

Here's an appropriate little verse for all mustache growers.

Twinkle, twinkle little hair  
How I wonder where you  
'air

Up above the lip so brave.  
What you need is a good  
close shave.

From the "Belvoir Castle", Ft. Belvoir, Va.

# Your Letter From Home

Veterans of Foreign Wars  
The Gates Dry Goods Co.  
The Fort Dodge Creamery Co.  
The Fort Dodge Serum Co.  
The Tobin Packing Co.  
The Elks Club of Fort Dodge  
The Loyal Order of Moose  
Brady Transfer & Storage Co.

Sponsors of "Your Letter From Home" heard over KVFD  
daily 12:45 p. m., Monday through Friday.

Sent To You With The Best Wishes Of  
The Clinic Pharmacy  
Larry Geer Ballrooms  
The Fort Dodge Grocery Co.  
Iowa-Illinois Gas & Elec. Co.  
Fort Dodge Tent & Awning Co.  
Rialto & Strand Theatres  
Dr. Macdonald's Vitamized Feed Co.  
Radio Station KVFD

Here lies the body of Private Grogan:

He died of a heart attack.  
His cleaning was promised  
for Tuesday,  
And on Tuesday he got it  
back.

From the "Belvoir Castle", Ft. Belvoir, Va.

Number 52

WRITTEN EVERY FRIDAY

October 20, 1944

☛ **DEAR JOE:** This is number 52 of YLFH. A year gone. A year in which you've given your all to beat out the victory that everyone now knows is inevitable . . . A year ago the walls of fortress Europe were unbroken. A year ago the skies over Europe were no playground for air cadets. A year ago we were wondering about Truk; and Guam was only a place where we'd once been at home . . . We can only guess the price you've had to pay to beat down those walls, to bring freedom to those skies. And, Joe, we know it isn't over. Men are dying today as they died then. And though victory is in sight it is not easier now to die . . . We know—or try to know. We are proud of you. And we love you. We will not rest nor know real happiness 'till you are home again . . . We hope that you've enjoyed these letters. They are not much, but they are one thing we can do and are glad to do. We hope that you find in them Iowa and your home town . . . This isn't your last letter. We wish it were. But it isn't. Next week we'll write another. And we hope you'll like it. It will be No. 1 of Volume II, a volume that we sincerely hope will never need to be completed . . . Sometimes it seems only a little while since these letters started. Other times we wonder what we used to do with all our time before we started these letters—ages and ages ago.

☛ **AROUND THE TOWN.** A food co-op has been started in Badger. Richard Ottosen is president; Bert Hoyer, vice president and Mrs. Jess Hill, secretary and treasurer . . . The last ten days of overseas Christmas mailing saw 1,000 packages a day leave the Fort Dodge post office. Last day, Monday of this week, went 1,100 . . . This is the season for chicken dinners and bazaars. Politicos are conspicuously present . . . The Community and War Chest drive is on. Started with the school house meetings Monday evening. Goal, \$57,000 . . . Harry E. Blomgren, former postmaster, is dead. He died October 11th . . . Fishing is good. Mrs. Hazel Netland landed a nine pound pike and Mrs. M. R. Whittington an 8 pound 10 ounce pike. They were fishing at the forks below Humboldt . . . The Firestone Service store is moving from the corner of 1st Avenue south and ninth street to the building which has been occupied by the S. & L. Department store. S. and L. has found no place to go. Rankin Motor is going into the old Firestone location, the Rankin building having been sold to the Fort Dodge Transportation Company . . . John Millea this week paid a fine of \$500 and lost his whiskey which, under order of court, was divided equally between the two hospitals . . . Police caught a window peeper this week. His peeks had been scaring the town for some time . . . Young G. O. P.'s have formed a club. Officers are: Harold Burleson, chairman, Mrs. Roger Minkel, vice chairman, R. J. Elmshausen, secretary and Wesley Van Ornum, treasurer . . . After a number of residents of Cooper township filed a petition with County Attorney Tom Healy, asking that the practice of feeding the city's garbage to the hogs on the Floyd Garrett farm south of town be enjoined; city fathers announced practice would be stopped and that all garbage in the future would be burned . . . Fort Dodge is sending 20,000 pounds of clothing to Russia . . . Iowa liquor stores will close on V-Day. Drys have been putting the heat on Governor Hickenlooper . . . We have a new shoe store on Central Avenue, "The Bootery," just east of the Brass Rail and directly across from Gates Dry Goods Store . . . Home with an honorable discharge are now employed by the Adams Road Machinery Co., is Capt. K. S. Swanson.

☛ **ORANGE BLOSSOMS AND OLD LACE.** Carman Erickson and Earl Smith, both of Barnum, October 8th, in the Calvary Church near Barnum . . . Betty Riggs, of Wesley, and Pvt. George Burnet, Jr., in Wesley, October 8th . . . Florence J. Moore and Ray Roberts, of Omaha, Neb., November 11th in Fort Dodge.

☛ **ENJOYING MOM'S COOKING.** T/5 John Martin, from Camp Gruber, Okla. . . Cpl. Willard Carlson, from Camp Crowder, Mo. . . Cpl. Sol Askenaze, from Camp Butner, N. C. . . Capt. J. W. Nelson, from Santa Ana, Calif. . . Pvt. Clinton Ruby, from Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark. He's on his way to Camp Gruber, Okla. . . Pvt. Richard Stell, from Camp Hood, Texas, enroute to Camp Butner, N. C. . . Henry G. Mueller, Jr., S 2/c, from Farragut . . . Pvt. Walter Englebart, from Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . S/Sgt. Clifford O. Jensen, from Camp Beale, Calif. . . Lt. John B. Mulholland, enroute to Lemoore, Calif. . . Webster Brown, ART 3/c, enroute to Calif. from Corpus Christi, Texas . . . Cadet John Dowd, from Deming, N. M. . . Pfc. John Swartz, from Company B in Italy. John is now at Schick Hospital, in Clinton, recovering from malaria . . . Pfc. Richard Dilges, from Angel Island, Calif. . . Pvt. Glen Grazier, enroute to Camp Gruber, Okla. . . T/Sgt. Luther Lehne, from Camp Shelby, Miss. . . Ensign Gordan Larson, enroute to San Diego, Calif. . . Leo Campbell, petty officer 3/c, from Great Lakes . . . Lt. Col. Glenn L. Laffer, enroute to Spokane, Wash. . .

1/Lt. and Mrs. Robert Allen, from Fairmont, Neb. . . Pfc. Bernard Parrott, from Italy and on his way to Fort Sheridan, Ill. . . 1/Lt. Darrell Hill, from Italy, on his way to O'Reilly General Hospital at Springfield, Mo. . . Cpl. Keith Nordeen, and Pvt. Carl Reed, from Camp Swift, Texas . . . A/S Dale Hetland, from Perrin Field, Sherman, Texas . . . T/5 Vincent Powers, from Fort Ord, Calif. . . Fred Faine, S 2/c, from Great Lakes . . . Lt. Wallace Rogers, from Bayonne, N. J. . . Melford Johnson F 1/c, who has seen action in the Pacific, Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

☛ **HOME TOWN BOYS MAKE GOOD.** John J. McIntyre, of Moorland, won his wings and navy commission at Corpus Christi, Texas, October 11th. He's home now, enroute to Banana River, Fla. . . The silver star to 1/Lt. Harold Krake, for extraordinary heroism in action. He's with the engineers in Italy . . . John Rydlund and Ralph Rusley are now flight officers. They got their wings as bombardiers at Carlsbad, N. M., and Victorville, Calif. . . To 1/Lt. Chas. O'Connor, in New Guinea . . . To 1/Lt. Richard Mulrone, in Washington, D. C. . . To Lt. (j. g.), Robert Bailey . . . To Capt., Dr. Thomas Pederson, on New Britain . . . To Cpl. Robert F. Demery, at Chatham Field, Ga. . . To Sgt. Conrad Thompson, of Clare, who died in New Guinea, June 5th, the bronze star . . . The bronze star to Major Charles J. Baker, for meritorious service in the invasion. Dr. Baker left here with Company B in February of 1941.

☛ **SCOREBOARD.** Dodgers 27, East Waterloo 6. Everyone was a little nervous about this game. East Waterloo was a giant killer. By lop-sided scores, the Trojans had tumbled Dubuque, Wilson of Cedar Rapids, Roosevelt and East High of Des Moines . . . It was a beautiful evening for football. The small stadium at East High Waterloo was crowded to overflowing. It was homecoming for East and the Trojans were out in new uniforms—orange and black . . . The Dodgers kicked to the Trojans and for two minutes everything we'd heard about the Trojans was only too true. Knack's kick went out of bounds and was put in play on the Trojan's 35. Ostrander, star quarter for East, sprung John Hollingsworth from the T formation. In two lightning thrusts, Hollingsworth carried the ball to the Dodgers' 20. In two more plays it was over the goal line. It was as sudden as that. We were behind 6 points. Then the Trojans kicked off. The Dodgers surged back up field to the Trojan 47. Out of the box, Knack cut back off tackle and when he'd stopped running the score was tied . . . East was all through. That fine backfield wilted. It never looked the same. Our line play was superb. Bob Dickerson made a shoe-top tackle that jarred every bone in hard running John Hollingsworth. Jim McKinstry and McDonald and Ostrander, the Dodgers, slowed 'em to a walk. But the Dodgers went on. Knack took a punt on his own twenty, hurried to the thirty, reversed his field, crossed the mid-field stripe, danced away from the safety man, cut back across the field, picked up a convoy of three blockers and loafed across the goal line for another touchdown. Joe Carpenter, who played tremendous ball all evening, made a touchdown on a reverse skirting his own left end without a hand laid on him. George Knack got number four from the nineteen, the best run of the evening, ghosting his way through the entire secondary of the Trojans . . . Knack kicked every goal but one . . . These Dodgers are a great team. They are in superlative condition, they play as a team and they play great football . . . Notre Dame is still the nation's top team with Army close and Ohio State looking very good . . . Dick Woodward is the main stay of an Iowa University team that is learning the hard way. Illinois took 'em last week, 40 to 6.

☛ **WAR'S GRIM TOLL.** 1/Lt. Marvin Vinson is dead. Reported missing over France June 21st, he died June 27th. He was pilot of a P-38 . . . Lt. Lloyd Vevele, co-pilot on a Fort based in England, is reported missing in action over Germany September 28th. His twin brother, Floyd, is in England and co-pilot of a Fort.

☛ **HIGH C'S.** Virgil F. Bird, EM 2/c, of Lehigh, is on the U. S. S. Brooklyn. We'll play that number, Virg . . . Jack J. Jones, S 1/c, who used to work for Western Union, and now with the armed guard, has covered most of the world but wishes that he were home. He says "hello" to Sgt. Clarence Jones . . . Fred Charles Fisher, RM 3/c, is on the U. S. S. Litchfield.

☛ **LA BELLE FRANCE.** Pfc. Roy W. Neil is in France. And the rest of his family is getting around, too. One brother is in France, another in Cairo. He has a brother-in-law in England, one in Italy and two in the Navy. Imagine a family reunion in Roy's home ten years from now! . . . Pvt. Foster Funk is somewhere in France. When he wrote he was waiting to hear the world series.

☛ **MERRY OLD ENGLAND.** Pfc. Ray E. Nelson was grounded in France and is now back in England in the hospital. He's been overseas twenty-seven months . . .

★ **OVER HERE.** Working in a tank repair shop, Pvt. Glenn Reza-bek is in a swell part of Alabama, Estaboga, Ala. "The country is beautiful and the people are like home folks." . . . Lt. E. D. Quade is at North Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . Pvt. H. "Andy" Schill is at Lowry Field, Colo., studying Central Fire Control on the B-29. Andy was in the hospital for a few days but is okay now . . . Cpl. Galard Ashbaugh, of Otho, is at LeMoore Field, Calif. . . . Amet R. Dayton, CM 1/c, is at Ft. Pierce, Fla. . . . Irwin Lee Umsted, S 1/c, of Harcourt, is in a night fighter training unit at Charlestown, R. I. . . . T/4 Jack Caughey is at Ft. Ord, Calif. . . . S/Sgt. Ted Rule, who is bowling 197 and 194 in two leagues in San Diego, says "hello" to Larry Geer . . . Frank Schnell, EM 1/c, is back in this country at Davisville, Rhode Island . . . Miss Anith Messery is at Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio. Thanks, Anith, for "Postings." . . . Don C. Barr, S 2/c, is at Norman, Okla. . . . Don G. Beckman, PhM 2/c, of Dayton, is at Portsmouth, Va. . . . 1st Lt. DeLacy Beem, formerly with the Fort Dodge Serum Company, is at Ft. Bragg, N. C. Phillips McAlpin is in his battery . . . Lt. L. F. Beisser is at Greenville, S. C. . . . Genevieve Brofer, HA 1/c, is at Newport, Arkansas, working in the hospital dispensary . . . Lt. Carl O. Beisser is at the army air base, Palacios, Texas . . . Arthur S. Holmer, S 1/c, is at Providence, R. I. . . . Sgt. Norman T. Castenson is at Hot Springs, Ark. . . . Sgt. Everette E. Rice reports from Ft. Benning, Ga., that "Lili Marlene" is making its way through the south via the juke box. Thanks for the swell pic, Sgt. We'll play that number.

★ **HOLLAND.** Pvt. Ed Davis is in Holland.

★ **DOWN UNDER.** Pfc. Earl Rowley, now in New Guinea, has been there ten months and has seen no one but natives and G. I.s. . . . Pvt. Glen E. Flickinger is in New Guinea . . . Robert J. Ault, S 2/c, is somewhere in New Guinea . . . Teui Sae Long is the name the Chinese have given Capt. D. M. Steiner over in Burma. The Capt. finally ran onto an Iowan, Capt. Phil "Marauder" Smith, a side kick of Jim Rhodes . . . Earl Jordison, CM 1/c, now in the South-west Pacific, would trade all of the islands there "for just a space big enough for my wife and I to stand on in the good old U. S. A."

★ **OVERSEAS.** Sgt. Mahlon Carlson, who used to run the garage by the Crawford Hotel, is on Oahu Island and is expecting to see Tony Chardoulous soon. He says "hello" to all his friends at the Moose Lodge . . . T/Sgt. Robert Lee Bell is in the Hawaiian Islands. Yes sir, we'll play that tune for the little lady . . . Cpl. O. L. Wokoun is now getting his mail APO 784, New York . . . Pvt. Donald T. Duncan is with Co. D. M. B. N. Y. Navy 128 FPO . . . San Francisco . . . Robert Ewing, S 1/c, is ordnance man with a squadron of TBFs, FPO San Francisco . . . Pfc. Bob Johnson is somewhere APO 716 San Francisco, Co. C., 132nd Inf. . . . Ralph T. Montgomery is now getting his mail APO 5934, New York.

★ **INSIGNIA AND SERVICE PAPERS.** "The Camp Parks Log" from Neil Crosby, CM 1/c, Camp Parks, Calif. Thanks Neil. Neil met his brother, Harry, in Richmond the other day when his ship landed. Neil had been in the Aleutians for fifteen months . . . "The Sun Flower" from Pvt. Lauren Youngdale, Winter Gen. Hosp., Topeka, Kansas. Thanks, Lauren . . . "The Ward Bird" and "Wing Tips" from Lt. Mary Evelyn Kearns, Santa Ana, Calif. Thanks, Mary Evelyn . . . "Khaki Keynotes" from Pvt. George F. Gerrard, Ft. Taylor, Key West, Fla. Thanks, Geo. . . . "The Command Post" from Pvt. Robert Zeka somewhere in the CBI theatre. Thanks, Bob.

★ **GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER.** S/Sgt. Leo R. Edwards and his brother Dewey, somewhere in England . . . T/5 Lyle Severson and T/4 Eldon Danielson, of Gowrie, are together in France. Lyle says "hello" to Leo Cavanaugh, Harry Cox, Sam Rabiner and Mrs. Herman Rasch. We'll play that number, Lyle, on the 15th . . . Pvt. Carl Reed and Dick Streff, S 2/c, in Fort Dodge. Carl is back from Camp Swift and Dick is back from Great Lakes . . . Brothers Ed Reed, of the U. S. Army Air Corps and Clifton Knutson, BM 2/c, of Badger, had never seen each other before—not for nineteen years, anyhow. They met in Fort Dodge when both were on furlough. Cliff has been salvage diver in Pearl Harbor. The boys were separated when very young.

★ **FROM THE FIVE CORNERS OF THE WORLD.** Lt. (j. g.) Ronald L. Schwendemann, FPO San Francisco, "Read in a recent issue of this letter that Bessie Norstrum, Lt., in the Army Nurses, who lives across the fence from at home, is stationed here. So, couple days ago, went around and looked her up. It sure is good to see anyone from home, especially the next door neighbors who know the home town perfectly. We spent all afternoon talking over all of the people and things of home and then she came out to the ship for chow. It was the first time she had ever been aboard a submarine and besides the steaks we had were the first she'd had in a couple months and the first fresh meat in about six weeks. Really it was worth a couple days pay just to see those Nurses dig into the chow. The ice cream also made a big impression with them. It just isn't available in most of these places. Was very surprised to see what they call a Hospital out here. None of the tents had wooden decks and even the operating tent in one of the units is just on bare ground and at the rate it rains hereabouts they are always muddy at best. There are a lot of things we don't have aboard but thank God we at least have a clean dry place to live and we keep moving, getting new scenery every stop. More than ever I can appreciate the civilian sacrifices so that we can have good and fresh chow out here, so much of the time that's all we ever have to look forward to."

Phyllis Feddersen, Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, "My job is very interesting. However, it is also very complicated and much of it is secret. I can tell you that I am in the Legal Branch Procurement Division, Contract Department. Most of my work has to do with contracts and purchase orders. The biggest thrill of all, to me, is the flight line. They have all types of Bombers and Fighter planes. B-17's, B-19's, B-29's, B-24 Liberators, Flying

Tigers, P-37 Thunderbolts, P-38 Lightnings, P-51 Mustangs, Black Widows, and a new type called Jet (which have no propellers). In fact they are even flying Helicopters. On a rainy day, when it is ceiling zero, you should hear the noise. It is a breath taking sight when they bank into the sun and come in for a landing."

Sgt. Matthew M. Ray, England, "No doubt you would like to know about the people and the things over here. Well—this country is beautiful in places but, like any other country it has its good and bad points. One thing I can say about it is that this country is very clean. Everything seems to be so uniform, even to the hedge rows. I do get to see a bit of it as our means of travel is by bike and when we ride to town you get to enjoy the scenery. We go to town or the nearby villages and if the weather is right we go for long rides in the country. (By "we", I mean my chums and I.) The people are very friendly to us and treat us with the greatest respect. The only thing is, if they talk too fast its hard for me to understand them, but I do make out alright. When I first got here I sure had my trouble with their money. I remember my first time in town I went into a pub (tavern) and asked for a beer. The owner said "mild or bitter?" and he sure had me stumped. Well, I thought bitter might not taste good so I said mild. Then he said "alf or pint?" and not knowing what was what I said made it a pint. (Later I found out "alf" meant half pint.) Well, he came back with a large glass of brown liquid that was flat and that was it. Then he said what sounded to me like "one bob hay penny." Not knowing what it was, I stuck out a hand full of change and let him help himself to it. But now I know better. Bob or shilling is 20 cents and hay penny or half penny is one cent. On our days off we go into town and take in a show and they do have American pictures. We pay 3' 6 pence or 70 cents a person but that is worth it as it feels good to mingle with the civilians once in a while. Also go pubbing once in a while and by now I am used to their beer. But, brother, give me a good glass of American beer. The Red Cross is also wonderful to us. We have a truck that comes here once a week and gives us dough-nuts and coffee and candy. I know that all of you back there had given at one time or another. I just wanted the people back there to know that they had not given in vain. They work through people like all of you back there and I wish to express my thanks for that." (We've said those "hellos", Ray.)

Lt. K. A. Hill, France, "Just a few short lines to thank you all for YLFH. Helps to brighten these rainy days in France and I do mean rainy days. Haven't seen the sun over four hours in a week. What do they mean—Sunny France? I guess it was the same last war. Have seen most of the old battlefields such as Chateau Thierry, Argonne Forest, and a Monument to the 34th Division of which Co. G., 133rd Inf. is a part." (Thanks for the patch, Lt. Your letter was late getting here. We are playing "You and I" a few days late but better late than never.)

Pvt. Thomas B. Lentsch, Burma, "We're situated deep in a jungle of entangled growth, far from any village or town, which isn't saying much for an entire country which with a few exceptions is the same all over. No night clubs or entertainment here; no liquors or wines; no women, nothing for hundreds of miles. Not even a view of what comes next. The entire land is made up of a heterogenous conglomerate of undesirable features; sun-scorched deserts; sluggish, filthy rivers; water logged rice paddies which produce thriving crops of disease-carrying mosquitoes; perilous mountain chains and even beautiful mountain valleys, beautiful until you are in its midst and are wallowing in sticky black mire. All combined, these hazards are more difficult to combat than those fleeing yellow Bas—s. We have been supporting the Chinese under the command of Uncle Joe Stilwell, and, believe me, they are all better jungle fighters than the Jap, who is supposed to be clever at this sort of warfare. Men become slaves to the influencing powers of the sinister, bewitching jungles and contract which is commonly known as "jungle madness." The dark hours of evening and the pitch black period of night bring an impending fear and a sense of threatening danger. Each momentary disturbance among the bushes, a snapping twig, the cry of some distant animal, brings mental anguish. A distant plane or a rumbling tank, possibly an echoing shot or the stinging whistle of a shell, bring more anguish to the fear crazed mental system. Our leisure hours are spent planning those beautiful days that are in store for us, "when the lights go on again all over the world." Mail is our most enjoyable pleasure. Therefore, on behalf of all the service men overseas, I will say, "A letter a day will keep the doctor away."

There were other letters—swell ones—from Lt. Richard A. Morandi, Boca Raton Field, Fla. . . . Ens. R. E. Schwendemann, FPO New York . . . Pvt. Albert Habhab, APO New York . . . Pvt. Albert Broz, Camp Fannin, Texas . . . Sgt. James R. Cahill, APO New York . . . Pvt. Donald Derrig, APO New York . . . H. G. Benson, CPHM, FPO San Francisco, and a lot of others that you'll discover we've acknowledged in one way or another.

And so we come to the end of the last letter of Volume I of YLFH. During this year gone by, you've written such letters of friendship and gratitude as no one ever deserved. A million thanks you've sent to the sponsors of this project, those sentimental, great-hearted friends of yours who have laid a pile of money on the line to make these letters possible . . . Through a lot of heartache and sadness, we've known some real happiness because of you, Joe. The letters you've written, the pictures you've sent, the magazines, the patches, the papers, they've been grand—you've weighted us down with gifts. We've had your friendship and its been wonderful. You've even shared those precious hours of furlough time with us. We've shaken your hand. When you smiled and said, "So long," it was hard to see you go . . . Be seeing you, Joe. And good luck, fellow.

Your home town correspondent,  
ED BREEN