

Your Letter From Home

A private in an army chapel was seen to bow slightly whenever the name of SATAN was mentioned. One day the minister met him and asked him to explain.

"Well," replied the private, "poltiness costs nothing—and you never know."

Sent To You With The Best Wishes Of
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.

The president called his office manager and thrust a letter under his nose. "Look at that! I thought I told you to engage a new stenographer on the basis of her grammar!" The office manager looked startled. "Grammar? I thought you said glamor!"

Volume 2, Number 1

WRITTEN EVERY FRIDAY

October 27, 1944

DEAR JOE: Happy Anniversary, Joe, and a wonderful Thanksgiving and a Merry Christmas. We are cutting our first birthday cake and we want you to sit right down and balance a plate . . . That cake's got one candle on it. We are a year old today . . . A year of the cruelest, bitterest war the world has ever seen. A year of sorrow and nervous tension. A year of suffering and death . . . And yet a year full of tender memories and a strange happiness . . . We were very timid when we started this letter. We didn't know whether you'd like it or not. We had grave doubts as to our own ability. But Joe, you were so darned nice about it, you kept us going. It was wonderful to find such friendship in your letters . . . The first letter we go back we darned near kissed. I know we hugged it . . . You see, YLFH was kind of like a child we were sending out into the world. We hoped you'd like him. And we hoped he'd bring a little piece of home to you . . . A thousand times you said he was okay. As his nearest relatives, you made us very happy . . . When we started a year ago, there were four charter members up there—Fort Dodge Creamery, Tobin's Gates Dry Goods Store and the Fort Dodge Grocery. They are still there—your friends—and with them all those other fine people who have joined this enterprise since.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK. The city councils of Badger, Clare, Fort Dodge and Moorland named this week "Your Letter From Home" week and asked everyone in the county to write at least one extra letter to someone in the service . . . Clare Robinson, County Superintendent of Schools, urged all children in the rural schools to write a letter to Joe this week. We said we'd mail those letters to you along with "Your Letter From Home." Carl Feelhaver and Miss Ahlborn did the same thing in Fort Dodge. And teachers throughout the county have had moppets writing letters to you. 2,597 have come in so far from Moorland, Clare, Shady Oak, Route 4, Fort Dodge, Colfax No. 5, Harcourt, Badger, Cooper No. 2, Coleman, Duncombe, Gypsum, Washington Twp., and, of course, from Duncombe school, Butler, Lincoln, Carpenter, Pleasant Valley, Sacred Heart, Wahnonsa, Riverside, Hawley, Junior High and High School . . . So if you find an extra and very tender little letter in this envelope, written to Joe, you'll know where it came from. We've read some of them. We think they are lovely . . . Tuesday night we took YLFH to the Rialto Theatre and put on a stage presentation of the program, 9:00 to 9:15 p. m. Drexel Peterson, who has now interviewed over two hundred servicemen and women on the show from 12:45 to 1:00 p. m., had as his victim A/C Bob Williams, of Dayton and KVFD, now of Sherman, Texas . . . Every person who came to the theatre got a copy of No. 52 of Vol. 1 . . . Larry Geer is giving away extra copies of that same issue at the Laramar Ballroom . . . The west window in the Gates Dry Goods Store is devoted to the shoulder patches you sent in. Each one was mounted here at KVFD on a separate white card edged in red, about 4½" by 7". Under the patch is your name and station, and the name of the patch. Mr. Hanson, at Gates, has mounted these cards on a very handsome background close up to the window so that everyone can see the patches clearly and read your name and location. It's a beautiful window and is being much admired. Your home town friends are standing there reading your names, admiring your patches. There has been a crowd around the window ever since it was unveiled . . . It's been a wonderful week.

UP AND DOWN THE AVENUE. Tomorrow is the last day for voting registration . . . The Ed Klappas celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary this week with a dinner at Wraywood . . . Today is Navy Day and also the occasion for another scrap paper drive . . . Most common sign on Central Avenue today, "No cigarettes." . . . Next season's schedule for the Dodgers—Albert Lea, Boone, open date, West Waterloo, East Waterloo, East Des Moines, Roosevelt of Des Moines, Mason City, Charity Game. The open date and the Charity game are still to be filled . . . No more tin cans or bottles may be put in with your garbage. You have to put 'em in a separate box. New rule by the city council . . . The Women of the Moose are taking over the city offices today. Mrs. Charlotte Jorgenson, Mrs. Mae Dawson and Mrs. Mary Johnson are holding down the seats of the mighty. They will report on their activities during the day over KVFD this evening. Paul McCarville will speak. Mrs. Ethel Dennery is in charge of tonight's program . . . The Dodgers have a new mascot, a dog called Blinker . . . Art Olson, for many years with the Iowa Illinois Gas and Electric Company, is opening his own appliance store at 10 North 10th Street . . . 54,400 acres of land in Webster County were devoted this year to raising soybeans. Yield is running from 20 to 25 bushels to the acre. The Chicago market is better than \$2.00 a bushel.

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE. Ellen Schwering and Pvt. Richard C. Kreiman, October 4th, at Little Rock, Ark. . . . Delores Devlin and John J. Peed, October 14th, in Fort Dodge . . . Marian Elaine Nash and Joseph Byrtus, USN, of Duquesne, Pa., in Washington, D. C., May 7th, 1944 . . . Mary Pint and Dr. John Tiedemar, of Fonda, in Fort Dodge, October 19th . . . Nelda Ploog and Ens. Eugene Nicol at Hollywood Beach, Fla., October 7th . . . Doris Stewart and Pvt. Frank Hosford, of Livermore, in Fort Dodge, October 2nd.

TRAGEDY. Joe Simco was 39 years old. He'd been in the army and then was discharged from O'Reilly General Hospital. He drifted up to Rowan, over in Wright County, and started working on a farm. Something went wrong in Joe's head. He started chasing people with an army knife. The sheriff and other peace officers were called. He was driven out of the house on the farm with tear gas. He threw an axe at the sheriff and raced toward him with a knife. Sheriff Roy Wilson fired twice over his head

but Joe was back in a battle again. He yelled, "I'm outnumbered but I'll get you." No thought of danger could stop him. The sheriff shot a third time and killed him . . . Joe died for his country.

ENJOYING MOM'S COOKING. T/5 Richard Cleveland, of Badger, from Whitehorse, in the Yukon. Thanks for those pictures, Dick . . . Ens. Reynolds Thomas, enroute to a new assignment . . . A/C Bobbie Williams, of Dayton and KVFD, from Sherman, Texas . . . Sgt. E. J. Waldschmidt, on a three day pass from Ft. Riley, Kansas—got to Britt and also Fort Dodge . . . The 103rd Inf.—the Cactus Division, and a swell pic from Pfc. Dale Fiala, of Moorland, back from Camp Howze, Texas. Thanks, Dale . . . Pvt. Martin Jacobson, enroute to Camp Butler, N. C. . . . Lt. Richard Wasmen, enroute to the west coast . . . WAVE Rena Isabelle Ulm, from Washington, D. C. . . . Lt. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald, of Duncombe, from San Diego . . . Cpl. Don Zakeer, from Camp Campbell, Ky. . . . Dean Tuel, from Laredo, Texas . . . 1st Lt. and Mrs. Gale Stromberg, from Denver, Colo. . . . Ens. Lloyd Fuhrmeister, from Princeton University, enroute to Hollywood, Fla. . . . S/Sgt. Cliff Jensen, from Camp Beale, Calif. . . . Pvt. Stanley Lang, enroute to Camp Gruber, Okla. WAVE sisters Genevieve and Helen Brofer. Genevieve is a PhM 3/c at Newport, Ark.; Helen a S 2/c at Pensacola, Fla. . . . Pvt. Stan Billionis, from Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark., enroute to Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . Petty Officer and Mrs. Tom Butler. He has been in the Atlantic theatre and Mrs. Butler has been working in Washington, D. C. . . . Pvt. Henry A. McCaffery, from Camp Berkeley, Texas . . . Pvt. John Hosford, from Fort Bliss, Texas . . . Milton J. Johnson, F 2/c, from San Francisco, Calif. . . . Sgt. and Mrs. John Wolfe, from Camp Blanding, Florida . . . Richard Streff, S 2/c, from Great Lakes . . . T/5 Abbas Habhab, from Ft. Benning, Georgia . . . S/Sgt. Robert J. Byrne, from Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver . . . A/S Earl Youngstrom, of Dayton, from La Junta, Colo. . . . Major and Mrs. Vaughn McIntire, enroute to Miami, Fla. . . . Ens. Oscar Habhab, from Jacksonville, Fla., enroute to San Diego, Calif.

SCOREBOARD. So far as the Dodgers were concerned, it was like seeing the re-run of an old and tragic movie. A year ago we had a championship team until we met underdog East Des Moines. The corrugated surface of that East High field was as hard as paving stones. But all afternoon the Dodgers played as though they were knee deep in mud. The final score last year was 12 to 7. This year the final score was 14 to 0. Last year, East's underdog team fought its way to victory in danger all the time. This year we were lucky to get away with the score as low as it was. All night the Dodgers played as though they were knee deep in sleep. East High was brilliant. John Jigger Williams, colored flash, carried the ball nine times out of ten. He had the speed of a dash man and was seldom stopped. He scored his team's first touchdown. He took a lateral from Hartle on his own twenty-five and ran the seventy-five yards without a Dodger even close enough to carry on a conversation. George Knack matched his speed on two breakaway runs but then went out with a shoulder injury. Our defense in the center of the line was tissue paper thin. And our offensive with Knack out wasn't enough. Joe Carpenter played the fine football he always plays and George Ernst turned in a series of line plunges that would have made a touchdown. But about the time Charlie got to the ten yard line we changed our strategy. Charlie's number wasn't called and we lost the ball on downs. George Constantine, who replaced Knack, is the finest natural passer I've seen since the days of Crinnigan. He got off some nice kicks, too . . . It wasn't our night. Another day we might beat East High. But what happened a week ago tonight was no accident. East High has got what it takes. How East High of Waterloo ever beat them will remain one of life's larger mysteries . . . Tonight the Dodgers take on the Rough Riders of Des Moines. We should beat 'em . . . Notre Dame is still on top, hotly pursued by Army . . . Iowa is learning. Outplayed Purdue, a very tough team, for one half, 6 to 7. Finally lost, 7 to 26. Dick Woodard set up Iowa's touchdown with three passes . . . 4,750 people saw the Dodger-East Des Moines game.

WAR'S GRIM TOLL. Pfc. John Maddox, Jr. is missing in action in Germany as of October 3rd. He is a B. A. R. man with the infantry . . . S/Sgt. Jack Gadbury was wounded in Italy on October 5th . . . Boss Burd, missing in New Guinea since October 13th, 1943, has been officially presumed dead . . . Pfc. Keith Summers, medical corpsman with the paratroopers, is missing over Holland as of September 18th . . . Sgt. Abe Gutierrez was wounded October 2nd in Italy.

GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER. Along the Lido Road in Burma, Cpl. Sylvester Mueller and Stanley Wedlund. The first home townner Sylvester has met since going overseas . . . On the island of Oahu in Hawaii, Pvt. Cliff Cady, Duane Short and Wm. Campbell . . . T/3 Harris Weideman and his brother, Francis, have met several times overseas; once in Africa, again in Cassino and then in Rome where Francis was in the hospital. Francis is with the 34th Division artillery and Harris is with the corps artillery. Harris is now in France and from the snapshot I saw, I'd guess he's doing observation work from a small plane. (Thanks, Harris, for the snapshot and the Italian verses to "Lili Marlene." We'll say "hello" to Chris and Harold for you . . . Pvt. Melvin Inman and Bill Blanchet are at Las Vegas, Nevada . . . Down at San Bernardino, Calif., Pvt. R. E. Arn and Lt. MacKenzie . . . S/Sgt. Richard "Dick" Davis and his brother, on a furlough in London. Dick says "hello" to everyone in Knierim.

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS CARD—from Don Willis, with the Marines in the Pacific.

SERVICE PAPERS AND INSIGNIA. "The Tale Spinner" from A/C William Rice, Jr., San Antonio, Texas. Thanks, Bill . . . "The Honolulu Air News" from Gerald Carroll, S 2/c, Honolulu. Thanks,

Gerald . . . "The Flame" from Pvt. Harold Foran, of Ft. Lewis, Washington . . . "The Sky Writer" from Harold Licht, S 1/c, Pasco, Washington. Thanks, Harold . . . "The Busy Bee" from Robert D. Laska, EM 3/c, U. S. S. Biloxi, FPO San Francisco. Thanks, Bob . . . "The Daily Mail" from T/5 Don Thornton, somewhere in France. This edition of the "Daily Mail" is published in France. It is not a service paper but a regular British Daily. It's all on one sheet, about the size of YLFH. Thanks, Don . . . "The Melbourne Helicot" and "The Skywriter" from Ens. D. A. Freed, Melbourne, Fla. Thank you, D. A. . . "The Ramp Age" from J. E. Haring, Coronado, Calif. Yes sir, J. E., a mighty fine looking paper and a greatly improved one . . . "The Radio Condenser" from Gordon T. Cavanaugh, Chicago. Thanks, Gordon . . . "The Prop" from Cpl. Frank Lentsch . . . "The Alert" from Ft. MacArthur and "The Yank" from S/Sgt. Ted Rule . . . The 91st Division patch from Sgt. Earl Crimmins, Italy . . . The Allied Forces patch from T/4 Deno Castagnoli, North Camp Hood, Texas. This patch was once worn by Gen. Eisenhower. Deno got it from a G. I. who once drove for the General . . . "The Walker Talker" and the patch of one of the air forces (misaid my identification sheet, doggone) from Cpl. Geo. Phillips, Victoria, Kansas. Thanks, Geo.

OVERSEAS. Pvt. Angelo Breno went into Honolulu the other day and saw a Hula show. "I must say that they sure know how to shake it." . . . Pvt. Harold L. Bars is in New Guinea . . . Russell F. Flynn, S 1/c, is with the Seabees on Finian Island in the Marianas . . . Sgt. W. C. George, Jr., is now getting his mail Corps Transport Co., 3rd A. C., c/o FPO San Francisco . . . Sgt. James Nolan has been transferred from Teheran (garden spot of Iran) to Khorramshahr (hell hole of Iran). KHORRAMSHAHR is pronounced KORUMSHIRE. Jim and Dick Heman get together every once in a while . . . Lt. Wallace J. Wise is with the 15th Air Force in Italy.

OVER HERE. Pvt. Bill Ruebel is at the Presidio of Monterey, Calif. . . At Harlingen, Texas, Pvt. Roy Black is attending gunnery school . . . A Gray Lady writes Ardo R. Thompson's letters these days because he's in Staten Island Hospital, Staten Island, New York, suffering from a broken elbow and a broken wrist . . . One night out of every three, Mickey Castagnoli, Sp A 3/c, gives training in commando tactics at San Bruno, Calif. "It's pitch dark and believe me it's rough." . . . Ens. Darle A. Dunbar is at Hutchinson, Kansas . . . Chuck Mattice, Cox, is now the skipper of a 38 foot picket boat at Wilmington, Calif., at the coast guard patrol base . . . Donald L. McMahon, S 2/c, is now at Norman, Oklahoma . . . Mary Frances Murphy, Y 2/c, is at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital, Oakland, Calif. . . Pvt. Geo. E. Vinsant, with the army postal service in New York, has been in the hospital for the past two weeks. He's out now and sends us the "Mail Pouch" and two patches, the 100th Division and the other I haven't yet identified. Thanks, Geo. . . Pvt. Dean Olson is now at story book Island—

Treasure Island—working in the post office handling Christmas packages headed for the men overseas. He's handled boxes going to Bud Trost and Kenny Brake and mail going to John Burke, Lt. Paul Hogan, Sgt. Augustine Avelly, Sgt. Merle H. Locke and Pfc. Chas. Isaacson . . . Frances Cunningham is a cadet nurse at the University of Minnesota . . . Bob Elston, ARM 3/c, still at the U. S. Naval hospital at Memphis, via Mississippi U. and Tulsa Saturday. Bob says, "What a power house Tulsa has put together. A real honey." . . . Pvt. W. C. Strom is at Camp Edison, N. J. We'll play that number, soldier. And here's a letter from W. C. enclosing the patch of the army service forces and the second service command. Thanks, W. C. . . Cpl. Cleo Harter is at Wendover Field, Utah . . . James Rigby is on transport duty at Wilmington, Delaware . . . Andy Stensrud, wearer of the Silver Star and back from the gallant 34th in Italy, writes from St. Louis, "Guess what I'm doing here. Recruiting WAC's. Some job for a doughboy!" . . . "Tubby" Rigby is at San Diego, Calif. . . Louis LeRoy Davis, CMM, of Lehigh, is Chief Petty Officer in the Seabees and stationed in Alaska . . . Harold Brown, F 1/c, is going to Diesel school at Beloit, Wisconsin.

HIGH C'S. Lee H. MacDowell, AMM 2/c, is a member of the Crew of the U. S. S. Anzio, FPO San Francisco . . . E. A. McCarville, CBM, somewhere at sea on the U. S. S. Pioneer, read in the paper the other day that they destroyed 20,000 pints of whiskey in Oklahoma. "The filthy stuff! I bet we wouldn't do that in Iowa. And a lot of guys out here just dying of thirst." . . . Robert V. Hair, S 1/c, is in the South Pacific. "I doubt if anyone who has ever been in the South Pacific would return without 'bottle.' I thought at first that word was bottle. It reads well either way." . . . Ted Lindberg, F. C. 3/c, of Lehigh, is on the U. S. S. Putnam.

DOWN UNDER. Robert M. Fortney, G. M. 3/c, is a shell back now. He's crossed the equator. The day he crossed he was initiated, of course, by Father Neptune and was advanced in rate. He's now only a few miles south of the Equator . . . Cpl. John Burke is on Peleliu Island. "It is the worst offensive I've been on. The enemy threw everything at us but the kitchen sink. Should see you about Christmas time."

LA BELLE FRANCE. Pfc. Newell S. Porter is somewhere in France. Thanks, Newell, for the swell pic.

FROM THE FIVE CORNERS OF THE WORLD. Pfc. John G. Blair, Las Vegas, "This is about the biggest gambling town this side of Reno and almost has as good a reputation as Reno. About all they do in Las Vegas is gamble. Every store in town has at least one slot machine and one crap table. You should see the big air cooled den of gambling they have. Roulette, craps, black-jacks, Keno and any kind of a game to lose your money you would want. They play blackjacks for a \$50,000 limit. I saw a guy win \$2,300 just about a week ago. Our class graduated yesterday and today I am a gunner and tomorrow I'm a goner. We had a little over 500 in our class. This is just the average class. A new class starts every week and one graduates every week so you can see they run them through here pretty fast. The course lasts seven weeks. I've had quite a little fun here. I flew every day for the last two weeks in a B-17 and it gets pretty tiresome. We usually fly at 20,000 feet and it's plenty cold—about 19 below. We flew over Boulder Dam quite a few times."

Sgt. Bob Lawson, France, "About a week ago I sent you a German enlisted man's garrison cap. I picked it up in one of the cities that we passed through on our speedy trip up from Southern France. In this city there was a freight train with about forty cars loaded with German equipment, everything from Jerry food to complete uniforms. Am sorry I couldn't send you the whole works. This train had two Jerry engines all coaled up ready to take off for the Fatherland. But we were too fast for them." (Thanks, Bob, we'll be looking for that cap.)

Pvt. Don Cobb, New Guinea, "I have run on to three Fort Dodgers. They were Capt. Tierney, Verlyn Langerman and another fellow by the name of Laska. This is a pretty nice place compared to

some of the places we have been. We have a nice camp site—it is all sand and no mud. Thank heaven! We are only a short distance from the beach although I don't care for swimming in the salt water. It is a nice place to sun bathe, which we are compelled to do for a half an hour a day. During this time, we do not wear anything but a pair of shorts. After this time we have to be completely dressed at all times. There is a big native village a short distance from here. Last night we could hear them having a celebration, which, in their language, is called a "sing-sing." We can get our clothes washed by them for a shilling, which is equal to approximately 16 cents in our money. They also go in a big way for American cigarettes. I sure would have been glad to be there for the bathing beauty contest at Expo. Also I would like to be there for one of the dances. The last one I went to was over two years ago. In fact it was the night before I came into the army. I think that I shall never forget the swell time, the old crowd and the grand music." (We'll play a record, Don, for your Mom and Dad and we are sending the address.)

H. E. Pratt, PhM 1/c, New Guinea, "I don't know if you'll be able to read this or not, but I thought you perhaps would like to have a little Jap stationery. We have an old Japanese supply dump not far from us here, so it keeps us pretty well supplied with souvenir stationery. (No, no booty traps!) The other enclosed piece of paper is either one of two things. (1) A projectile trajectory chart, used for calculating the distance, arc and striking position of a shell; or (2) a chart correction paper used for correcting charts. They both are similar in appearance—therefore the doubt in our minds. Anyway they are rather an interesting souvenir. This stationery comes in very handy for air-mail because of its weight. You can say a lot on 15 or 20 pages and still stay within the weight specifications of the post office. My mother has written me that she began putting in her time at the studio helping you with mailing the letters. She is really enthused about it. Would be swell getting a letter with her handwriting on it. Your letters are coming regularly and I do appreciate them so much. I only wish I could find some of the Fort Dodge fellows that are supposed to be here—like John Brady, Ray Fallon and the rest. But I don't seem to have much luck in locating them. In the near future, comes more letters from this end, so in the meantime keep up the swell work you and the sponsors are doing. We overseas really eat up every bit of news from the home town we can get. So, until the next time, good luck and thanks again."

Pvt. Joe Ritts, APO San Francisco, "The nation's No. 1 Hep Cat, Betty Hutton, is now in Oahu, and we are hoping that she will pay us that much awaited visit, and demonstrate a little of her versatility and at the same time boost the morale a hundred per cent. She is one woman of stage and screen fame that is appreciated by this gang of lads for most of them are New Yorkers. Say, do me one little favor, will you? If there are any Fort Dodgers out here in the Hawaiians, and in the 98th Division as I am, send me their address for I would like to look them up and chew the fat an hour or two. It has been over a year since I last saw one of those rosey-cheeked lowans, and I could think of nothing better than to see one in the future and have a little conflag about the more carefree days which I remember so well."

W. O. Kruse, CSE, Island X, "And now, as a suggestion, would it be possible to push up the volts on the station and surprise us over here some night by short wave dance music from the Larry Geer Ballroom on First Avenue North and some of the latest hits? Ha. Ha. Guess that is too much, isn't it? Well, I'm up in Forward Area now and on Island X, where fire works put Fourth of July at home on a small scale, and where the foxhole is your best friend even though it is only a hole in the ground. Wish I could tell you where we are but as that can not be done I'll just say that I'm not far from where Doug Left and you will know where it is. That I call home in the jungles. War news is very good and will be much better when you read this. Must close now as lights out and Charley Jap will be over paying us a call, no doubt, before the night is out. The only Fort Dodger with me, Arnold Osberg, is in the pink and doing a good job over here with me." (We'll play that number, Bob.)

Sgt. Joseph E. Nemecek, Luxembourg, "I came up through France and Belgium. We now are here in this small country of Luxembourg. It is quite a hilly country and it has its beautiful spots, but of course no place can compare with home. It has been pretty bad weather here lately. It's been cold, cloudy and wet. It makes it miserable for us but we don't mind. This old bunch of steel (my tank) will go through a lot more tight places than it has already been."

And we had other great cards and letters from Carl E. Theiss, WT 2/c, FPO San Francisco . . . Lt. John V. Schill, APO New York . . . Lt. Louis Katzman, Camp Campbell, Ky. . . Sgt. Lester E. Person, APO San Francisco . . . Pfc. Robert D. Lewis, APO New York . . . Phil Dorweiler, S 2/c, Farragut, Idaho . . . Carl J. Graves, EM 1/c, Tampa, Fla. . . Pfc. Gib Zobrosky, Camp Stewart, Georgia, and many more that are acknowledged elsewhere in these lines.

So there it is, Joe—Letter No. 1 of Volume 2. We are sending out about 4,000 copies, more than half of them going overseas, many to far corners of the world that still are only names to us but very real to you . . . We hope you like this No. 1 as well as you liked that timid No. 1 of a year ago. That letter went to about 500 . . . We couldn't get out this letter at all if it weren't for Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Gates Dry Goods Co., the Fort Dodge Creamery Co., the Fort Dodge Scrub Co., the Tobin Packing Co., Elks Club of Fort Dodge, Loyal Order of Moose, Brady Transfer and Storage Co., The Clinic Pharmacy, Larry Geer Ballrooms, Fort Dodge Grocery Co., Iowa-Illinois Gas & Elec. Co., Fort Dodge Tent and Awning Co., Rialto and Strand Theatres and Dr. Macdonald's Vitamized Feed Co. They put in the important money that keeps the presses rolling. We are deeply grateful to them for their fine and unflinching support. And we couldn't get out this letter without the tireless help of June Beckett, Charlotte Brown and Mae Challenger. And we couldn't get out the letter if everyone in the station and most of their friends didn't come in and spend all Saturday morning folding and sealing. And, Joe, I wish you could see the girls from Wa Tan Ye. About fifty of them come here every Tuesday evening and address the letters. They are wonderful; they get them ready in about two hours . . . And, of course, if it weren't for Peter Russell, they'd never get mailed. Peter makes about four trips. Gets 'em to the post office before one o'clock. The printing is done by Walterick Printing Co. and I want to thank them for their great patience with my many literary lapses. They have been of great help . . . But all of it put together is nothing, Joe, as measured against the things you are doing. We are proud and happy that we have been able to write these letters to you.

Your home town correspondent,
Ed Breen.