



Hi-Ya Fellers:

The following appeared in the October 5th issue of the Shelby Daily Star, in Holt McPherson's column, "Behind the Front Page."

"About the happiest man I've seen lately was Antonio Izzi, the Italian born ice cream maker who lives in South Shelby, yesterday when he got his American citizenship papers.

Tony took the papers, kissed them and said, "I hope God will help me to make a worthy citizen of this greatest of all countries."

It was my pleasure to backstand Tony before the court and to commend him as the father of two sons in the nation's armed service. One son is abroad with the army, another is in the Marines waiting to go to foreign service, and Tony is as proud as all get out of them both. I neglected to tell the court that Tony has been one of the most consistent of bond buyers through the local post office; when his first boy went into service he bought sufficient bonds to outfit him; he did the same for the second; he bought another \$500 bond when the Yanks invaded Italy; and every Monday morning he adds to his stock of bonds and he urges every one to buy all the bonds they can because he figures that's one of the blessings of freedom, the privilege of supporting with one's money the men who do the fighting.

Tony is a veteran of the last war in which he almost lost his life when a German bullet pierced his clothes and grazed his side. He took his bride following that war and came to America where he found opportunity and friends; he is happy with his little business, home, war bonds and family of nine children, but happiest over at last becoming an American.

I just wish that every American who holds that distinction merely, for being born here could know and appreciate the fervor of Tony's love for this country and its free institutions—one can't witness it without feeling humbler and being a better American."

The above message was extremely interesting to me and I believe will be of equal interest to you boys, as everyone who has lived, or ever worked in Lawndale, knows Tony. We haven't seen very much of Tony since gasoline rationing became effective, but prior to that time, his appearance here every year was as regular as Spring. Tony numbered his friends from the very young to the very old, and long about noon-time every day, I would see him and his funny little ice cream truck parked under one of the large shady trees. I didn't see him many times until we were friends; I soon picked up a few Italian words, words of greeting, such as, "How are you, Tony," and he would grin and answer, that he was fine and ask how I was. Tony got a great kick out of my attempts to speak Italian and he told me one day that he was going to bring an Italian-English Grammer and teach me to spika' da Italian, as I learned verra' queek. Somehow we never got around to this and its probably just as well, for I remember, as a boy, going to school with a Spaniard, who tried to teach me Spanish - the complete results were the most choice string of cuss-words, one ever heard - so maybe Tony would have been disappointed in trying to teach me Italian.

About the time that Mussolini began to appear in the public eye, and was throwing out his barrel-chest and sticking out his jack-ass chin for the benefit of photographers and the world-in-general, I approached Tony on the subject of him. The results were astounding. Tony's familiar grin faded from his face and I was afraid for a moment or two that he would strangle on the mixture of broken

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