

Seabee: "Since I met you I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't drink."
Gal, shyly: "Why not?"
Seabee: "I'm broke all the time."
From "The Eight Ball."

Your Letter From Home

Sent To You With The Best Wishes Of
Veterans of Foreign Wars
The Gates Dry Goods Co.
The Fort Dodge Creamery
The Tobin Packing Co.
The Fort Dodge Serum Co.
The Elks Club of Fort Dodge
The Loyal Order of Moose

The Dairy Chemical Co.
Larry Geer Ballrooms
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Radio Station KVFD
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Rialto and Strand Theatres.

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

Sign in back of car carrying newly-wed sailor and his bride:
 "CARELESS TALK
 CAUSED THIS."
 From "The Eight Ball."

No. 50

WRITTEN EVERY FRIDAY

October 6, 1944

☉ **DEAR JOE:** A wooly gray day in the home town, with the sky hidden in something half mist and half rain, not cold but damp and cool. The world series is clattering in over every loud speaker and radio. The Browns looked magnificent the first day and even though we are usually Cardinal fans, I think the sentiment around here is with the Browns. Hope you are someplace where you can hear these games. Hope that next year, you'll be listening to them over your own radio or in your favorite tavern or cigar store, in the old home town . . . Strange that we have any teams at all with you and all your friends away. But we do, somehow. Of course, strange things happen. One day Slip Madigan at Iowa has his team all set. The next day he's lost his captain and a star tackle. They are taking medicine and they can't keep up with the wartime speed of classes and play football. So they drop football. Betting odds are very skittish because nobody knows from week to week who is going to play on anybody's team . . . War is hell.

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☉ **SCOREBOARD.** Or the Massacre at Dodger Field. It looked like a football game when it started. Independence had nice suits and eleven men. There were three officials and the kick off was from the forty yard line. After that, any resemblance to football was purely coincidental. Carpenter got two touchdowns and Knack got two all in the first ten minutes. Then Marquis took out the first team. He thought there might be some sensitive people in the stands who couldn't stand the sight of so much scoring. Besides, he had 39 other fellows on the bench who wanted to play so he said, "Why not?" And eleven at a time they went in and played until all had taken part. George Constantine, Stu Pfaff, Heinie Wasem, Merrill Leffler, Bob Bingham, Alan Potter, and other backfield luminaries carried on from there. George got three touchdowns, Leffler got two and Bud Kirsch, reserve end, got one. Altogether, we got ten and we kicked goal four times . . . I got tired counting . . . Then, in the last second of the last half, some Horatio Alger for Independence throws the ball a mile and another hero from Independence catches it on the two yard line and steps outside before the gun goes off. That gives Independence the ball on the two yard line. They score. Then—wonders haven't ceased—a big tall fellow for Independence drop kicks—yah, drop kicks—the extra point. Final score, Dodgers 64, Independence 7 . . . Tonight we play Waterloo. We ought to take 'em . . . The score against Independence was the largest since we beat Odeboldt in 1919, 77 to 7.

☉ **AROUND THE TOWN.** R. D. Mitchell is the new prexy of Kiwanis Club . . . The Walterick Printing Company bought the Schultz Building on 1st Avenue South and the Swaney Motor Company bought the Walterick Printing Building on 1st Avenue North. . . Kautzky's are advertising duck boat paint . . . Iver Linder has been reelected sect. treasurer of the State Association of Assessors . . . Floyd Huling, of Sac City, is the new Farm Bureau agent. Maurie Campbell went with the Soil Conservation Department . . . There was a fire at Gus Glaser's meat packing plant Monday morning. Burned up a lot of bacon . . . Workers are being recruited in Fort Dodge to go to France to build prison camps for Germans. Clarence Case, head of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, is going . . . The town of Duncombe will build a light plant and sink a new well. The vote on the bond issue carried 95 to 34 . . . Frank Burkgren, of Dayton, was seriously injured last week when a tractor fell on him . . . Butter is up 4 points to 20 points and hard to get . . . Mrs. Don Peterson has purchased the Arcade Building from Louis Armstrong . . . Walter Lehmen, of Lehigh, was seriously injured in a car crash last week . . . W. E. Cadwell, back from Texas, has become a special representative of the Equitable Life Ins. Company . . . Mrs. Robert Mulholland is the new president of the Study Club . . . The War Fund Drive has opened in the county. Opens in Fort Dodge October 16th . . . Four veterans of World War II are in school here, Burton Stensrud and Jack Wilson, in high school; Jack Ruge and William Van Gundy in Junior College.

☉ **HOME TOWN BOYS MAKE GOOD.** The Silver Star to Lt. Robert Baughman, now in France after service in Italy where he was twice wounded . . . A commission to Lt. Richard Morandi, of Lehigh. He graduated at Yale as a technical officer in communications . . . The Silver Star to Lt. Col. Geo. Marchi, for courage and exemplary conduct in the capture of 38 Germans in Italy . . . The commission of Lt. (j. g.) to Katherine Saunders in the WAVES, Sept. 26th at Northampton, Mass. . . Howard Nevenon is now a Lt. in the Signal Corps . . . The Silver Star to Pfc. Sterling "Andy" Stensrud, with the 34th in Italy. (See "Down the Center Aisle.")

☉ **DOWN THE CENTER AISLE.** Catherine Skinner, of Alabama, and Orville Walters, S 2/c, in Corpus Christi, Texas, September 18th . . . Jill McClune, of Belfast, Ireland, and Cpl. Merle O. Foote, at Manchester, England, September 2nd . . . Ruth Boucher, of Stratford, and James Erwin, in Webster City, September 24th . . . Julia Laska and Ensign J. R. Markey, in Fort Dodge, October 1st . . . Phyllis Rosene and Basil Barnhill, navy petty officer. No date has been fixed . . . Myrtle Wing, of Marked Tree, Ark. and Cecil

Anderson, S 1/c, September 10th . . . Doris Day and Wayne Rude, of Ellsworth, at Fort Dodge, September 27th . . . Margie Butrick and Pfc. Chas. Northy, of Galesburg, Illinois, at Fort Dodge, September 26th . . . Ellen Gravett, of South Harrow, Middlesex, England, and Pvt. Lewis Cook. No date has been fixed . . . Angelina Rosales and Chas. L. Pepples, September 3rd, in Des Moines . . . Vivian Mershon, of Oxford Junction, and George Dale Burton, 1st class petty officer and veteran of many Southwest Pacific engagements, in Fort Dodge, September 24th . . . Maxine Ellingson, of Moorland, and 1st Sgt. Floyd Ferrin, of Barnett, Mo., at Fort Dodge, September 23rd . . . Ray Brown, Baton Rouge, La., and Pfc. Sterling "Andy" Stensrud, at Fairmount, Minn., September 25th. "Sorry Tony, we couldn't wait."

☉ **ENJOYING MOM'S COOKING.** Pfc. Delmar J. Estlund, from Camp Fort Jackson, S. C. . . R. L. Whittington, D. R. Vinsant, A. L. Osmanon, Jr., F. V. Echelberger and R. L. Schwendemann, of Lehigh, from Farragut . . . Dean Buck, from 15 months in the South Pacific . . . Pfc. Robert Johnson, of Lehigh, after 22 months in the Pacific . . . Woodrow Butrick, R 2/c, after two years at Trinidad . . . Cpl. Ross Read, from Laredo, Texas . . . Lt. Wm. J. Whalen, from Tampa, Fla. . . Lt. Harold G. Powell, from Camp Hood, Texas . . . Bernard Leadley, Cox, from the South Pacific. He was in on the invasion of Guam . . . Robert J. Miller, S 2/c, from the West coast . . . Pvt. Robert Ault, from Camp Polk, La. He has just graduated from Cavalry Motor School at Ft. Riley, Kans. and will get his staff sergeant's stripes when he reports back . . . Pvt. Donald Peterson, from Camp Robinson. His brother, Pfc. Dale, is somewhere in France . . . Lt. Ray Carlson, from Miami, Fla.

☉ **WAR'S GRIM TOLL.** Lt. Robert K. Ashford is missing in the Southwest Pacific as of September 13th. He is the pilot of a Hellcat navy fighter . . . S/Sgt. Dean P. "Pat" Saigh, radar operator and gunner on a heavy bomber is reported missing in action as of September 25th. His plane was based in the Aleutians . . . Sgt. Robert Haire is reported seriously ill in New Guinea . . . William Parent was flown from Adak last week to the naval hospital at Seattle, Wash. for treatment of a throat infection . . . Lt. Vyron Anderson, missing since August 8th, is a POW in Germany. He was serving as an ordnance officer in France. Last report—he has escaped and is back with his outfit. . . Sgt. Joe McKenna was wounded in Italy and is now in the hospital at Naples . . . Lt. J. M. Watson, Jr., is reported missing in action over Germany. He is a radio man and was one of the crew on a Flying Fort . . . Pvt. Orville Lauderback was wounded in action August 28th in France . . . Roger Lundberg, of Gowrie, has been wounded seriously in France . . . Lt. Clarence E. "Red" Moreland, Thunderbolt pilot, was killed over Germany on September 18th. He had four oak leaf clusters and the air medal.

☉ **GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER.** Pfc. Dale J. Taylor and Clyde E. Williamson, in San Diego, Calif. Dale saw Lt. Bob Hogan a week or so ago just back from somewhere . . . Frank Muterspaw, Sp (A) 3/c, Robert Muhl, "Jack" Rabbit and Clarence Johnson, at Treasure Island, San Francisco, Mickey Castagnoli is stationed not far away. Mickey is a boxing instructor, not a baking instructor as Y. L. F. H. reported previously.

☉ **OVERSEAS.** Pvt. John Anderson is cooking in an army camp in Hawaii. "It's so hot in the kitchen that after a day's work, we are medium rare." . . . T/5 John A. Conway is getting his mail Hq. Btry. 746 A Bn., APO 706, San Francisco, and is anxious to hear from any Dodgers who may be in the neighborhood . . . Pfc. Wendell Reed is in Italy.

☉ **DOWN UNDER.** Evoldt Zuetlaw, Ptr. 2/c, is in the Solomon Islands. Yes sir, Evoldt, we played that tune for your Mom . . . Sgt. Harry McBride is with the Marines in the South Pacific . . . S/Sgt. R. E. Carroll is on New Britian Island . . . Pvt. Darrell Peterson is on an island in the South Pacific. Japs on the other end. Darrell says, "There isn't room enough for both of us. They'll have to go." . . . Pfc. W. W. Gray, of Rockwell City, is on an island in the South Pacific. Thanks, W. W., for the "Bomb Daily" . . . Donald V. Laurant, MMM 1/c, of Vincent, is somewhere in the Southwest Pacific.

☉ **OVER HERE.** Clayton Davis is home for good, out of the navy from Farragut with an honorable discharge . . . Pvt. Eugene W. Davis, of Manson, is home for good with an honorable discharge in his pocket. He was with the paratroops at Fort Benning, Ga. . . Leo H. Glenn, A/S, is at Farragut . . . Alice Woolsey is a corporal now and is at Camp Stewart, Ga. . . Pvt. Walter Cripps is at Buckley Field, Colo. . . Sgt. Ernest Flickinger is at Childress, Texas . . . Pvt. Wm. H. Phipps is at Selfridge Field, Mich. . . Helen B. Hughes, Sp (Q) 2/c, is stationed in Washington, D. C. . . F/O R. J. Tucker is at March Field, Calif. . . Lt. Don Anderson, of Harcourt, is now at Moody Field, Ga. . . Cpl. Geo. N. Phillips is at San Diego. Yes sir, Geo., we can use that patch, also the camp paper. Thanks a lot. . . Cpl. Orvell Lee, of Thor, is at Aberdeen, Md. . . Lt. (j. g.) Joseph B. Anderson is stationed in Washington, D. C. . . 1st Lt. Wm. Fennessy is at Roswell, N. Mex. . . John Prokop, S 2/c, of Callender, is in Camp Parks, Calif. Thanks, John, for the swell pic.

⊛ **LA BELLE FRANCE.** Pvt. Pat Derrig is in France . . . Cpl. R. A. Swanson has been in St. Lo, Paris, Nancy, Verdun and some censored place, all in the last four weeks. We'll be looking for those patches "Swans." Thanks . . . Pvt. Foster Funk is somewhere in France . . . Sgt. Harold Meen, of Badger, now in France, says "hello" to all his Badger buddies . . . Pfc. Deane Smith, of Harcourt, is in France.

⊛ **MERRY OLD ENGLAND.** Sgt. T. E. Keefe is in England with a bomb squadron . . . Stanley C. Betters, CM 2/c, now in England, has every copy of Y. L. F. H. from No. 1, issued Oct. 29th, 1943. Gee! We'll soon be a year old . . . Pfc. Arnold Block is in England.

⊛ **THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PATCH** I've ever seen, from Cpl. Dick Friesth. It's the CBI patch, done in silver and scarlet thread on a midnight blue background. Dick is with the 89th Air Squadron somewhere in India. He saw his first copy of Y. L. F. H. when Pfc. Bill Buekler went through and gave him one dated July 14th. You're an old subscriber now, Dick, and thanks so much. I'll be looking for the "Roundup."

⊛ **INSIGNIA AND CAMP PAPERS.** "The Ramp Age" from Don William Clark, BM 2/c, San Diego. Thanks, Don . . . The patch of the 9th Service Command, from Pvt. W. C. Strom, Camp Edison, Ft. Monmouth, N. J. Thanks, W. C. . . "The Mitchell Beacon" from Pfc. Richard Black, Mitchell Field, N. Y. Thanks, Dick . . . "The Eight Ball" from Neville V. Halbach, SF 1/c, from somewhere in the Pacific. Thanks, Neville . . . "The Idle Breeze" from Lt. Rita McCarville, Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. Thanks, Rita.

⊛ **HIGH C'S.** Francis A. O'Connor, MM 1/c, is on the U. S. S. Gheradi . . . Lt. Robert E. Weaver, who has been gone from Fort Dodge for eighteen years, remembers John and Steve Constantine for whom he worked long ago. He asks about Bob Heath and Hershel Curl. That's right Lt. Denice Englebart is the former Denice Mahoney. Lt. Col. Bob Heath is home from the wars, honorably retired from the army. Lt. Weaver has served in every Pacific theatre and is now on the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, c/o FPO, San Francisco.

⊛ **THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE BIG SCISSORS.** Haven't had much trouble with him for some time but today I got a letter from Bill Skophammer, up in Alaska. And he says "Nobody really—the place." See that blank. That's the naval censor defending Alaska from the Japs. And then he didn't get the job done. He left the little piece he had cut out sticking to the letter. The word, of course, is "likes."

⊛ **HOW ABOUT A LETTER** to Pvt. Bob Rhodes? He's flat on his back in the AAF Regional Station Hospital, Sioux Falls A. A. B., Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Something wrong with his knee. He'll be there at least two months.

⊛ **FROM THE FIVE CORNERS OF THE WORLD.** Ray Fallon, S 2/c, New Guinea, "Until very recently I had just about made up my mind that all this talk of beautiful tropical isles was so much talk. Then came the order to visit a place some distance from here and put on a show with the aid of the red cross girls. It was a beautiful day—you know, the kind they show in technicolor movies while you're "oh-ing and ah-ing" over a sack of popcorn and pretty soon a string section pops up from behind a cloud somewhere and the hero promptly bursts into song. Well, we don't have a string section and none of us could be pictured as the hero but we did jam out and sing not good but loud all the way down except for a few minutes of motor trouble when no one felt like singing. When we reached our destination none of us could help catching our breath just for an instant because here was the kind of place that the book said we would see and up until now the books had been wrong. There was the perfect background for a movie with or without Lamour. We did our show there for one of the most appreciative audiences we've yet found, although I can't honestly say that the girls didn't have something to do with it. Am I kidding! Afterwards they served coffee and do-nuts while we packed in a hurry. Then we were off to another isle more beautiful than the first. The natives were very clean and civilized to such an extent that the first question the kids asked was "got any gum?" They looked happy and I couldn't blame them. That place was absolutely beautiful. Palm trees, and brightly colored birds singing away and the tropical flowers of every color you could dream of all helped to make it that way. We trudged along a path and up over a hill practically blinking in astonishment all the way. When we reached the top of the hill that was the climax. We could look down over the tropical splendor a stretch of long white sandy beach and watch the waves of the blue pacific coming in. The girls had remained behind at the place where we staged the show so of course the opportunity for a swim presented too much of a temptation to resist. Of course the idea was to run down the beach and wait for a wave to come in and then dive into it. Funniest sight of the week was Smitty, our first trumpeter, who made a dive for a wave and got there first. And there he was with his nose stuck in the sand like a Zero when the wave did come in. I don't think he'll ever live that down."

S/Sgt. Carl Sandahl, France, "A fellow may be old and feel tired but when he hears those shells he can really make a fast dash to that good old hole. I have made a lot of those runs and, when I did, I think I was faster than Jesses Owens. I also have dug holes faster than a ground hog. Seems funny to be in France as I never, about four years ago, thought I would see this place. But time changes a lot of things. It seems like we have been over here for ages and we have been here a long time. We were one of the first to land and have been going ever since. We have broken the old Div. record in the last war. That is, of continuous days in battle without a relief. In fact, we haven't been pulled out for a rest yet. This is a good outfit and I am glad to belong to it. There are only two of us from Fort Dodge in it—that is when we left the States. There may be more now but Reese Nesler and I were the only ones. If there are any more I would like to see them. I have only seen one from the old home town since I left the States and that was Reese. I am still in there pitchin' as Mess Sgt. and it gets kind of rough at times when you take chow up to the company before daylight and after dark with the Krauts only a few hedge-rows away. Our kitchen tent has the Purple Heart as it has a few

shell holes in it. I have seen a lot of things—things that I will never forget. I have seen towns torn up, dead cattle by the dozen, people homeless, farms torn up, and dead by the hundreds. War is rough when you see it from a box seat as we boys see it. I wouldn't take a million dollars for what I have seen and hope I never have to see it again. France is a nice looking place to see but not from a foxhole. One night I was kept busy for two hours throwing frogs out of my hole. Finally they gave up so I got to sleep. They were set on the idea that they were going to sleep with me. One night the Krauts shelled us for five hours and don't think that doesn't put gray hair on your head. You sure do a lot of thinking." (We'll play that request, Carl, and thanks for "The Spearhead.")

S/Sgt. Geo. M. Webb, France, "You would still have to see St. Peter's Cathedral to believe its greatness. I also was quite astounded at the pleasantness of the Pope. So far, the nicest city I have visited in France is Lyon. Quite a place that Lyon." (We'll take care of that request, Geo.)

Pvt. Harold Arkoff, Southwest Pacific, "Things are pretty quiet around and we're getting a much needed rest. I did help bring in a few Jap prisoners last week and I'm sending along a couple of pieces of their invasion money. I'd like to send you a grass skirt but, owing to an acute shortage of grass this year, the natives are wearing skirts made out of old beer cans tied together with Gunny Sacking." (Thanks, Harold, for the Jap money. We can use any old cans with beer in them.)

Lt. Francis P. Kelly, England, "At the present I'm in a hospital in England recovering from an injury received while fighting in Belgium. At that time I was battalion operations officer (5-3) of an infantry unit. Unfortunately, a sniper put a bullet through my throat and I nearly bled to death. However, I've managed to pull through all right, but have been left with a paralyzed left vocal chord. Yesterday I received the Purple Heart. Give my regards to everyone."

Pvt. Marvin Bowers, France, "Since the last letter, I've seen the better part of France, and that's Paris. Man, I never saw so many pretty gals in all my life! I was in King Louis XIV's Palace and in the famous Hall of Mirrors where the last Armistice was signed. Last night we were in a German underground hangar and there were motors and parts of planes all over. We brought a propeller back to camp with us. We're living in a chateau and there's four of us in my room—electric lights and a nice fireplace." (We'll play that number, Marv.)

T/Sgt. Leo Simmons, APO New York, "I got the dirty end of the German stick on one mission. I got shot to hell. So we couldn't get back and so we landed in France—one mile from Paris. What a time. The only flyers there. The French people mob you, kiss you, thank you and everything else. You should get a load of their champagne."

2nd Lt. Dorothy Anderson, Paris, "After much moving, training, chasing cattle away from our tents, washing our fatigues and leggings while perched in a precarious position by a creek, and sleeping exhaustedly in all our clothes, we are enjoying a luxurious life in Paris. It probably wouldn't seem luxurious to you but it is heaven to us. I'll never forget the day we rolled in here, so dirty we were unrecognizable, and how glad the French were to see us. We rode in open G. I. trucks and waved and smiled and nodded constantly. Then, turning off the wide lovely street, through the high gates of an ancient wall, up a curved street lined with trees, flowers and shrubbery, and stopping in front of our gray stone building was almost too much for us. In fact, we did collapse when we went to our rooms and saw mattresses, beds and sheets. The Germans left in rather a hurry and the French hadn't had much time to straighten the place out, but now everything is very much Americanized. German signs are down and ours are up. We still have some German nurses left and of course we have quite a bit of French help so the language situation is critical to say the least. We are busy as usual but our hospital isn't in as important position as it was in England so our work isn't quite as strenuous. However we see plenty—and we saw plenty when we first took over this place. Paris is truly a beautiful city. A couple of weeks ago I went to high mass at Notre Dame. It was the most thrilling sight I've ever seen. The thousands of G. I's and officers, the men kneeling with rifles still strapped to their backs and the gorgeous music from the two organs, one in front and one in the back—it was lovely. The Eiffel Tower and Arch of Triumph are just as they are pictured. And the people are as I had imagined. They are quite the opposite of the English—very colorful, gay and the ones I know are rather irresponsible. Nevertheless, we get along fine. Once in a while they disapprove of the way we do things and in a few minutes I am apt to see the maids and the janitor with their heads together chattering like magpies, shoulders shrugging and hands flying."

We had other grand cards and letters from Pvt. Frederick J. Miller, Camp Pickett, Va. . . Major Harry Larson, APO New York . . . T/Sgt. James O'Daniels, Camp Polk, La. . . Pvt. Don Maschino, New Guinea . . . Carl Graves, E. M. 1/c, Long Island, New York . . . Gefford Chantland, F 2/c, FPO San Francisco . . . Pvt. Cecil Markley, Long Beach, Calif. . . Glenn Ness, SF 1/c, FPO New York . . . and many, many others that are acknowledged by reference. And so, Joe, to the end of another chapter in this continuing story of you and your friends and your home town in time of the great war. Sometimes this report is written light heartedly and with some attempt to escape the awful finalities of the deadly game you play. I try to forget that each day it's your life you gamble and that you are playing for keeps. It's harder to do today because today I've had to write down, just as I've written down too often before, "Lt. So and So was killed in action" or "Pvt. Joe Doakes died yesterday of wounds received in France." Only today it happened that I knew him well and know how much you and I have lost and what sorrow his death will bring to so many . . . War is hell . . . Good luck, Joe. I hope this thing will end soon.

Your home town correspondent,

Ed Breen.