



## Letters From Our MEN and WOMEN IN UNIFORM

"Hello Snooper and All: It has been quite a spell since I have written so thought I should drop you a line. Have a new address now to send the paper to. I haven't gotten the paper this week and miss it. "Ate supper last week with Bill Winkler and three other boys from Iowa, a couple of them live close to Hamburg. It is sure nice to know some one from around home. Bill and I have been stationed close to each other since entering the service. Every time Bill and I get together we have a good visit—usually talk about the girl friend of course. Was down on Broadway night before last and that is where all the women are, but it still isn't like being back in Hamburg. Hate to close, but the chow will be ready before long and I can't miss that, so will close. So long, and keep up the good work.—T. Sgt. Oral White, APO 258, o/o P. M., New York."

"Dear Snooper and Staff: Well, guess it is about time I was cluttering up your desk with another letter. There isn't much going over here to write about. We fly and gripe, because we have to fly and then when we can't fly we gripe some more. The weather hasn't been too good over here lately and have seen a little of that Italian mud you read about last winter, and I expect to see a lot more of it. "Haven't received a Reporter for some time now, but guess it is because the Christmas packages are starting to arrive and it is about all the mail clerks can do to handle those."

"Since I wrote you last time they have made me a first lieutenant and I have the Air Medal with a couple of clusters, so you can see I am over half way with my missions and going down the other side, but it looks like we will have to stay over here all winter if the flying weather stays as it has been lately. I suppose that group gripper of an uncle of mine was in to see you while he was home. Heard that he took that fatal step while he was home also. Guess he was not satisfied with the War in the Pacific, so he starts one at home."

"Guess I can finish this letter now. I went to mess and after that we were supposed to have a movie, but our lovely weather made us hit for the tent when the movie was only about half over, but it wasn't very good anyway, so I guess we didn't miss much. "Have taken enough of your time so will close. I want to thank you very much for the papers I have received and that I am looking forward to in the future. Each copy I get, gets double use, as I let the Vest boy from Farragut have it when I am finished.—Lt. E. A. 'Tony' Nakkunst, APO 620, Italy."

"Dear Fred: Your last swell letter came today and although it was written on a linotype, I felt that it was a personal note, as I am sure hundreds of Hamburg and Fremont county boys overseas still feel. My soldiers in Alaska who were from little towns all over the middle west used to read your letters with interest, Fred, and I'm happy still to hear from you. "My organization here is strictly from Iowa. My assistant is Arthur Lewis who was graduate assistant in the School of Journalism and my first sergeant is Sgt. Karl W. Hinkle who was one of my best students. We have a nice little outfit and deal mostly with the big magazines and news services. "Now for some news. Elsie and I are the proud parents of a lovely little girl by the name of Frances Lou. She is three months old today. I do wish we were closer so you could help with her christening. I'll send you a picture soon, Fred, as I know you appreciate daughters."

"P. S: Would you like to hire a good printer? I took linotype 1A in junior high school. Tell Earl English hello if you see him. I'm proud of the way you carry on. Give my regards to the fine citizens of Hamburg whose lives I follow in the Reporter. Expect to go overseas again soon and I know the Reporter will go along.—Major Allard, A.C. New York." Note: Major Allard was formerly a professor in the School of Journalism at the Iowa State University, and is the gentleman who wrote the story of the Reporter, which had such wide coverage in the magazines and newspapers of the newspaper business. Ed.

"Dear Mr. Hill: Just received the Reporter and read in the Snooper column that you are threatening to name some of us if we don't write, so am taking the warning. Won't attempt to offer an excuse for not writing more often. Guess you have heard them all anyway. The Reporter continues to come regular, as well as the many fine cards. Want to take this opportunity to thank the many sponsors. "Sure would like to be back and get in on some duck hunting this fall, but suppose that's like everything else—will have to be postponed for some time yet. This letter will bring you another change of address, so hope you can keep up with them, as I sure miss the Reporter when it gets delayed. Would appreciate it if you could give me Capt. Don Larson's address. Thanks for everything.—T. Sgt. Robert A. Scrimsher, APO 980, o/o P. M., Seattle, Wash."

From the Daily Iowan, the publication of the students of journalism of the University of Iowa, we copy the following letter regarding Lt. Howard Hensleigh, formerly of this place:

From "Somewhere in France" comes a letter from Lt. Dick Spencer, 1943 graduate of the University of Iowa, member of the Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity, and a former Union Board member.

"One of our 'U. S. I. Four Horsemen' picked up a Bronze Star," he writes—Lt. Howard E. Hensleigh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Hensleigh, 117 Richards street. At the outbreak of the war Lt. Hensleigh was studying law at the University of Iowa. Now he is a paratrooper in France. Lt. Spencer's letter is reprinted below:

"This is a story about one of the 'local' boys; one of the Hawkeyes who lives in Iowa City. Just a few years back you might have known him as just plain Howard Hensleigh. . . . a nice quiet guy who was taking pre-law there on the campus."

"Now he's First Lieutenant Howard Hensleigh, after his recent battlefield promotion, and he is holding down the job of battalion intelligence officer for our parachute outfit. And in the journals of the military, you will find after his name these words . . . . "For heroic achievement in action against the enemy at Les Arcs, France, on 17 August, 1944" . . . the award of the Bronze Star medal.

"Probably the next time you see him, the only way you might guess this would be through recognizing the funny little ribbon over his left pocket; or he might be in civilian clothes, and you would never know . . . Howard isn't much of a talker about what he has seen and done. "So I'm sending this story back to the 'Old Home Town Paper'; just one of the little incidents that Howard worked himself into . . . and out of . . . and brought about his recent citation from the president."

"By now it's no military secret that the air corps dropped us 28 miles from our planned drop one; and, as intelligence officer, Lt. Hensleigh made the necessary contacts with the French people and the French underground forces to find our position on the map and get the band of troopers moving towards our objective. Most of the way there, Lt. Hensleigh took up the position of the lead scout. "Then there was the big night attack on Les Arcs . . . a story in itself, of chasing Jerries through grape vineyards and ravines in the black of night . . . and finally losing contact with the fleeing enemy."

"Dawn found us in positions just outside of the town, wondering 'if' and 'how many' as we studied the town through field glasses. "Hensleigh led the patrol to find out. It consisted of one squad, picked at random from a company, and they moved aggressively right into the town . . . covering each other from opposite sides of the street. "A group of excited French peo-

ple met them in one doorway; with excited explosions of words and gestures, from which the patrol picked up three words . . . "Germans . . . American prisoners!"

"They surrounded the house the French people had indicated, and Lt. Hensleigh and a few of the men stormed it."

"Doors flew open, paratroopers appeared from everywhere, and the German guards stood terrified as they faced the 'Butchers with Big Pockets.' Needless to say, the fourteen American prisoners sent up a word of thanks to old Geronimo when they saw them . . . they were all from one of the infantry divisions that had made the beach landing, and gone ahead on a spearhead patrol. "Hensleigh distributed the Jerry weapons to the Yanks, and they started out of the building. Again they were met by a group of excited natives who, through an effervescence of chatter and sign language, told them that a German patrol was coming down the street."

"Howard signalled to the men to split formation and take cover behind the walls on both sides of the street, and waited . . . listening to the clomp of approaching hob-nailed boots on the cobblestones. "When the 'supermen' were well within the trap set by the troopers, Hensleigh gave the signal. In a flash the walls were lined with grease-paint smeared faces . . . all set well behind the business end of tommyguns, rifles and carbines, itching to issue out those 'one way tickets to Valhalla.' "There was a wild clatter of long rifles and square helmets hitting the ground . . . and shouts of 'Kamerad!' And so the patrol returned, leading eight Jerries back and fourteen American boys to be returned to their units."

"That's part of the story behind that bit of bright-colored ribbon you might see over Lt. Hensleigh's pocket, and much more than he would ever tell you. Because if you know him, you know he doesn't talk much about the things he's done. And if you meet him on the campus after the war, he'll just be some nice, quiet guy who is studying law on the campus!"

Duck and Pheasant Seasons Closed. The 1944 duck season closed at sunset on Dec. 8, after the longest season in recent years. The season was considered successful, although the quick flight on the part of the late mallards caught many hunters by surprise and resulted in fewer ducks being killed than would have been taken otherwise. Particularly gratifying to Iowa shooters was the continuance of the half-hour before sunrise opening for the second year, which allowed Iowa duck shooters early morning shooting denied under the previous sunrise opening. Pheasant hunting closed at 5 p. m., December 8 after a spotty season. The early opening, with the heavy vegetation, hot weather and widely dispersed birds, made the first half hard going and unsatisfactory. During the latter part of the season the birds were wild and hard to locate.

**No Extractions.** Ex-Senator J. E. Doze of Humeston recently celebrated his 91st birthday. Mr. Doze still has his complete set of natural teeth, with only one gold crown on a front tooth. The former senator drives his car to and from the office each day and continues to keep the firm's records.

**Grimes Favored Curbing Lincoln's War Power** During World War II Iowa congressmen have looked with misgiving upon the increase of power assumed by the president. Their attitude is not unlike that of Senator James W. Grimes who strongly opposed the assumption of unusual power by Lincoln during the Civil War. An alert and intelligent New Englander, Grimes had served in both the Territorial and state legislatures before his election of governor of Iowa in 1854. His close friendship with Lincoln did not prevent the "Father of the Republican party in Iowa" from opposing the usurpation of legislative or judicial power by the president.

Grimes originally manifested his defense of the rights of the legislature in 1839 when he strongly opposed Governor Lucas' veto of certain laws passed by the legislative assembly. His belief in the complete separation of powers is illustrated by his opposition to the system of granting divorces by the legislature, a function which Grimes contended belonged to the judiciary. Strangely enough, when Grimes became governor in 1854 he vetoed more laws than any other

governor between 1816 and 1900. The story of Grimes' political ideas is told by Fred B. Lewellen in the October issue of "The Iowa Journal of History and Politics."

**The Methodists Founded Morningside In 1890** In 1889 the Northwest Iowa conference of the Methodist church appointed a committee to receive bids

and locate an institution of "college grade" at any point in northwest Iowa which would guarantee a suitable campus plus \$500,000 in guaranteed securities. Bustling Sioux City, then a boom town with a Combination Bridge and Union Depot, and an elevated railroad going up, was quick to take advantage of this suggestion. A committee was organized which bought a college site on which to establish a university instead of a college, which saved the president from conviction by the United States senate. So loyal was Grimes to his conviction that he sacrificed health, office, prestige and popularity to safeguard the independence of the chief executive.

The first catalogue of the University of the Northwest, as the Sioux Citizens proudly named their budding institution, appeared in 1890. Some fifty students registered for the fall term. The liberal arts college met in Grace Metho-

dist church, the law college met in down town offices, and the medical college was located in a private residence. Thirteen students attended the first chapel exercises. In the fall of 1899 the new university sought the sponsorship of the Northwest Iowa conference. The following year the conference agreed to encourage the university but it finally closed in 1894. The conference thereupon organized a new college under the name of Morningside, which purchased the old university campus.

The beginning of Morningside college is not unlike that of most institutions of higher learning in Iowa. The founders had high hopes and abiding faith in the future of their institution. It was the combined sacrifices of many loyal Methodists that made the names of Iowa Wesleyan, Cornell, Upper Iowa, Simpson, and Morningside loom large in the history of higher education in Iowa.

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## Medford Furniture Store

## POSTPONED Public Sale!

I will hold a public sale at my place, 7 miles southeast, 1/2 mile north and 1/2 mile east of Hamburg, off U. S. 275, beginning at 1:00 p. m., on

# Mon., Dec. 18

### 5 Head of Horses 5

Bay mare, 5 yrs. old, weight 1200; bay mare, 6 yrs. old, weight 1200; brown mare, smooth mouth, weight 1400; gray horse, 6 yrs. old, weight 1500; suckling mule.

### 10 Head of Cattle 10

Jersey cow, 6 years old; Jersey cow 3 years old; brindle cow, 5 years old; red cow, 6 years old; Jersey cow, 4 years old, calf by side; Guernsey cow, 5 years old; roan bull, coming 2 years old; red cow, 6 years old, pasture bred; red cow, 3 years old, may be fresh by sale date.

### 6 Head of Hogs 6

Three Hampshire shoats; one red sow; two shoats. All are very good ones.

### Farm Machinery, Etc.

2-row John Deere bob-tail lister; John Deere narrow tread lister; two walking listers, with one combine; John Deere 10-foot disc; John Deere 2-row snake killer; Pattee spring-trip cultivator; two single-row riding cultivators; McCormick-Deering 2-row cultivator; 8-foot disc; 10-foot hay rake; 8-foot hay rake; 14-inch walking plow; 7-foot wheat drill; 2-section harrow; disc cultivator; iron-wheel wagon and rack; iron-wheel wagon, with box; little home-made tractor, on rubber; 50 rods hog wire; few 6-inch planks, 10 feet long; few bridge planks; few sheets tin roofing; small house, 6x10 feet; small building, 4x5 feet; small chicken coops; fruit jars; three 50-gallon wood barrels; 30-gallon gas barrel; 20-gallon oil barrel; some household furniture, and other articles, too numerous to mention.

30 BUSHELS GOOD FEED OATS TERMS—CASH

## James Shewey

Stickelman & Emberton, Auctioneers. Iowa State Bank, Clerk

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## THE HAMBURG REPORTER

## Bond Show Night

### Colonial Theatre, Thurs., Dec. 14

Admission on this night will be only by certificate which you were given when you purchased bonds in the Sixth War Bond Drive. Present the certificate at the door and you will be admitted free.

## "You Got Me Covered"

This is the big feature film to be shown on that night only. If you have not already bought your bonds, do it now, so you can attend the big free show.

Iowa State Bank Colonial Theatre