

# Your Letter From Home

A Naval officer fell overboard. He was rescued by a deck hand. The officer asked how he could reward him. "The best way, sir," said the gob, "is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows knew I had fished you out, they'd throw me in."

(Deep Six).

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daily 12:45 p. m., Monday through Friday.

A chief petty officer, with service stripes on his arm representing 30 years in the service was undergoing a routine questionnaire survey recently. "What was your occupation as a civilian?" he was asked. After a moment's reflection, he answered: "I was a child."

(Deep Six).

Vol. 2, No. 3

WRITTEN EVERY FRIDAY

November 10, 1944

DEAR JOE: Now that it's all over, we can let our hair down and relax. The election, I mean. The speeches toward the end had gotten a little out of hand, it seemed to me. Torrid, sultry, yes, and sulphurous. The air was full of missiles carrying bad smells and dangerous with sharp edged words . . . You never knew just when some innocent by-stander like Joe Stalin or Winston Churchill would catch a fertile egg or an over ripe tomato on the beezee . . . As we unloaded those odorous barrages on the air each evening, I wondered what you were thinking of us. This fish-wifeing that we oldsters were engaged in at home must look pretty ridiculous when viewed from a fox hole in Germany or from the tail of a Fort over Das Reich. It gets to be a horrible exaggeration of our national desire to yell "Kill the umpire" or "we wuzz robbed" . . . But Wednesday morning about 2:15 a. m. as I was sitting there giving the last of the local returns I couldn't help but feel a little bit proud. Sure it was a rowdy show, this election of ours, a bad mannered one, in which we laughed too loud and yelled too loud and slucked peanuts and spit on the floor. But it was strong and healthy and vital—it was American. It said to the world, "This thing called democracy is rugged and alive. In America it's the stuff they eat and breathe and sweat. No matter what goes on, they hold elections. They call a spade a spade. Come hell or high water, they stand and are counted!" . . . That's the important thing. After the noise and shouting, fifty million free Americans stood and were counted.

AROUND THE TOWN. It was so dry for awhile that corn picking had slowed up but now the low gray clouds are unraveling in something that's neither rain nor fog—cool and gray and pleasant . . . John Reid and Lawrence Hively who were on the Princeton when it was sunk in the battle of Leyte Bay were both picked up and are safe . . . Last Sunday a burglar visited eight offices in Ft. Dodge in the Carver, Snell and State Bank Bldgs. In every case, he got in through a Yale locked door, broke the center drawer of each desk. Dr. Kerstein lost \$190.00, the Red Cross \$25.00, a lot of "C" gas tickets, and a Standard Oil gas book. No finger prints, no clues . . . In the new bond drive, the 6th, which begins November 20th every employee of every Ft. Dodge firm is being asked to buy a \$100.00 bond . . . Mrs. Mary Halligan has placed first in a beauty contest on her husband's air craft carrier. Her husband Paul is an EM 3/c . . . A brown eyed French girl and her baby arrived recently from Algiers, are our first war bride and war baby. She is Mrs. Douglas Viers and is here to live with her mother-in-law until after the war. Doug, now in Italy, met her in North Africa. The baby is Doug, jr. . . 15 high school and junior high boys have been picked up by the police and will be required to repair the bridge in Oleson Park that they damaged on Halloween.

WAR'S GRIM TOLL. Sgt. Robert E. Thompson of Clare, long listed as missing in action, was killed during a Flying Fort raid over Germany April 29th. His brother, Sgt. Conrad Thompson was killed in New Guinea June 5th . . . 2/Lt. Don Collins was killed in action over Africa . . . He was a bombardier. Two other Iowa boys were also killed; Sgt. Don Kearney of Spencer and Sgt. Harry Locke of Sac City . . . Pfc. Fred R. Nordgren of Duncombe has been wounded somewhere in Europe . . . Howard Gembler, petty officer 1/c, has been wounded somewhere in the South Pacific . . . Pfc. Raymond W. Kehm is missing in action in Italy as of Oct. 10th . . . T/Sgt. Charles Klinger, jr. is missing in action in Italy since Oct. 17th . . . Sgt. Clyde W. Carroll and S/Sgt. William Jvdt both of Co. G are missing in action in Italy as of Oct. 17th . . . Pvt. Wilbur Chelleen listed as missing as of July 30th is a prisoner in Germany . . . Pfc. Dale Blanck is dead of wounds received in Italy. He died Oct. 22nd . . . S/Sgt. Ralph Coats was slightly wounded in action in Italy on Oct. 21st.

THE ELECTION IN WEBSTER COUNTY. For the top offices, Webster County carried on in its Democratic tradition. Roosevelt got 9,474; Dewey, 6,941. Senator Guy Gillette running for reelection against Republican Gov. B. B. Hickenlooper got 8760 to the Governor's 6640. Judge Richard F. Mitchell, a favorite son, ran ahead of Bob Blue 9,013 to 6780 . . . Another favorite son, Jim Dolliver, running for Congress got 8728 to Hanna's 5662. Sen. C. V. Findlay defeated James F. Stanek for state Senator 8,728 to 5,662 and Harry Cox running against A. H. Woodard went back in as State Representative to the tune of 7438 to 6158 . . . In the county offices where there were contests, Joe Youngstrom defeated Mrs. Pauline Carberry 7496 to 6945 for Clerk of the District Court. Sheriff Joe L. MacMahon running for re-election, rolled up the largest vote in the county next to the President's to defeat E. S. "Mike" Sampson 9044 to 5420. In a tight race not decided until the last precinct was heard from, Helen E. Bartlett was elected County Recorder defeating Mrs. Arulen Kinseth, 7224 to 6744 . . . Archie Manchester in the Supervisor race defeated Jim Halligan by 12 votes. Fitzgerald and Sullivan had no opposition . . . J. B. Cross and Paul McCarville are back in as Justices of the Peace defeating Nick O'Connor. In the race for Constable, Carlson and Collins defeated Maddox and Casey . . . Now that it's all over and we can smile again, here are a couple of things that amuse us. Dr. Morrison wore a Coolidge and Dawes button for several days during the campaign. When asked why, his gag line was, "Dewey is just as dead as they are" . . . The evening

before election, I came home to find a little parade coming up the walk toward our house. About eight or ten little boys with wagons and drums and banners. They were singing something that went to the tune of "Mine eyes have seen the Glory of the coming of the Lord". And then there was some kind of jingle they recited about putting Dewey in the White House and Roosevelt in the garbage can. As they came nearer, I discovered that the little boy at the head of the column carrying the Dewey banner was my son Freddie, age 5. For a father who had gone over and over and over again all the reasons why he hated to vote for Roosevelt for a 4th term, but who was going to vote for him anyway, it was something of a shock. Freddie sensed it. As he was going to bed that evening, he had an idea. He said, "I hope Dewey and Roosevelt will both be elected tomorrow". I said I hoped they would, too.

ENJOYING MOM'S COOKING. Cpl. Doug Algee of Duncombe from 23 months in the Pacific with the Marines in the Florida Island group of the Solomons. His brother Merlin is a prisoner of the Japs . . . Howie Carlson from Corpus Christi, Texas. He now is Ensign Carlson in the Naval Air Corps and goes from here to Shawnee Field, Oklahoma . . . Pvt. Anver Habhab, S/Sgt. John Calasesi, Sgt. Mitch Welch, Sgt. Verne Hughes, Pvt. Paul McDonald and Sgt. Bill Hubbel, all of Co. G. and all back from Italy and either in this country on rotation or as hospital cases. They got together the other night in the old home town for a lot of soldier talk. Anver looks fine and has his dog with him. He's in Ward 7, Percy Jones Hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan . . . Pvt. Walter Anderson from Hot Springs, Arkansas . . . Sgt. Richard Larson from Victorville, California . . . Pvt. Floyd Byrne from Moses Lake, Washington . . . Pfc. Neno Diane from Kelly Field, Texas . . . Pvt. Paul C. Jones from Camp Edwards, Mass. . . Robert Seeley, Cox. from three years with the Navy in the Mediterranean theater . . . Capt. John Huebsch from the 15th Air Force in the Mediterranean theater . . . Lt. Audrey Eslick of Lehigh, from Ft. Riley, Kansas, on her way overseas . . . Jack Kearns, A/S from V-12 at the University of Minnesota . . . Harold Weiss, F 1/c, from Ames, enroute to Washington, D. C. . . Robert Drehn, S 1/c, from Endicott, Davisville, Rhode Island . . . Lt. Robert Jensen from Ft. Worth, Texas, enroute to Lemoore Field, California . . . William S. Rae from Pearl Harbor . . . Robert Engelman, Ph M, after 15 months in New Caledonia and other South Pacific islands . . . Lt. Glenn E. Rhoer from San Antonio, Texas . . . Cpl. and Mrs. Amandus H. Koepfer from Camp Hood, Texas . . . Merlin J. Williams, S 2/c from Tan Foran, California.

STARRYEYED. Viola Marie Julius and Pfc. James Sheker, Oct. 10th in Ft. Dodge. Jim is back in this country after 29 months in New Guinea . . . Elaine McNeil and Robert Eichelberger, Oct. 14th, in Webster City . . . Geneva Shryers and Carl Kallansrud, Jr., Nov. 5th in Ft. Dodge . . . Helen Stahl and Lt. V. Dale Calkins of Lincoln, Nebraska, Nov. 5th, in Omaha, Nebraska.

HOME TOWN BOYS MAKE GOOD. He's now Lt. Bert J. Peterson. He got his commission at Big Springs, Texas . . . The silver star to Pvt. Anver Habhab of Co. G for initiative and courageous leadership at San Carlos, Italy, in June of this year . . . Robert Lunn has been commissioned a Lt. in the Army's transportation corps . . . The Distinguished Service Cross to Capt. L. K. Brueland of Callender, in England recently for leading an eight plane fighter formation against 60 enemy aircraft in the San Lo area in France on July 28th. During the battle Capt. Brueland shot down 3 planes and damaged another.

THE SCOREBOARD. Dodgers 6, Mohawks 7. They dood it again. But they did it to a team that had lost its Sunday punch, a team that early in the season had been willing to spot anybody two touchdowns just to make it a ball game. Knack was on the bench with a shoulder operation and Carpenter was in the stands because of faculty discipline. So the team that had never learned much about defense because it liked to run wild on offense took to the field with a set of junior backs who were good but who were not Carpenter and Knack . . . They kicked off to us and we returned to the 25. Then George Constantine, Heinie Wasem and Charlie Ernst carried that ball off tackle and around the ends for 75 yards and a touchdown. For that five minutes at the beginning of the game, we played perfect football. It was not the spectacular breakaway type of down field running we'd been accustomed to seeing, but it was good, very good . . . Then the Mohawks took over and they pushed around a bit and they found that the center of our line never could quite hold that buck into the line from the up back position. And in that position they had a bell carrier Rudy Alman who shot through that same spot time after time. There was no deception, no trick, just Rudy Alman slamming into that line like a projectile. He had only one fault. Occasionally he fumbled and those fumbles saved us touchdowns. At the end of the half he hadn't scored. But then they came back, those Mohawks, wanting a touchdown and in the third quarter they got it. Alman slammed through that same hole, shook off a tackler, saw he was in the clear, cut to the east side line and was run out of bounds on the 20 yard line. The play was nullified by a penalty but two plays later, on his own forty, Rudy broke into the clear, went to the side line and raced down it. No one stopped him. Cookman came in and kicked the extra point. After that we held 'em. When at times it looked as if we might score, we played the wrong play

and failed to make our downs . . . With Carpenter and Knack we'd have—but why brag—but we would have . . . The last game tonight against LaCrosse, Wisconsin, a very good team . . . Navy 34, Notre Dame 13. My, oh my . . . Iowa 27, Nebraska 6—Dick Woodard and his pals win their first one.

☉ **LA BELLE FRANCE.** Pfc. Paul Lundberg is in a hospital in France. He likes France. "They have good farms and real houses. The towns are clean and the people dress swell, just like home" . . . Pvt. Foster Funk is somewhere in France; somewhere where its been raining for 25 days . . . Cpl. Arthur Zuetlaw of Otho wonders how everything is at Tobin's, and where his brother is in the South Pacific. We'll play that number, Art . . . Pvt. Rossette Harp was in on the battle for Brittany. His pal is Joe B. Asbill of Ridge Spring, So. Carolina. Joe, now a Sgt., has just gotten the silver star for knocking out a German tank with a bazooka down Normandy way.

☉ **DOWN UNDER.** R. Messerly, Coxn., is in charge of the chow house at a base hospital somewhere in the Pacific. "I guess I do more eating than I do work" . . . Cpl. Glen H. Hanson is in the Netherland West Indies on an island that would be a lovely spot for a vacation. However, he would just as soon be back in the U. S. A.

☉ **SERVICE PAPERS AND INSIGNIAS.** "Dry Dock" from Mary A. Umsted, HA 2/c, San Diego. Thanks, Mary . . . "The White Falcon" from Pvt. F. W. Bovee, Iceland. Thanks, F. W. . . . The Ground Force patch from Pvt. Jim Saigh at Camp Bowie, Texas. Another little patch about as big as a half dollar, with a black panther on it breathing red flames against a yellow background. You got me, Jim, what is it? And thanks a lot! . . . "The Mail Pouch" from Pvt. Geo. Vinsant, New York City. Thanks, George . . . "War Week" from Pvt. R. A. Harp somewhere in France. Thanks, Rossette . . . "The Radio Condenser" from Lee Nelson, S 1/c, Chicago. Thanks, Lee . . . "The Beach Head News" from Sgt. Bob Lawson, somewhere in Italy. Thanks, Bob . . . "The Double Pretzel" from Pvt. Francis Fennessy with the 88th Sig. Bn. somewhere in the Pacific. Thanks, Francis . . . The patch of the Free French from Sgt. Bob Lawson, somewhere in France. Thanks, Bob, and when you get back, come in . . . "The Ordnance Observer" from Capt. J. T. Ramsden, Florida, Miss. Thanks, Capt. . . . A birthday card for YLFH's 1st birthday from Cpl. Francis W. Stoddard, Moxton, No. Carolina. Thanks, Francis . . . "TNT" and "The Antenna" from Pfc. Kenneth E. Gilbert, who curiously enough is in his own islands, the Gilbert's, on Tarawa atoll. Thanks, Ken . . . A Quartermaster's Striker badge from Bernard Brennan, S 2/c, Farragut, and also the "Farragut News." Thanks, Bernard. The oldest patch in the Army, that of the 1st U. S. Infantry, from Cpl. A. E. Tollefson, at Camp Berkeley, Texas. There with him and in the same division is Darrell Zenor.

☉ **GERMANY.** Don Culver of Harcourt is now a 1st Louie and is Division Amm. Officer in Germany. His brother, Pfc. Jay Culver is in France operating the PX in a General Hospital.

☉ **HIGH C's.** Edward H. Stanfield of Dayton is on the U. S. S. Whitley in the South Pacific most of the time . . . R. G. Spangler, CMM, of Burnside, is on the sub chaser, USS G. C. Belleville . . . The U. S. S. Kete is Clarence "Sonny" Clark's 3rd submarine in this man's war. If you happen to see it, drop around and mark him up. Right now, Sonny is looking for his brother-in-law, Billy Tuel, of Lehigh, with the 7th Division somewhere in the Pacific . . . Lennis W. Bloomquist, S 1/c, of the S. S. Russel H. Chittenden, F. P. O. New Orleans, says "hello" to Larry Geer . . . Glen A. Christians, SM 3/c, is with the armed guard on the S. S. Booker T. Washington . . . James D. Peterson, S 1/c, is now getting his mail c/o FPO, San Francisco, California.

☉ **OVER HERE.** S/Sgt. Ted Rule is a member of the Ft. MacArthur Bowling Team. The team has an average of 900 . . . Capt. E. E. Hoover, who saw the rough side of army life in the South Pacific, is now attached to the staff of the Army-Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and according to Doc, leading the life of Riley . . . Capt. J. T. Ramsden is at Flora, Mississippi . . . Cpl. Lester Ramsvig is at Brownwood, Texas . . . John Mitchell, S 1/c, is at Olathe, Kansas . . . Cpl. Dick Berrier has been in the hospital at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. He's on the mend. We'll play that number, Dick . . . Only 400 or 500 yards away from "the old girl with the torch"—the Statue of Liberty—Sgt. Robert J. Powers is stationed at Ft. Jay on Governor's Island in the middle of upper New York harbor . . . Pfc. Jerry Stone, formerly Pfc. Jerry Koestner, is with the WAC at Ft. Geo. G. Meade, Maryland . . . T/5 Chas. Nutt, Jr., is at Camp Crowder, Missouri . . . Jack Kearns, A/S with the V-12 at St. Peter, Minnesota, has found it hard to study lately. The unit has been cut down to make room for the new co-eds. "See what I mean about studying" . . . Deane E. Smith, 2/c, is at Camp Parks, California . . . E. C. Rogness, Ph M 1/c, is at Treasure Island, California . . . Lawrence Spiess, MOM 3/c, is in the Aleutians .

☉ **GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER.** Cpl. Olin J. Maage, USM CR, and Lt. Bob Hogan on an island somewhere in the Pacific. They found out about each other through YLFH . . . Joe Doyle, S 2/c, and his brother Dale in Australia . . . Dale has been there 17 months and Neal is on a shuttle run in the South Pacific . . . Sgt. W. M. Hartman, Capt. Tom Pederson, and S/Sgt. Bob Carroll on New Britain Island. Had a good time talking about the old home town and will welcome any other Dodgers . . . Cliff Castor, F 1/c, Bud Hutchinson and Shirlee Groat at the Paladium in Los Angeles. Cliff is on the U. S. S. Barrow. "The Paladium is a slick ballroom but I'd just as soon be dancing at the Laramar in good old Ft. Dodge" . . . S/Sgt. Ted Rule ran into Kenny Strain in San Pedro one day recently.

☉ **CHINA BURMA INDIA.** T/3 Earl R. Larson is in Burma where the seasons are wet or dry. Earl is now enjoying the dry. We'll send that address.

☉ **FROM THE FIVE CORNERS OF THE WORLD.** Sgt. Paul Savage, Italy. "At present, I'm laid up in the hospital with a touch of yellow jaundice—nothing serious, but darned inconvenient. The only cure for it seems to be complete rest and diet and to let nature take its course. I've been overseas nineteen months now in Libya and Tunisia before coming to Italy, and am a radio mechanic by "trade." My outfit has two presidential citations, one for its work in following up the British Eighth Army in Africa and the other for the low level attack on Ploesti a year ago last August. I'm

probably the only Dodger overseas who hasn't met another temporary exile from the home town while overseas."

Pvt. Rosette A. Harp, France. "Have cleaned and oiled my carbine and by the time I got through the chow was ready. They were having beef stew, mashed potatoes, bread and coffee and sliced pineapple for dessert. Have learned a little bit of French with the help of native friends and a dictionary I carry with me. Now am learning another language. It sure sounds funny when heard by the fellows who can't speak it including me. I'm picking out a few words of it as I like to study a foreign language. We just got paid. You should see the boys at this moment gathering around figuring their money in French and American. They're getting a good kick out of it. The other day we loaded in our trucks and went to a city and had a hot shower. We were waiting outside in a long line and there happened to be an ice cream shop across the street. I went there and bought four cones, four francs each (8c). It was the first time I had had ice cream since I left England (July). It tasted fair, but not sweet like ours. Last night I slept in a hay barn for a change, but soon will be sleeping in a fox hole again. They save my life lots of times."

Pvt. George C. Brown, APO 126, San Francisco. "Your last one dated—? Well, you led with a left and shot a hard right to my chin when you wrote in it about those horseshoe courts of Maywood and the Gold Bar Creamery. And also those Cheese cake photos. You see, I am known here as the Horse Shoe King and Pin-up man of KVFD Fort Dodge. I got this nick name by tormenting the boys to get them all out of the tents, on the double, at revile by talking loudly about: "This is KVFD Fort Dodge, giving you the highlights on this Iowa-Minnesota Football game"—or when walking to my two courts in a wild fit of joy, saying "What a beautiful day to have those world champion horseshoe games." Pretty soon the whole camp rings out their version of world fights, baseball, football and what have you, and I always wind up with "This is KVFD signing off. Goodbye, now." Crazy? Maybe, but the guys go for it in a big way. Please don't think I'm bragging on this next. You see, I very seldom lose a horseshoe game and many hundreds have been gunning for me to see if they could win once in a while. I took up a challenge of a fellow in Co. C and lost a beautiful 2 out of 3 match. At last, so they thought, G C. had lost and they broadcasted it that I met defeat and they, Co. C., had the man to beat. I saw this person a few weeks later and challenged him to an 4 out of 8 game match. I took the first 4 games and he still thought he could beat me so we played 4 more. It's a good thing that it got dark at about a quarter after eleven or we would probably be playing yet. I had to throw 4 doubles in a row before I could count on this ace pitcher from Georgia. I have pitched in North, East, and part of South England and now about 25 villages in France. I put the stakes up some times just for an over night stand. Have a large percentage board and many percentages go on it every day in spare time. During the warm weather my percentage was up to 80%; now it is cooler and I have dropped to 50% and 60%. I have my own horse shoes and it's murder for the guy that picks them up to use them. Ed, my pin-up board located at my wash room has 15 lovely girls from all over on it and more are going on as I find them. If you can, will you send some of those you were speaking of in your letter? I would appreciate them very much. Thanks. Some of the men have asked me to have a Sweetheart board and for me to pick a winner, but I haven't gotten around to it yet. I shall wait till more get interested in it first."

Cpl. Sigwel Simonsen, India. "I have been in the two largest cities, Bombay and Calcutta. They are fairly nice places, but don't compare to any in the States. The buildings have a very modern style that few have in the States. The sidewalks are usually so crowded that many of the people walk in the streets. All motor vehicles travel on the left hand side of the road, which is opposite to our way of driving. After you have been here awhile you get used to the different customs."

Pfc. James Lang, APO 126, New York. "In the letter of Sept. 15th I noticed the recipes for what sounds like an interesting though rather insipid aperitif called "Seein' Things." Here in France we rugged engineers have discovered a real drink, composed of equal parts of Calvados and Mirabel (Caution: To be avoided when not conveniently near a Chaplain or other clergyman who in case of necessity could perform the last rites.)" (How about bringing some of that stuff home? We'll do that number, Jimmy).

Cpl. Marvin McCoy, Baltimore, Maryland. "I'm still training here in Baltimore and keeping pretty busy. In fact, we are going to school a couple nights a week. The weather has been pretty decent so we don't have much kick coming. As far as amusement is concerned, we always find plenty to do. Baltimore certainly has some pretty girls and of course we G. I.'s must keep up the morale of the civilians. I've taken in a few good football games so far this year, both college and professional. Navy and Duke was a good game. If I can, I'm going to attend the Navy and Notre Dame, and Navy and Purdue or Cornell game. They have a fine stadium here." (Thanks for the patch, Marv.)

Cpl. Stan R. Ulrich, France. "You know, I kinda like this country but it's nothing like home. I think some of their habits are cute and the clothes odd. Maybe I can send you a souvenir later on. I lost Bob Brown of Ft. Dodge about 100 miles back but may run into him later. Met a fellow from Dubuque last night. The dew here is like a heavy rain at home and these pup tents get pretty cool. If you have any extra cases of canned heat send them over."

There were other letters from Phil Dorweiler, S 2/c, San Francisco; T/5 Lawrence T. Pliner, APO 658, New York; Capt. Roscoe Klinger, APO 557, New York; Lt. J. M. Larson, APO 339, New York; A. B. Petrie, EM 3/c, New London, Connecticut; Pfc. M. D. Bowman, APO 958, Seattle, Washington; grand letters, letters that we deeply enjoyed. Election week is over and here comes Thanksgiving with Uncle Sam still buying turkey for you, Joe, so that there'll be plenty to go around, not once but twice. And then after that Christmas will be right upon us. If there's any bit of Christmas shopping we can do for you, let us know. We'll do our best. Happy Thanksgiving, Joe, and Merry Christmas and let's hear from you when you have a moment. Good luck, fellow.

Your home town correspondent,  
Ed Breen.