

THE OUTPOST

(Continued from Page 3)

slide rule did for the larger calibre guns (105 mm and 155 mm). It proved to be a good solution. Bob Hildebrand, a brother officer, liked it so well that he sent it into the Journal giving me the credit for preparing it. It gives one a sense of satisfaction to have their efforts appreciated.

The work my son, Henry, has done at Wyoming Seminary has been a boon to his Dad. I'm enclosing a penciled copy of my letter of appreciation that I mailed him. If you can use any or all of that letter or this letter or the article in the Journal, feel free to do so. Sometimes the efforts of those we know encourage others to greater attainments.

Your little publication is doing yeoman service in the community and for the boys in service. Keep up the good work. There's a reward somewhere.

Sincerely,

Larry Lee, Captain U. S. Army, Camp Davis, N. C.

• A son should be equally proud of a dad who writes a letter like the following. I just want to add if it was up to your men, Larry, we'd be saying Col. Lee. That dope came straight.—Editor.

FROM A SOLDIER TO A SON

Henry, "Old Man."

I want you to know that you have made me a very proud father with your efforts and accomplishments at home and school. Your sense of honesty and loyalty have been a constant source of encouragement.

When we strive for something and finally attain it, the object may not seem to have been worth the effort, but if you have gained your objective by "playing the game, four-square," the sense of satisfaction will offset any tardiness of your goal.

Don't aim too high, for you'll not have the satisfaction of "making your touchdown," but rather, set for yourself a succession of goals and by "piling up points" you'll surpass finally your fondest dreams.

I am passing on to you the responsibility for the guidance of your brother to high ideals. When I come home again either in flesh or spirit, I feel confident you will have "stacked your work neatly."

The Pot of War is stewing hot; Grim fate swirls in the brew; My aim, my goal, my earnest lot; You, proud of me, as I, of you.

Always,
Daddy.

From Two of Us

Dear Editor:

We apologize for not writing sooner, because we have certainly enjoyed receiving the Post.

When we fellows are so far from home "Deep, deep in the heart of Texas," we certainly appreciate hearing and reading about the folks back home.

Ted and I have both been together since we left home. We are now going to Weapons' School which is very interesting and educational. We shall graduate in four weeks and we are not sorry either.

In closing we thank you again for being so kind as to send us the Post. We certainly appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Ted Busch,

Pvt. John A. Blase,

Camp Hood, Texas.

P. S. We are all fine, but the heat is terrific. Wish we were home.

• What for? That's hopping from the frying pan into the fire! It's really hot here and I don't mean perhaps.—Editor.

Going To Pre-Flight School

Dear Editor:

I think it is about time I sat down for a few minutes to let you know that I have been receiving the Post regularly. It is a wonderful treat to read of folks and events from the old stamping grounds.

We are having beautiful weather here in Atlantic City, but I would rather be back at Harvey's Lake. I received my basic training here and am waiting to be shipped to a Pre-Flight School as an Air Cadet.

At the present I am in the hospital nursing an infected hand. It isn't very pleasant being in here with such nice weather as we're having.

Many, many thanks for sending me a copy of the Post each week. I will be looking forward to future copies. Again many thanks for the Post.

Pvt. Charles Casterline,

Atlantic City, N. J.

• Wait 'til John Hanson, Dave Deater and Frank Jackson see that plug for Harvey's Lake. We'll argue, what's Atlantic City got that we haven't? No prettier girls, not even the bathing beauties. Hope that infected hand responds quickly.—Editor.

Staff Sergeant Rees

Well, folks . . .

It's almost a year now. Eleven months in the army. I can scarcely believe it. At times, individual days have seemed interminably long, probably because they were so dull, but now that they've dropped behind they seem to have whizzed past.

Superficially, I'm strictly "Government Issue" now. I've learned to stand patiently in line for chow, mail, the bus and my wages; I gripe, as good soldiers do, about reveille, inspections, food, and everything else. I go in for the subtle niceties of the dogface, the rakish angle of the flight cap, the precise line of the military crease in my shirts, and all the other marks of the "old soldier." I won't even wear a new uniform until I've soaked it in clorox or GI soap until it looks faded. My shoes are the glass-like black-brown which comes after months of wear. They're curled up at the toes and they have proud creases at the ankle and, when they stand under my bunk, they carry a warning to rookies who might trespass on the hallowed ground occupied by a Staff Sergeant, of eleven months' service.

Actually, I am still struggling to appreciate the military mind, which seems, to me, one of the most amazing products of civilization. I am continually awed and staggered by the army's fertile imagination. But I no longer argue against the necessity of making seven copies of a particular document, five of which will be thrown away or filed in the remote possibility that Congress may want to look at one in 1973. Nor am I accustomed yet to the Army's grandiloquent gesture in talking thousands of men away from their work to parade before a visiting general. Undoubtedly, there is a good reason for all this. When I understand it, I will probably be on the road to becoming a general.

In the meantime I am as cozy as can be in my Staff Sergeancy, which fits me neatly, without the air spaces and bulges apparent in the commissions of so many burgeoning officers. They tell me we have a surplus of officers. I have had that feeling for some time. It explains why I have never applied for Officer Candidate School and why I have no intention of doing so. If ever the Army of the United States is impulsive enough to confer a commission upon me, a possibility which is extremely remote now, I shall accept it as an honor, but in the meantime I prefer not to excite myself about it. To me, the peculiar rites of OCS are less inviting than the opportunity to work I have right here in my own job.

That job's been going well. Our Intelligence Section is somewhat of a model. Our filing system, our division of duties, and several of our innovations, have been memorialized in profound memos directing other squadrons of the group to do likewise. I have a reputation around here as a rather stable fellow, a little queer because he's content with his job, but generally sound, except for his strange trait of curling up with "The New Yorker" sometimes, a magazine which is, I'm sure, the antithesis of the military mind.

Just to balance the thing, though, I read the "Army and Navy Journal" avidly each week. It's almost as good as "The New Yorker."

Most of us around here are quite lucky. MacDill Field is a 45-minute bus ride from Tampa. We have a sizeable contingent of WAACS. The PX sells weak beer until 11 p. m. Our brethren on the far-flung battlefronts consider places like MacDill the height of luxury. Besides, I have Blaine here, and I manage to get a whole day off with her at least once a week, and maybe an evening or so besides, and every other month or so I wheedle a three-day pass. All in all, I can be exultant about the way my army career has dovetailed with my romantic interests.

I have, however, just returned from a spasm of soldiering. I have attended another Army School—my third—and am now, in addition to being a Power Turret Technician and a Combat Intelligence Chief Non-Com, a camafleur. About a week ago I graduated in the first class of non-coms to go through the Third Air Force's brand-new camouflage school at Walterboro, S. C.

Up there we had a day which began at 5:15 with an hour of calisthenics and ended at 11, after an hour-and-one half evening study period. Since we were under simulated combat conditions we slept without pillows or bedding, other than two army blankets; ate out of our mess kits and generally lived like soldiers under combat conditions, even to having engineers with carbines pop blanks at us from cover in the woods.

We were there to study camouflage. First, we heard the theory of each phase. Then we would traipse out to have a demonstration by the camouflage engineers of the particular phase we had studied. Then, wearing leggings (in 99 de-

gree temperatures), carrying canteens, and balancing a net-covered, twig-adorned helmet on our heads, we fared forth on what the curriculum listed as "Practical Work." Practical work consisted of mingling with the rattlers, copperheads and coral snakes in the fields, woods and swamps about Walterboro, squatting in fox holes under fake rocks and tree stumps, crawling up on jittery sentries, stumbling through ankle deep dust, except when it was raining, when we skidded through knee deep mud, and executing night problems ("don't hurry. You have until breakfast to work out this problem") until 1 a. m. Have any of you ever tried to keep track of enough tools to build a decoy P-40 on a moonless night? I had eight men in my squad. I threatened to brain the first man who failed to bring his tools back to the scrap of white paper affixed to a stake as soon as he'd finished it. That piece of white paper on the stake enabled us to finish our decoy first. We didn't lose but one screwdriver, which we found by getting down on all fours in a line and feeling all over the area.

I came home, burned brick red and studded with chigger bites, and an average of 91. As a reward, I'm due for a three-day pass next week.

Marriage has been a grand success. I can't begin to describe the happiness and contentment Blaine and I have had in two months we've been married. I've been spoiled, but a soldier can stand a good bit of that. Wednesday night and Thursday, the time I have with Blaine every week, have become extraordinary holidays. Actually, we don't do anything that would have seemed exciting once. The fun comes in the deep-dish bath and the light, gaudy civilian clothes I loaf around in, and the table, with candles flickering and me serving, and the big, soft bed, with the breeze swishing the lace curtains around, the lazy, late breakfasts, and the hours sprawled on the sofa, just reading, or listening to our records, Tschalkowsky's Fifth Concerto or our musical scenario of "Show Boat" or our album of old love songs. It never used to be like this.

About the war, I know little. I talk with the pilots who've come back from combat and my job exposes me to considerable of the confidential material which comes back from the front, but I know less about the future of the war than I did before I became a soldier.

I do know that, for the U. S., Phase I is ending. Until now, a great part of our strength had to be devoted to the actual creation of an army and the providing of supplies for that army. Now we have the army, trained and ready. Production is achieved. Phase I is just about over. From now on more of our strength can go into fighting.

Whether I'll be in on any of it, time alone will tell. Activities around these here parts lately would indicate that the answer is in the affirmative. That's almost certain. We can't do much sitting here in Florida any longer. So long as men were pouring in and new squadrons were being activated, we had a feeling that we were doing a valuable job. Now all of us feel that we'd like to follow our predecessors overseas and find if what we taught them worked out as we promised it would.

All of us think a lot about the end of the war, and about our plans, Blaine and I continually. But none of us is ready to predict the end. Most of us are prepared to soldier for quite a good, long time yet. It's the kind of thing which might collapse tomorrow or next week or next month or go on for years and years. We don't even try to guess, anymore.

I'm getting anxious to see you all. We'll have a lot to talk about. In the meantime, how about some mail, to let me know how you all are doing?

Best regards, from both Blaine and myself.

Howell Rees.

MacDill Field, Fla.,

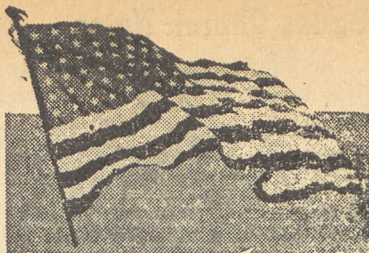
11 June, 1943.

• Howell: All I can say is: "We're swamped." A letter will be coming in one of these mails. An army day wouldn't be long enough for a country editor, chicken raiser, victory gardener, truck driver, bobbin boy, copy boy, janitor and Printer's Devil. We're months behind in everything. Myra and I both send our regards to you and Blaine and hope to be seeing both of you again soon.—Howard.

From the Coast Guard

Dear Editor:

I thought I would write and thank you for the Post. The only thing wrong is that I should have told you about not receiving it before. It's really a swell paper and I appreciate your sending it very much. I do not intend to be here very much longer. This is only a receiving station with one way out.



I just saw a mushball or softball game and it made me homesick. I guess the boys at Dallas remember the Kozy Korner Softball team. I really hope the Post follows me.

Thanking you sincerely,

Herbert Jones, S/2c,

U. S. C. G.,

Brunswick Hotel,

Boston, Mass.

• You bet they do. Most of them are in the army getting in trim to take the Kozy Korner team over after the war. Nice to hear from you, Herb.—Editor.

13 Cents On Pay Day

Dear Sir:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for the Dallas Post. I sure appreciate it for it makes a fellow very happy to read about home folks again.

I received my basic training at Atlantic City, N. J. It was a little tough at first, but it certainly puts a fellow in fine shape.

I had one funny incident happen to me while I was there. When pay day rolled around, I, feeling great to receive my first "badly-needed" pay, went down to the Captain. Well, sir, when he handed

me thirteen (13) cents, my jaw dropped a foot. I must have looked funny for he started to laugh and I did join him.

Since I am in the signal corps, attached to the Army Air Force, I was sent to Camp Crowder, Missouri, after my basic training. I am going to telephone school now. I like it loads, even the studying.

This is a very nice camp, surrounded by trees and grass just like home. There are several places around here to go swimming which makes it complete.

Well, thanks again. The Post is really swell.

Yours truly,

Cpl. Donald Davis,

Camp Crowder, Mo.

• Wait 'til you're married, you'll know what it's like not to get even a look at the envelope on pay day. A lot of romantic fellows never think about that until its too late.—Editor.

In The Rangers

Dear Editor:

I hope that you are not expecting an interesting letter from me. I just can't seem to think of anything interesting that would pass the censor. I will do the best I can though.

First, I will tell you about our neighbors. That sounds just like over-the-back-fence gossip. I don't know if you have heard about Arabs or not. In case you haven't I will tell you a little about them. V . . . (Censored) or go barefoot. The bottoms of their feet are very tough. They run over briars and stones

and don't mind it at all.

They will give almost anything for a bar of soap. I have often wondered what they did with it after they got it. There is one Arab in particular which I have been watching. I know of him receiving quite a few bars of soap. He still hasn't washed since I first saw him. His clothes are still the same as when I first saw V . . . (Censored).

Well, so much for the Arab. I could go on and write a book on him, but it would be just wasting your time to read it.

Now I guess you would like to know what kind of work I am doing. I was afraid of that. I can't tell you any more than I am now a Ranger. You probably have heard of the kind of work we do, so if you have, I wouldn't be able to tell you much more about it.

I am not as soft as I was at home. I am in darn good condition now. I can walk eight miles an hour now so you can see that I must be in fair shape. I could walk in to Wilkes-Barre from Dallas in one hour without a stop along the way. If I can do it here where it is hot, I should be able to do even better home.

Well, I think I have taken up enough of your time now so will sign off.

Your friend,

"Tom."

Pvt. Thomas Templin,

Somewhere in North Africa.

• We always expect an interesting letter from you Tom—and get it. Take this one for example. We enjoyed every bit of it—even the part

the over-zealous censor cut out. My wife now has begun to call me "Arab"—my love for soap and water, no doubt. Can't understand why you are not receiving the Post. Your correct address has been on our list for several weeks. Looks like we're all going to have to get in trim to walk to Wilkes-Barre. You fellows, and some other fellows I'd hate to mention are getting all the gasoline. Here's to the Rangers and Tom Templin in particular.—Editor.

Pennsylvania Is Best

Dear Editor:

I am still enjoying the Dallas Post which I have been receiving. I have been moving around of late and will now drop a few lines and give you my correct address. I am in a nice place and am having a very good time. I haven't found any place which would stand up to Pennsylvania, but that could hardly be expected.

This letter will seem quite short and brief without news. I'm not allowed to write much of anything and have a very hard job with my letters any more.

Will close, again thanking you for the Post and hope they keep coming.

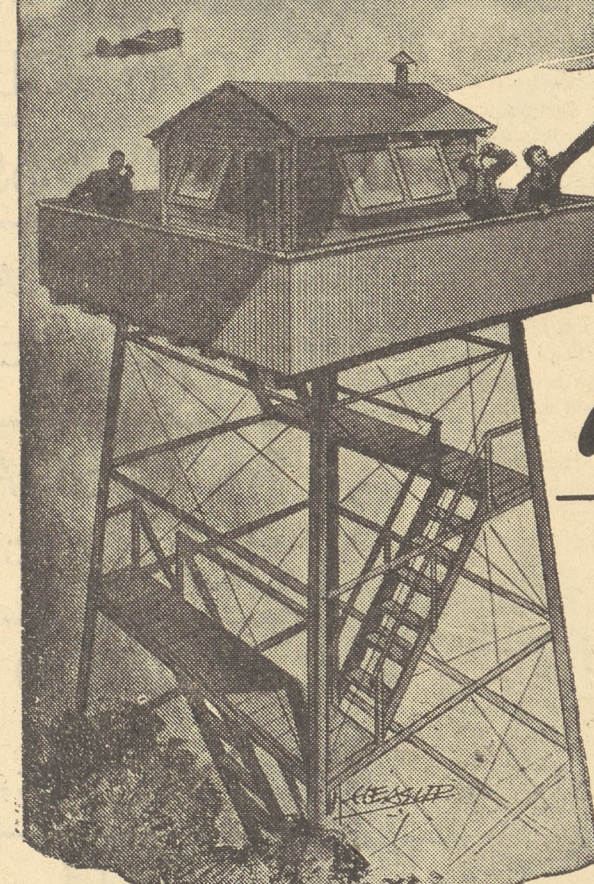
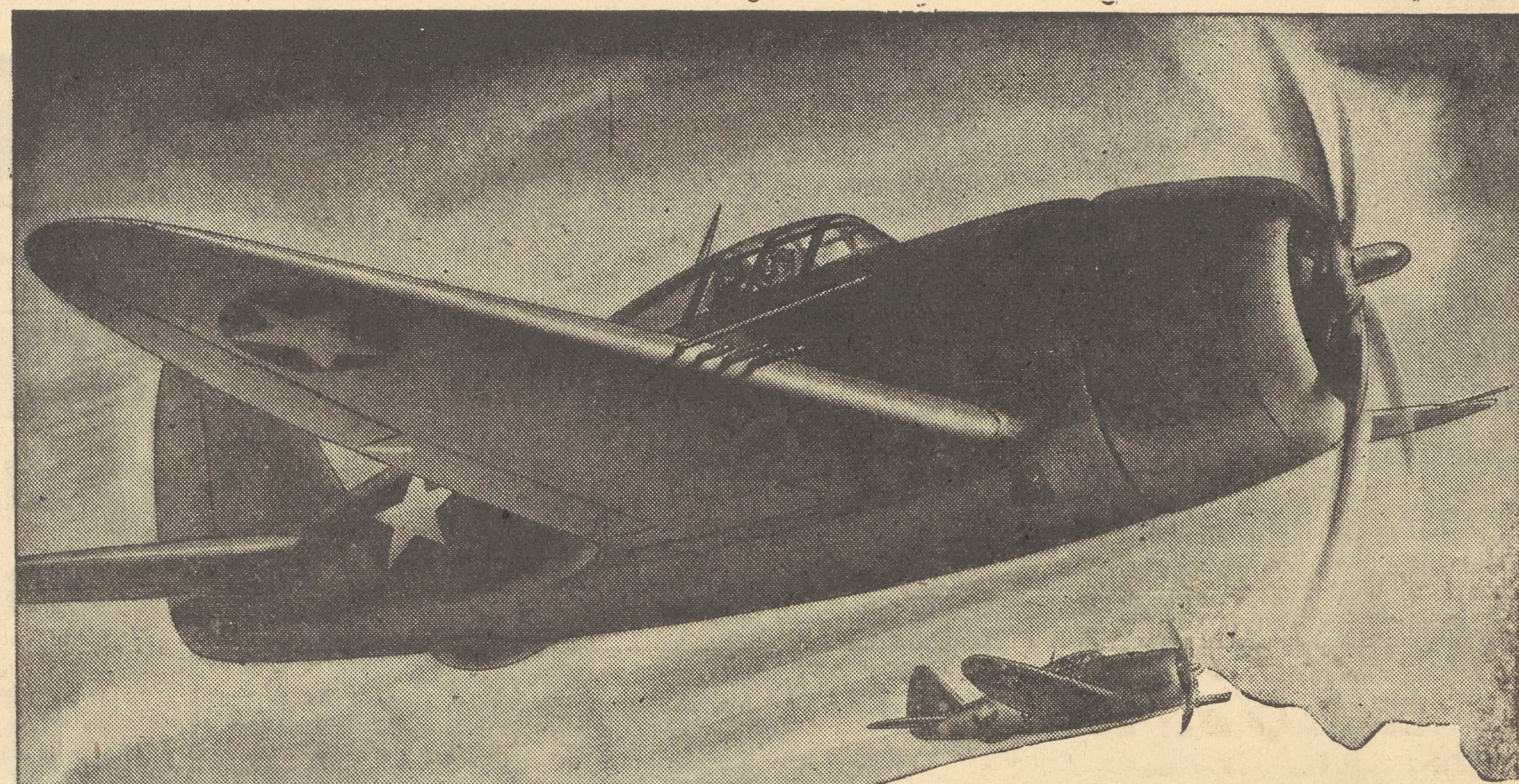
Bob.

Pvt. Robert Mission,

c/o Postmaster,

San Francisco, Calif.

• In spite of the censor, it's nice to hear from you, Bob. Tommy Templin is having troubles with the censor, too.—Editor.



**YOU SHOW OUR FIGHTERS
WHERE TO GO—**

When you're a "Spotter"

You really see active duty and render an invaluable service to the Army—to your country—when you join the thousands of civilians in the Army Air Forces Ground Observer Corps.

On Observation Posts, 24-hours a day, men and women "Spotters" report the flight of every plane directly to the Army. They guard you and your family against air attack. They will be first to sound the alarm if the enemy comes, and then they will accurately direct our Fighter Planes to smash the foe!

Join in this important work now. We need you. Volunteer for a shift once or more a week. There is sure to be an observation post near you.

THE ARMY AIR FORCES GROUND OBSERVER CORPS FIRST FIGHTER COMMAND

This advertisement is sponsored by the following Back Mountain citizens and business firms who believe that its message is highly important to the furtherance of the all-out war effort in their home community.

- MISS IDA LEWIS
- W. O. WASHBURN
- T. NEWELL WOOD
- PETER D. CLARK
- W. B. JETER
- PAUL SHAVER, Chief Observer
- HOWARD W. RISLEY
- F. BUDD SCHOOLEY, M. D.
- DR. ROBERT BODYCOMB
- D. L. EDWARDS
- HENRY PETERSON
- JACK HISLOP
- HAROLD L. TITMAN
- HARRY OHLMAN
- "JUD" H. HAUCK
- HAROLD E. FLACK

- HERBERT A. LUNDY
- HAROLD PAYNE
- L. L. RICHARDSON
- WALTER ELSTON
- FRED M. KIRKENDALL
- SHELDON EVANS
- F. GORDON MATHERS
- ROBERT CURRIE
- JOSEPH MacVEIGH
- FRED M. KIEFER
- STANLEY MOORE
- DON WILKINSON
- SHERMAN R. SCHOOLEY, M. D.
- HARVEY'S LAKE LIGHT COMPANY
- SORDON CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
- COMMONWEALTH TELEPHONE COMPANY

(Your name will be gladly added to this list if you approve of this weekly series of messages.)