

# Your Letter From Home

Sent To You With The Best Wishes of

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An authentic V-Mail written by a Tennesseer lad read as follows: "Dear Pa: I'm in a tight spot, cooped up here in this ship with guns and ammunition, submarines and bombers, and Yankees all around me. Tell Ma not to worry."

"The Chaser" U. S. Naval Tr. Station, Miami, Florida.

The scene was the interior of a Far Western saloon. Around the table were gathered as tough a gang as could be found. The game was fast and furious; the stakes were high. Suddenly, the dealer flung his cards to the table and whipped out his gun! "Boys," he spat, "the game ain't a straight one. Slippery Cy ain't playin' the hand I dealt him."

"The Chaser" U. S. Naval Tr. Station, Miami, Florida.

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

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WRITTEN EVERY FRIDAY

March 30, 1945

☛ **DEAR JOE:** Fulton Lewis, Jr. said last night, "The war in Europe is over and we'll know it as soon as the news blackout lifts." Maybe it is. Maybe I'll win that buck from Louie Armstrong. Maybe we can all go out and sing in the streets. Everybody knows it's almost over. And no one knows it better or worse than that so unpleasant trio of Hitler, Goerring and Goebbels. . . . But whether it's over or not, everyone knows that winter is gone and spring is here. And so are the snow drops and the wake robins. The wrens are back and bouncing around the back yard, warbling from the clothesline posts. I heard a cardinal this morning as I was coming to work. Soon they'll open the road in Loomis Park. It stood the winter unusually well this year. We'll be going there for picnics and wiener roasts. Dances will be going out at Expo soon and we'll start cleaning and painting the pool for its first year under city ownership. . . . Louie Armstrong is raising ten thousand turkeys at Expo this year and expects to raise fifty-thousand broilers. . . . Tomorrow is the last day to pay property and state income taxes. . . . This is Good Friday, tomorrow is Easter Saturday and Sunday is EASTER the earliest Easter Sunday we've had in years. The clouds of darkness melt away. The great stone is rolled back from the door of the tomb. Christ is risen. The world is radiant with His presence. And once more there is hope and joy and peace in the hearts of men.

☛ **ALONG MAIN STREET.** Our city election was like smarty's party. Almost nobody came. When the meager vote was counted, it appeared that Mayor Poole, Commissioners Johnston and Pilcher had been re-elected in a minor landslide. The vote was Mayor Poole, 1551; W. E. Cadwell, 660; W. E. Johnston, 1697; Conrad Beisser, 490; C. B. Pilcher, 1505; Marvin Thomas, 661. . . . We picked up waste paper in town Wednesday. Paper is scarce. Bags are almost impossible to obtain. I carried home some rolls tonight in an old bag that my friend, the grocer, recovered from a trash can. . . . Jim Fitzgerald, of Duncombe, county supervisor and weather prophet, says we are going to have an ideal spring. . . . Webster County is being asked to collect ten tons of tin cans. . . . Several of those buildings between the Strand and the corner of 10th and Central Avenue underwent a face lifting operation this last week. They were beginning to get wrinkles in those false brick fronts. . . . The Hi-Junior College operetta, "Her Regiment," played to a full house last Friday night. Dick Stephan was very funny. Orval Siverson, June Lowery, Warren Stump, Lois Olson, Wayne Smith and Eleanor Hoevet were excellent. . . . Of a Sunday morning, you will usually find a select little group gathered at the Oasis. Adam only has the door about half way open and none but the regulars are expected. They wait on themselves. Some Sundays, Adam sleeps and Mrs. Thanos comes down. Last Sunday was one of those. Denny Leary, Blank Swaney, Joe McMahon, Elmo McCormack, Tommy Boland and Tec Leary were at the counter having their coffee when in trooped the Sioux City Central basketball team, back from the state tournament in Des Moines. They were hungry and in a hurry. Soon Swaney was washing dishes and Denny Leary wiping them. Mrs. Thanos was cooking bacon and eggs, making toast and dishing out cereal. Tec Leary was taking orders. Joe McMahon and Elmo McCormack were cleaning tables, delivering orders, doing bus boy service. And so life goes on in your home town in this year of war, 1945.

☛ **WAR'S GRIM TOLL.** Sgt. John Wolfe was killed in Belgium, January 7th. . . . Sgt. T. F. Essig was wounded in action or Corregidor. Ted is a paratrooper. . . . Pvt. Virgil F. Harvey, reported missing November 22, 1944, is a prisoner of war in Germany. . . . Pfc. Howard Hamilton, wounded in Germany, Feb. 24th, has had his left leg amputated. He is in a hospital in France. . . . Pfc. Maurice Fridell, of Gowrie, was killed in action February 20th on Iwo Jima. . . . Eugene Smith, PhM 3/c, was wounded on Iwo Jima. He is in the same hospital as Charles O'Connor who was wounded on Iwo Jima on February 23rd.

☛ **PITTY PAT HEARTS.** Nuella Thompson and Russell Franzen, of Gowrie, March 13th, in Fort Dodge. . . . Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Smith. They were married fifty years ago March 28th.

☛ **SCOREBOARD.** The little cyclones from Ames finally took the State basketball tournament in as wild and beautiful a finish as we've ever listened to. It was a thrilling battle all the way, first one up, then the other. At two minutes before the final horn, the Muskies led by two points. Capt. Jim Buck, of Ames, sank a long one, tied the score. With twenty-five seconds left, he had a chance at a free throw. He got it and that did it; although he dropped his next free throw, too, it was an anti-climax. One was enough. As the second free throw dropped through the ring, the gun sounded. Charlie Mason, of Muscatine, one of the greatest shot makers uncovered in years, was high with 15 points. Final score, Ames, 35; Muscatine, 33. . . . Earlier in the evening, Sioux City Central downed Storm Lake in the consolation game, 32 to 18.

☛ **HOME TOWN BOYS MAKE GOOD.** To 1/Lt. Don Lehman, at Carlsbad, New Mexico. . . . To T/5, Blair E. Swasy, somewhere in the Philippines. . . . To Capt., Florence K. O'Boyle, with the army nurse corps in England. . . . To 1/Lt. Jim Dickerson, on Iwo Jima. . . . To Capt., Thomas Mann, in San Francisco.

☛ **ENJOYING MOM'S COOKING.** T/Sgt. Leo J. Simmons back from England, after 46 missions as a radio gunner on a B-24. . . . Lt. Don E. Anderson, of Harcourt, from Thomasville, Ga. . . . Sgt. August Avelleyra, Jr., from the South Pacific. . . . Cpl. and Mrs. Ray Smith from Camp Ellis, Ill. . . . S/Sgt. Sydney Lindsley, Jr., from 50 missions in the South Pacific. . . . Maurice A. Fiferlick, AMM 3/c, from Jacksonville, Fla. . . . Cpl. P. J. McAlpin, from Ft. Knox, Ky. . . . Sgt. Wm. A. Eastwood, from the C. B. I. theatre. . . . Miss Frances Kopish, RDM, 2/c, from Washington, D. C. . . . Sgt. Lester Chalberg, from Jackson, Miss., enroute to Gooele, Utah. . . .

T/Sgt. Don Kling, from Ft. Robinson, Ark. . . . F. O. and Mrs. Robert Kenyon, from Marfa, Texas. . . . T/4 Robert Taylor from the South Pacific. . . . Sgt. W. S. Burnquist, after 3½ years overseas from Italy.

☛ **GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER.** Chaplain Wilbur H. Becker, Sgt. Bill Algood and T/5 Charles C. Nutt, on Oahu Island in the Hawaiian group. "I understand that eleven former Dodgers got together last week for a reunion at the Army-Navy Y in Honolulu, but I was unable to attend," writes Chaplain Becker. . . . Don L. Rodenborn, ARN 3/c, and Lt. (j. g.) Bob Welp on a rock out that away. Rody saw his brother, Gene, on the way through San Francisco and says that Bud Smith is around on the island he, Don, is on somewhere. Don says hello to that great addresser of letters, Ma Rigby. Don, she is a folder of letters. We got as many classifications around here now as the navy. . . . Pfc. Joe Underwood and Capt. John Berry, somewhere in Italy.

☛ **They Were in to See Jim Dolliver in Washington.** Ensign Jim Pilcher and his sister, Marie. Jim is in Georgia, pilot of a blimp. Marie is taking Red Cross training in Washington. Major Walt Arnold and his wife from Reading, Pa. Joe McTigue on his way back to the land of rum and coca cola. Dick Glendenning from Walter Reed Hospital.

☛ **OVER HERE.** James M. Dolliver is an ensign now. Got his wings at Pensacola, Florida, March 20th. . . . Elaine "Jane" Russell, SpQ 3/c, is still in Washington, 2203-1st St. N. W. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow W. Butrick, RM 2/c, are in New York at the navy yard. . . . Lt. Dale Onnen is flying B17's at Yuma, Arizona. . . . Pvt. Clyde Rodrick is at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. . . . George W. Dingman, of Dayton, is home for good, honorably discharged from the navy. . . . Pfc. R. D. "Bob" Ault is with the Armored Board Detachment, Fort Knox, Ky. . . . Pvt. Chas. Walker is at Camp Polk, La.

☛ **CHINA.** S/Sgt. Ray McCoy is in China and anxious to meet any Dodgers. His APO is 627. He's been over there seventeen months and still has "the first fellow to meet from home." He says Col. Father Kelly, of Ayrshire, is the head chaplain in China. "He is a good friend of my brother and I was fortunate enough to run on to him." Ray got a big surprise at the PX last month, 8 cans of beer, "the first in a long time."

☛ **OVER SEAS.** Jim Hart is somewhere overseas at APO 406 on a construction project. . . . E. W. Mosher, ARM 3/c, of Eagle Grove, writes, "Although I am from Eagle Grove, I know quite a few Dodgers (especially ladies). I got pretty well acquainted at Expo Park dances and the Laramar. I won't tell you any sea stories now, so thanks again." He used to be in the same squadron with Leo Delamore and Jim Fitzgerald, of Clare. . . . Pfc. Charles "Dale" Jeffers at Hq. with XIII Corps Artillery, 9th Army, has been making with a camera in the army now for 3½ years, and still looking for a Dodger to photograph. "The Messenger should give front page priority for an action shot of a Dodger by a Dodger." Hell, Dale, we'll run it in the Letter From Home. . . . Cpl. Arthur Zentlaw of Otho, is with the 8th Air Force in Europe.

☛ Although no longer acknowledged in this letter, we play all requests.

☛ **SOUTH PACIFIC.** R. W. Dessinger, EM 1/c, is in the South Pacific and was in on the invasion of Lingayen Gulf. "I didn't think it was such a tough invasion." . . . Robert Guffey, F 1/c, was in on the invasion of Lingayen Gulf. . . . Pfc. Lauren M. Magoon is now on Oahu.

☛ **DAS REICH.** Pfc. Palmer Strom is with the 7th Army, 36th F. A., somewhere in Germany. . . . Capt. Leon F. Smith is somewhere in Germany. "This is the most beautiful country I have ever visited but it will carry battle scars for generations to come." . . . Pfc. Foster Funk is in Germany. "I'll go out on a limb and say about three more months." Foster, old boy, I got a dollar since last Saturday, it'll be over tomorrow.

☛ **LA BELLE FRANCE.** Cpl. W. C. Strom is APO 655, somewhere in France or Germany.

☛ **SUNNY ITALY.** Sgt. C. C. Scott is with the 560th Air Service Squadron in Italy. . . . Pfc. Verne Hughes is back with Co. G. in Italy. . . . Pvt. John R. Craft down in Italy says "hello" to his brothers somewhere in France or Germany. "We'll all meet at Dusty's soon." . . . Cpl. Donald D. "Don" Berhow, of Webster City, is in Italy.

☛ **SERVICE PAPERS AND INSIGNIA.** "Nats Packet" and "The Honolulu Air News" from Gerald V. Carroll, S 2/c, in Honolulu. Thanks, Gerry. . . . "The Chaser" from Everett A. Garrett, MoMM 1/c, Miami, Florida. Thanks, Everett. . . . "The Rev-Meter" from Lt. F. H. Erickson, AC, Lowry Field, Colo. Thanks, Lt. . . . "Second to None," the marching song of the 2nd Corps from T/5 John Steib, somewhere in Italy. Thanks, John. We'll have Drex sing it. . . . Lt. Col. Fred O. Kelso, of Duncombe, sends us the CBI patch and the Air Corps patch. Thanks, Col. . . . An insignia pin from a German uniform from Pvt. Arthur Rosendahl, somewhere in Germany. Art says hello to Larry Geer and to all the fellows at the 40 and 8. Thanks, Art. . . . "Sortie," the 15th Air Force publication from Cpl. Donald D. Berhow, of Webster City, somewhere in Italy. Thanks, Don. . . . "The Sea Bee" from F. L. Schnell, EM 1/c, Thanks, F. L. . . . "The Hump Express" from Pfc. Floyd Zeka in India. Thanks, Floyd. . . . "The Ford Islander" from Kenneth O. Wertz, HA 1/c. Thanks, Ken.

☛ **BELGIUM.** Pfc. Wilford Peterson is somewhere in Belgium.

☛ **MERRY ENGLAND.** Paul Bergstrom, civilian technical advisor to the R. A. F., in England, says hello to Emil Heggen in No. Africa; to S/Sgt. Jack Bergstrom, in Sunny Italy; and to Lt. Robert Bergstrom in the Aleutians and to the fellows in Fort Dodge. Paul



has been in England since Nov., 1941. He married a Lancashire girl, they have a son, John Aaron, hope to have a daughter soon, and hope to be home this summer. Thanks, Paul, for the patch.

☉ **HIGH C'S. Henry Stensrud**, SC 3/c, was on the S. S. James Robertson when it was sunk by submarine. He has been in Australia, India, Africa, South America, Alaska, the Aleutians and the South Pacific . . . **Roger E. Viers**, GM 3/c, has been in 17 countries since the beginning of the war. Rog is with the armed guard on the S. S. Joseph M. Terrill. "I'm sorta up a tree on this ship. Most of our twenty-six men are either New Englanders or rebels. You can bet I take a ribbing about being an Iowa farmer. I sure wish I could be back now on one of those Iowa Farms." . . . **Edwin Ray Marsh**, EM 1/c, is on the U. S. S. Apollo out of San Francisco . . . **R. A. McCarville**, CBM, is on the U. S. S. Pioneer. He says hello to **Bob Estlund** and all his friends at the Moose.

☉ **FROZEN NORTH**. Writing from the Aleutians, **Bill Skophammer**, HA 1/c, says, "I sure will be glad to get back where the human beings are. There are no humans here. Just us wolves."

☉ **FROM THE FIVE CORNERS OF THE WORLD**. 1st Lt. **Robert E. Allen**, Marianas Islands. "We flew a brand new 29 all the way over here with stops enroute in California and Hawaii. I spent 48 delightful hours in Hawaii visiting with my sister who has been living down there for the last year. She has a wonderful place right on Waikiki and she really gave me the time of my life. While I was there I saw **Dick Brunnenkant**, formerly of Fort Dodge, who is now a civilian operations man with Pan American Airlines. Contrary to what we had expected, they started us in flying on missions immediately upon arrival here. My job as Gunnery Officer for this group suddenly changed from one of training gunners to the real thing. I can thankfully say that when the chips were down, none of my boys were found wanting. Although I don't fly on all of the missions, I am required to go on enough of them to be able to keep ahead of my gunners in knowledge. To date I have flown on three missions—one to Iwo Jima, one to Kobe, in Japan, on the 4th of February, and to Tokyo on the 25th of February. Usually I ride as CFC gunner in the top blister. From there I control two turrets with six fifty calibre guns in them and from this position on the Kobe raid I shot down a Jap ZEKE fighter for which I received an official "probable." To receive credit for an enemy aircraft destroyed, we have to see it disintegrate in the air and the pilot bail out, or see the plane hit the ground. The plane I got attacked from about one o'clock, a little above level and came straight in passing between my ship which was the lead ship in the formation, and the ship on our right wing. I opened up on him at about 400 yards—saw his cockpit canopy blow away and then his engine started to smoke. When he went by our ship, flames had started to come out around the engine cowl and he dove straight down through the clouds leaving a trail of smoke behind him. Our Group Commander, who was riding in the next ship, said he could see the pilot hunched over with his chin on his chest as the ship went by. If that Zeke isn't pushing up daisies somewhere near Kobe, I'll throw away my trap guns and take up ping-pong for a hobby. Don't think that all of the trapshooting experience I got following the shoots around the country before the war hasn't helped me! In a situation like this a man's shooting eye becomes pretty important. Had a wonderful get together with Lt. **Karl Smith** and Lt. **Don Evans**, of Fort Dodge, the other day. They are on another island that I visited on a business trip. Karl is Group Cryptographer for his B-29 outfit, and Don is a P-61 night fighter pilot with one Jap plane to his credit already. We really had a fine time discussing the old home town and our future plans. Would appreciate it if you would put a note in YLFH asking some of the Fort Dodge gang in the Marianas to look me up. I know a bunch of them are out here but they are hard to locate unless you know what outfit to look for."

**Leslie M. Smith**, MAM 2/c, FPO, San Francisco. "All the new places held interest for me. There was Guadalcanal, Tulagi, and Florida Islands in the Solomon Group; and Expirito Santo in the New Hebrides. We spent a lot of time at Manus in the Admiralty Islands being provisioned for our various operations. We had our fingers in the pie at the Palau landings, the invasions of Leyte and Samar, the Army's landings on Mindoro and upon Luzon from Lingayen Gulf. Also, we were too close for comfort to the Japanese fleet during the battle for Leyte Gulf. During one operation I watched a ship, like my own, completely ablaze as a direct result of enemy action. The ship could not be saved so it was finally sunk. The casualties were surprisingly light under the circumstances. During one of our operations, our chow was getting quite low and we were using substitutes for nearly everything, and for months we had nothing but "Aussie chow." Never let me hear of lamb again. Now things are back to normal again: good coffee from the states, sugar which is sweet, fresh fruits and vegetables never tasted so good before—even Spam tastes good. Being the mail clerk, I get more chances than most to get ashore in the different ports and anchorages which we visit. So far, all I've seen has been a lot of mud or hard rock, and the climates here are nothing for a white man to live in. I'll give them all back to the natives or Japs for a spot of Iowa soil large enough to erect a home upon—and just as soon as I can get back, I'm marrying myself an Iowa girl from Des Moines and erecting that home."

**Pfc. Don Richey**, APO 887, New York. "Today I made a five minute transcription on wire (that will be changed over on to a disc in the states) that is eventually to be played over KVFD according to the AFN announcer. It's a plug on V-mail. I'm in the receiving end of the V-mail plant in Paris. We get film from the states and process the letters so they will be attempted to be read by the soldiers over here. You know those little four and a quarter by five inch sheets you try to read if someone has written too small or not with a legible pencil or pen. The machines nowadays hardly get a chance to be shut down for a check up. Work is really coming in. Gigs these days are paid off by chopping a roll of letters. More machines are being installed so that we may give even faster service. The plant is a nine story building—to give you an idea of the size of the Paris station—about the same size as the Sears-Roebuck Store. Since last writing to you, I've done a lot. I took a week's furlough in old Bonnie Scotland and stayed at a small inn near Loch Lomond. What a heaven that place was! Made you think you were a civilian. I visited Denham Studios in London and saw the filming of a scene of Cleopatra by Gabriel Pascal with Claude Rains and Vivian Leigh. I took some snaps while there but they don't show up as good as they will on the screen. While there I had tea with the cast. I joined the exclusive Churchill Club in London—which is quite a feeling when you roamed about the club along with Lords and other famous people in Britain. It was the only place in town where you could get a scotch or soda. I attended a party given by Lady Bumey, formerly of Chicago. The place was lousy with high brass and plenty of debs to dance with. A former roommate and good

friend of mine, **Mel Galliard**, (which you, no doubt, remember) was in my company until he left for AFN. From his last letter he expects to be here in Paris shortly. He's a little fatter and has a little less hair but outside of that he's still the same old KVFD program director that came over the air waves of KVFD. He has several programs over AFN but I never get to hear them for the interference of the building usually blots out the stations. Paris is really a beautiful city. It enchants me—such a wide expanse of beauty. They say prices are high for things but I wouldn't say that in my sense of the word. In some things it is high for the American soldier but to the French purse it means nothing. There is nothing left of Paris night life as dancing is forbidden by the French Government. I can't say too much for their style of dancing either. It's a combination of something. So far I have found the two most used words are "we" and "compare" and then you end up at the end of a conversation looking for a person speaking English. Small signs in shop windows say "English spoken" but they speak English the way I speak French. All in all I'm enjoying myself and am glad that I left England for the French do have weather in which the sun shines. I would appreciate your dropping a line and telling me how my voice sounded in the recording. Maybe I'll want to become an announcer (only kidding)."

1st Lt. **James C. Dickerson**, 3rd Marine Div., San Francisco. "This short note is coming to you directly from Hell's Acre where the Marines are having their toughest fight in the history of the corps. We have thrown everything we have at the Jap and have only until recently beaten him back to the Northern end of the island. Lt. **Don Evans** came out to see me day before yesterday. He and his Black Widow are giving us protection at night. I showed him some of the Jap fortifications which are really numerous on this "rock." I was notified yesterday of my promotion to 1st Lt. Perhaps they figured I needed a little encouragement, huh? Give my regards to all, especially those boys in Europe who are doing a wonderful job, too. Thanks for all the YLFH. P. S. This makes my 4th campaign in less than a year. In order they are: Guam, Morotai, Leyte and Iwo Jima."

**Charles W. Winkleman**, S 2/c, FPO, San Francisco. "Can't write a thing. The censor's the blame. Just say I'm well, and sign my name. Can't say where we sail from. Can't mention the date. Can't even number the meals I ate. Can't say where I'm going. Don't know where I'll land. Couldn't inform you if met by a band. Can't mention the weather. Can't say if there's rain. All military secrets must remain. Can't have a flashlight to guide me at night. Can't smoke a cigarette except out of sight. Can't keep a diary for such is a sin. Can't keep the envelopes your letters come in. Don't know for sure just what I can write; so I'll call this a letter and close with Good Night."

T/5 **James R. Buckroyd**, APO 500, San Francisco. "Several of us visited one of the larger cities here, and, contrary to local rumors, it wasn't as badly destroyed as we had expected. Most of the larger and more important buildings were ruined, but many small shops and thousands of very fine people survived. Those are the really important things, anyway. Out of these thousands of people, we sort of "adopted" a family and, in turn, they sort of "adopted" us. We were invited to their home for dinner. They had two homes, but the newer of the two had been partially destroyed by the Japs. You know it's a Filipino custom to offer friends the best Scotch or Rum that they have. The only trouble was that these people hadn't had any friends visit them during the three years of occupation, so they tried to make up for lost time on us." Thanks, Jim, I'll be looking for them.

**Pfc. Robert O'Connor**, APO 450, New York. "Well, here I am in your captioned LaBelle, France. It is a swell country as far as people and sights are concerned but very primitive in other ways. I have a squad leader who was born here in France so we have an interesting time talking to civilians when possible. Most of our meals are coming out of cans but that way the cooks can't torture it so much. So far, I have seen one of the beautiful chateaus of France and they are definitely all right. Every village, regardless how small, seems to have a beautiful church in the center of it."

**Pvt. Robert L. Ackerson**, Ward 115A, McCloskey's Hospital, Temple, Texas. "Well, I arrived deep in the heart of Texas and it's really nice down here at McCloskey's. Wilma, Bobby and Mother are here. They arrived Monday and boy, was I glad to see them! I think that did me more good than all the medicine they could give me. Wilma said to tell you hello. She brought me the letter from KVFD and I was glad to get a late one. I suppose before long I'll be wearing a ten gallon hat and riding a horse, singing cowboy songs. Do you suppose I'd have a chance to get on the programs there at the station? They really take good care of a fellow down here. I guess I'll be here for several months to come; but I'm back in the States and my family is here for a while—what more could a guy ask for? I'll say one thing, the RED CROSS is sure doing a wonderful job for us fellows. From a short distance behind the lines with their clubmobiles to all the different countries—Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England, Scotland, and even on the boat coming back home. Every stop you make you see the Red Cross. Even down here. I'm not able to go after my rations. They come in and get my order and get the things I want at the PX. Be sure to change my address at the station and tell Mrs. Ford, of Tobin's, she can address mine. I hear she helps you out."

**Phil J. Dorweiler**, S 2/c (Y), Guam. "Although the island is 'secure,' Jap soldiers are still on the prowl. One story which might interest you is this: The other day a Nip got in the chow line and tried to eat. They caught him because some of the fellows started to talk to him and he wouldn't answer back. Some of the natives eat here and they thought he was a Guamanian. It's as safe as you could expect for an advanced base."

We had lots of wonderful letters this week. Others we'd like to acknowledge came from Sgt. **Robert J. Powers**, APO 562, New York, N. Y. . . . Cpl. **Robert J. Thorn**, USMC, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, San Francisco . . . **Harold E. Brown**, F 1/c, FPO, New York, N. Y. . . . They were all grand. Lots of people envy us this job. They know how privileged we are to be hearing week after week from hundreds of the finest guys and gals in the world. We are. We are pretty lucky. Much as we treasure those letters of yours, we are living for the day when you won't have to write them any more; for the day when you can come in and put your feet on the desk and we can talk about the old unhappy days of war, and even find some silver linings, perhaps even remember them as good because we lived in them—and now they are gone beyond recall . . . **Happy Easter, Joe; Happy Easter, Jane.** Be seeing you.

Your home town correspondent,  
**Ed Breen.**