about Paris. Well, it’s wonderful Mom. I just can’t describe it as I don’t have the faintest idea how. There are no taxis here. Instead you see funny little enclosed carts hooked to the back of a bike which some strong fellow peddles and eats to get you around the town. Also you see lots of horse drawn buggies, which are like those you see in the movies and in Central Park in New York. The driver sits way up on top, and you are all glassed in below, and it is usually raining so you can imagine how much fun it is to go out at night, or in the daytime for that matter.

In most of the theatres the seats slant the opposite way they do at home. The highest seats are nearest the screen so you need a periscope to see from the back. Also they never have enough room for my long legs so it’s rather uncomfortable. Nevertheless, I enjoy them to such an extent that I nearly always go when someone says “Movie.”

On the streets there is always new fashions and styles to be seen. Some of the hats are really funny. Often wonder how they keep them on their heads when the wind blows.

Nearly everybody had a poodle dog and they are the dumbest animals that I have ever seen. Always getting tangled up in someone’s legs or running the opposite way around a baby buggy from the person on the other end of the tow rope. Can’t help but laugh, when you see them though, all that fur around their necks and shaved to the tail.

To cross a street is like taking your life in your hands. The few autos that you see zip by like they were shot from a gun, and the bikes seem to go just about as fast. They never slow down for anything just honk their squeaky horns and expect you to disappear like magic. We have been trying to decide which would be the most embarrassing, to be run over by a car, horse, or bike.

There are several Red Cross clubs here in town where there is dancing every night, pictures shows, snack bars (café to you), game rooms etc., so there is lots to do outside going to strictly French entertainment. We went to a GI movie last night. (We have a couple of regular theatres run by the Army aside from those run by the R. C.) and saw “Bathing Beauty.” It’s a fairly good show and very entertaining. I had seen it in London some time ago, but still enjoyed it this time.

Will call it quits now.

Love to all

Sis

FEBRUARY 1945

Friday, February 2, 1945, Page Four

Covina, California

January 21, 1945

Dear Friends:

You no doubt have received the gum-drop cake and I want to tell you how much your AWVS canteen means to the service boys.

My son was stationed at Camp Roberts for his seventeen weeks training and the three times he got home they stopped at your USO and each time he mentioned what a cordial welcome they received, the good food you gave them and especially the "motherly" way you treated them. When that comes from a boy who got home to mother a few times, you can just imagine what it must mean to these poor boys who are so far away from home.

Gordon was "shipped out" a few days after Christmas and the last time he was home he said to be sure and send the Buellton canteen one of my gum-drop cakes. As long as he was at Camp Roberts I used all of my gum drops and sugar to send cakes to the boys stationed there.

Are there other things besides cake I can send to you? Is there anything I can do? Do let me know. I have two boys now in the South Pacific (I think that is where Gordon was sent) and it is rather hard to send food into that climate so if there is any way I can help I wish you would let me know.

Covina is east of Los Angeles about twenty-six miles, so our work here is Red Cross work.

God Bless you in the wonderful work you are doing and pray that our boys will be home to us soon.

Sincerely,

Hazel Foster

Friday, February 2, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men and Women In the Service

England

January 10, 1945

Hi There!

Just finished reading my latest Valley News that's what I'll call it in this letter, you should hear the sarcastic cracks the big city boys make. It's really swell hearing all the news of the Valley, even though there are a lot of people around, I've never heard of.

It's really been quite a spell since I last visited Solvang. I've been on this island called England for almost two years now, ready to be moved any old time.

Got a phone call from Billy Jorgensen the other day, wants me to meet him in London, the 13th. Eddy FitzGerald is also in England. Bill is about forty-five miles from here and Eddy is quite a bit further. Bill comes up once in a while, we really have a time-worse than a couple of old women gossiping. Haven't seen Eddy yet, hope to this month though.

Things around here are still in the same old rut, routine is what the army is made of I guess I suppose you've been reading about the Flying Fortress raising havoc in Germany, well that's our trade. I must admit it's interesting at times, also doggone heart breaking. We have seen a lot of boys come and go, some of them really hit home, like the day Ray Paaske failed to return. We all sweated him out. It was really great news the day they told us he was a P. W.

For entertainment, we have shows every night, our Rocker club, the Queen of Hearts. For competitive sports we have baseball, Football and basketball. They have a sweet basketball team that's mopping up all the bases. They have a lot of college boys, that are tops. The football team and baseball team is made up mostly of boys from our squadron, plenty of talent to pick from that's for sure.

When we go on pass, it's either London, Leeds, Manchester, or Scotland that catches heck, plenty women around, two or three to every man. They must have plenty of stuff on the ball, they have cast their loops around a good percentage of boys from the states. The height of all English women ambitions is to get to the US. After being on this island, you could see just why. Everything is tradition over here, that's not for us.

It has really been snowing here lately, it's really beautiful tonight, ship's outlined against the sky, looking out across the field you see a flashlight winking, and if you'll listen close you can hear some ones opinion of a B-17. Plenty cold working on those engines at night, but they have to be ready for the next flight. It's really a sight to see all the ships taxiing out in the morning, the propellers picking up the loose snow, swirling it through the air in a big white cloud to filter down on the runway, till the next ship comes by. It really makes one stop and think, and thank the Lord you are not on the other side of the channel, what a hell of a life they must lead.

Well a couple of the boys just walked in the hut, the guns will start beating now, will no doubt play all the world series games over, all the Bowl games New Year's day and end up with the favorite of all subjects, women, it never fails.

I want to thank you again for the paper, it is really great receiving it once a week. I want to take this opportunity to tell all hello, and here's hoping the New Year brings you all the things you are wishing for. We are trying our best to finish it on this side of the pond, so that we can all head home again.

So long, drop a line this way if you ever have the time, Thanks

As Ever,

Pinky" Bebernes

Friday, February 2, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Philippines

January 12, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Now that I've settled down out here in the Philippines, I will drop you a few lines.

I just received the Christmas card and I want to thank you and the American Legion very much.

Just a few lines of what went on from where I was. We hit the beach about an hour after Jig hour. There wasn't any enemy air action, so we made it into shore OK, although there were a few mortars dropping around us. A few days after we landed the planes begin coming around. The AA really did alright. We have the second highest record for enemy planes knocked out in the Pacific. Just now things are pretty quiet.

When it isn't raining, it's hotter than blue blazes. If it is raining, it's muddy. Since I've been here I've gotten a perfect tan.

The papers come in bunches, but when it catches up, I have plenty of reading material.

My new APO is 235.

I want to thank you and the American Legion for the paper, it's really OK.

Asta la vista.

As ever,

Neal Glisson

Friday, February 2, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Spokane Washington

January 1945

Dear Walt:

Thought I would take time out to let you know I have been receiving the paper regular. I didn't find time awhile back to let you know of my slight change of address. We were only transferred out of the Air Borne into the heavy equipment engineers so there wasn't much of a change. This change brought on another 400 men into the outfit. We're on the alert, which doesn't mean a thing for we've been on alerts for quite some time. This has been this way ever since I got into the engineers.

I just completed a tractor and tournapull [sic] tech school tonight. Was only a six week course, which seemed to be a short six weeks. Was glad to get into this line of work for it will always help me after this war. I've been in hopes I would get sent to some of these other equipment courses, but seems that we have too many in school out of the company at present.

The weather up here has been plenty cold lately. It's been far too cold to be setting on equipment in. Think all of us would appreciate some nice weather for a change.

Think this will be all for now, for its lights out, thanking you and the American Legion again for the paper which I enjoy getting weekly. As Ever,

Stan Fredericksen

Friday, February 9, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Somewhere in South Pacific

Dear Walt:

It's high time I wrote you a letter so that you can get my new address. The Valley News comes in a pile every now and then, and I quit whatever I'm doing and start reading and boy it's really swell to read about the folks back home.

Things were pretty hot for a while, but it's pretty warm right now. I really love sack time, and we are resting now, so I'll get plenty of it.

This flying out here is really wonderful and I've really got a swell pilot who knows his business.

Thanks for sending the Valley News. Give my regards to everyone in the valley. I hope to see that good old Santa Ynez in about seven months.

I must close now, be good,

As Ever,

Corp. Warren Tate

Friday, February 9, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Ens. Leslie B. Sahm in a letter to his folks, states he has seen China for the first time. His birthday which occurred on January 12, he says he will never forget, instead of cakes and candles, he saw plenty of fireworks. Carrier planes in that area are very busy he says.

Friday, February 9, 1945, Page One: About Valley Folks

Mrs. Paul C. Willis (nee Gerda Svendsen) received the following message from the commanding officer of the 7th army of which her husband is a member.

Somewhere in France

January 1945

Dear Mrs. Willis,

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing to you my appreciation of the efficient work Paul is doing in the Battalion.

The Communication has been good in all our operations and is due largely to his never ending efforts to keep it functioning. He works all the time day and night if the job demands it.

I have recommended that he be made a first lieutenant, and I believe that within fifteen days his promotion will come through.

May the year of '45 bring you glad news and good health, is my wish.

James W. Lann,

Lt. Col. 47th Tank Battalion Commanding

Later—A cablegram from Willis to Mrs. Willis yesterday states he received his 1st Lt. commission.

Friday, February 23, 1945, Page One

About Valley Service Folks

Another air mail letter from Sgt. Ronald Smith to his mother, tells what he had that day, Dec. 31 for dinner which was pretty good, consisted of a can of turkey, some fried rabbit and mashed potatoes and gravy. Says he is a pretty good cook if he has anything to cook. One foot of snow and still snowing he says, and is especially anxious now to see some California sunshine. He is feeling fine and sent his New Year's greetings to everyone.

Friday, February 23, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Scotland

February 13, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

To start this may I thank the folks that make it possible for me to receive the Valley News. I know I am quite late but I never could think of anything to say of interest to anyone and really can't as yet.

Sir, one can scarcely imagine just how much news we get out of your paper, and it also seems to bring a little assurance that we overseas aren't forgotten throughout the valley.

From the paper I have found out that Lois Mansfield is over here somewhere and believe me, I sure wish I knew her APO No. or APO Nos. of anybody I might know over here.

As you know I have been doing overseas duty for 3 years now and haven't as yet met one person from home. Many of the Valley folks have met up, I have noticed by reading the good old Valley News.

In the past 3 years I was lucky enough to be home in the valley for 8 days, but they now seem more like a past dream.

This duty we have here is just about as good as anyone can expect over here, and I believe we have no reason to crab, for we can easily see that you people back home having given up a good many things for our benefit and I would like you to know that we appreciate it all very much.

Well, I must close for now, but again I wish to say thank each and every one of you people back home for your most welcomed paper. Yours sincerely,

Lauren Payne

Friday, February 23, 1945, Page One: Our Mail Box

501 Ontare Road

Santa Barbara Calif.

February 19, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Just a line to let you know that a Santa Ynez Valley horse won the greatest race in the world—in the movies!

This horse, Castalar was bred and raised by Mr. Samuel R. Dabney, who sold him as a “stand in” for the horse in “National Velvet.” When the picture comes to Solvang, Castalar’s friends will recognize him running on the pasture, the first horse shown on the screen. Next he is running wildly down the road. After that he makes the jump in the rain. Then the climax, Castalar is lead into the paddock for the greatest race in the world—the Grand National. He runs the entire race taking some beautiful and breathtaking jumps—the water jump is especially nice, everyone’s eyes are on No.28 (it being Castalar.) The driving finish is a thrill of thrills, and practically everyone leaves their seats.

I hope everyone will go to see Castalar in “National Velvet.” I am very proud of him. He is very photogenic in Technicolor, too.

I saw the picture six times and haven’t seen it enough. I remember back in September 1942, when Castalar and I jumped in the little Santa Ynez fair, he has really become famous.

Sincerely,

Betty June Cocksedge

Editor’s Note—Miss Cocksedge had a lot to do with the training of this horse and rode him up until the horse was sold to Hollywood movie people.

Friday, February 23, 1945, Page Four

Legion Post 160 Gets Thanks from Camp Red Cross

The following letter to American Legion Post 160 and its Auxiliary for the many gifts that were sent to the Red Cross at Camp Cooke at Christmas time for the hospitalized veterans there. Other organizations in the valley also sent gifts to the veterans in hospitals at Camp Cooke.

Camp Cooke, California

Station Hospital

February 13, 1945

Mr. Walter Hanson

Solvang American Legion

Solvang, California Dear

Mr. Hanson:

Your organization generously provided stationery folders for the patients in the Station Hospital at Camp Cooke during the Christmas season. May we take this opportunity to tell you how much the men appreciated your thoughtfulness. Every man in the hospital received a gift of stationery and other gifts, too. Never have we had such a manifestation of the kindness of our many friends.

Will you thank all the members of the American Legion for their gifts? We speak for the patients and the American Red Cross.

Sincerely,

Miss Christine McCullough

Assistant Field Director

Mrs. Lucile D. Storey

MARCH 1945

Friday, March 2, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Cliff Runte was finally heard from after a silence of nearly three months. He wrote to the local bank and said to tell everyone hello. He is in the South Pacific somewhere and was expecting “hot” action soon.

Friday, March 2, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

A V-mail letter from Pfc. D. J. Davis is in the European war zone, says he is fine and getting the Valley News, but just got his November issues on February 11. Says he is in the Third Army and third corps and are doing a very good job, so the Brass tells them. He states that he has not met anyone yet that he knew in the valley, and is anxious to get Mike Ross and Norman FitzGerald addresses. He wrote from Luxembourg.

Friday, March 2, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Sgt. Harry Fredericksen, now stationed at Inglewood, California

February 25, 1945

Dear Walt and Members of the American Legion Post 160:

I know that this is a much too late a letter of thanks to you and the American Legion for sending me the Santa Ynez Valley News, but it seems like wherever I have thought about writing to you something has come up and I have postponed it.

I graduated from a 16 weeks course in Aircraft Mechanics School at San Bernardino on February 17th and at that time I thought I was through with the Army Technical Schools, but Uncle Sam had other plans and I ended up down here specializing in P-51s. Tomorrow will be my first day of specialists training and with the future outlook in the aircraft industry staying in the front rank of advancement, I would be stupid to have a no-care attitude and let all of the government expense training pass me by. I am really getting a technical knowledge which if, was taken up in civilian life would cost few thousands dollars.

I haven't as yet made up my mind as to what type of work I would do after the war, but even though I don't choose to stay with aircraft, I know that some of my Army Technical training can also be put to use in other types of work.

On March 28th, I will have put in my first three years and of that time, I spent better than two years of it in Texas and New Mexico camps. It wasn't so bad at that, but when I was transferred to my home state it was just like a dream fulfilled. Texas and New Mexico where I was stationed was desert land and San Bernardino just about ran along the same line, but there was somewhat more vegetation around to make the conditions a little better.

This California weather is really invigorating and ever since I got stationed out here I began to realize how much one can really appreciate it to. While I was at San Bernardino, I slept under two wool blankets and a good thick comforter, but down here I have to use five blankets. If I can't keep warm, with those blankets I will have to use every available piece of clothing over me then.

This will be all for now and in closing I want to again say many thanks for the Santa Ynez Valley News. I really enjoy reading it, especially the letters from those in service.

As Ever, Harry

PS I forgot to mention that I had received the greetings from the American Legion. Thanks ever so much.

The GI Bill of rights is the mainstay for discharged veterans and if anyone takes advantage of it and lives up to the rules and regulations of it there should be no reason why it shouldn't benefit him in his after-discharge career.

Friday, March 2, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Cpl. Robert W. Miller, who is with the 84th Infantry Division, known as the “Railsplitters” now mopping up the Germans, received the following praise from the Brig. Gen. A. R. Bolling, when their outfit held the line, when Germans were making their big push. Here is the communication:

Headquarters 84th Infantry Division

Office of the Commanding General APO 84

US Army

January 10, 1945

To: All Railsplitters

To Cpl. Robert W. Miller

I wish that time and circumstances would permit me to talk with each one of you personally. I would like to tell you what a fine job you are all doing.

In spite of the snow and the cold, in spite of the fact that hot meals have been hard to get, in spite of the fact that you have had very little rest, you men have advanced and beaten back the enemy.

At Geilenkirchen, Prymern, Beeck, Wurm, and Lindern Germany, you proved your worth. At Marche, Belgium, you alone stopped the German advance and held it back until other units could be built up on the position you established. Now you are driving a wedge into the German's vitals. You have kept your spirits up and never for a moment have lost the will to win.

You should be, as I am, very proud to be Railsplitter.

I Salute You!

A.R. Boling, Brigadier General, US Army, Commanding.

Friday, March 2, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Lt. Phil Knight who is now in Germany at the front lines.

February 9, 1945

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang California

Dear Friends:

Yes, I'm still getting around. I hope everyone at home is doing alright.

Many things have happened to me since I last wrote to my friends in the valley.

In a recent operation, I had a new job. I was artillery liaison to our infantry inside Germany. My position as less than 300 yards from the Germans who were digging in, while I was adjusting artillery fire for the infantry. The company commander was knocking off Jerries with his M-1. That day, our artillery got lots of them and we got a dozen prisoners. The next day, three infantrymen and myself went into the woods in order to find out what they were doing. We captured 4 more and I managed to get one in the leg as he ran through the woods. All of them were either kids about 14 to 16 or 40 to 50 years of age.

Our CP was a pillbox which was the front lines in the Siegfried. Many times, I had to fire artillery as close as 100 yards to our position in order to stop counter attacks. When I got off that, I felt like a real doughboy. After the last escapades, I'm now assistant S:3. The work is interesting and I am not always looking at Jerries over the sight of a M-1.

The Valley News is still arriving. Thanks a Million.

Your Friend,

Phil Knight

Friday, March 9, 1945, Page One: Let Me Say To You by W. L. H.

Just learned why boys across the water have not been receiving their newspapers so irregularly. Papers it sees, have been classified as No. 4, the lowest rank of cargo in importance and hence have been delivered at the front weeks late, if at all. Recent government action, raising their classification would doubtless get them to the men in service more rapidly. It's good news to the service men and to publishers who have listened, sad and helpless, to the oft repeated question, "Why doesn't my boy get his paper?"

Friday, March 9, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

A telegram to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mercer this week from army headquarters, released a message that the army short wave had picked up over there, while listening to the enemy propaganda broadcast from the Germans. Quote: "I am ok, and feeling fine in a POW camp in Germany. Don't worry about me as I am quite alright. How is everybody at home? Lots of love, Alan H. Mercer." The message was dated March 6, but when the broadcast was made, we could not learn.

Alan Mercer was taken prisoner on July 27th, 1944, and was reported to be with the 4th division which entered Paris on July 25th.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mercer, west of Buellton, and went into the service in November 1943.

Friday, March 9, 1945, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

American Legion Post 160

Solvang, California

Dear Sirs:

I received your cordial Christmas Greeting a few days ago. I was also very glad to receive the information concerning the GI Bill of Rights. It was not only helpful to myself, but also cleared up problems which my buddies were uncertain about. I know now more than ever what the American Legion stands for, and the fine work they are doing in bettering circumstances which arise among the servicemen. Your Xmas greeting shows that you are thinking about us and it means a lot.

I send my sincere appreciation to all the men of the American Legion Post, No. 160.

Sincerely yours,

Frank Buell, A. O. M. S. 1/c

Friday, March 9, 1945, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Germany

February 22, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Just a line to let you know that I have been getting the Valley News regular.

Well it's about time, I thank you for it. I'm overseas some place in Germany. I have been watching to see if I could spot some of the boys that are here from the old Valley.

My address is on this letter. I think I will close for now. I hope this finds you all well back there, and thanks again for sending the paper. Yours very truly,

Pfc. Simon Ortega

Friday, March 9, 1945, Page Four

Mrs. Howard Park Writes

An interesting letter was received by Mrs. Stephen Gates from Mrs. Howard Park, whom Mrs. Gates succeeded as chairman of the Santa Ynez Valley branch of the ARC. It was a remarkable that it should arrive the very day the drive for funds opened, as it was written just back of the lines. Besides enclosing a substantial contribution, Mrs. Park writes:

"We set up sometimes in a barn or farmyard, and have even served the donuts, etc. right in the fox holes. Our boys are always delighted to see us. It's been pretty rough, and noisy as the dickens, and I doubt if we ever get really clean again . . . Sometimes I dream of riding in a car with springs and cushions, a heater, a radio, and windows that roll up and down . . . not to mention a top. Never again, will I take things like hot water and plumbing and clean sheets casually. I've been so long without sunshine that California fog would seem wonderful." The letter closed with all good wishes for the success of the drive.

Let's get behind the present push for funds for the great organization which keeps step with our men wherever they go, whatever they do. When you give to the Red Cross you are giving to your sons, brothers, husbands, sweethearts, fathers and to the intrepid women ready with what it takes to serve at their side. Give to your own Red Cross, for your own men, NOW!

Friday, March 16, 1945, Page One

Valley Men on Iwo Jima Says It's Tough

A letter dated Iwo Jima March 5th from Lt. Warren Perryman to his father, J. B. Perryman, was received yesterday. In part he says, "Just a note to let you know that I survived the storm, though at times I was beginning to wonder. I landed on D-Day and this is my 15th day ashore. The first week was hotter than I care to remember, and I consider myself one of the selected few to still be in one piece. The organized resistance has practically ceased now and I think it can safely be said that we are more or less out of danger. It was a terrible experience losing so many friends. Sure hope this thing's over soon as entirely too many people are being sent home [sic] by telegram."

Jake Burchardi who is with the Marines 4th division on Iwo Jima writes to his folks here that he is OK and that he just received his February 16 issue of the Valley News. His letter was dated March 1st. His paper goes over by air mail. Other boys from here on Iwo are Robert Hill, also of the 4th Division; Warren Tate and Tom Lester, the two later are reported to be in the 3rd division of Marines; L. E. Mankins and Lt. Warren Perryman are also with the Marines who are knocking the Japs off Iwo Jima.

Friday, March 16, 1945, Page Eight

Lt. Phil Knight Receives Citation

1st Lt. Phillip A. Knight, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knight, who is a member of 376 Parachute Field Artillery battalion was cited for exceptionally meritorious conduct against the enemy from July 10, '43 to November 4, '44, while in Africa, Sicily, Italy and Holland. The citation listed six other men of the same battalion.

The commendation is as follows: Through the untiring efforts, painstaking care, and superior leadership of the above named officers and non-commissioned officers, the firing battery of Battery "A" 376th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion arrived at Kairouan, Tunisia Africa on the eve of their first combat mission well trained and confident of their ability to perform their part in the mission. On the night of July 11-12, 1943, Battery A 376th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion, acting as a part of a strong airborne task force, parachuted near Gela, Sicily. The Airborne task force encountered extremely heavy flak for the last thirty miles before reaching the drop zone Battery "A" dropped within three miles of the drop zone at approximately 2315 hours. By dawn of July 12th, 1943, the battery had recovered all of its four howitzers and three fourths of their howitzer ammunition. It was only through the superior leadership of the above named officers and non-commissioned officers that this difficult feat was accomplished. The battery guns were separated into two-gun platoons approximately five miles apart at the time of the drop.

After the parachute drop into Sicily and in the subsequent operation in Italy (October 28, 1943 to December 28, 1943) and again in the operation on the Anzio Beachhead (February 2, 1944 to March 23, 1944) the high degree of efficiency of the firing battery was the direct result of the efforts of the above named officers and non-commissioned officers.

In the airborne division, of Holland, Battery "A" 376th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion dropped on its intended drop zone on September 17, 1944. Though only a part of a strong airborne force, Battery "A" again accomplished its mission completely. Within two hours after the drop the firing battery had recovered, assembled, and moved all four of its howitzers to the position it was ordered to occupy. The initiative and leadership of the above named officers and non-commissioned officers was the largest factor in the achievement of this difficult feat. One of the officers, cited above, 1st Lieutenant Hugh W. Wylie, lost his life while directing the assembly and organization of the gun section he jumped with.

In the accomplishment of the remarkable job of twice jumping a parachute artillery and being completely successful on each occasion, the supervision of these highly trained officers and non-commissioned officers in packing and preparing their equipment for the parachute drop, was without question the largest factor in the achievement of this success. It is a matter of record that no other parachute field artillery battery can match the record of two completely successful combat jump.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel Neptune

Friday, March 16, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, California

March 3, 1945

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

It has been a long time since I have written to thank you and the American Legion for continuing to send me the Valley news. It is really appreciated. The only trouble is it takes the issue so long to catch up with me, the news is all a couple of months old when I finally get it. But I still enjoy reading it.

I took another step up the ladder the first of this month when I was advanced to electrician's mate first class. That pays a bit more dough than I was getting, which isn't hard to take. It also takes me off the watch bill so I can get plenty of that good old sack time every night. On the first of April, I'll have three years in the service which will entitle me to longevity pay, which is 5 per cent of my base pay.

We have covered a lot of territory in the two years I have been on board. Have seen a lot of places such as Australia, New Caledonia, Marianas. We took a small part in the Marianas campaign.

I was talking with our division officer (Lieut. W. L. Maffrey) one day and he happened to ask me where I was from. When I told him, he asked me if I was acquainted with a Burchardi family. He said he was well acquainted with Lutch, Jake, and Herman and asked me to send them his greetings the next time I wrote.

Thanks again for keeping the paper coming my way, and good luck to all the other fellows and gals in the service.

Sincerely,

Carroll Nelson

Friday, March 23, 1945, Page One

About Valley Service Folks

The Burchardis received another letter from Jake who is with the Marines on Iwo Jima. The letter was dated March 13 and took 9 days to get here. He says that they are putting up tents and everything is fine— no ants, no flies and no frogs. Looks like the boys made a thorough cleaning of everything including the Japs. He says to tell the scribe that the most regular thing around here is the Valley News—comes every week.

Friday, March 23, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

United States Navy

March 9, 1945

Dear Walt:

Just a few lines saying my leave in the Santa Ynez Valley was a happy one and here's hoping it won't be too long till all of us will be back to join you all. I have changed ships, so will give you my new address. I want to thank you and the American Legion for the Valley News again.

Sincerely yours,

Bob Saulsbury

Friday, March 23, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Yuma, Arizona

March 8, 1945

Hello Walt and Valley Folks:

Hope this finds everyone up there in “paradise” country feeling fine. I do mean the valley is paradise compared to some of this dam country I’ve been in especially this place, Yuma, Deming, New Mexico and Amarillo, Texas.

I’ve been very fortunate though in being stationed close enough to home to be able to visit my family almost every other weekend, so I shouldn’t complain.

After being in “cadets” for 14 months, doing nothing except 2 months college at Cedar City back in May and June of last year, I think (rumor has it) we are finally going to move. I’ll know by the end of the month. I think I’ll be in San Antonio next month to start pre-flight –time will tell.

Received your letter and also the American Legion News, the Legion paper clears up many questions. I receive the Valley News regularly and really enjoy it as it keeps us well informed of what’s going on up there in the valley.

I was home (Bakersfield) last weekend on a 3 day pass and hope to get home this week on a 48 hour pass—really lucky hitchhiking, usually takes 10 to 12 hours from Yuma to Bakersfield. People are really nice picking us up as we don’t have very much time and I know damn well no one has too much money. But we all get by.

Being away from one’s family makes one realize how lucky one is, naturally I think of my wife and boys are tops, as does everyone else. I can hardly wait till I can be home again for good and enjoy life as it should be.

Thanks again Walt, and the Legion, for the News, hope this finds everyone fine and good luck to all in the service, and you folks at home. Will let you know when I change my address.

Alfred J. Barrett

Friday, March 23, 1945 Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

France

Dear Phil, [sic]

I guess it is about time I was letting you know my new address. I am back overseas again, only this time it is in the European theatre. I sure have seen lots of country in the last three and half years, but none of the country I have seen, would ever compare with the Santa Ynez Valley. The best little Valley in the world. When I set foot on it again, I will never leave.

If there are any boys over here that might be near or in France, I would enjoy hearing from them. I promise I will write if I ever get some of their addresses.

Well I will close now, and thank you and the American Legion for the Valley News. It sure is a morale booster.

Yours truly,

Larry Mansfield

Co. H 222 Inf.

APO 411 c/o PM

New York, NY

Friday, March 23, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Olathe, Kansas

March 12, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Well the spirit has moved me, so here goes for my Annual. Yep, that is right, it's been a year since I've written you, and to me, it seems hardly any time at all. I'm just now starting to do what I enlisted to do-fly. We have finished our college work and are now qualified for flight training and Olathe is merely an intermediate step where we are familiarized with air craft and the crewman's side of the game. I think I'd like it here as it is a great deal more exciting than just going to school. This is a base of transports only and a busier one I've never seen. We have flights every few minutes day and night to all parts of the US. We tarmacs help load cargo, clean aircraft—install engines and other misc. jobs.

Well I had better close for now, saying thanks again to both the "News" and the American Legion for all they have done for all of us. Sincerely yours,

Burdett Rubey

Friday, March 23, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Fort Lewis, Washington

March 15, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

Your letters today reminds me that I never have thanked you for the Valley News. I have enjoyed it very much. Thank you also for the reprints about the activities of the American Legion.

Today I have been two years and six months in the Army. I was at Fort Ord for almost two years. Following that I spent the last quarter of 1944 at the Mayo Foundation, Rochester, Minnesota where I was given specialized training in anesthesiology. I am now assigned as anesthetist to a surgical team which will specialize in operating on chest wounds. We have an operating truck, and after going overseas, will take our truck and go that part of the combat area where chest wounds are heavy and where our service is needed. I would judge that we will soon be where the guns are popping.

I could write much about the beauties of the Santa Ynez Valley, where the sun makes an honest effort to shine but that only makes me homesick. We do get an occasional glimpse of Mt. Rainer through the clouds and rain. That is really a beautiful sight. But the clear days are all too few.

I suggest that you hold the News for a few weeks. I will be here only about two more weeks and don't know where the next stop will be.

Sincerely yours,

Howard S. Downs

Friday, March 23, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

United States Army

Johnston, Florida

Dear Walt and the American Legion:

Just a line to let you know my change of address and to thank you all very much for sending me the Valley News. I should have notified you sooner, but have been getting it anyway.

As always, sincerely yours,

Sgt. Aage Larsen

Friday, March 30, 1945, Page One

In Appreciation

The War Fund Committee as well as the Santa Ynez Valley Branch of the American Red Cross, wish to express their sincere appreciation and thanks for the wonderful response of the community to the 1945 War Fund Drive. Such wholehearted cooperation and enthusiasm for the Red Cross is very gratifying to all of us who have participated in the campaign, and encourage us to greater effort to merit the continuing confidence of our supporters. We take this opportunity to thank each individual contributor and organization who gave so generously and to assure them of the significance of their trust and interest. With such one hundred percent participation on the part of the American public the Red Cross cannot fail in its mission of mercy.

Alfred Jorgensen

War Fund Chairman

Santa Ynez Valley Branch

American Red Cross

Friday, March 30, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Sgt. George D. Ortega says in a letter written to Nat Giorgi, that their platoon got 60 nips on a 26 day push in the Philippines. His squad got 15 of them and he got 10 of those himself. Those old deer hunters like George has a lot of practice shooting bucks on the run, which was right up to his alley when it comes to getting nips.

APRIL 1945

Friday, April 6, 1945, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

March 14, 1945

Dear Walt:

I'll come right out and give the main reason for me breaking down and writing this long due letter. I may seem selfish but I haven't been getting the paper lately and think it is because of my change of address, besides the old home town paper with the things about Solvang people in it sure could be welcome about now, just as welcome as about a hundred letters from home. I also want to say thanks to the American legion for the part they play in getting the paper to us fellows. England is the parking place for my sea bag this time, although I haven't much to say for it. I haven't anything to gripe about except I have to carry a hunting knife to cut my way through the fog once in a while. Otherwise we get good chow and plenty of it and not too much work.

Are Billy Jorgensen and Pinky Bebernes still stationed in England? If so I sure would like to hear from them and know where they are located, that goes for any other of the fellows from home who are stationed here or any other place.

As Always,

Phil Larsen

Friday, April 6, 1945, Page One

The following letter is from Carroll Jorgensen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Jorgensen

Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Walt:

Well I guess it's about time I'm writing you again. I just never got around to it before. I sure want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the paper, it sure is swell to read about the valley. Boy the game warden surely has been picking the fellows up lately. Are they losing the knack of dodging the game wardens. Sure wish I could get home and (see the fish.)

Well, I finally got out of AOM and Radar school, and I'm glad as it was getting pretty tiresome going to school that long. I can say one thing, I sure learned a lot about guns and bombs and all other ord. that I didn't know a darn thing about. Radar is pretty dry as we just learned to operate it, we didn't learn any technical things about it.

I came down here for six weeks of gunnery, but what do I find, but 3 weeks of general detail facing me before I start school, such as mess cooking, belting ammunition, cleaning ships company barracks, working in the laundry, and ships service and policing the grounds.

I think I will like gunnery quite a bit. I think it will be interest in. We get to fly about our last 1 or 2 week of school, those flight skins sure will come in handy. This base is pretty small, but pretty nice. The chow is good though, that's the main thing, but boy is this place strict. The weather sure is swell down here, it's very warm in the day time and cool at night, and we don't have all the rain and cold wind we had in Memphis.

This base is about 15 miles from Jacksonville, and the ocean is about 35 miles from here I'm going out there this weekend and it sure is going to be swell to see the ocean again and go fishing. They say the transportation is busy and the taxies rob you when you go to town, but all in all I think I'll like it here.

Well, that's about all I have to say and hope to see you soon.

As Every,

Carroll Jorgensen

Friday, April 6, 1945, Page One

Lucy Buell, ARC [American Red Cross] On Way to Philippines

March 11th at Sea

Dear Walt and Mella:

When that good "ole" Valley news came thru by "Super Special" mail, I nearly blew a fuse, Gosh I was excited because it was the first in ages to travel fast enough to catch up with me. Your paper is doing a great job overseas.

You can see that in the letters that come in from all over the globe and those kids aren't fooling when they tell you how much that little paper means to them.

There's something about seeing that flat little bundle that perks one up no end, I never read it on the fly-opening and reading that bit of news from home requires leisure and relaxation, so I stretch out for a few glorious moments after lunch and lose myself in the doings of the Valley.

After absorbing myself the Household Hints are read aloud and chortled over because some of them are so incongruous to our present situation. The For Sale and Adv. are read with amazement and Oh Mmmm glorious torture the Recipes and prices are discussed etc. State Side News is of interest to all whether it's from NY, St. Louis, Phoenix, or a Sunny little Valley they never heard of before, seeing its paper.

I've moved so often and so fast and furiously that only handful of papers ever reached me, hence I appreciate your recent efforts to get some thru. Two arrived by the "Super Special" method before I took off for another APO NO. and one poor old beaten up paper that look as though it had traipsed all over New Guinea managed to stagger thru.

This should be a relief to you and your office force? At long last I'm heading for a fairly permanent address. At this moment I'm scrunch (continued on page eight)

Up in a deck chair on board a Hospital ship going north. It's a strange feeling to set here writing on deck with lights blazing on all sides. We're a mass of light from top to bottom and stem to stern. What a difference between this and those hectic 33 days of black out, predawn battle station vigils and shush-shush policy aboard a troop ship.

I'm leaving New Guinea after 10 months and am I ever glad to shake off the mud and dust of this beautiful (?) romance (!!!) spot. The P. I.s have more mud, dust and mosquitoes, but at least they'll be different. We are going way in so will be back into the swim once more. I like to be in on the real thing not living on a rumor of a rumor, as we did in that "Land of Forgotten Men."

From now on my new address is 360th Station Hosp. APO 70.

I hope now that you are ever so much better Mella. I read in Ye News that you'd been in the hospital, take care of yourself, we need you. (Selfish, huh?)

Bye for now and my most sincere thanks to you and the American Legion for giving me this contact with home.

As Always,

Lucy Buell

Editor's note—In case you did not get my note explaining that Mr. And Mrs. Chas Burd are paying the air mail postage of your Valley News, you are hereby notified again. [NOTE: This is due to the fact the Lucy is a volunteer with the American Red Cross and not in the military service.]

Friday, April 6, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women in Service

Germany

3-17-45

St. Patty's Day

Dear Walt:

I greatly appreciate receiving the Valley News, so a million thanks to you and the American Legion. However it hasn't been coming through of late so take this as a gentle hint and get on the ball and check that address. It's possible the mail is gone astray—but I'll be patiently waiting.

Before I get too damn far off the subject of the day, don't you think this is a hellofa [sic] place for a fairly good little Irishman on St. Patrick's Day. It sounds more like 4th of July and being Scotch, as I am, I catch myself snapping my fingers to join in the celebration. They won't even let a fellow talk to these German Janes and plaster you with a \$65.00 fine for just talking and if you ever got to be such a bad little boy as to "play house" with them and got caught, it's 1 to 50 years. The army calls it "Fraternization." I call it plain hell.

You'd of wet your little jeans to hear a nigger, driving a quartermaster truck give out some bum weight the other day. It was fairly close to the front and the roar of the guns was getting on his nerves so he said, "Hay, where do you want dis' stuff dumbled, [sic] so I can get to hell back out of here." Just then some planes came over and he said to an officer, "Hay, what's dat?" The officer replied, "Those are P-47s."

The jig said, "To hell with that stuff, Sir, what I want to know is da dares or is da ours." He finally got unloaded and said, "So long white folks, I's about to get lost for a couple of days, but it won't be up dis way," pointing toward the front.

We are shacking-up in an old bomb-busted beat up old building. The casualty list is running high from the plaster falling off the wall, however the most serious are from a black-eye to a lump on the melon. It's coming down heavy now due to a Arkansas Hill-belly [sic] comrade trying to be a "Kitten on the Keps," [sic] or a Patisrosky (you know who I mean) at any rate, he can't hit a note but giving an old dilapidated [sic] piano an awful going over with the old ump-a-a, ump-a 1-2,1-2 and singing Red River Valley. All he needs to do now is bust into "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and I'll scream.

It sure is a ruff deal to leave those little Holland Honey's behind. I met one milking a cow and to start a conversation asked if that cow gave milk. She replied in her quaint little Dutch dialect, "No, you kinda have to take it away." Honest, Walt, she stopped me cold.

Guess I'll call a halt to this line of nonsense and say so-long, for now. With kindest thoughts and best wishes to all my friends in the valley and the service. Bye now.

T/Sgt. V. M. Mahoney

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page One

Pete Miller Gets Certificate of Merit

Cpl. Robert "Pete" Miller has been awarded a certificate of Merit, in recognition of conspicuously meritorious and outstanding performance of military duty against the enemy in Germany and Belgium.

Citation—During the period 12 November 1944 to January 1945, Corp. Miller displayed technical knowledge and superior devotion to duty, performed his duties as wire corporal with efficiency and skill thereby contributing much to the maintenance of communications between his battalion and its forward elements.

A.R. Bolling

Major General US Army Commanding

C.J. Barrett

Colonel Field Artillery

84th Inf. Division

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page One

Sahm Gets Five Jap Planes Also in Convoy Knockout

The Valley News received last week a special message from the Public Relations office at Washington, DC the following:

“Ensign Leslie B. Sahm, USNR of Los Olivos, has returned from a tour of combat duty as pilot of a fighter plane based on one of the Navy’s big aircraft carriers in the Pacific.

Attached to the fighting squadron of Air Group 11, he flew a Hellcat, chalking up a total of 18 missions, while taking part in air strikes against Formosa, Okinawa, the Philippines, Hong Kong, and French Indo-China. He was also in the thick of the historic Second Battle of the Philippine Sea.

During his highly eventful war cruise, the 23 year old airman, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac S. Sahm, destroyed five planes on the ground and knocked out a locomotive and train.

Air Group 11 made a formidable record during its four-months’ combat tour, destroying 377 Jap aircraft and sinking more than 100,000 tons of enemy shipping.

According to members of the group, their greatest day was January 11, 1945, off the coast of Indo-China, when the Air Group took a leading part in totally wiping out two enemy convoys discovered creeping along the shore line.”

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page One: Open Forum

The next open forum will be held Thursday, April 26 at 8 o'clock at Veterans hall. The subject is health insurance. There will be no professional introduction so we shall have to use our common sense.

Aage Moller

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In the Service

This is from Sgt. Bernie Davis:

Germany

March 30, 1945

Dear Walt:

I just received your letter and it reminded me that I hadn't written to you for a long time.

First I wish to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley news. Now that I am quite a bit farther from home it is really a big event to get the News from home.

We had a short stay in England, and a shorter stay in France, and I hope our stay in Germany isn't too much longer. I don't mind it over here too much. I just like California much better.

In many letters from home they told me about the good fishing. I know now that we are going to have to wind this war up in a hurry because I can't miss that next year and I think the krauts would just as soon have us home fishing too.

Well it's about time for bed check Charlie to come by so I had better close for now.

Tell everyone hello for me, and be good.

As Ever,

Bernie,

PS Dad is making me a new Portagee fly rod, Model M1 A1.

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Somewhere in South Pacific

March 27, 1945

Dear Mr. Editor:

I received an Edition of the Valley paper with Mrs. Jeannette Davison's letter in it.

Mrs. Davison:

It's a shame you cannot sleep with a few cars going by at night. I feel sorry for you, but the boys out here sleep with hell going on around them.

Fishing at night my dear lady, is an Art, which no woman could understand. If these men feel the way you do and want excitement, because they cannot get in the Armed Forces, why don't you join the WAAC. If you're so Patriotic, then you would be away from all the disturbances.

Thanks for reading my note,

A Friend

Cpl. Joe J. Stack

Marine Bomb Squad 611 c/o FPO

[sic] San Francisco, Calif.

[NOTE: Cpl. Stack was not a resident or in any way associated with the Santa Ynez Valley.]

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

March 26, 1945

Somewhere in Belgium

Sir:

I appreciate the paper you sent me. It was something to read, and interesting, thank you. As for myself, still in good health and spirits. Also hope for this war to end. Of what I have heard, there is a log of changes, between the first and second wars. Still hold my rank, and am with the same company and outfit. Was lucky to visit Paris, had a wonderful time. Sure would like to see the valley again, hope it's soon, what do you think? Haven't got much to write, things are just the same. Hoping to hear from you soon. Thanks a lot. The APO now is 350 c/o PM New York. Yours Sincerely,

Cpl. Joe Miranda

Friday April 13, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

In the South Pacific

March 29, 1945

Dear Walt and All

Well I suppose that you think that I have forgotten how to write. Well not yet. But I just haven't had the opportunity as we sure have been busy. We have been through one battle which was successful, but it was a tough one. While we were on the operation I had the opportunity to take some pictures of the terrain, and of the island which to my idea was tougher than any land to walk over. It was worse than any of the lava beds up in the northern part of our good old state. But some day some of the folks there at home will have the opportunity to look at them. Well, so much for that.

I want to thank you and the American Legion for the Christmas card and once again for the Valley paper. I just got the one for January 26, so you see that our mail isn't running to steady. But I enjoy it just as much as if it were only last weeks, as time don't mean anything over here.

When time will mean anything to us again is when we are back in the good old valley. Then of course, we don't use the calendar then. It's just by hunting or fishing seasons.

Well Walt, I must close for now.

As Ever

Sgt. Dallas D. Davis

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Somewhere in Germany

Sunday, March 25, 1945

Dear Walt:

I think it is about time I dropped you a few lines and let you now I'm receiving the Valley news right along now. I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the paper. I enjoy it very much.

Since we have been in the ETO we have seen quite a lot of action. We first went into action in Germany last November at that time we were in the 9th army. When the breakthrough came in Belgium we were sent there were put into the 1st army. After the Germans were pushed back there, we were sent back to Germany and from there we were in the drive from the Roer to the Rhine river, we are again in the 9th army.

A few days ago Bill Deputy dropped in to see me. I really was surprised and glad to see him. He is the only one I've seen from around home since I left the states. Hope I get to see some ore of the fellows over here. A fellow gets pretty homesick and when you are someone from home it makes you feel pretty good. I'll take this opportunity to say hello to everyone in the service from the valley. Hope we'll all be home again soon. So long for now.

Cpl. Robert W. Miller

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Rogna O'Rourke, Y2/c in a letter to Mrs. Robert Rohan, after a plane trip from here to Mare Island says "the trip was a rugged one, almost got plane sick, as a couple of officers did. There was a hard wind and the plane went swooping and swaying and I was scared most of the way and felt like we were failing down most any minute, but we got there safe and sound. Got back to the office the next day and they told me I didn't have to work so went over to the Red Cross rooms, and donated a pint of blood. The next day they asked me to come back at twelve to hear the band and they honored me with two pieces and had to dance Aloha with the Chief Musician. The Red Cross ladies presented me with a wallet. Went for my physical at the hospital saw many armless and legless boys. It sure hurts to see those kids, but they looked mighty cheerful.

We WAVES are getting all lined up for our trip to Pearl Harbor, and am all excited. Rogna

Friday, April 13, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

England,

March 30, 1945

Gentlemen:

Just to drop you fellows a line saying I finally landed in a plane where I thought I'd never be, but here I am anyway. I haven't been here very long, but what I've seen so far it's not too bad, except for their war beer. It's not as good as that at home, but it will have to do. There isn't much I can say or tell yet, but I haven't gotten to my permanent assignment yet but hope to soon. Let's just hope this letter finds the old gang still together and getting along O.K. Will write more later,

As Ever

Pvt. Earl Thygesen

Friday, April 20, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

April 9, 1945

Dear Walt:

How's good old Santa Ynez Valley by now? I'd give anything for a glimpse of it now. As it is though, I 'll have to be satisfied here on Guam for a year or two.

Thanks for the letter and the American Legion Digests that were enclosed. I always read the Digest and pass it on. It's no doubt that the fellows are interested in the Legion and it's work.

The news is getting behind in its delivery but that's not its fault because its forwarded so many times.

My newest address will help. By the time a fellow figures what he can and what he can't write from here, he's all muddled. At any rate it is a beautiful island as far as landscape is concerned, although, splintered and broken palms do show evidence of struggle. There is a very thick, undergrowth here, and I would call it jungle, although I'm not an expert on the subject. By now I've eaten so many cocoanuts that I'm growing a husk-- Actually there's nothing like fresh cocoanut juice.

We live good here and I have no complaints. We have plenty of sports facilities, entertainment, and the like for our spare time, but our spare time is practically nil, as we work 6 ½ days a week. That helps time go faster though, so I like it.

I think that I had better cut the gab session and hit the good old sack before lights go out. Bye then, and I'm waiting for the news as always, I really do enjoy it.

As Ever,

Bud Bredall

Friday, April 20, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

March 28, 1945

Dear Sir:

This is to notify you of a change in address.

I just received your letter which I enjoyed reading very much. I also enjoy reading the three copies of the American Legion Digest which you sent me.

Just received four copies of the Valley News. I haven't been getting them very regularly because of being moved from one place to another. I've missed it very much.

I want to take time now to congratulate you and the members of the American Legion Post 160 for the swell job you're doing.

I can't say where I'm at right at present. Will write again the first chance I get. Maybe by then I can tell you where I am at.

Again, I'd like to thank you and the American Legion for what you are doing for me.

Sincerely,

Stanley H. Lopez

Friday, April 20, 1945, Page Four: Our Mail Box

“Wee Hoose”

April 10th, 1945

Dear Walt,

This morning I heard a radio broadcast about a Santa Ynez boy, Victor Lopez who seems to be quite a hero in the Philippines and then in the San Francisco Examiner. Maybe you already have seen this item for the paper but if not thought you might like to print it.

Here's the item, “Pfc. Victor Lopez of Santa Ynez, a rifleman, put a quick end to one Jap's evening meal, shooting the Nip while the latter was trying to fry potatoes. Lopez holds the bronze star.”

We do so enjoy reading about the boys and girls from the Valley who are scattered all around the world and all making names for themselves. Tony takes the paper Mather Field sometimes to let the men read about them and all agree that the Valley seems to be quite a patriotic community. They are all pretty swell, aren't they?

Love to Mella, hope she is feeling better. Better ship her up here to the pines for a while. I guarantee you won't know her when she returns. This High Sierra atmosphere just does something to a person.

Goodbye and keep the paper coming, it gets here on Tuesday and that day I just spend the whole morning absorbing it.

Nell Austed

Friday, April 20, 1945, Page Four: Our Mail Box

April 13, 1945

My Dear Mr. Editor:

Attention Corp. Joe Stack:

I do not know Corporal Joe Stack, but I did not like the letter which he wrote concerning my daughter-in-law, Jeannette Davison. He evidently does not know what he is talking about. Mrs. Davison, in her out-spoken way, expressed what many of us feel, and what you, Corporal Stack are fighting for—that is the observance of law and order. She could not very well become a WAAC. She is doing a bigger job, bringing up her family, and doing a good job, too. She has to do it alone for her husband, Rad. Elec. Norman Davison is doing his part, somewhere in the Pacific, and Corporal, he did not wait to be drafted, he enlisted when the war broke out. We, Corporal Stack, are a patriotic family and doing our best to bring about a lasting peace and proud of our dear ones, whether husband or son who are giving al to hasten that happy day.

Yours Sincerely,

Grace L. Davison (Mrs. Edgar B. Davison)

Friday, April 20, 1945, Page Eight

About Valley Service Folks

In a recent letter from her husband, Norman FitzGerald, Mrs. FitzGerald learned that he is still in a hospital somewhere in England, after having been wounded in the American Front in Germany. His brother, Eddie, spent seven hours with him, he said. Both boys were born in Santa Ynez, and are two of the six sons of Mr. and Mrs. Frank FitzGerald, who are now in the service of their country.

Friday, April 27, 1945 Page One

Photo: Sgt. George Ortega

Sgt. George Ortega Killed in Leyte

Sgt. George Ortega was reported killed off Leyte while in action on March 20, according to a message received by his father, Leonard Ortega of Goleta from the war department.

In a letter of three weeks ago, published in the Valley News from Ortega, stated he had been in heavy action and that his company had got 60 Japs, 10 f which he had knocked out himself.

Sgt. Ortega who had been awarded the Purple Heart and other citations, was the oldest of four brothers serving in the armed forces. The three surviving boys are John, serving in the South Pacific; Harry, stationed in England, and William, who is on duty in Germany. The brothers all attended school in Gaviota, and were engaged in farming near Buellton before entering military service.

Sgt. Ortega, 31, would have completed four years of Army service in September. He served most of this time in Guadalcanal and numerous other South Pacific islands.

In addition to his father and brothers, the soldier is survived by two sisters. They are Miss Frances Ortega of Goleta and Mrs. Helen Vasquez of Las Cruces.

Friday, April 27, 1945, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Buellton, Calif.

April 24, 1945

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, Calif.

Dear Editor:

My wife and I are offering as a gift, a suitable large site in Buellton for a Church building, since this is the only community in our entire Valley without any place of worship whatsoever. The only requirement is that the entire premises be dedicated to the servicemen and women of our Santa Ynez Valley who fought and won, that a World Peace be built on the only possible permanent foundation namely, that of Christ's teachings.

It is our further hope that this become more than a one hour a week utility. That it become a real center of community activity such that all who wish can find physical and mental recreation. A very essential part of this activity should be making available to our new Valley citizens the facts and dignity of our Valley traditions. It is to preserve these worthwhile traditions as well as make a better world for all that our Veterans are winning today all over the globe.

We have so far been pledged one thousand dollars toward a building fund, and will appreciate hearing from those who will help make this a going project, in the American tradition of fair play.

Odin Buell

Friday, April 27, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

April 13, 1945

Dear Walt and Mella:

I hope you are both feeling as chipper as larks by now—as for myself, I’m a second cousin to broiled lobster! Oh this heat! We’ve been ill due to a combination of heat, tainted food and a general lowering of resistance. Fortunately most of us are up and staggering around because we’ve had an unexpected influx of 200 patients.

This wouldn’t be so bad but the whole Hospital was packed and ready to move on up again. There has been a turmoil, all am unpacking bed linen, equipment, supplies, etc. All the ARC equipment is packed too. Guess I’ll have to beat on sticks and try to sing “er sumpthin” for entertainment—Ho Hum!

I’m writing to ask a favor—will you please run a little squib with my new APO No. I won’t have time to write to my Valley friends for a while and I’m just selfish enough to want to hear from them—Thanks a lot.

Bye for now

Lucy Buell ARC No 34423

360th Station Hosp

APO No. 1008 c/o PM San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, April 27, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

April 11, 1945,

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

A few lines to thank both you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News, which is really appreciated, although at times it is a bit late in getting to me.

I see in the March 16 issue where five of the valley fellows were on Iwo Jima besides myself, and am glad to hear they got off alright.

Iwo Jima was the roughest I've seen so far. Rio-Namur, Saipan, or Tinian had nothing on it.

We are back in our rest camp now and I am sure everyone is glad of that. When we pulled into the pier here there was quite a reception awaiting us, the bands were out along with USO, hostesses and Salvation army workers. Oh yes, also the Island girls were out singing and playing for us along with doing a few of their native dances.

I'll close now thanking all of you again for the paper and saying hello to the rest of the GIs and good luck.

Sincerely,

L. [Lawrence] E. Mankins

Friday, April 27, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Sgt. Earl Rasmussen, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasmussen, V mail letter is from Okinawa.

Dear Mother and Dad:

I suppose you know by now that I am on Okinawa Island. The papers must have released it or we sure wouldn't be able to write it. So far, we haven't had too rough a time of it, but we never know when that will change.

The Island here is by far the nicest looking place we have been on yet. Everything looks so neat and clean—so much different from the Philippines. The Japs have sure done a lot of work here. We have not seen too much of the natives here yet, but what we have seen look and act just like all Japs. They all bow to you when you meet them. Some of the Jap soldiers teachings, I guess. The climate here is very much like California. The nights are cold and the days are warm. So far we have been lucky enough not to have any rain. If it starts raining it really will be miserable. I think this place will be much more healthy than the Philippines. There are no jungles or swamps to contend with here. It's been just over a year ago since we went to the Marshalls so we really have moved quite a ways on the road to Tokio. I should think the Japs would soon begin to realize their end is near.

Send me some of the news clippings from out here.

Will write again in a few days. Hope this finds you all well at home.

With love,

Earl.

MAY 1945

Friday, May 4, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Alameda, California

April 29, 1945

Dear Editor:

It has been quite some time since I've written to you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley paper. In fact it has been well over a year and half.

Now that I'm back in the States and have a permanent address, would you please send me the paper again?

My address is:

Lowell S. Mansfield TMV 3/c

Ord. Dept. US NAS

Alameda, Calif.

In closing I again want to thank you for the paper, as I really enjoy hearing about the people back home.

Sincerely,

Lowell

Friday, May 4, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Somewhere in Germany

April 13, 1945

Dear Walt and all:

Just a few lines to express my appreciation for the grand job you and the American Legion are doing for all of us by sending the "weekly scandal sheet" to us.

Received two papers yesterday for the first time in two months and was really glad to hear about what is happening in the good ole' Valley.

Guess the rest of the papers will catch up to me if we ever stop for any length of time. But, when that will be is just about anybody's guess. I know I certainly haven't the faintest idea of when it will be.

Must close as things are not very much in favor of letter writing at the present. Quien sabe? Best wishes to all,

Bob Maloney

Friday, May 4, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Somewhere in France

April 15, 1945

Dear Walt:

Received your most welcome letter and the copies of the Legion Digest, and was glad to get them, as they were very interesting. Most of the fellows in the section also read them and afterward we had a long bull session on the subject and expressed our views, all of them in favor of the Legion.

We are back in France now again and still giving the Heinies hell. France is really the place to fight a war as they have the drinks; while we were up near Worms, we ran across some thirty-year old champagne, which was the best, and ever since then we have got some very good cognac and wine. We are in the part of France that is noted for its wine and cognac, so we are really enjoying it.

I've seen a lot of things since I've been in France, some amusing and some interesting. Some of the interesting ones were the old famous Cathedral at Worms and the Cathedral at Strasbourg; another item was the super highway in Germany. It's a six lane highway, all concrete and a 15 foot space dividing it. It reminded me of the new ridge route. The part that I drove on ran right up to the Rhine river. It hasn't any roads crossing it, as the ones that run at a right angle to it are tunneled under or bridged over it. But it is really a super highway.

The amusing things, well—I'll tell them when I get back, 'cause not all of them should be written about. The French are great.

The paper is gradually catching up with me as the last one I got was dated February 16. I look forward to receiving the paper and when it doesn't come, I really miss it.

Well, Walt, I'd better close for now as this is about all of the scandal there is form over here.

Thanking you and the American Legion kindly for the paper, I remain.

Yours truly,

D. J. Davis

Give my regards to everybody.

Friday May 11, 1945, Page One

Photo: Cpl. Alan Mercer

Cpl. Alan Mercer was able to inform his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mercer on Tuesday by telegram that he had been liberated as a German prisoner, stating he was safe and well. The telegram came on the same day as the war ended in Europe, which made them double happy. Alan was taken prisoner on July 27, 1944, during the invasion of France.

Friday, May 18, 1945, Page One

Three More Valley Men Released as War Prisoners

Photo: Lt. Oliver Crismon Photo: Lt. Ned Harrison

Since last week, three more Santa Ynez Valley men have been liberated from the German prisoner of war camps, according to word received. Those released this week were Pvt. Firmo Colombo, Lt. Ned Harrison, and Lt. Oliver Crismon.

In a telegram on Wednesday it was learned that Lt. Ned Harrison was alright. His mother, Mrs. Sam Dabney, relayed the word to Mrs. Harrison who has been visiting her mother at Sacramento. Harrison was taken prisoner on July 12 last year when his outfit was making the invasion of France.

Firmo Colombo was taken prisoner in September of last year and was with the 318th infantry. His mother, Mrs. Maria Colombo now lives in Atascadero.

Lt. Oliver Crismon notified Mrs. Crismon, Granite City, Illinois, that he was released and OK. He has been a prisoner of war since November 1943. Those released previous were Sgt. Ronald Smith and Cpl. Alan Mercer.

Friday, May 18, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Tuesday, April 24

Somewhere in England

Dear Walt:

Well here I am trying to drop the Valley a few lines. I'm receiving the Valley News now and I want to thank you and the American Legion.

I have another job now, working in the post office. It's kinda hard to set down and write very much after setting all day, sorting the mail. I would rather be a supply clerk but everyone knows the Army puts you where they want to. Everyone is getting more homesick now as the war gets closer to the end.

I hear the valley is getting enough rain now, but I suppose it won't be long and it will trashing [sic] time again. My nerves are so, that I can't write very much. I sure miss the Valley and everyone. It's going to be hard to get used to civilian life again. And when you can go or come when you want to. I have done everything since I've been in the army. It looks as though I'll be stuck over here for a while yet, after the war does end. I have bad legs but will them fixed when I do get back. It seems as though the Valley news makes all of us relax, for a few good moments, and to think of the sweet place, Santa Ynez Valley is.

We are all looking forward to the day we can get back. Well, I'll close now as I'm run down.

So good-bye, all!

Arthur E. Beard.

Friday, May 18, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Wednesday the 25th

My Dear Walt and Mella:

To you awfully nice people and the American Legion, I want to express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the steady flow of SYV News which have followed me since joining up. "About time"—yes indeed it is. Let's see, fifteen months now isn't it? During this time the gal across the street has monopolized all my correspondence to the extent that you are the first to hear from me.

Now that I have finally gotten 'round to writing, I won't let you off easy. So stand by. Of course much goes unsaid with that man looking over my shoulder so to speak. The weather is generally a safe topic if not in too much detail besides it's good for a paragraph.

Beautiful is putting it mildly. Rain comes every other day unexpectedly and leaves the same way. It's really a blessing as it settles the red dust so plentiful on our island. This dust filters thru ones clothes and makes us all look like "red skins"! Oh, yes, the weather! Nites are best of all. Huge clouds ever changing in shape silently drift by in the light of the moon. The sun sets and rise are riots of beautiful color. Believe I prefer the sun sets. Could it be that in the morning I'm not appreciate of things beautiful? Could be—huh?

On my way to the rifle range yesterday, to repair and check the weapons being fired, drove for ten miles thru swell country. Up and down ravines along winding roads that pass cute little homes perched on the sides of hills. These houses are the 2x4 order but the yards were immense. So well kept, studded with odd shaped trees and bushes. Lawns, acres of them, and every blade of grass in its place. These people must spend loads of time in their yards. To think I used to grumble and groan when my monthly lawn cutting job came due. I could do that chore willingly now—sigh. Don't tell Leatha—would be like her to hold me to that for the next twenty years.

Speaking of Leatha: How's that family of mine getting along? Brian isn't throwing rocks thru your windows yet? I hope? Dare say won't be long if he hasn't. Should he take after his daddy when he was a boy, I'd advise you to sell out cheap and move. Yeah man, I was a dilly. Remember the folks used to call me, "Brat." Never did find out what Brat meant.

And by the way—how's that sea going daughter o'yourn? See some of her species once in a great while. Ahem, the younger fellows howl like wolves etc. but I usually get off a, "Oh you kid" accompanied with blushes—naturally. (Hello Leatha). Understand the Navy is using the Waves on the lighter duties like stevedores, heavy equipment operator and admiral's chauffeurs. What's Audrey doing? Give her my best regards.

My camp is really a tent city large and very neat. Peopled by some of the best men in the Marine Corps.

Makes me proud to be with them. "Basking in reflected glory" so to speak. My work has to do with weapons maintenance and repair. I'm in grease and oil up to my—but I love it. Nevertheless in this assignment, I may gather knowledge not running counter to the selling of fire arms after the war. Intend to do this in no small way. Also have many Jap weapons, too. Brother just between you and me and the censor their guns are improvements on the world's best. Made of fine materials and nothing to be sneered at.

Going to an USO show and movie now. Heard two old timers the other day say the MC was getting as bad as the Army with USO shows all the time. Good nite neighbors if you have anything special to say buzz the "Madam."

Fondly,

Jerard A. Bradley

Friday, May 18, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Following is part of a letter received by Mrs. Ray Chandler Smith from her son, Richard, who is in the service in Texas.

I don't have much time to write to everyone now that I'm going to technical school to study to be a corporal. We don't get off 'till 8:30 and lights out at 10:00 and also at advanced gunnery school, you must know every part of just about every gun in the army, how to make it too.

You must be able to disassemble and assemble it blindfolded. We're now studying the Browning automatic machine gun. Boy it's really a gun. It is used as a tank and anti-aircraft gun mostly. The average is four miles and shoots 400 bullets a minute and will penetrate 2 1/4 inches of armor plate. It costs \$1500.

Last week end we went to a little old fashioned town, called Weatherford. It is the nicest town I've been in, it reminds me so much of Solvang, as the streets are all shaded with long branches hanging down from the trees that line the streets. The streets and walks are all made of bricks. The town is famous for its churches, there are more here for its size than any other town. There is a river running through one end of the town, and they say that fishing is really good.

I received the Valley news this week from the Solvang press, and boy, did I feel good to hear my name called at mail time and get my home town paper. All the guys crowded around to read it and ask questions. It is sure swell of Mr. Hanson and the American Legion to send it.

Lights out, so all for now,

Your son,

Rich

Friday, May 18, 1945, Page Six: Our Mail Box

Eugene, Oregon

May 4, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

I'm writing to tell you of our change of address and to tell you we enjoy the paper very much. We can understand why the boys and girls in service are so anxious to get it.

Mother has subscribed for the paper for us as a Christmas gift for two years now and we think it's one of the nicest gifts she could give us.

We enjoy reading the letters from the boys and girls in service and about what folks are doing in the Valley.

We like Oregon just fine and have made many friends here, but hope to visit in the Valley as soon as this war is won.

Our regards to all our friends,

Mrs. D. L. Picker

Route 3 Cleveland St.

Eugene, Oregon

Friday, May 18, 1945, Page Six: Our Mail Box

Watertown, Mass.

49 Chester St.

April 25, 1945

Dear Friends of Santa Ynez Valley

It has been a long time since I have written so I suppose I have been forgotten. I want you all to know Bill and I haven't forgotten you. Every so often I sit back and remember what a wonderful time I had in the Valley and the grand people we met. Just yesterday, my dad and I were talking about California. Someday in the near future, Dad, Bill, Baby and I hope to return for a visit. We do hope that day will be real soon.

Baby Jean is getting to be a big girl. She is now 10 months old and is a perfect darling (of course I am prejudiced) Bill was home in January when she was 7 months old. It was the first time he had seen her since she was 3 weeks old. However, we consider ourselves very fortunate as Bill is still in the country. In fact, he is still stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Well, I must close now and drop a line to Bill.

If you have Gene and Georgia Skinner's address, I would appreciate it.

I look forward to reading the News as it helps me keep in touch with all my friends out West.

As ever, your Eastern Friends

Mrs. William Eaton

Friday, May 18, 1945, Page Six: Our Mail Box

May 10, 1945

Oakland, California

Angler and Editor Hanson,

Solvang,

Dear Sir:

And my good gosh, man, your slipping. You let Phil take the News for one issue and he breaks brashly out in his column with kind word for President Truman. Now you know the policy of a good Republican paper is to never say anything considerate for any living Democrat. Have you forgotten on which side your bread is buttered?

If you had sent me press credentials I might have reported the big Conference for you, but as it is I've been busy on my 10 hour day -7 day week job killing Japs by remote control so that eventually we shall all be able to take those week end trips to Solvang.

The purpose of this note to you is to quote word for word an item from the Askov American which a few of your readers may like to hear. (quote)

"Gallantry in Action"

Sometime ago it was mentioned in the American that the Silver Star had been awarded to Ansgar E. Clausen, Staff Sergeant in the Air corps, for gallantry in action. It is interesting to note of just what such gallantry consists.

The citation reads in part as follows: "On November 3, 1943, while flying in a attack upon the Araxos airdrome, Greece, S/Sgt. Clausen's B 25 encountered heavy anti-aircraft fire and was attacked by 8 Me-109s. S/Sgt. Clause was severely wounded when a 20 mm shell exploded in his turret and hurled him from his position. Displaying extraordinary stamina, he quickly revived as his comrades administered first aid, and when he heard the tail gunner open fire. Tore off the bandages which would have encumbered him, and returned to his post. Although nearly blinded by the flow of blood from multiple face and head wounds, and despite the terrific slip-stream which tore through his shattered turret, he determinedly remained at his guns and continued firing until one enemy aircraft had been shot out of control and several subsequent attacks repulsed."

I know my kid brother would disapprove of my writing this to you. In a suitcase in my closet, well out of sight, I have his other assorted decorations, service bars, clusters. But I am of that type—when it comes to credit where credit is due, praise or criticism, I can't keep my damned mouth shut.

So Adios

Bob Clausen

Friday, May 18, 1945 Page Ten: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Hakon Jensen who is on the USS Walker in the South Pacific, written to his father, Carl Jensen:

“We are pulling into port, so hope we get some mail—seems we miss the mail boat each time.

Things are about the same around here. Remember a long time ago I wrote and told you about having a dog aboard here. Well you should see this place now. You would think this was a zoo or something. We have, I believe, about 5 monkeys aboard. One of our radioman has one so we keep him in the radio shack. He is the cutest darn thing you ever saw. He sure has a time for himself climbing around on the wires on the overhead. He will probably get next to live wire one of these days and that will be all brother. Anyway, we may have fresh meat.

I had a chance to go over into a Philippine town guess I should say what was left of it as it was really smashed to pieces. I don't think there was a whole building left. We had quite a time wandering around. We bought a lot of bananas, They can make you pretty sick if you eat too many of them and you know me. I have a pretty big collection of Jap invasion money and Philippine money now. The Japanese invasion money isn't any good in value anymore so you can get it by trading most anything for it. The natives really go for old clothes. I guess they really appreciate it too as most of them have little or no clothes at all. When we go in fairly close to the beach they paddle out in their canoes and hang around diving for coins and trade with you. I know one ship that got hold of a big hog. What next? I wonder if they have any horses to trade.

Well this will have to do for now, hope to hear from you soon.

Love,

Hakon

Friday, May 25, 1945, Page One: Open Forum

The last forum pushed us into the economic problem and that will be the theme at next week's forum in Veteran's hall. Thursday May 31. 8:00'clock. Bring questions answers, knowledge and common sense.

Aage Moller

Friday, May 25, 1945, Page One: Our Mail Box

Santa Barbara Calif.

May 22, 1945

Mr. Walter L. Hanson

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California Dear

Mr. Hanson:

I want to express appreciation of the material assistance the Santa Ynez Valley news is contributing to the 7th War Loan Drive. I am particularly impressed with your issue of May 18th both by the War Bond essay News story and also the number of advertisements and emblems, stressing the "Mighty 7th."

The Santa Ynez Valley is indeed doing finely in the Drive. Mrs. Jensen, War Finance Committee chairman, having recently reported that approximately 50% of the E Bond quota has already been reached Best regards to you and Mrs. Hanson.

Yours very truly,

Harold S. Chase

Chairman, Santa Barbara County War Finance Committee

Friday, May 25, 1945, Page Four

Budd Buell Given Praise

The following poem is dedicated to Budd Buell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Buell. Sgt. Buell is with the 11th Airborne and is a para-glider in the South Pacific and has been in numerous campaigns. The poem is written by Charlie Hugo of Santa Barbara as follows:

Lest We Should Ever Forget! Dedicated to My Good Friend, Staff Sergeant Glenn (Budd) Buell . . .

The moisture stood and gathered, then slithered down his face;

The ooze and filthy jungle slowed but could not stop his pace.

The sergeant asked no mercy as he clambered through the slime,

Though Death in many ugly forms lay 'round him all the time!

The sucking of the leeches; the biting of the flies;

The slithering of reptiles; the deluge from the skies.

The sergeant inched on slowly, he's blood-shot eyes were stern.

He knew that Death was choosing . . . The next might be his turn!

The gumbo of the forest; the stinking of the mire;

The crack and whining pellet denotes the sniper's fire.

The sergeant moved on faster as he scanned a swaying tree.

For he knew that Death was waiting . . . Now he knew who it would be!

The hush once more had settled as each man hit the dirt.

The prayers were wrenched from swollen lips, that almost always hurt.

The sergeant raised his rifle and to steel his hand he tried—

And Death was paid full measure as the sniper screamed . . . and died!

The moisture stood and gathered, then slithered down his chin;

The sergeant shivered slightly in his cotton jumper thin;

But every step he stumbled in the clinging mud and ooze

The scene has changed, and fair winds blow the filthy smells away

Was one step closer winning the way of life we choose!

The men have won the island! The Stars and Stripes will stay!

The sergeant and his buddies have asked no favor yet

We'll owe them all we hold and own! Lest we should e'er forget.

By Charlie Hugo

Friday, May 25 1945, Page Five

Postmaster Madsen Looking for Red Head These Days

Postmaster Arne Madsen is hunting for that red-haired lady—not for himself but for one of the boys overseas. The Postmaster received the request this week. Here it is:

Dear Sir:

I hope this request does not sound too unusual. But quite a while ago my outfit was in California. While there my two buddies and myself went to Solvang every Saturday nite to the dance. While I can't begin to tell you the pleasure and fun we had, my story does begin there.

We were known as the "Big Three." There was "Big Mac"; "Ivy the mad Russian" and myself, "Peter, the Rabbitt." Oh yes, there were three women also. One we called Rosie. I can't begin to explain what she meant to all three of us. I'll sum it up this way. She showed three soldiers how to have more fun being good fellows then should we say, drunken fools. I can see her yet, gliding around the dance floor, sweet, gracious and very, very pure. Just a perfect lady.

Yes, PM you guessed it, we would like to have you locate her and have her write. We have lost her address moving around so much the past year. We'd like to send her some souvenirs to show our appreciation of all she did for us.

Maybe this will help. She lived down the road going to the swimming hole. All we can remember is that we called her Rosie. She had red hair too.

We would sure appreciate any effort on your part to help us. If you do find her, tell her to write to the address below

Pvt. Peter Hirn 16085313

247 Gen. Hosp. Unit 1

APO 713 c/o Postmaster

San Francisco, California

Thank You,

Peter E. Hirn

Friday, May 25, 1945, Page Seven; Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Somewhere in M. W. Pacific

Dear Walt and Mella:

I suppose after so long a time I should really write you a letter. I am only too sorry that I haven't done it much sooner.

First of all I would like to thank you and the American Legion for the paper that you send all of us boys in the service. I know they must look forward to it as I do, as it is our only complete contact we have with the entire valley. I haven't been receiving them so very well, due to our ship's movements, but am sure I will from now on. In the last one I received, I read that Lucy Buell had left New Guinea. I went ashore a number of times while there and looked for her, but was unable to contact her.

I was in the invasion of Okinawa and I am here to tell you that is one experience I shall never forget—censored—

Well, I guess I'll close for now and I say again, thanks to you and all of the rest of the folks in the valley who make it possible for me and the rest of the boys to receive the valley news.

Any of the boys who have time to write, I would appreciate it very much to receive a letter from you.

And to all of the folks in the valley who had anyone in the European theater of war, I send my best wishes upon the unconditional surrender of the Axis.

Just a gob wishing to see the good old valley again.

Kenneth W. McClellan,

USS PC 584

c/o Fleet Post Office San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, May 25, 1945, Page Seven: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

This letter is from Sgt. Harry Fredericksen

Palm Springs, Calif.

May 18, 1945

Dear Walt:

Well here I am back in California again but this time it doesn't make me any too happy. I just can't go much of the desert country anymore, but Uncle Sam is the boss so it pays dividends just to take matters as they come.

From Inglewood I went to the ATC Replacement Center at Las Vegas, New Mexico and after 22 days of impatient waiting I was transferred here. I arrived here last Sunday night and when the train rolled into the station, Old Mother Nature was on hand to welcome us. The wind and sand was really raising havoc with everything in sight and I was very glad to get inside the station once I got off the train.

When we got out to camp we had gotten out of the sand storm and it eased by mind when one of the boys that was stationed here told me that it didn't blow much around the camp. Now the next day was Monday and I had to go through with all the various things the incoming men have to, so during the day I got a good touch of the desert sun. It was really warm too, and statistics show that it will be warmer but I guess that I will be able to pull through the summer heat alright.

I started work in one of the hangars on Wednesday and my working hours are from 3 pm until Midnight. I graduated from the North American factory at Inglewood as a P-51 specialist, but here I am working on C-47's. I will make out alright as the basic principles are practically all alike on all aircraft.

Well, Walt, it is just about time for me to go to work so in closing, I want to say thanks to you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News.

As ever,

Harry

Friday, May 25, 1945, Page Seven: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

May 16, 1945

Mr. Hanson:

This letter is not like the ones in the past giving just a change in address. It's to tell of my appreciation for the swell work you and the valley American Legion are doing to keep the Valley News coming overseas to all the gals and fellows. It may come in early or late, in bundles or single, but always it's more welcome and eagerly read over and over again.

Orchids to Post 160 for the Christmas cards they sent to the fellows over here. And thanks for the Legion Digest which has helped me in many ways to understand more thoroughly the GI Bill of Rights.

We have finished our job here in Europe and are awaiting to be shipped home or to the South Pacific. No one knows when, but our C. O. told us to prepare for a long stay here in Italy so it looks like a six month stay at least.

I'll have to close if I want to get any of that delicious Spam they are handing out at the chow hall today. Thank again for the Valley News.

Sincerely, Yours,

Clifford Powers

JUNE 1945

Friday, June 1, 1945, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In the Service

Philippines

May 12, 1945

Hi Walt:

Well, I sure got a pleasant surprise tonight when the mail clerk handed me a letter from you, not exactly what you would call a letter, but I do understand that it would take a lot of time, work and pencil and paper to write each individual a private letter. Well, there is only one Walt Hanson I will write to him alone. You addressed this letter to my former station in New Guinea, well, Walt, I have moved pretty far north since then, and now, I am not laying around in a Repl. Co. I am in the best outfit in the whole Pacific and am really proud of them. We are only small in comparison with some of these big divisions over here, but our little Regt. can do the work of a Div. or I should say, we have been doing just that for the past two months, maybe you have read about us. Anyway, I hope you have, as this outfit deserves plenty of credit and not just because I belong to it. Ask Tojo about the 158th, he knows us. (the hard way).

How is every one in Solvang? I never hear from anyone, but George and Mary King, and they are real loyal friends of mine. Thanks a lot for the Legion papers, all the boys enjoyed them and they all hope the GI Bill is what it is cracked up to be as we feel we all deserve a break after what we go through over here. Thanks, Walt, please write,

Don Bentley

Friday, June 8, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Don M. Davison writes "I had the pleasure of attending a Masonic Lodge meeting, somewhere in the Philippines last night in company with eight other Masons from my ship. Masonry is very strong in the Philippine Islands, but was of course, suppressed during Jap occupation." Also he said, "I had quite a surprise this last week, when I received a message from Henry Kleine via blinker. He was making a liberty ashore in the port. I asked for a special liberty, which was granted and I met him ashore. We had about five hours together, and had a good time talking over stateside subjects."

Friday, June 8, 1945, Page Five

AWVS

A picture of the activities of the AWVS is revealed in a letter to Mrs. Esther Daniels, workshop chairman of Santa Ynez valley, from Mrs. Howard C. Wood assistant state workshop chairman from San Francisco. The following order was recently delivered to the USS Rixey:

336 bedside pockets, Carpinteria, Fresno Berkeley; 250 fracture pillows and cases, Santa Ynez valley; 42 hot water bottle covers, Fresno, 232 toe sox, Berkeley, Santa Barbara, Fresno; 242 wash clothes, Berkeley, Santa Barbara; 313 pair slippers, Santa Barbara, Berkeley, Oakland, Santa Ynez valley; 1 altar cloth, San Francisco; 15 woven rugs, Berkeley; 58 lap robes, Oakland, Berkeley, Fresno; 500 song books.

Friday, June 8, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

Germany,

April 23

Dear Mr. Hanson:

It's been quite some time since I wrote you a letter, so here is one to make up for the long absence. I received your invitation to write some time back, but we have been on the move so fast trying to keep up with Patton that I just haven't had time to answer. Sure glad to hear from you and I've been getting the paper pretty regular too. So all in all, I have been keeping pretty well up on the doings of the folks at home.

We have had some swell weather up until yesterday, when it rained. This morning it even snowed a bit, April showers, I guess.

We are on a 5-day break now, so everyone has bathed and changed clothes for the first time in a month and half. Really feels good to be clean all over once more.

All our communication as far as radio and wire has been very dependable. Course, I would be interested in that cause that's my job. Repairing has been going steady. Seems there is always something you can be doing. I couldn't find time to even write home for a week at a time. Course, I'm not always on the front lines, but so close that the tension is just as great. You are always hoping the guys out there can hold the line thru the night while during the day your work makes you forget about all that's going on around you. Moving the C. P. daily, is also a headache, cause we move off on evening, and you never see where you are until morning. Luckily Germany is full of houses so we generally have a building at night to stay in, of some sort or other. That is more convenient than most of our troops have.

Rumor has it that we'll be sent to China as soon as this theatre is cleaned up. We are soon going to join the Russians and then things should wind up fast. Sure hope the rumor is only a rumor.

Well guess I'd better start closing. Before I do, I hope the News keeps on coming and I know it will. That was the best thing the Legion could have done for us servicemen. It sure keeps us close to home even if we are half way around the world. Thanks to no end. Bye for this time and hello to all the guys and gals and their folks. As Ever,

Fred Bumpass

Friday, June 8, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Licktenberg, Germany

May 23, 1945

Dear Walt:

I guess it's about time I write to say hello to everyone in the valley. I have received the Valley News regularly and read with special interest the letters from the boys and girls in the service. I'd like to take this opportunity to say hello to each and every one of them.

Now that we are through fighting over here we are situated in the town of Licktenburg. It is one of the untouched towns of Germany. We have a nice set-up here. In the town of Bachtensburg, a few miles from here "we have everything in the way of entertainment" –the army says.

Our division (83rd) held the only bridgehead across the Elbe river. After we linked up with the Russians we came back across the Elbe as they (Russians) were supposed to occupy all of that particular sector on the east side of the river. We told the Germans that the "Russians are coming" and they all took off for the river. In fact, when we arrived at the pontoon bridge, the Germans were already there. A mass of people all wanting to get across the river, but that's as far as they got. We left them to sweat out Russian occupation. They sure are afraid of the Russians. I'll close this letter now and I want to thank you and the Legion for the paper. I'd like to wish the very best to all of you at home. Sincerely,

Mono Ontiveros

Friday, June 8, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

May 28, 1945

Hello Everybody:

I'm writing to let you know I'm getting the news regular and a letter now and then is the only means I have to show my appreciation and I do want to thank you and the Legion very much. I look forward to getting it each Monday so I'll find out all the news up there in the good valley.

We were all real glad and happy when V-E day came and I know lots of mothers and fathers were too, finding out their boys were OK after being prisoners for so long and I can imagine how happy and relieved they must feel and how glad they'll be to get back to the good old USA. I know everyone is looking for V-J day and hope it won't be long as everyone wants to get home for good again.

I guess you read in the papers about the cut in the cadet program. Well it got me also. I'm no longer in cadets after 16 months, but I'd been expecting it as we hadn't done a thing since we got out of college June, last year, although I hated to be kicked out without even a chance.

I'm a private now and am assigned to B-17 down here and do mechanics and maintenance work on them. We are kept busy and it's sure a lot better as time passes so much faster.

I was home last weekend and my wife and boys were just fine—its sure good to see them all—Jean is fine and Tom and Jon are really growing. It's hard to realize my oldest boy Jon, starts school this year, he'll be 6 in November.

Wife and I celebrated our 7th wedding anniversary the 16th of this month, wish we could have been together, we were married down here in Yuma, May 16, 1938, so each time I go to town, I see the places we were together and that makes me more lonesome. Hope I can be home for good before too much longer. I sure don't have enough points to get out even with my boys and 16 months of service.

I'd better sign off now, so long, and a good-luck to all and I hope we will all be together again soon. Here is to V-J day.

As Ever,

Pvt. Alfred Barrett

PS—It's hot down here and will be getting hotter. I'm permanent party here, so I'll probably get the full benefit of the 140 degrees they have here at the field during the summer. It's hot now and only around 110.

Friday, June 22, 1945, Page Five: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

The following letter is from Cpl. Holger Gade of Brush, Colorado now stationed at Ft. Reno, Oklahoma. He made a trip over to Italy with a shipment of mules and tells of his trip over and return. Holger is known here, having lived here at one time. His mother is here now, coming to attend the wedding of her daughter Hilda, to Harold Johnson MM 3/c last Friday

Dear Dad and all: We are leaving here within a day or two for New Orleans. Rumor says Reno, but don't know for sure. No more mules to be shipped so we might be sent to a reassignment post which could be anything. My fingers are crossed – Just so I stay with the Vets.

Well next to tell you something about the trip. It was certainly a variation.

We left New Orleans at 5 o'clock pm on the 21st of March with 638 mules, 156,000 cases of beer and 5000 tons of candy, 11,000 tons of water and hay and grain for 60 days. The boat was a 42-year old boat and hauled mules in the last war. We had 55 men to care for the mules, 4 Vets, and an officer plus 18 navy gun crew and the regular merchant marine crew.

We Vets were the bosses and absolutely done nothing but give physics and pain bitten necks. By the way a sea sick mule needs lots of mineral oil and they get sea sick. They can't feed the fish so take it pretty hard.

The trip around the Keys and up to Norfolk was very smooth and uneventful with the exception of getting acquainted with the boat and our routine and lasted 4 days.

We anchored in Norfolk harbor for twenty-four hours and took on more water. The next morning we moved out and during the first day saw our 54 ship convoy plus 8 naval escort vessels take shape. We were in 9 rows of six about a half a mile apart in all directions. The naval vessels were everywhere. They were small boats equipped mostly with mines and anti-aircraft guns and of course radar for submarine detection. Again nothing eventful took place for about 7 days except eating and watching the donkeys. We ate very well in our own quarters and could get coffee and sandwiches any time twenty-four hours per day. Most of the time we got up at six and took a long nap after dinner on top the mules sheds and stayed up and read and played cards till 10 or 12 at night.

Everything was completely blacked out at nite on deck and it was very inconvenient to mess with a sick mule in the dark.

Five days before we passed the Azores, we hit a storm. Then nearly every man and mules got seasick. I was one of the ones whom escaped for which I was lucky.

Our boat was rocking making up to 40 degree rolls. The liberty ships are worse.

The mules here took a beating. They can't lay down in their stalls, so got their tails and breasts bruised from rocking with the boat. You couldn't set your plate down as it would slip away and you ought to see our attempts at walking. Ha! NO, we couldn't get at the beer, that was covered with hay and then candy.

We were about to leave the convoy the fifth day of the storm and put our tail to the storm as the skipper was afraid that our mules on top deck might get washed into the sea. By the way 80 feet waves are pretty tall.

Then one morning we were out of it very suddenly and had a smooth sea to the Rock, which we reached on the 19th day after leaving Norfolk. The Rock is something I will always remember and is indeed a natural fortress.

Across the Mediterranean we hit a glassy sea, it was very flat. The third day on it we all of the sudden turned a hard right as a loose mine was directly in our path. It was about 8 feet in diameter and of a green color. We circled it twice and then commenced firing to explode it. Well they are hard to explode as you have to hit the detonators to explode them. At a half mile, I guess that is hard, anyhow those navy gun men never scored a direct hit and we proceeded on

our way, reporting its location so someone else could explode it. Did not have much confidence in our bragging sailors after that. Ha!

The fourth day from the Rock we sighted and sailed right by the Isle of Capre [sic] which is now a big rest camp with all the luxuries. Nothing too good. Shortly after that we entered Naples harbor. Here we saw what war was for the first time. We couldn't see any sunken ships as the harbor is deep, but we could see blasted waterfronts and as far as we could see, there were no windows in the buildings. We here got orders to leave the next morning to Citivivia to unload the mules. It is up the coast from Rome. We got there about 11 am and here saw ships sunk everywhere, mostly German and Italian ships. It was a hard job to snake into a space at a piece of a dock. We spent from 1 until 8 unloading the mules which was done with three derricks equipped with huge nets taking two mules per trip. The mules at this stage became very bewildered and was an amusing sight to watch their expressions of various feelings. We here lead four mules per man p thru about a mile of what used to be town and loaded them into 20 foot box cars, twelve per car. They looked like toys. Here is where I met Bernard Foote, he was the veterinarian whom was there to receive the mules. They were taken up about 70 miles north to Grober or some such town where he is stationed. One thing which I noticed here, was that wine even runs in the streets here. Dago's sure like their "vino". It tasted like vinegar to me, but I guess they are afraid to drink water on account of typhus. We then sailed north again. The next day German planes were spotted above us and we hit into a port as we had no convoy here.

The water here has oil spread all over it. A tanker had been blown up shortly before by German planes. The next morning we left for Leghorn where our beer and candy was to be unloaded. We got off the boat at 2 pm Saturday after 31 days aboard excepting the eight hours spent unloading our mules. We were taken to a camp north of town which was or had been a very modern apartment house. That was fine excepting that we slept on the floor with only two blankets and darn near froze to death. We couldn't leave the site there, because the Italians are not very friendly and beat up on a lot of soldiers and too, disease, is very prevalent. The whole town is "off limits."

I did however go AWOL, and went to a house and bribed a girl there with a package of cigarettes to press my clothes and then with another package, secured a bottle of cognac to take along back. This house was very plain. The stove was a big fire place I which they heated old iron flatirons of a vintage of maybe 1200 A.D. The people in this home were very sad. I guess they had seen a lot. Their clothing are rags, and especially the shoe situation. Everyone is in the same shoes, sad, shabby (no interest in life) and hungry looking.

The next morning at eight, we turned in all our equipment except our uniform and toilet articles and by nine were on the way to the Pisa airport.

Here we saw planes (fighters) leaving as fast as they could get them into the air as this was the day Bologna fell. They were having a field day.

There were Brazilian squadrons, Americans, Lamies [sic] or British Canadians, Negroes, Egyptians and Australians. All had flown from 2 to 4 sorties Sat. and Sat. nite and were still at it. We saw one come in with its landing gear shot off and saw it "crash land."

We got on our plane, a C-47 at 10:40 am and left for Naples. Here we saw war torn Italy from a grandstand seat. We flew very low. We saw wrecked buildings, tanks, planes, guns grave yards, bomb and artillery craters everywhere. We flew over Rome, the Anzio beachhead and many other places. The woods or what had been the woods revealed fox holes, gun emplacements, etc. In marshy terrain we could see tank tracks where great tank battles had taken place a year before.

At Pisa we saw what it takes in the line of equipment to fight a war. For ten miles we saw what was one big pile of equipment and supplies. One can't imagine how much without seeing it. Everything was American but they say that on the east coast of Italy the picture is the same except that is British equipment.

We arrived at Naples soon after noon and were given quarters at the airport. We then caught a truck and went to town.

Here we saw soldiers of every country of the Allied nations. One thing interesting was there are no cars excepting the GI. Everybody walks everywhere. The center of town was not damaged much. One thing that is hard to get used to is that the Italians nearly all live in apartments. All buildings are of the same design and have few windows. They don't believe in advertising and have no display windows in their stores, so you can't tell whether it's a store or an apartment house.

Of course lots of street vendors are selling souvenirs. Cameos is their big item and are cheap looking so didn't buy any. Too many articles such as shells or other articles of war won't get by "customs." Being a great believer in trading at home, I didn't buy anything. I'll guarantee I can do better in Brush. A ten dollar cameo in Naples can probably be bought at home for 25 cents. Tablecloths are rare and would cost from \$35 to \$100.00 as cloth doesn't exist. If they get some cloth it would be used to cover their bodies not tables.

Here the Red Cross has a wonderful thing. They have a big restaurant for GIs. You get a super meal, served in courses with Italian musicians. All for 15 cents. You don't dare eat any other place on account of disease.

The post office was the only thing I saw that Naples could brag about. It hadn't been damaged but is no better than our Denver post office.

Monday morning we flew to Tunisia. Here we saw the big new airfield with its very modern airdrome which is one of our projects.

Everything here was so American we thought the very beautiful girls working there were American. But to our disgust, they were French. Even though we couldn't talk to them, we could look. We stayed here only 45 minutes and don't know much about the town excepting that you could see that there had been war there. But the debris has been cleaned up. We then flew to Oran and I'll say that El Paso looks good to Africa. We were at Oran for 45 minutes and proceeded at Casa Blanca where we arrived at 11 pm. We were taken to a tent city and given a cot and blankets. At 8 am we were notified to catch a bus for the airport immediately. That ride across Casablanca was interesting. The natives there are the dirtiest people I ever saw. Their clothes are rags and don't resemble any kind of clothes any one ever saw. The women keep their faces covered. Old carts powered by horses, mules, donkeys, camels, oxen and men are going everywhere hell bent for election. Everybody has a market basket with flowers, onions, garlic, etc. which they are trying to sell. Sheep and goats are every place and live right with the people. Here we saw a delousing plant for the natives. Giant spray guns spraying dust underneath their clothes or rags or hair. When they had gone thru they smiles and went about their business feeling very clean, even though they looked as though they had just come out of a flour barrel. It still takes all kinds of people to make a world!

At 11 am we boarded a C-54, a four motored job bound for the Azores. We never had to wait long for planes, as we had a number two priority and few get them. We were twenty-four passengers on board. We flew very high and couldn't distinguish ocean from air even though it was a clear day.

The Azores is the most beautiful spot I ever saw from the air. The terrain is very rough but every square inch is cultivated. Every foot is terraced and with the different colors of the crops and odd shaped fields, it looked like a giant quilt of the craziest pattern ever conceived. We were there about an hour and again ate very well as we did all along the trip. Air travel really stimulates the appetite. Our next hop was Newfoundland, and haven't much to tell about that trip as we all bedded down on the floor and slept most of the way. WE left after some ham and eggs for La Guardia Field. We got to Boston or over I should say at daylight. I didn't smell any tea brewing so wasn't very interested. Can't figure out what farmers live from in the New England states, or as for that matter, any place on the east coast. I still want to live West of the Mississippi and far enough north that I never see cotton grow.

About an hour from New York they said we should fasten our safety belts as we were flying by instrument. It was very foggy. When we got over the field they said we were going to be the first of eight ships to land. Well we kept dropping at 200 feet saw the ground. The pilot was too far to the right of the runway so took to the air again, about 20 minutes later we tried it again, this time when we saw ground we were right on top of a lot of buildings and the pilot set that plane on its tail, and gave those motors everything they had. I still believe he is trying to find La

Guardia at his hotel instead of a field. After that try, they sent us back to Manchester, New Hampshire. Here we went thru customs and took a health exam, and were given quarters. We stayed there until the next morning when we returned to New York.

Here we went through a lot of red tape and were given tickets to return to New Orleans. The train trip was nice. We had Pullmans and met a lot of people and talked a lot of politics and surely got caught up on a lot of news.

Here the whole mule deal is blown up so am just sitting here going thru a lot of red tape.

I wish you would let anyone read this whom might be interested and be sure that Ted sees it. Greet everyone and I'll write when I again find out where I am going.

Yours sincerely,

Holger Gade

PS Total hours in the air 37 hours. The whole thing was a wonderful vacation and I love the sea and air.

Friday, June 29, 1945, Page One: Our Mail Box

83 ½ N. Milpas St. Apt. B

Santa Barbara, Calif.

June 19, 1945

Dear Walt:

First off, I would like to thank you again for the receipt of the Valley news while in the service. It surely brought and kept the Santa Ynez Valley memories even closer while overseas.

I have again taken the garb of a civilian after 3 ½ years of army life and am living here in Santa Barbara having returned to my former job with the S. P. railroad.

I would like to continue to receive the Valley News so if you would kindly send me the yearly subscription rate, I'll remit the same.

Thanking you and the American Legion. I remain

Yours Truly,

Daniel C. McLellan

Friday, June 29, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

United States Army

June 23, 1945

Mr. Hanson and Members of the American Legion:

I guess it is about time I was dropping you folks a line or two to let you know that my address has been changed and I still appreciate the Valley News as much as ever.

I did spend 10 very enjoyable days at home. Although I didn't have too much time, I did get to see quite a few of my old friends.

Our bunch of boys are here at Biggs Field, taking a little advance training on transient aircraft which includes everything from jet jobs to B-29s. We don't expect to be in the States too long from here on. Just long enough to get acquainted with the different type of aircraft. We do get to fly occasionally, so that does help quite a bit.

I see where there are quite a few of the fellows entering the armed forces now, and I believe that after they are in a while, that they will find out that it isn't so bad. Yes, have enjoyed it so far, and I am sure I will all the way through.

When I leave the states, I do hope that I am lucky enough to run into some of the other fellows from the Valley.

Well folks, I want to take this opportunity to express my thanks to all who are keeping us up on the valley news, and where buddies are. I also want to wish them all the best of luck and hope that we will all be home before too long.

As Ever

"Coags"

Pvt. I. J. Munoz

Base Flight, Biggs Field, Texas

Friday, June 29, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

June 12, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson

Just a few lines, to let you know of my new address. I want to thank you and all the people who make it possible for me to receive the Valley News. It's a darn good paper. Most of the fellows, being from Chicago, razz me a little when I get the Valley News, but before the day is over, they come around and want to know if they can read it.

While I am writing would like to say a few things about the Filipinos on Leyte. To begin with you all heard about them meeting the troops with flowers and etc. Well I was on shore h-hour plus one hour (1100 to be exact) and all I ever saw was troops moving inland. I was on the island for some time and one day, I went into what they called the Capital of the island. Its houses are made of lumber and straw. A buddy and I went into a store and saw of couple of bottles of after shave lotion (prewar stock) we priced them, they said 10 and 20 so we started to give them ten twenty centavas for the two bottles. They didn't want centavas, they wanted pesos. In America it was equivalent to \$5 and \$10 respectively. We didn't buy the lotion. They were out to rob the soldier and not to help them. They also wanted everything given to them and if you wanted anything of theirs you had to pay three to even five times its value. That was the way they were on Leyte. I understand that on Luzon they are somewhat a better people. I sure hope so, anyway for the sake of the people back home.

The people here seem to be a little more civilized and know what was going on in the world around them.

I have seen action a few times, and we feel pretty proud of ourselves for the work we have done out here, and we hope to keep it up.

I want to thank everyone again for the news and keep it coming, it's really swell.

Well, I had better ring off and hit the sack, so I can get up for guard.

As ever,

Neal Glisson

JULY 1945

Friday, July 6, 1945, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In Service

The following letter is written by Sgt. Earl Rasmussen, who has been with the Seventh Division mopping up and clearing the Japs off Okinawa Island. The letter is written to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rasmussen of Solvang. The letter was postmarked June 25.

Okinawa Island

Dear Mother and Dad:

Now that things have kind of quieted down out here I really have no excuse for not writing. It certainly is a relief to have this thing over with. This life really gets on a person nerves after so much of it. I never have minded it too much until this one came along. This campaign has certainly given me my fill of it. One good thing about this one is that I'm quite sure that is my last one. I think it's about time for some new blood to take over. We old work horses that first set sail for Attu aren't much good anymore and I think we are about due for a relief.

The weather out here has been surprisingly good for the last few weeks. If it hadn't have been I guess we would still be digging for Nips. It is getting much warmer here to. When we first came, we would always freeze at night, but now it stays pretty warm. The flies and mosquitoes are getting worse and worse here, especially the flies. With all these Emperor's boys going to visit their ancestors, it makes it that much worse. The sooner I get away from here the better I'd like it.

I finally got a letter from Elmer. My letters seem awful slow in getting to him, but his came up here fairly fast. He also sent me a bunch of magazines. I kind of wish he could move up here, because I think I would like this Island. It sure isn't as hot here as down where he is. I probably won't be here to see him even if he did come.

I have a ten day growth of beard to shave off, so I guess I'll close for now. I hope this finds you all OK back here. Tell Laura and family hello. Will write again in a couple of days.

With Love,

Earl

Friday, July 20, 1945, Page One

Mrs. Squiers' Letter Discovered on Bulletin Board on Iwo Jima

The following letter was received by the Rev. N. P. Hald family of Solvang from their son, Ansgar, who was in the battle of Iwo Jima. He wrote, "Give my best regards to Mrs. Squier and tell her that this letter was greatly appreciated by many of the boys in the Fifth Marine Division." He discovered the letter on the 5th Marine Bulletin Board.

February 23, 1945

Solvang, California

Dear Boys:

So far as I know not a one of you has ever heard of me though it is possible that even some of my neighbors' boys are in that hell with you, but be that as it may we want you to know that we are thinking about you just the same. Our hearts are flying at half-mast for we'd like every one of you to come home. There are not English words I know to say how deeply we feel about this human misery that seems unavoidable. I don't know how much good it will do you to just know that some of us care. I know it can't stop one shell, nor pack one square foot of ash, nor bring one kiss from those you love. But boys, we do care from the depths of our hearts. We care and we'll be thinking of the wounded long after the headlines have moved on to other Jap hells nearer Tokyo.

We are farmers, just plain farmers. We work in the cold and heat. We butcher, but it's a merciful business beside war. We work long hours. I averaged 18 a day last summer, but I can't stand that the year around. Our tasks are simple, but we have done and are doing all we can to back you fellows up.

We have two children, a girl, 11 years and a boy 1 year. As I tucked them into their peaceful little beds tonight, I thought of the times when you were kids, sleeping the sleep of healthy little boys and I know that back here are Moms and Pops, whose hearts have not changed one bit since those days, and they'd give their rest of their lives just to tuck you in safely tonight. And wives—some of you have some grand girls back here, but their hearts are right out there with you.

I wish I had some pints of blood sent there with you, but so far they can't seem to get out our angus hayseeds and we can't get a way for a whole day at a time to go to the centers. Some of the people in this community do go, but they don't have to do chores, I'm an old nurse and I'd sure love to send blood over there. I can't help it, kids, there's so much I'd like to do but believe me, boys, I've done all I can and will continue till the very last one of you is home again, and I'll be remembering you and all your buddies that can't come back long after you have forgotten this simple note.

God bless you all tonight and heal the wounds of war that lie sore on your hearts.

Mrs. Walter Squier

Friday, July 20, 1945, Page One

OPA [Office of Price Administration] Requests That Transactions Be Done by Mail

Increased workloads due to many recent changes in Rationing Regulations, makes it necessary for your local War Price and Ration Board to request you file applications for rations, well in advance of your needs. You are urged to use the mails whenever possible. You may request blank applications by sending them a card stating the type of ration to be applied for and thus save you the inconvenience of making a trip to the board. Your mail requests will be given prompt attention.

All applications will be processed by the board in panel session twice each week in the order in which they are received and only emergency needs will be processed immediately. (No renewal of supplemental gasoline rations will be considered emergencies.)

This new procedure is being established in order to render prompt and efficient service even though the work load has increased. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

Office of Price Administration

R. B. Allan

Board Supervisor

Friday, July 27, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Staff Sgt. Lawrence (Sonny) Mansfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Mansfield, was among the infantrymen of the 42 division who fought their way into the infamous German prison camp at Dachau against fanatical SS troops, he discloses in a letter to friends. Riflemen accustomed to witnessing death had no stomach for the unspeakable horror encountered. No human imagination fed with the most fantastic tales that had leaked out from the earliest and most notorious of all Nazi concentration camps, could have prepared us for what we saw there, says the communication. He encloses a factual official document of atrocities which he saw with the others and asks that his friends show this to some of the folks back home and then they might stop and think.

Sonny Mansfield was employed by the Coca Cola company in Santa Maria before he entered the service. He served in the Pacific with the artillery and then was returned for a time to Riverside with the famous Rainbow Division. He concludes in his letter that he is "point-happy" like all the other boys, and has the second highest number in his platoon. However, he recalls that he "missed a bet" when he did not stop at an aid station after a minor facial wound from shrapnel, because a Purple Heart is worth five points. His group has been cited and he says that ought to make for another "five points."

Friday, July 27, 1945, Page One: Let Me Say to You by W. L. H.

Pea Soup Junior is telling the world that Andersen's Valley Inn will open August 1st. This will be good news to the traveling public as well as to localites eating out.

Buellton folks are getting fed up with hell raisers and noisemakers coming to their town after the Saturday night dances. Here's a letter we received this week:

"The Saturday night disturbances in Buellton are becoming a decided nuisance to residents. Persons coming to Buellton after the valley dances are making the nite hideous with horn tooting, shouts, and yells which continue for the biggest part of an hour.

Steps are being taken through the sheriff's office in Santa Barbara to stop this practice.

No one objects to youngsters having a good time, but such conduct goes beyond the limit."

AUGUST 1945

Friday, August 3, 1945, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

France,

July 16, 1945

Santa Ynez Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear Friends:

A few lines to say hello to all the people in the valley and to let you know that I shall be home by September. I have recently been transferred from the 82nd Airborne Division to the 17th Airborne Division as were all the high point men. Eighty-two officers were put on orders a few days ago to fly home within the next week. I was included on the order. At the last minute, the number was reduced so we officers with 118 points were scratched and only those with over 119 are flying. Oh well, after being away nearly three years, I can wait another five weeks or so.

I recently looked up my kid brother, Richard, who is in the 513th Parachute Regiment of the 17th Airborne Division. It sure was good to see him after all this time. I brought him back to my unit and had him spend the weekend with me. He said he bet he was the first private to eat and sleep with our Bn. officers.

I wish to take this opportunity to again thank you for sending the valley news to me during these past 28 months. I've read it from Casablanca, North Africa, to Italy and then to England, Holland, France, Belgium and Germany. During all those miserable months, the home town paper has enabled me to keep up with the news and you people whom I know so well. Since I am leaving shortly, please discontinue sending the paper temporarily. When I get home, I will call on you and let you know whether or not I'll be remaining in the service. I've really appreciated each and every issue.

In the past months, I have flown and driven over all of the continent and England, not once but three or four times. Before that, I flew and drove over North Africa. I went to Sicily three different times and then up through Italy to Anzio. But, there's no place like home!!

I'll be seeing you.

Gratefully,

Philip A. Knight

Friday, August 3, 1945, Page One: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Guam

July 17, 1945

Dear Mr. Hanson:

It must be high time for me to write and let you know that I'm still getting your paper, and enjoying it. You will notice that I suddenly find time to write to you when the post office department threatens to stop the paper on me unless I request it. Well, I here and now submit my request. You will remember that I was a subscribed even before you and the American Legion began sending the paper gratis, so that, being a charter member, I have really got my money's worth. If the valley has changed as much as the names in the news have, I'm not sure I'll recognize it when I get back. Boys whom I remember as mere kids are majors and such now. Well, I hope to be back among you for a while at least before too long. I'm in my 23rd month out of Frisco, so my time must come up some day.

Just about 12 of those months have been spent right here on Guam and that's too long for anybody who joined the Navy to see the world to stay in one place.

I understand that I am the loser for not having written to you more often. Probably several valleyites have come by here who might have looked me up, if I had advertised in your columns. Well, this can be their notification.

Well, the mob is coming back from the movie, and the barracks is getting noisy, so I might as well give up.

So long for now,

Roy Moore CSF CPO

Quarters, Camp 5

Navy 926

c/o F.P.O San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, August 3, 1945, Page One

Lucy Buell Writes From Philippines; Is in Station Hospital Receiving Medical Aid

The following letter sent in care of Mary Beth Nelson to the Santa Ynez Valley branch of the American Red Cross was written by Miss Lucy Buell, who is "somewhere in the South Pacific" doing Red Cross work.

July 17, 1945

Dear Mary Beth:

Through you I wish to express my tardy but heartfelt thanks to the Valley Red Cross for my belated Christmas gift. No wonder you people think we're lost. Letters and packages go into the post office with the best of wishes to speed the on their journey and then seem to disappear. The prolonged silence must cause no end of speculation.

Well, here's the answer to one of your mysteries.

On June 22nd, a poor beaten up package appeared at APO. No. 1008. It was so weather worn, it's a miracle it ever completed the trip. Had been rewrapped once and forwarded from the big Red Cross Center on New Guinea. Poor Lil Package. If you 'd been loaded and unloaded, readdressed, and banged around as often as it had been, you'd be a bit battered too. Actually, inside it is in perfect condition, and I'm the proud possessor of the lovely Revlon set.

I don't suppose I can make you understand what a gift of this type means to us out here. With some effort you can replenish your supply hence you never experienced our woe as the last of the polish disappears. You'd be surprised how many ways you can stretch that last ¼ of a bottle, but eventually, it dos go. We are allowed so few feminine frills that those few are jealously guarded. To break a bottle of perfume or polish, is a dire catastrophe, suffered by both you and your tent mates. Hence you will see why I am doubly happy to have your gift.

My greatest happiness came from your remembrance of me. You Valley people, are my people, and to know that you still consider me as one of you gives me a sense of "belonging." It is a wonderful feeling to have over here where nothing is permanent, nothing stable, nothing secure.

Little did I dream that I would use some of the bandages you people fold by the hour. But I've been here in the hospital for over two weeks with that dreaded tropical skin disease. My greatest fear is being boarded home. I want to come home, but I've day-dreamed about it for so long that I can't stand the idea of coming home as a patient. Wish me luck!

I wish I could have you with me for a few hours as I work my wards. Those long hours spent rolling bandages would have real meaning. I wish I could erase from my memory some of the wounds covered by those abdominal pads. Many times I've watched a nurse or ward boy lift out a small bandage with a forceps—dab at a wound and discard it. One brief moment and it is useless—(Oh those agonizing moments of being all fingers and thumbs, and worrying about "dog ears.") But it is worth it. Sterile technique saves many lives, and much suffering.

I'm proud of the Valley. Reading your news tells the story of your War Efforts. You are doing a great job over there, and you may well be proud of your boys over here.

'Bye for now, and thank you again.

Lucy Buell

APC No. 34423 360th Sta. Hosp. APO 1008 c/o PM San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, August 3, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

A letter was received last week by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Smith of Nojoqui from their son Richard, from Fort Benning, Georgia—saying in part: he was one of the lucky 14 chosen from 200 candidates for Paratroop training. He and a pal flew by plane with a captain in a B-25. He states they never march or walk any more, everything is double quick time—even to go to mess on the run, but he likes it fine. The temperature is much hotter than Texas, the sweat runs off in a stream when just writing.

He ran into Bill Flynn one of the Santa Ynez Valley boys, just transferred from Camp Hood, Oregon.

Friday, August 10, 1945, Page Five

Red Cross

Members of the community who gathered material for the Overseas Recreation chests will be interested in the following letter:

“Dear Mrs. Gates:

I want to thank you and Mrs. Burd for your fine work in filling the two overseas chests. I know how hard it is to get the suitable articles for these chests, and you should be very proud at the results of your efforts. Will you please express my thanks and appreciation to all of those volunteers who helped in acquiring the cards and games.

Sincerely yours,

Frances Slater, Chairman (Mrs. William Slater) Camp and Hospital Committee

Anyone having a punch bowl or large flower vase of which they would be willing to dispose, please contact Mrs. Burd—as there has been a request for same for camp and hospital use.

Friday, August 10, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

July 28-45

Dear Walt:

This is just a short note to let you know of my change of address. I wish to thank you and the American Legion for the Valley news, although I haven't received one for the last month, but I hope this will bring it through. I am now in Manila and feeling fine and hope everybody in the Valley is fine, too and the rest of the boys in the service. Yours truly,

S/Sgt. Aage Larsen

65th Harbor Craft Co.

APO 75

c/o PM San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, August 10, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Boys In The Service

Liege Belgium

July 27, 1945

Dear Editor:

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the writer and editor whose cooperation has made it possible for the Valley News in reaching me. I have been living ever since in a constant state of intention to write and finally concluded not to write at all, until I would say something definite about what is taking place or other matters. Well, I have not yet found out, as you know how this great men's army works.

My letter surely will not be what you expected at the outset, I want to thank you again for your kindness to me in sending me the paper and also the American Legion for sending me the "Legion Digest." Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to receive the News from home and to know what everybody is doing. At the present, I have no news of interest to say, that is not much of importance. We are all waiting for the day to come home and I am hoping it will be soon.

In closing this short letter, I'll send my best regards to all the Valley people and to all the fellows in the service.

I remain yours truly,

Cpl. Joe C. Miranda

Friday, August 10, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

South Pacific

July 27, 1945

Dear Editor:

My sincere wishes are in sending this letter of thanks and appreciation to you and the American Legion for making it possible for me all these years to keep me informed with the good old Valley News, which I've been more than pleased to receive and read the news of the valley and old friends.

Dear editor: I'd wish to request through your permission if I may that I'd like to inform my friends of the valley that I'd only be too glad to correspond with them if they would like to do so. I thank you kindly again, thanking you and the American Legion for your kind services.

I remain sincerely,

Henry S. Guevarra

1st Bn Co. 27th Marine Division

C/o F. F. M. Post Office

San Francisco, California

Friday, August 17, 1945, Page One [NOTE: Victory over Japan has now been declared.]

Pilot Relates In Letter when Lt. Pedercini Made His Last Mission Over Enemy

Photo: Lt. John Pedercini

The following letter, from Lt. John T. Jennings, pilot of the ill-fated ship which was hit by flak in which Lt. John Pedercini was lost in action. The letter written to the mother, Mrs. Mary Petersen, tells in detail the last mission that Johnnie was on over enemy territory.

Lt. Pedercini was held in high esteem by his buddies and his many friends in the valley who grieve over his loss. The letter follows:

Youngstown, Ohio

July 11, 1945

Dear Mrs. Petersen and Girls:

I know you have been anxiously awaiting some word from me telling you the facts, as I know them, of our last mission.

We were on our 15th mission over enemy territory on May 10th. Everything went well up to the target, Weiner Naustadt, south of Vienna. Our group was the second group over the target and we could see plenty of smoke left by flak thrown up at the first group. We dropped our bombs on the target and we too caught plenty of flak. Our ship was one of the first of our group to go over the target. The flak disabled two engines on the right wing and we could no longer stay with the formation.

We had dropped from 22,000 to 17,000 feet and were alone for about five minutes when three German fighters jumped us from the rear. At this time it was all I could do to keep the ship in level flight. The fighters came in and the gunners shot down the first two. The third fighter got a burst of machine gun fire into the nose of our ship and I believe set an oxygen line on fire. In a matter of seconds, the whole nose of the ship was in a blaze. I immediately rang the alarm bell to bail out and motioned for Johnnie to go to the Bombay to bail out which he did. I stayed in the cockpit, hoping to hold the ship level while the crew bailed out, although I could no longer see as the ship was full of flames and smoke.

About a minute elapsed and the ship blew to pieces in the air when the fire reached the leaking gas in the Bombay. The next thing I knew I was falling through the air, so I pulled by ripcord and floated to the ground in my parachute. Pieces of the ship were falling all around me. I saw three parachutes below me. They support Lt. La Fermina, Sgt. Best and Sgt. Van Hole. I looked in vain for the rest.

I'll let you draw your own conclusions as to how Johnnie met his death as it would be as good as mine. The ship went down between the towns of Ratten and Kirchberg, a few miles southwest of our target. When I get a larger scale map of the area, I can pick out the exact spot. He is probably buried in the immediate vicinity. I do not know for sure. But I don't like to think about that. I would rather remember Johnnie as I always knew him. It grieves me deeply that war always takes the best in manhood. I could not have felt closer to every man on our crew than if they were my own brothers.

I am sorry that I cannot come to Santa Ynez to see you again at this time, but if and when I do in the future I shall surely see you.

If there is anything I have omitted in the details that you would like to know, just ask and I shall be glad to let you know.

Sincerely yours,

Ted Jennings

Friday, August 17, 1945, Page One: Our Mail Box

Dear Walt:

Subscription money enclosed. I get more for this money than for any money I spend. The Valley news is read from cover to cover by every member of the family and then sent on to Harrison in Italy.

It often makes me homesick and I do a lot of reading between the lines.

Remember me to Mella.

Ruth Lyons

Menlo Park, Calif.

Friday, August 24, 1945, Page One

Letter of Appreciation from Danish Relief Committee Received

Mrs. Paul Christiansen has received a letter from the board of Directors of America Denmark Relief in expressing their appreciation and gratitude for the efforts by all women who made possible such a large collection of garments for relief to the Danish people.

Approximately 200 garments were collected locally.

Mrs. Ryan Grut, workroom supervisor in Los Angeles has frequently praised the fine quality of the work of the Solvang group and sends her personal thanks to each and every one who contributed to it.

Friday, August 31, 1945, Page One: Correction

We wish to make a correction in the Danish Relief article of last week, which stated that 200 garments had been collected locally. The figures should have been 2000 garments.

Friday, August 31, 1945, Page One: Let Me Say To You by W. L. H.

Only last week we reminded our dear readers that if they thought that the editor had nothing to do—just come in and try to get out this sheet just for one week. Well last week we scribbled off a few lines about Bob Clausen and his guests being here, and it seems that the kid with the holy water over his head belonged to the Clausen and not the Herrings.

Don't know how I will ever live that one down, makes a fellow feel like going fishing.

Anyhoo, here's the letter we received from Bob.

Oakland, California

August 27, 1945

W. L. Hanson,

Solvang Free Press

Sir:

You have done me a grave injustice! My pride and spirit have been wounded! In one foul, slip of your pen you have robbed me of a son and heir (to the family life insurance) and raised hell with the child's ancestral arrangement for all time.

Editors are accustomed to persecution, so stand by Scribe, while I proceed to pluck to pieces your new item on page one in the gossip column of the issue of August 24th, our trip to your fair city.

In the first place, "M. Herring" is really "G. W. Herring" after the father of our country. Further, the Herrings have no children—an irrelevant fact, however—the year's may change that. But Edmund Alan Clausen is our son and not the Herring's. In spite of the benevolence and charitable spirit which naturally increases during wartime, I cannot bring myself to give him away. Let those who want children suffer the inconveniences of bringing them into this world. The difficulties involved definitely enhance the value and the love for the finished product if I may put it in a scientific and slightly necessary way. How else could I mention the nine long months of waiting for Junior, and the \$250 that our doctor and the East Oakland Hospital accepted for a receipt. So, I've checked again and I assure you that you're in error. Edmund looks like us, he has our nature, his talk is almost as sensible as ours—in fact—in only one respect does he differ much from me—I'm housebroke!

Outside of the chafing of your news item, we enjoyed our jaunt. Santa Barbara is beautiful and Solvang is pretty and full of interesting people. In California that "country" is our No. one choice. The Bay area is no residential haven. At times, like Sherman, I have said that if I owned Oakland and Hell, I would rent out Oakland and live in Hell, but then the sun usually shines a bit the next day and everything is endurable for a spell.

Much luck in the editing and publishing game until we see you again.

Yours.

A.B. Clausen

P. S. My proofreader, Mrs. Clausen says I'm a damn fool.

Friday, August 31, 1945, Page One: Our Mail Box

Goleta, California

8-28-45

Valley News

Solvang, California

Dear. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson:

Thank you very much for sending the Valley News to our son, William B. Flynn.

Bill graduated and received his wings from Ft. Benning, Paratroop school August 18. In a recent letter he tells us he expects to be home on a furlough in about three weeks. He is a 1944 graduate from Santa Ynez High. Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. William Flynn

Friday, August 31, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Australia

August 9, 1945

Dear Walt and Mella:

Well here it is! I have finally reached such a state of shame that I have decided to slow up the war effort long enough to drop you a line. If I put down all the excuses I can think of for not writing sooner, there would be no place for anything else. But sorry I am. I will try not to let it reoccur.

To make a long story less tedious I will start out by saying that I have no news. I am really a civilian in sailor's clothes as far as fighting is concerned. As you can see, Australia is my home now. Tho' I haven't seen very much of the country. I really like it quite a bit. There has been too much rain, but of course, this is a very unusual year. It is very much like many parts of California, as far as looks are concerned. Bungalows with tile roofs are very much in evidence. Inasmuch as we swiped quite a bit of the of the flora from here. That too, is very much the same. It is cold at night and reasonable when the sun is up.

I have been planning to go on a kangaroo hunt, but so far have not made a go of it. I have asked some people about fishing, but so far nothing that sounds like anything.

They close the grog shops at seven, previously six, so you let the sun on your drinking and then go to bed. My idea would be to open them instead. In that way, a person could afford to walk around and see something without taking chance of his elbow stiffening up for lack of exercise.

Believe it or not, I have been getting your paper. And it really is wonderful. Once a week, I am Johnny on the spot at mail call hoping for the good old Santa Ynez Valley News. There are always a flock of articles which give me that awful feeling in the pit of my stomach, called homesickness. Thank you and the American Legion a lot.

Best regards to you two, and everyone else around.

Sincerely,

Howard

Howard G. Park RT 2/c

USS Clytie AS 26 Div 5E

FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Friday, August 31, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Marianas

August 19, 1945

Dear Walt:

I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the Valley News. With moving around so much, changing addresses and all, it hasn't been able to catch up with me very often, but since I've been in the hospital here it's been a few days I'll be moving again to a hospital in Pearl Harbor, so if you will hold up the paper I'll let you know when I get my new address.

We're sure happy that the war has ended and look forward to coming home. I guess it will be a while yet though.

Buddy Bredall has been over to see me several times. It was nice to talk to somebody from home again.

Yours truly,

Raymond Pedersen

SEPTEMBER 1945

Friday, September 7, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In Service

Ochsenfurt, Germany

August 23, 1945

Dear Walt:

Just a note for now to notify you of my coming change of address. I'm going back home very shortly so I'll be seeing all you people soon.

Please stop sending the paper until I see you again, and I want to express my sincere appreciation for all you and the Legion have done. You've been swell to send us the Valley News.

So—until I walk into your office, one of these fine, sunny mornings, I'll say so-long and best wishes to all the fellows.

Yours truly,

Cpl. Mono Ontiveros

Friday, September 7, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Fortelza, Brazil

August 26, 1945

Dear Walt:

Yes, it's me. You know it's about time I drop a line to one of my friends around Santa Ynez Valley as I don't do it very often. Now that things are looking very favorably, I am still here in Brazil, and getting to be a permanent fixture around here, but I like it here pretty well anyway. I'm with the Air Transport command and we are fixing planes that are hauling boys back from the ETO, and also airplanes are coming back from there also.

I guess there must have been quite a celebration around the Santa Ynez Valley when the Allies finished up Japan. Well, we did it up pretty well here ourselves, but nothing like the States. Well it's over with anyway, and I hope I can get home within the next six months.

Well I am going to close for now, and say so-long.

As Ever,

Squirt

Pvt. Earl Thygesen

1155 AAF BU Pici fld

APO 619, Miami, Florida

Friday, September 7, 1945, Page Five

AWVS

The following letter was received this week by Mrs. Esther Daniels, local serving chairman of AWVS from the state chairman, and should be of interest to local workers.

August 31, 1945

Dear Chairman:

Now that the war is over, our workshop plans and demands are subject to change from month to month. At the present time, the hospitals are in need of as many lap robes and afghans, slippers, wash cloths, and woven binders as we can furnish them. Navy relief work will continue. From what I can find out, I feel that there will be a demand for all these things for at least a year; however, that demand may decrease as time goes on. From now on, we will not need any more fracture pillows. We have a large supply of them that will take care of the future needs.

Mrs. Nixon and the executive committee is most anxious to seriously start the making of dressings for the American Society for Control of Cancer. I should like very much to hear from you in regard to this. How many women from your workshop do you think will be interested and willing to work on this project?

With good wishes and my sincere thanks for your splendid work, I am

Most Sincerely,

Mrs. George W. Baker, Jr.

State Chairman Workshops

Note—Mrs. Daniels is anxious to have all fracture pillows brought in to her in order to get them shipped to headquarters before continuing with further work.

[Note: Mrs. George W. Baker Jr. is likely to be Carmen Ghirardelli Baker according to an Oral History Project regarding the Ghirardelli Family of San Francisco that described Mrs. Baker's involvement with the AWVS: http://digitalassets.lib.berkeley.edu/roho/ucb/text/lawrence_polly_ghiradelli.pdf]

Friday, September 14, 1945, Page One

Niels Iversen on W. Virginia in Tokyo Bay

Tokyo September 1, 1945

Dear Editors:

I guess it is about time I was dropping you a line. You can see by the article I am enclosing that we have been pretty busy for the past year.

We are now with the occupational forces in Japan. I am sure glad we came in here under peace conditions instead of trying to take it.

I have been getting the Valley News for the past year, sometimes they piled up on me, but I was always glad to get them.

Niels Iversen

USS West Virginia

6th Division c/o Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, California

Editor's Note—The article encloses is a summary of the USS West Virginia's war history, the battle wagon on which Niels is serving. It was severely damaged by the Japs attack on December 7, 1941 and sank in Pearl Harbor, but she was raised and repaired in a west coast navy yard and made modern throughout. Ye scribe paraded on her decks in 1937 in San Pedro harbor where the old battle ship was anchored with part of the Pacific fleet at that time.

The crewmen of the USS West Virginia were on the decks to see the Jap homeland which has been their goal since the ship was returned to war. The ship steamed proudly into Tokyo Bay with the naval force to take over Japan, a day long to be remembered by Niels Iversen, who was on it.

The West Virginia was in the Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Ie Shima action, continuing her fight against the fanatic Jap suicide air attacks. It has 80 enemy planes shot down to its credit and has sure assists in the destruction of nine others. She has fired over 3000 16 inch projectiles. She has traveled 63,000 nautical miles the past year.

Friday, September 14, 1945, Page Four, Advertisement: The Friendly Southern Pacific

Our Sincere Thanks to all of you who helped

When Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, Southern Pacific became perhaps the most strategic railroad in the US. Serving the West Coast ports of embarkation from San Diego to Portland, and more military and naval establishments than any other railroad, we were called upon to handle an enormous load.

We were able to handle this load successfully because of the great work of railroad men and women up and down the line, and with the help and cooperation of thousands of people not actually working for the railroad.

Now the war is over. The job is done. But we of southern Pacific will never forget the way the people stood by us when the task sometimes seemed bigger than our railroad.

We send our sincere thanks—

To the Army, Navy, and Government authorities for their sympathetic understanding of our problem.

To the shippers who cheerfully, put up with delays so that more vital war freight could go through on time, and who cooperated in many ways to conserve equipment.

To our passengers for their good-natured acceptance of crowded trains and other wartime discomforts.

To the thousands of people who stayed off the trains to make room for service men and other essential travelers.

To the press and radio which understood our operating difficulties and kept the public informed.

We do not know how quickly Southern Pacific can convert from war to peace. Soon transports will be landing thousands of war weary men at West Coast ports, and many more must be brought back from Europe. These men will want to get home as quickly as possible. We intend to do our best to carry them in the comfort to which they are entitled. This job comes first of course.

Meanwhile we are planning luxurious new streamlined trains, new travel comforts, and refinements in passenger service and improvements in freight service. We intend to go forward aggressively with the West, earning our right to serve you solely on merit and performance.

A. T. Mercier, President

Friday, September 14, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Brooklyn, New York

September 5, 1945

Dear Walt:

I'm sitting here writing letters, and reading newspapers, being well posted on the last minute news of today, New York World Telegram, and the Santa Ynez Valley News, dated June 29th.

There was an item regarding the cancellation of all magazines and newspapers at F. P. O. address. I guess that explains why that is the last one I received. Now I don't know what to say as I don't want to give up the paper, and I also expect a change in address in the near future as I'm very confident that I'll get released from overseas duty now and be released from service in the next 3 or 4 months. Under the Navy point system, 44 points are needed and I've only got 42, but that above the overseas limit of 41 in other words, anyone having 41 points will not go overseas again.

I just arrived in New York, Monday from San Pedro via the Suez Canal. We went to Calcutta with a load of replacements and took home a load of veterans of 2 or 3 services in India.

About this paper business, you had better hold it up until I see what develops. I'll take this opportunity to thank you and the American Legion for sending me the paper.

Will see you soon,

Harold Johnson.

Friday, September 21, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Okinawa Island

September 7, 1945

Dear Walt:

I think I'd better drop you a few lines for I've changed A.P.O. numbers so often that my papers are a little slow in reaching me.

Just received one and read Sgt. Earl Rasmussen's letter. I can't say I blame him for wanting to leave this place. That's where I'd like to come in, when they decide to move a lot of us out. I don't know where he is located on the Island, and doubt very much if Earl is still here, for they have been moving troops out and replacing with engineers. There is a great deal of work to be done by us engineers, so I don't look forward to seeing the states for a while. We haven't been here but a short while and that's been too long. When we were on Guam, we had a much nicer set up. The first week on this Island was the worst for us. We moved in when it was raining quite hard. Our bags and blankets got soaked. We had to sleep in these blankets and sleep in pup tents, until the ground was dry enough, so we could work with the equipment, to level off a spot to pitch our 12 men tents. Our area was heavily laid with land mines. By this we lot a few men.

The first night I pitched my tent, I pitched it on top of a dead Jap. I didn't lose any time in moving, for the odor was a little too much for me. There are a number of caves near our tents and all of them have dead Japs in them. It took us a couple of days to get this cleared away so we would have a decent place to stay.

Our schedule here is quite a large one. We've taken over the work of two other Engineers Battalions, so they could go to Japan and take over the air strips there. We have one strip just about finished, and one of our road jobs, I think we would have had both these jobs done, but the rain has held us back. The roads get slick, for they aren't laying asphalt here on this Island. For finishing work they use coral and its more clay than anything.

They've had me operating shovel over here. When we first arrived on Guam, I started off on cat, but was taken off that when the shovel work came in. Here on Okinawa I've done nothing but shovel operating. We run two shifts, and next week will be night work for me. I've been in quarters this week with a cold so they've been short of men on the shovels.

Well, Walt, I'll close for now, thanking you and the American Legion for sending the paper and I look forward to receive it. It's been held up lately, due to troop movement.

As Always,

T/5 Stanley Fredericksen

Friday, September 28, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

Sgt. Karl Jorgensen wired his mother, Mrs. Josephine Jorgensen, from Camp Merritt, Washington, that he had arrived in the US. The telegram read, "Tacoma Beachhead secured." He expects to be at Camp Beale, California, today. Sgt. Jorgensen has served in the South Pacific for about 3 ½ years and has never been home since his induction into the service.

Friday, September 28, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. Harald Harkson, who are vacationing in Santa Barbara, reveals that they have received a wire from their son, Helmer, who has been serving as a Yoe 1/c in the Navy for 3 ½ years, has received his discharge. His wife, a WAVE, has also obtained her release. The young couple plan to visit her folks in Birmingham, Alabama for about two weeks and will at the termination of their stay there, leave for California. The senior Harksons, who are enjoying a good rest in Santa Barbara plan to be home next week.

Friday, September 28, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In the Service

Here's a letter from S/Sgt. Wm. F. Ellis, now stationed at Oceanside, awaiting his discharge. You know, Bill Ellis, Good Samaritan, of the highways for the Automobile Club. He is going back to his old job soon.

Monday evening

My Dear Mr. Hanson:

Please hold the News, Mr. Hanson, until you hear from me again. I am now in the Separation Company from which, I anticipate my discharge about Thursday of this week.

After a short rest, at home with my family in Santa Maria, I presume that, for a short time at least, or until the service is re-established on the road, I shall resume where I left off with the Emergency Service Patrol by the Automobile Club of Southern California. My discharge from the Corps has almost come, only after I have been informed that my job has been done. I shall visit you in the very near future, Mr. Hanson. Wm. F. Ellis

OCTOBER 1945

Friday, October 5, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Birmingham, Alabama

September 29, 1945

Dear Walt and Co.

It's been a long time since I have written you and though I haven't, I don't want you to think I haven't enjoyed getting the paper. I can't think of appropriate words to thank you and the American Legion for the many hours of pleasure you have given me during the past three and a half years.

Now I am a civilian again, and I can assure you that it is a wonderful feeling. I was discharged the 25th of September and now I am on my way home, and this time I'll be home for good. I'll be home within the next two weeks and at that time, I'll be able to thank you in person.

Sincerely,

Helmer Harkson

Friday, October 5, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

September 20, 1945

Dear Walt and Mella:

This is it! In about 36 hours I will be on my first lap of the journey homeward. This time it's a one-way ticket, and I hope it means that I'll be donning a tweed suit sometime before Xmas. It's going to be a great day for me when the boat pulls into a good old USA harbor. If I ever had itchy feet to travel, I certainly have it out of my system now and for good.

I'll notify you of my new address in the states as I get settled, that won't be until after I've had my 45 day furlough. If I'm lucky, I may get discharged as soon as I get back. My fingers are crossed.

I'm afraid I can't express myself properly when it comes to telling you and the American Legion and Auxiliary how much I appreciated having the Valley News sent to me every week. The News was one of the highlights in my mail call and to me was a real touch of the old home town and valley. Thanks to each and every one of you that made it possible.

Be seeing you all soon,

Adios,

Bill Hanly

Friday October 12, 1945, Page Five, Advertisement:

The Friendly Southern Pacific Welcome

Home!

Small illustration of a railroad employee, wearing overalls and cap shaking hands with an armed, uniformed soldier.

2,393 veterans have already comeback to work for the Southern Pacific

We are justly proud of the 20,013 Southern Pacific men and women who joined the armed forces. Those who have been discharged, we gladly welcome back to the Southern Pacific.

Our policy in re-employing veterans is very simple. The company wants its family together again.

While these men and women were away, their seniority advanced just as if they were here on the job. Their continuity of service has been maintained for pension purposes. And Southern Pacific has arranged with the Veterans Administration to participate in a program of training course for our partially disabled veterans.

We believe that most of our returning veterans will want to come back with us. Already, of the 2,768 former Southern Pacific people returned to civilian life, 2,393 have come back to work for their railroad. These people know that Southern Pacific's war work did not end with the surrender of Japan. Millions of men from overseas must still be returned to their homes.

That so many of our veterans came back to Southern Pacific indicates a determination to finish the job and a faith in our company's future that makes me, personally, very proud of every one of them.

A.T. Mercier, President

Friday, October 19, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men and Women in Service

Fort Benning, Georgia

October 12, 1945

Dear Editor:

I wish to express my appreciation for sending me the "Valley News." It is sure swell to find out what's going on in the Valley these days.

We aren't doing much of anything here at Fort Benning now since we completed our training. We are mostly playing football and a "few" hours of PT in the morning. According to Rumors, we are going into the newly formed peace time Airborne division which is being formed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Again I thank you for the paper,

Sincerely,

Bill Flynn

Friday, October 19, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Scott Field, Illinois

October 7, 1945

Dear Walt and All:

First off this is to let you know my new address before I get excited and forget to tell you. It's Pfc. Alfred J. Barrett, 39723077 Sqd. H. Bks 747, Scott Field, Illinois

Now to tell you how glad I was to leave that Hellhole, Amarillo, Texas, and come to a place as beautiful and nice as Illinois.. It was really a change to come from the desert of Yuma to the panhandle of Texas to Scott Field—to come from a place where all are trying to “stick” the servicemen for all he makes to a place where you're treated like a King and respected instead of like a dog and kicked around.

Here everything is free—from breakfast, dinners and lunches at the USOs to major ball games—everything is so cheap for us and everyone helps you and all are friendly.

Scott Field is an old field, the buildings around headquarters are red brick and two story. Barracks are also two story and really nice. The field is covered with green grass, the best way to describe it is “beautifult” and the main thing, eats are “tops.” I weigh 172 now and if I stay here long, I'll weigh 180. The Px's are like stores I town—they have nearly everything and things are really low in price.

I'm farther away from my family, that's the only bad feature, cause I sure do miss them, but I can't get home from here, and couldn't from Amarillo, so I'm sure better off here.

We were sent here to learn teletype, but school has been closed, so guess we'll be pulling KP (8 hours compared to 14 to 16 hours, most fields) and area detail. I would have liked school, as I've always wanted to learn to type and that was most of the school was.

I was sent to Amarillo for B-29 mechanics course, but school closed there (thank heaven) so we came out soon after the first of the year, and I'm sure hoping so cause it's sure miserable being away from the ones you love and no one loves their wife and boys as I do. It's been a lonesome and long two years seems more like 10 since I came in. Guess I'd better sign off and get to bed, so I can be up and enjoy this place as much as possible during my stay here—people from Illinois have a right to be proud of their state—just ask any serviceman that's ever been stationed here and I know he'll agree. So long, and I hope to see you soon.

Pfc. Alfred Barrett

PS letters are always welcomed from anyone and all received will be answered.

Friday, October 19, 1945, Page Eight: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Stockton, California

October 8, 1945

Dear Walt:

Well, I have been transferred again so I figure that at the least I could do would be to send you my new address. I really appreciate getting the News and at this time I want to thank you and the American Legion for sending it.

I had known for quite some time that the base at Palm Springs was going to close, but I had never figured that the personnel would be transferred on such short notice.

I was at work at the time when my orders came through, and as soon as I had been called to report to Shipping and Receiving, they gave me strict orders to be ready for shipment by 4 pm. Friday afternoon, October 5th. I got my orders about 1:30 pm so from that you can figure out just how fast I had to rush around to get done with my clearance.

As soon as eighteen men had finished clearing, they were loaded into one of the transport planes and we were flown here.

I was ready to go with the first plane, but instead of reporting to Operations, I waited for my buddy to finish clearing so that we could go up together. The plane we got on took off from there at 6:00 pm Friday night, and after flying for about two and half hours we landed here. That flying from base to base is surely a lot better than going by train. Traveling by plane has its faults too, if you look at it as missing the scenery and other views, but traveling government style isn't really tops on the train.

On the way up, we got into a bad storm and the pilot really had his hands full to keep control of the plane. The up and down drafts really kept the plane from flying at a level flight. At one place just around Bakersfield, we hit an up draft, and just as the pilot was getting the plane leveled off, we hit an air pocket and the sudden drop unseated everyone in the plane and it scattered our barracks bags all over too. Fortunately no one was hurt.

We were all assigned to our place of work today and for me I am going to work out on the maintenance line pulling inspections of C-47s. Most of the planes that I will be working on will be planes that are flying the transport lines in the States, and also those that are making flight overseas.

I was working in one of the hangers at Palm Springs, but here my work will be done outside. If I had to work outside while I was at Palms Springs, I doubt very much if I could have lasted through the summer heat. It is still quite warm working in the hanger there but with the direct sun rays beating down on you for any length of time you would begin to get that dull overheated feeling in no time at all.

This is really a nice base up here. I haven't seen all of it yet, but I have seen the largest part of it during the time when I was going through my incoming process.

It has been raining off and on ever since I got here. It really makes me feel good too, as I have really missed the rain since I got in the Army. You don't seem much rain in desert country, and since I got in I have been stationed in the desert country the majority of my time.

Well Walt, I guess that this will be all for now.

Thanks again to you and the Legion for sending me the news.

As Ever, Harry Fredericksen

Friday, October 26, 1945, Page One

Rowdyism

People are rowdy because they are soul hungry. They scream while walking under trees because they do not consume what the trees give them. They shout among men because they get no food from them, nor do they give any back. The digestive organs of their souls are sterilized by egocentrism.

I may be surrounded by music, hear it, and yet not hear it. I may be next to abiding ideas, but my soul is enamoured by that which lasts but a day and therefore they do not become part of me. It becomes noisy.

It still is true that a generation which do not have an all-inclusive organic vision, perish from starvation.

Rowdy people reflect the condition of their generation and it behooves those who are acutely pained by it to seek contact with life itself.

Aage Moller

NOVEMBER 1945

Friday, November 2, 1945, Page One

Hansons Express Thanks For Support

To Advertisers and Readers of the Santa Ynez Valley News

We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation and thanks to the advertisers and subscribers who have supported our efforts to give the Santa Ynez Valley a good newspaper.

In transferring the paper and good-will to Richard Kintzel and Karl Jorgensen, two local ex-servicemen, we ask for them the full support of the business men and other residents of the entire community.

We are convinced that under their editorship, the Santa Ynez Valley News will be an asset to the community deserving of your whole-hearted support.

Communities without newspaper service feel keenly the lack of a newspaper, and other communities which have newspapers overlook the fact that the newspaper is the mouthpiece of the community—that it's your newspaper that puts the best of the community before the outside world, always.

So—it's our desire that these two young publishers be given the support that any serviceman is entitled to.

We wish again to thank the good people of the valley for their cooperation and support in the past and with the new owners the best of success in their new business venture.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Hanson

Friday, November 2, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Hakon Jensen, RM 2/c who is a member of the USS Waller, tells of some interesting things that happened on his last trip. The letter to his folks follows:

US Waller

October 11, 1945

Hello Everybody:

We are back in Shanghai again and I received a lot of mail from you so I guess I can say that it is my turn again. It is really nice to catch up with the news again.

Everything has kind of quieted down a bit over here now, but, I've had a couple of experiences that I won't forget for a long time. In the last letter I wrote, we were out taking care of some minesweepers.

Anyway a typhoon was coming up so they told us to go anyplace we wanted to go to get out of the worst of it. Our captain being the daredevil that he is, decided to go up to some island called Chusa Archipelago. The Japs have a suicide bunch there. We steamed up a channel and dropped our boats in the water to capture a ferryboat that was going across the bay. There were some high ranking Jap officers on it. The captain tells them he wants to talk to them. When he comes aboard, the captain informs C. O. we are taking over the place. They sign a peace treaty and the captain says, we are going ashore and secure the place. They pick 18 men and 2 officers, the biggest and toughest looking guys we got. I happen to be one of them! They load us in a boat with our captain and the Jap officers and head for shore. We hit the beach and I stagger ashore under full pack and two-way radio set, a machine gun and a forty-five pistol. I had about all I could to walk with and I was too scared to run anyway. I was waiting for the Japs to come out and mow us down. There were around 2,800 of them and they are the ones that sent a message to the emperor that they would not surrender. They called themselves the imperial marines of the Japanese Empire. They didn't look much like kamikaze men to me. We surrounded a big stone fortress they had. We made a few motions with our guns and they started dropping their guns and saluting us. It didn't look to me like they wanted to die very bad, even if they did outnumber us more than 100 to 1. They stood around with a stupid look on their faces. I don't blame them so much though as I guess were a sight to see. Most of us were twice as big as they were and a lot had long beards on our faces. We were in dungaree with white hats and leggings on. Most of the guys carried 3 or 4 guns all the way from pistols to shot-guns. We kept all the officers there and made the rest of the Japs go out and collect the rest of the firearms they had around. It didn't take long before we had a stack a mile high of rifles bayonets and stuff. We kept a few men there and turned the rest loose. Our captain went back to the ship and took the ship out of the harbor as we couldn't keep it there very well. After the ship left my radio broke down and stayed that way the rest of the time. After we turned most of the Japs loose, we locked up the fortress the best we could and prepared to stay all night. I sure didn't sleep any that night and I was mighty glad when daylight came and the ship came back in I got my radio fixed enough so I could pick them up when they came in. the Captain gave us orders to have another look around and then load all the booty on some of their suicide boats, they had and come back to the ships, which we did and I was mighty glad to get back too, Boy. Admiral Hinkall sure got excited when he found out about it (Cont'd. Next Week)

Friday, November 9, 1945, Page One: About Valley Service Folks

The following letter was released by the “Fleet Home Town News Center” at Chicago, Illinois—

Hakon Herbert Jensen, radioman second class, Solvang, California, helped bring about the surrender and immobilization of a Japanese “suicide” garrison a month after the official surrender of Japan’s armed forces.

Serving aboard the destroyer, USS Waller, a 21 man landing force aided Chinese authorities in the demobilization, on an isolated island off the China coast. Natives said the destroyer was the first US warship in history to visit the ancient Chinese island.

The scene of the action was tiny Bunji Island, a suicide naval base in the Chusan Archipelego, 80 miles southeast of Shanghai. The Waller became the first warship to gain access to the area, while supervising minesweeping operations.

When the Jap garrison submitted to demobilization, it had two gunboats and 87 high-speed small craft, resigned [sic] for suicide attacks against allied shipping. Personnel of the Waller also assisted the Chinese in arranging for the collection of Japanese arms in the area of Tinghai, capital city of the island, where 2,700 Japs were stationed.

Friday, November 9, 1945, Page Four: Editorial

Salutatory

We would like to take this opportunity to greet all our friends in the Valley as well as those whom we hope will be our friends in the future. Having grown up here, we are well aware of the attractions of the locality in regard to both its natural advantages and its residence.

In taking over the newspaper, we are not unmindful of the obligations we are assuming. We will endeavor to give the same conscientious service that you have had from Mella and Walter Hanson.

We have faith in the Valley. We think that it will continue to grow and progress. We would like to be a part of that growth and, to the best of our ability, to help that progress.

This is your paper. In addition to relaying the facts and news of the territory, it should also reflect the attitude of its readers. To realize this aim, it is necessary for us to receive your advice and criticism.

And finally, we would like to give our thanks for the many expressions of good will and encouragement that we have received from everyone. We will try to merit it.

Masthead: Richard Kintzel Karl Jorgensen, Editors and Publishers

Friday, November 9, 1945, Page Four: Our Mail Box

November 5, 1945

Ye Editors:

May you prosper in your new venture.

I lived in Ballard during the year, 1943, and continued my subscription since leaving and am interested in the weekly "chat" with my old friends.

I miss the comics and hope you may see your way clear to resuming "Sparky Watts." I suppose such "continued stories" are expensive. My father published a daily in 1890. This was before the days of comics, but I know that space and artist work are expensive. But Half-Pint got himself into an indestructible bottle; I hope he gets normal before his mother returns. A lot of foolishness, of course, but the movies spend thousands of dollars for a laugh! Yours very truly,

R. G. Leonard,

Puente, California

Editor's Note—"Sparky" was helpless against the typographical workers strike. The strike is over so "Sparky" can again be invincible.

Friday, November 9, 1945, Page Five: Letters From Men And Women In the Service

Cont'd from last week Hakon Jensen

In one of the letters I received today, it said that our ship was really lucky going all way through the war and not get damaged. I figure we sure had been lucky. Our luck must have left because the day before yesterday, just as we left the entrance to come up the river, a mine blew up right under our fan tail. I was sitting back in one of the other compartments talking when it went off. All the bunks and lockers went flying all over the place. After I got out from under the junk I got out of the compartment and up on top side in nothing flat. I didn't get hurt myself, but a lot of guys got broken bones and some got cut up pretty bad, but nobody got killed. As far as the ship goes, it isn't so bad. We are alongside a tender getting repairs and I believe we will go into dry dock pretty soon.

While being in Shanghai, we will get a little liberty out of it anyway. I suppose you have read about the inflation they have here. The money value is hard to keep track of. Today they exchanged 150,000 Chinese dollars for one American dollar. I guess it will be the only time I can ever spend a million dollars in one night. If there is something in particular you would like me to get well let me know. I mentioned in one of my letters that you meet every race in Shanghai. I met a couple of Danes over there. They had been in Shanghai a long time, but they could still talk Danish pretty good and we had quite a time. They told me there are quite a few Danes around. I guess I'll have to look around and pay them a visit.

Well, this will have to do for now

Love,

Hakon

Friday, November 16, 1945, Page One: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

Natal, Brazil

October 31, 1945

Dear Walt,

I know it's a long time since I dropped you a line but, this letter writing is a heck-of-a job, and I'm a very poor writer to begin with.

Well I guess you are wondering when all of us guys are going to get home aren't you? So am I. I've been here nearly 6 months now and I'm getting rather tired of this place although it's a pretty nice place. I still would like to be home, but we live a pretty easy life here as there isn't a whole lot to do except sweat it out to go home. Now that all the old timers have gone home, they need new fellows for certain and of course I got a new job. I am not an airplane mechanic now, but a military policeman. Don't laugh because I was never cut out to be an M. P., but that is one of the jobs in the army. However, it isn't too bad here as we have a small force and everybody works together. When they said I was an M. P. as of today, I thought, boy what a tough break, but you know they need all kinds of fellows for different jobs. But an M. P. was the last straw, I thought.

About being in Brazil, I probably am the only guy from Solvang who is here in Brazil. Well it's just like any other place I've been. It's just like a place in the states.

It's summer here now and gets pretty warm at times. But we have a fairly large beach near camp and also a swell lake to go to whenever our heart desires. The USO and Red-Cross have charge of that. Sunday is a great day at those places, as everybody goes there. But the town is hardly anything, as nearly 90 percent of the town is off limits to us, because of not much there, but what there is isn't so bad. One thing that is good here is the Brazilian beer, it's really the tops and they sell all kinds of it, here at the base and in town. It all comes in quart bottles, so that cools us off quite a bit.

You probably know, but this is an A. T.C. base for the so called planes go and come from all parts of the world; and returnees of the Pacific. I imagine there's about 30 to 40 planes a day here now.

But it's going to slow down I think. The command expects to reduce in size here by December 1st, so maybe I'll be out of here by then. At least, I hope so.

Well I can't think of much more to say but "adios" as they say in Brazilian. The paper comes regularly now, and thank you very much for making it possible for me to keep up on the town scandal.

Earl

My address to any of you GIs in service is:

Pfc. Earl L. Thygesen

1152 AAF BU Sec AMP. Det. SAW ATC

APO 604 Miami, Florida

Friday, November 16, 1945, Page Four: Our Mail Box

Dear Editors:

I've never written to a newspaper, but I have a gripe—and since the newspapers are full of letters from people who have gripes, I figure that no harm can come from writing to you. My gripe: the world stinks—Great Britain stinks—Russia stinks—The communists are taking over the USA—the capitalists are taking over the USA—the Socialists are too, and so are the Republicans and the Democrats—we are in a rut, nothing new ever happens. San Francisco has a lousy transportation system, it needs a subway. Solvang needs a sewage system, it stinks. The gin in martinis give me stinking hangovers (never again) --why does it always rain in San Francisco? And whoever let that guy “Smilin Jack” get hold of two atomic bombs anyway so he could blow up New York and how come if Daddy Warbucks know about atomic energy, he didn't prevent World War II—yes, gentlemen, it's a rotten situation, to put it mildly, it stinks.

You may print this letter if you like, but I suppose there would be those who would get the wrong idea. I've had people before who said I was just a bitter misfit, but actually I'm not that—really I'm happy—whoopee! Hooray! Pip! Pip!

Disgustingly yours, Stinkie

Ed's note—whew!

[NOTE: The author is referencing some of the comic strip characters popular at the time; Smilin Jack was an Aviator and Daddy Warbucks was a very wealthy business entrepreneur who was the guardian of Little Orphan Annie.]

Friday, November 23, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Men And Women In The Service

November 3, 1945

Ut so No Mi Ja

Japan, Honshu

Hi Walt:

I have been trying to find time to write you again, but we have been pretty busy the past couple of months moving from one place to another, but now we are finally settled down. I received another paper today and it is sure nice to have a local paper to read again and find out about everyone I know.

The paper is dated August 17th, and I want to say that although I didn't know Johnny Pedercini any too well, I was terribly sorry to hear he had gone on his last mission. I have seen quite a few boys go to the world beyond, but it hurts a little more to see or hear of a home town boy going, God rest his soul.

Well, Walt, Japan isn't what I thought it would be at all. I figured to pull a lot of guard and having a little trouble with the people, but to my surprise we pull very little guard and we have no trouble at all with the people. They are very polite to us and they sell us souvenirs and such, but you can tell that inside they hate us very much. The district I am in was pounded fairly hard with bombs so guess that is the main reason for their hate. The small kids learned very quickly to ask for chewing gum and candy and cigs., but it is seldom they get any from our boys; only from the recruits we have now, the boys who didn't have to fight these people. I myself hate them from the bottom of my heart, and that hate will never die in me, no matter what. I will be glad only to get out of here as soon as possible. We have had several reports that the 158th Inf. is coming home in December and I am sure hoping that is true. I saw a piece about the fellows who killed legal bucks and I was wondering how the amount of ---- would compare if you had the ----- of illegal ones. What do you think?

I have among some other things, a brand new Jap 25 caliber carbine which I think will make a nice gun if I can get it home, also a ---- cal. Jap Lueger pistol.

Well old son, guess I will sign off now and thanks again for the paper

Don Bentley

Friday. November 23, 1945, Page Four: Letters From Our Men And Women In The Service

Ft. Bliss

November 14, 1945

Dear Editor:

Well here I am in Ft. Bliss, I am still in Texas as usual. Thought I was going to get to go across as I came off my 18 day furlough, but they sure changed things for us in a hurry. All seven of my buddies that I had been with the past seven months shipped to Fort Ord, and I was the only one of our Bn. that came here.

I sure can't figure why they pulled me out of about 14 men and kept me in the A. A. A. Well I shouldn't mind, as it's got the Infantry beat seven ways to one.

I am now in the Motor Pool Detachment of the A. A. A. and will either be a Truck driver or mechanic, but can't make up my mind which I want to be. I have my choice, so I think I will stick to mechanics, there is a better future in it.

We only work 5 days a week, lately, and get from Friday evening to Monday morning on passes. And an all night pass every night of the week. This camp is 7 miles from El Paso and right beside Biggs.

The weather here seems much nicer than that of Camp Wolters, even tho the camp isn't as pretty.

It is much more sandy and bare hills.

At the present I wish to express my appreciation to you and the American Legion for sending the Valley News, as I sure get to read a lot of interesting things that are happening in the Valley that would not get to hear about otherwise.

I am sending my new address and thank you again.

I remain

Pvt. Milton L. Fredericksen

Motor Pool School Troops

Fort Bliss, Texas

Friday, November 23, 1945, Page Five: Public Forum

Over a year ago an advisory library committee for the Santa Ynez Valley was appointed. This committee was intended to make suggestions for any improvements that could be made in the library service in the valley.

This committee has been at work for some time to seek a library building in this valley better with a larger selection of literature than has been possible under the present setup; also to have reading rooms in such a building, and other accommodation that may be worked out

It has been the purpose of this committee not only to seek such a building here in our rapidly growing valley, and which we sincerely believe we should be entitled to with the population living here, but at the same time would seem to the committee that this project would be a very appropriate living memorial to honor those who served in world war II, and which would certainly be a memorial that in educational and recreational purposes would serve the generations to come. Could we build a better monument to those boys and girls from our valley who gave their services?

It was gratifying recently to read the incorporation articles of the new National organization of the "AMVET" (the American Veterans of World War II), and which in Article 6 reads:

"We believe that the memory of those who gave their lives that free America and a free world might survive should be honored and preserved by "living" memorials in the form of additional educational and recreational facilities so that no American shall lack opportunity for adequate education, a healthy mind and a healthy body."

It may now be possible to obtain in part, Federal or State funds for Post War projects like this if we will act soon, but it will also possibly be necessary that these funds be matched with County or local funds. Right now, however, it is necessary that people of the valley give their moral support to such an undertaking if they desire to see such a service for the valley.

One of the problems in the forefront these days everywhere, including our own valley, is the Youth problem on which much has been said, and written—would not a library with good literature and pleasant, reading rooms available to young and old, and with a better service and larger selection of books be worth taking into consideration in this connection? At least we can make it available to those who seek such opportunity.

We also hear remarks like this: "My boy has just come home from the service, but there is no place besides pool halls or liquor places to spend his leisure hours!"

It seems to me that there would be an opportunity for our community to give the people of the valley, young or old, an opportunity for both educational and recreational advantages and at the same time honor those who in this world war served their country. Could we erect any better memorial to honor them?

Alfred Jorgensen

DECEMBER 1945

Friday, December 28, 1945, Page Five: Our Mail Box

Dear Editors:

There have been a lot of conflicting dates of important events in the Valley because of a lack of prior information.

The thought occurred to me that the Santa Ynez Valley News is the local clearing house for information on these dates so as to avoid unnecessary conflicts. I believe we would all whole heartedly cooperate on this by getting the planned dates for our activities to you so they can be published as an adequate advance notice. This particularly applies to Memorial hall activities. Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Odin Buell

ED NOTE: It seems to us an excellent suggestion and one which we are putting into practice without delay. We urge that the various organizations inform us of their calendar of activities well in advance so that we will be able to include them.

Santa Ynez Valley Honor Roll

Santa Ynez Valley News, Friday, September 7, 1945, Page Five

Killed in Action: George Ortega, John Pedercini

War Prisoners (Released): F. [Fermo] M. Colombo, Ned Harrison, Allan Mercer, Raymond Paaske, Ronald A. Smith

[NOTE: According to May 11, 1945, Page One and his obituary on Page 6A Thursday May 16, 1985, Thomas E. Donahue, Santa Ynez valley resident, was a Prisoner of War, assigned to Stalag 13.]

ARMY: Frank H. Adams, Frank Alegria, Joe Alegria, Roger Appel, Marlowe Appel, Leandro Armenta, Clifford B. Asselstine, Robert T. Asselstine, Armond L. Bainter, James Barnes, Alfred Barrett, Don C. Bentley, Sylvia Bredall Barter, Arthur E. Beard, Vernon N. Bebernes, Tony Joe Bermudez, Glenn B. Buell, II, Charles W. Burd, Fred Bumpass, Prosper Carricaburu, John Carricaburu, Arnold G. Christensen, Ansgar Clausen, Amobil Columbo, Warren Conrad, Wallace B. Coons, Kenneth Cornelius, Frederic Craig, Gene Crane, Jack Crawford, R. de la Cuesta, Bernie G. Davis, D. D. Davis, D. J. Davis, Robert E. Dillard, Jr., Thos. E. Donahue, Sydney C. Doty, Howard Downs, George Downs, Walter H. Duff, Sheffield Edwards, Louis Even, Philip Fauerso, Edward FitzGerald, John FitzGerald, James C. FitzGerald, Norman FitzGerald, William FitzGerald, William B. Flynn, Jr., Harry Fredericksen, Lester H. Fredericksen, Milton Fredericksen, Stanley Fredericksen, Richard Fray, Arthur Fisher, Neal Glisson, Alex Gomez, Patrick Gomez, Alex Grand, John Green, George Grgich, William Hanly, Charles W. Hansen, John Heath, Jr. Robert Herdman, Victor Hergert, Franklin E. Hollister, Carl Jensen, R. V. Jensen, Clarence Johansen, John S. Johnson, Martin Johnsen, Karl Jorgensen, Kenneth A. Jones, Billy Peter Jorgensen, Calvin Kalouner, Warren Kaufman Richard K. Kintzel, Philip A. Knight, Eugene Knight, Judson Krogh, Aage S. Larsen, C. Larsen, Harold Larsen, Russell Larsen, Albert Linde, Stanley Lopez, Victor Lopez, Norman Madsen, Robert Maloney, Lawrence Mansfield, Allen Mankins, Richard Mankins, Hans Mathiesen, Jens Mathiesen, Daniel Martin, Arthur Martin, Pompeo Marre, William McGuire, Fred McKee, Daniel C. McLellan, Robert W. Miller, Joe Miranda, Odin Moller, Billy Moran, Carl Morton, Kenneth Morton, Robert Moore, Irving J. Munoz, Daryl Nielsen, Niels Nielsen, Jack P. Oliver, William Olivera, Francis J. Olivera, William Oliveros, Mono (R. A.) Ontiveros, Harry Ortega, Johnnie R. Ortega, Simon Ortega, Thomas Ortega, Wm. J. Ortega, Erwin Paaske, William E. Parker, Robt. W. Parsons, Richard Payne, Elna Petersen, Raymond Pedersen, Warren Perryman, Evan Pillsbury, Clifford Powers, Aage Rasmussen, Earl A. Rasmussen, Richard Romans, Leo W. Ross, Clifford Runte, Clayton Sanchez, Evald Skytt, Hans P. Skytt, Richard Smith, Folmer Sogaard, David Starr, Carl Stonebarger, Frank Sutcliffe, Earl Thygesen, Thorolf Thygesen, G. Walter Tuomi, Chas. D. Upton, Willard A. Watson, Raymond Watson, Dick Weston, Lloyd Williams, Fred H. Yaag, Henri Yaag, John P. Yaag.

MARINES: Anthony Alexander, Gerard Bradley, J. C. Burchardi, Wm. H. Chrisman, Rolland FitzGerald, Henry Guevarra, Ansgar Hald, Erhardt Hansen, Robert E. Hill, Robert Lawrence, Joseph P. Lester, John Lopez, L. [Lawrence] E. Mankins, Charles E. Park, James C. Park, Warren Erwin Tate.

MERCHANT MARINE: Landon Barnes, Jr., Robert Campbell Jr., Philip Walker, Frank Woodill

NAVY: Wm. R. Adams, Folmer Bruhn, John C. Bentley, Erwin A. Bredall, Frank Buell, Herman

Burchardi, Jack Carlton, Chas. C. Christensen, Frederick Christensen, Thomas Chrisman, Leonard Churchill, Wm. Charles Clark, Clyde Coker, Donald V. Cooper, Gene Warren Cooper, Francis Cota, Jack L. Crane, Sam Dabney, Jr., Mervyn E. Davidson, Edgar Bard Davison, Don Davison, Norman Davison, Lloyd H. Downs, Arthur Farren, John H. Farren, Joe Grand, Leo L. Hanly, Hans Peter Hansen, Helmer Harkson, William Holzer, Louie D. Holzer, James O. Hollister, Niels Iversen, Hakon Jensen, Bernhard Jensen, V. P. Johansen, Harold M. Johnson, Ira Jones, Carroll Jorgensen, Clyde Knight, Dick Knight, Alfred A. Lang, Philip Larsen, Peter Lauritzen, William R. Luton, Joseph V. Mahurin, Lowell Mansfield, Robert V. Martin, William K. Martin, Kenneth W. McClellan, Fred McKee, George Melvin Morr, Roy S. Moore, Carroll Nelson, Howard Park, Lauren Payne, Wm. Phelps, Jr., Henry Rasmussen, Kenneth Rasmussen, Eugene Roberts, Edward Romero, Erwin Rubey, Leslie B. Sahm, Robert Saulsbury, Thomas Schell, Alfred Scopel, Jack L. Smith, Harley L. Sorensen, Clinton W. Steffensen, Dean Stone, Eugene Vind, Raymond Vind, Newman Kellis Wolf, Everett Wurz.

WAVES: Angie Henning Garcia, Audrey Mae Hanson, Ceclia Larsen, Rogna O'Rourke, D. [Deborah] D. Taggart

WACS: Lois M. Mansfield

WASP: Sylvia Bredall Barter

[NOTE: Although not listed among the Honor Roll, two additional men with Santa Ynez Valley family members were also captured as Prisoners of War: Lt. Oliver Crismon and Charles Perkins, Jr. Lt. Crismon's airplane was shot down during a raid and taken prisoner in October of 1943; he was liberated in May of 1945. Mr. Perkins drove an ambulance for the British Field Service; he was taken by Italian soldiers in North Africa in January 1943 and was released in June, 1943.]

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Karen Harris

Solvang, California

2016

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