

THE OUTPOST

(Continued from Page 3)

dropping you a line. First, I would like to thank you for The Post which we appreciate and look forward to. By we, I mean my wife and I. She has been with me since we were married in August. When you first started sending me The Post it had a time catching up with me, but now I'm receiving it without difficulty.

Before I enlisted I was telephone maintenance man at the Dallas Exchange and through your paper I learned of Lt. Com. McIntyre's appointment. I, of course, immediately wrote him and received an answer last week.

By the way, my wife has been trying to get in touch with Howard Culp from Huntsville. He's down here at Drew Field and we would like to have him visit us.

I hope this letter hasn't been too boring and thanks again.

I suppose the weather is starting to get nice up there now. It's pretty hot down here.

Sincerely,

Howard M. Johns
Drew Field
Tampa, Florida

Howard Culp's address is Co. D, 563rd Sig. A. W. Bn. We also had a nice letter from "Bill" (Lieut. Com.) McIntyre. Gee, your letter didn't bore us. On the contrary it was just the kind we like to receive. Lots of luck to both of you and we hope that reunion comes about.

—Editor.

At Camp Gordon

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to inform you of my new address. Sorry I didn't write sooner to thank you for The Post. No doubt you think I haven't any appreciation for receiving the Post, but you are wrong. I assure you that many other fellows in the service as well as myself have found it a great companion. It sure is handy when you wonder where your friends are located and then receive your Post with letters from your old friends in it.

I was transferred to a different company when my division moved from Fort Jackson to Camp Gordon. At the present I have been assigned to a machine gun squad. I find it a lot different from my other work I put in with a 27 m.m. anti-tank gun.

I'll close for now and in closing I wish to thank you again for the great service you are doing for the fellows of the Back Mountain area.

Pvt. Tom Cadwalader
Camp Gordon, Georgia

Nice to get your letter, Tommy, we knew you'd be writing one of these days. Have you gone in for any athletics in the army?

—Editor.

At Pre-Flight School

Hello, Mr. Risley:

Even though I got here only yesterday, I am already very busy at the Navy Pre-Flight School in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

We have a varied schedule: academic subjects, sports, military training and gunnery. There are

about 2500 boys in training now. They are all average boys from all parts of the country, but while they are here, the war takes on a new meaning, for all of us will soon be taking an active part in it. But when we finish our training here, we will be ready for it.

I am very lucky to be able to write this letter. We don't usually have any extra time. I can see now that even this time is growing short so I will have to close. I will be very glad to hear from any one in the home town. Say, how about the Script Club? Till the next time then, I'll sign off and stand by.

Louis M. Kelly, Av. Cadet
U. S. N. R.
U. S. N. Pre-Fl. School
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Kelly: What's happened to the string of girls you had in Dallas? Martha and Mrs. Risley are going to fix you up with the addresses of a couple of good Script Club members.

—Editor.

The Keystone State

Dear Editor:

I would like to ask you a question if I may, and here it is, "why is Pennsylvania called the commonwealth of Pennsylvania?"

You may think it funny that I ask a question like this, but some of the boys here have asked me and I will be darned if I know. And thought that you might be able to help me out.

I suppose you have heard a lot about Texas from the boys in service and they are all right, because in Texas you have every kind of weather and country I believe there is—from the hot climate of the South to the cold weather of the far North. You can take it from me for I have been all over the state of Texas.

Now I must thank you very much for The Post that you send me every week.

Yours truly,

Sgt. Charles C. Warden
409th School Sq. Bks. 236
Amarillo Army Air Field
Amarillo, Texas.

The Pennsylvania Manual says: Pennsylvania shares with Virginia, Kentucky and Massachusetts the designation "Commonwealth." The term is of English derivation and implies an especial devotion of the government to the "commonweal" or welfare of its citizens. Peculiarly enough, the State Seal of Pennsylvania does not use the term, but as a matter of accepted tradition it is the legal designation to be used in referring to the State. The colony of Penn was known as the "Quaker Commonwealth" and while it has proved impossible to trace any direct reason for the use of the term, it became accepted during the provincial period. Records of the Pennsylvania conventions show that those who framed the successive constitutions of from 1776 to 1873 continued this terminology without any apparent thought as to its origin. Thus Pennsylvania has continued to enjoy the distinctive appellation "Commonwealth."

—The Editor, (with help.)

Who Said Horses?

Dear Howard:

How are you and all the folks in the section? I received the first Dallas Post last Monday and it sure was welcome.

Arrived here March 28th. Surprised even myself by immediately choosing mechanized cavalry. There is horse cavalry here but they are far in the minority. Lots of married men here. There are six practicing lawyers in my barracks. Ex, I mean.

We must have the best food in the Army. It couldn't be better. Of course, it's still G. I.

The fellow who sleeps next to me is, or was until his term was interrupted, a state legislator from Iowa. Tell Harold Flack to watch out.

How are the chickens? How is Mr. Houghwout? Heard he was ill. Hope he gets well soon.

Army life is O. K. Actually not as tough, so far, as it was represented. Lots of Japs here, American born. Kansas is the exact geographical center of the United States. Hence all borders are distant.

Will send you all the necessary data soon so as to be able to have the paper continued. Thanks a lot.

Pvt. Edward V. Hartman
Fort Riley, Kansas

Fred Houghwout came home from the hospital last Friday, much improved but not yet well enough to resume his duties with the Draft Board. Harold Flack is afraid of no legislator, especially those from Iowa. You will be sorry to learn William Conyngham, a good friend of the Lehman Horse Show, died Sunday after a brief illness. Everybody said the Easter horse parade was swell—50,000 spectators. Write often.

—Editor.

From A Noxen Boy

Dear Editor:

I received the Dallas Post yesterday. It seems to have quite a time keeping up with me. I did receive it a while at my former station but then it stopped. I want to thank

you, for it certainly is good to see it again after such a long time.

I have only been here in California a little more than a month. Here where I am it is mostly desert, with plenty of hot weather throughout the day, but it cools off quite a bit at night and it feels good to wrap up in a couple of blankets. It rains and snows up on the mountains near here, but it seldom does where we are. Some of the mountains are capped with snow and it's a treat to look up there and see it on a real hot day.

Well, that's about all for this time. I am sending you my new address and hope to receive The Dallas Post as regularly as circumstance will permit. Thanking you.

Sincerely,
Wilford Montross
Los Angeles, Calif.

Thank your uncle, Pvt. Paul Montross for getting us both back on the beam. We'd have never got your address without his help. You see your file card was not completely filled out. When that happens it's easy to lose contact. Fill out a Free Posts for Soldiers Coupon and return it to us. We'll be able then to keep in contact for the duration.

—Editor.

From A Huntsville Lad

To the Editor:

I'm just dropping a line to tell you what it means to me to get that edition of The Dallas Post. It really

means a lot to some one away from home to be able to get and keep in contact with home through a paper or letters.

I read in the issue I received an editorial from a very close friend of mine and it took me right back to Pennsylvania with its telling of the coming of Spring. We're a long way from Dallas right now, and it's going to be a while before we get back. We have left a lot of things behind . . . family, church, neighbors, friends and some of us, jobs, that were hard to leave; but if we can keep in contact with them through The Dallas Post, it will make that break a lot easier.

Well, I say again, thanks for The Dallas Post. I say "hello" to all my friends at home.

Yours truly,
Pvt. John M. Culp, Jr.
Camp McCain,
Mississippi

Happy Easter to all those at home and I sincerely hope, and I'm sure it will be, that we may have happy Easters hereafter when we get finished with our job.

Nice to hear from you, John. We're really having Spring weather this week. Easter was a beautiful day.

—Editor.

If you haven't gotten around to buying a Second War Loan Bond, stop and think what it would mean to you if our soldiers hadn't gotten round to the fight.

Soldier's Letter Gives Insight Into Army Life

(Continued from Page One)

A sudden burst of patriotism seems to envelop the new inductee and rightly so. He is taking on a profession and while I myself cannot feel very proud of my present profession from one standpoint, I can be glad that we or I still have a country to fight for.

A lot of things will be rather strange and seem so unnecessary to you when you come in. The joke of the tough "Sarg" is not a joke. Take it from me, they are tough. They have to be. And for the Buck private, there is so little consideration. You must take a lot for the first month. There is no use painting a pretty picture. But don't worry, you are a man and you can take it as well as the rest.

You are coming in much better equipped, so far as usefulness to the Army, than I was. I have gotten along very well, and chances are that you'll get along even better. NEVER!!! do any unnecessary grumbling. Half of the work you do is designed with one thought in mind; to see how much you can take. So for your future's sake, be careful.

You should get along quite well. You will probably go into the Signal Corps, rather than the Air Force,

but that is a fine branch also. Do your best, for your advancement depends on individual merit.

Be careful of your health. Above all, and I can't stress this too much, be clean!!! You find all sorts and types of men in the army. Some don't give a damn, and so the rest must be very careful. Social diseases are an extreme menace. So many men do not seem to care what happens when they come in and so the bars come down.

Profanity is the universal servicemen's language. You will get so disgusted and sick of it that it becomes almost unbearable. But stick to your guns. Remember what you were taught and never forget that excellent manners and good clean language are a good passport anywhere. You will be ridiculed for it, I was, but nevertheless, I am respected for it, I know. More than one man, and I mean some older than myself, has come to me and told me that he admired my fortitude. So you see, it is worthwhile.

Another thing, morale. Every one here calls every one else everything imaginable, but there isn't one that wouldn't do anything, were another in need of help. Living with others is an art that so many fail to learn. You have only done so within the family scope so far, but now you must do it with so many others. Your family, as a whole, being under the same guidance over

such a long period, is for the most part unified as far as beliefs and characteristics are concerned. But soon you shall come into contact with all types and you must flex and readjust your life for a while to your new environment.

All in all, what I have been trying to say is: you will be coming into a completely new life. Some of the things of the old must be discarded but it is imperative that some also be retained. At first, you shall dislike it intensely and be thoroughly disgusted with the inefficiency of it all. I was, but I think after you have been in a while, you shall learn to tolerate it and you may even grow to like it to a degree, as I have.

Good Luck and happy landings, wherever you go and whatever you do.

Please answer this time and try and take this as constructive.

By the way, the tests at New Cumberland may be the most important that you will ever take. Don't think lightly of them.

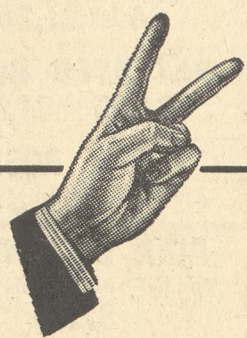
Tell Dot and the rest of the gang that I was asking about them.

God Bless You,

Your brother,

—Royal.

P. S.—Please excuse the paper and writing. It is only 7:00 a. m. and I am still drowsy. I have been up since 5:00 a. m.



THE 2ND WAR LOAN DRIVE IS ON!

It's Ten Minutes to Midnight!



Wake Up, Americans... Your Country's Most Fateful Hour Is Near

THE hour when the final die is cast, when decisive victory hangs in the balance. The hour which will decide the future of you and your children... a future of joyous freedom or a future of endless serfdom.

Yes, it is ten minutes to midnight. And when the first stroke of that fateful hour begins to sound, it will be *too late* to throw your weight into the fight.

The time to do that is NOW.

Now, when your dollars can keep the production lines humming. Now, when your dollars can buy the tanks and guns and planes and ships our soldiers need to fight a winning war... the only kind of a war we can afford to fight. Now, while there are still ten minutes before midnight.

Your country is asking you to lend your dollars in greater amount than ever before. It is asking for 13 billions of dollars *extra* this month... 13 billions for the weapons of war to make sure that it is *our side* which dictates the peace.

If we do not win, the money you fail to lend now will be worse than useless to you. If we win, as we *must*, the money you lend now will be returned with interest... for you to spend on the good things of life... for you to enjoy in a free and safe world.

So dig down, Americans. Answer the challenge by buying War Loan securities this month with every idle dollar you have except what you need for the barest necessities of life.

Don't wait for the War Loan Volunteer. Beat the gun by going to your bank, investment dealer, broker, Post Office, or bond booth *today*.

Have your money in your fist... the fist that can deliver the knockout blow to the Axis. But hurry...

For it is ten minutes to midnight...

The hour that can strike the knell of doom—or the blessed song of freedom.

Your dollars can call the tune.

There are Seven different types of U. S. Government Securities—choose the ones best suited for you:

United States War Savings Bonds—Series E: The perfect investment for individual and family savings. Gives you back \$4 for every \$3 when the Bond matures. Designed especially for the smaller investor. Dated 1st day of month in which payment is received. Interest: 2.9% a year if held to maturity. Denominations: \$25, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000. Redemption: any time 60 days after issue date. Price: 75% of maturity value.

2½% Treasury Bonds of 1964-1969: Readily marketable, acceptable as bank collateral, these Bonds are ideal investments for trust funds, estates and individuals. A special feature provides that they may be redeemed at par and accrued interest for the purpose of satisfying Federal estate taxes. Dated April 15, 1943; due June 15, 1969. Denominations: \$500, \$1000, \$5000, \$10,000, \$100,000 and \$1,000,000. Redemption: Not callable until June 15, 1964; thereafter at par and accrued interest on any interest date at 4 months' notice. Price: par and accrued interest.

Other Securities: Series "C" Tax Notes; 7½% Certificates of Indebtedness; 2% Treasury Bonds of 1950-1952; United States Savings Bonds Series "B"; United States Savings Bonds Series "G."

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The Moving Finger
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moves on...

Life too moves ceaselessly toward the inevitable. There's a sense of satisfaction for those who with sincerity discuss these matters with their families and decide now... not in a moment of anguish... on the final resting place for their loved ones.

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