

THE OUTPOST

(Continued from Page Two)

cut between every four to seven days and I mean it has to be short. Our shoes have to be shined so that we can see to comb our hair in them, our pants pressed so we could cut ourselves on them, our shirt starched so stiffly it would fall with a bang if we dropped it.

We have to be perfect in everything. I often wondered where that tough Marine Corps was that I heard so much about, but now I know. Boy, the infantry has nothing on this place. We just had a dummy run as I'm sabatoge chaser tonight and the alarm just rang. Boy, we really moved out.

Well, I might as well tell you my new address. It's Evan H. Evans, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Marine Barracks, Bremerton, Washington. I'll close for this time as I really need some sleep and I have a fire watch to stand yet tonight.

Yours truly,
Evan H. Evans
U. S. M. C.

P. S. I'd like to say "hello" to Carl Carey and Ted Evans and I hope they're O. K.

P. P. S. Don't forget the paper.

- Glad to see you are back on the job—and apparently feeling tip top and no worse for your Pacific experiences. There's a letter from brother Tommy in the Outpost this week.—Editor.

Meets Ernie Line

September 6, 1943.

Dear Editor:

I sent you a card about a week ago from South America with my address on it, but since then have received a new A. P. O. number, so if I am still eligible for the Post, I will appreciate it very much to have it sent to my new address. I haven't seen our home town paper in over a month so it's going to be more than a pleasure when I begin to receive it again.

I am somewhere in North Africa now. I've had a few thrilling experiences, but I'm afraid the censor wouldn't like it very well if I wrote about them, so I'll have to forget them for the present time.

I met an old friend of mine in Dakar. Perhaps you know him. He taught school at good old Dallas Borough. I was given a cot to sleep on the night I visited Dakar and lazily fell on to it. I heard this familiar voice so I sat up and studied his face until I recognized him to be Ernie Line. He didn't know me when I introduced myself until I mentioned my name. We more than enjoyed each other's company talking over old times that night.

I've also enjoyed my visits in Manacheck, Algiers, Constantine, and a few other small places as far as learning their living conditions, etc., but it has become far from enjoyable when I had to begin to live under those same conditions. Never in my life have I traveled ten miles to take a shower until now. It's easy to get a ride by a truck of some kind, so we don't mind it at all.

The Arabs here are hated by us more than the negroes were hated by the Rebels in the states. I've never seen a more dirty race of people than they are. They buy mattress covers from the boys for as much as twenty dollars and then wear them for robes.

Due to the censor I am unable to write very much more and since my time is limited I'll close now. I must apologize for this writing paper which you will find to be somewhat soiled and I imagine hard to read, but conditions here prevent a neat letter. Until the next time when I hope I'll be receiving the Post, I remain,

S/Sgt. Robert B. Price

Somewhere in Africa

- You bet you're eligible for the Post, Bob. Your pop gave us the new address almost before you landed, with a warning not to get yours and Bill's addresses mixed up. So now the Post goes out each week—one across the Atlantic to you and one across the Pacific to Bill.—Editor.

From Pacific Northwest
September 6, 1943.

Dear Howard:

Since I've been out here in Washington I've been getting the Post regularly and certainly have been enjoying it. Many and many are the times I've promised myself to sit down and say so on paper, but then I would look ahead to the time I hoped to tell you in person.

Well, I've been in Dallas twice since Uncle Sam changed my address, but each time the hours in the day seemed to shrink and then I'd find myself on the way back to camp without having dropped in on you and the Post.

I was lucky enough to spend a large part of the summer in the East, at Fort Monroe, Virginia. (Yes, the Post traveled about seven

thousand miles without leaving the United States just to get to Virginia. I didn't mention it, because I was never sure just how long I'd be there.) working hard at a G. I. school surrounded by the darndest heat south of the Mason-Dixon line, but well compensated for by the fact that my better half was with me.

After the war, sometime, a good newspaper research man will probably tell me why the Army has spent so much money shipping men so darn far from home when they could do identical jobs just a few miles away. I'm speaking of men never destined to leave for a war zone. Maybe you know the answer,

Howard, and if so I certainly would like to hear it.

Sincerely,
Cpl. T/5 Roswell Murray
Fort Canby, Washington

- Met your dad and mother at the election booth on Tuesday. From the results, I don't think I worked hard enough on 'em.—Editor.

Has Three Teeth

September 9, 1943.

Dear Editor:

Well, I guess it is about time I thank you for the good old Dallas Post. That paper is some paper. If a guy wants to know what is

going on back there, all he has to do is get the fine fellows back in Dallas to send him it and his worries are over. It sure makes a fellow feel good to get it.

I was home in May and had a fine son born to me. He now weighs 15 pounds, has three teeth and only three months old. I am looking forward to coming home in January (I hope) and when I do he will most likely want to join the Army.

Thanks again for the Post and keep things under control.

Yours,
Harley Misson
Fort Canby, Wash.

P. S. I am not across, but all

I have to do is fall out of bed and I will be in the Pacific Ocean.

- Harley: Before you fall in the cold waters of the Pacific, fill out a Free Posts for Soldiers blank and send it to Martha. She's driving me "nuts" because she hasn't complete records on a lot of you fellows. She wants the boy's name, too.—Editor

Hits The Hammock

September 14, 1943.

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you for sending me the Post. It has been forwarded to me from Sampson, New York. I arrived at this station Septem-

ber first, and started aviation radio school Monday, the sixth.

We get up at 0600 and start our school day off by cleaning the barracks, taking calisthenics, and falling in that ever endless chow line by 0730. School is from 0800 to 1700 with 40 minutes off at noon for mail call and chow. The evening from 1800 to 2130 is our own time, unless compelled to attend night school for not having our lessons prepared. In this time I manage to do my wash and ironing, study, swab the deck, go to the canteen and write letters, if I have time. When the lights go out at 2130, I pack all my troubles in my old sea bag and hit my hammock.

I'm hoping to see a picture of our honor roll in a future Post.

I remain,
Elmer S. Hunt S. 2/C
Barracks 20, Sec. B
U. S. N. A. T. C.
Memphis, Tenn.

P. S. I also wish to say "hello" to the class of '44 at Dallas Borough.

- We'll bet there is nothing in Tennessee that can beat the sunset we had last night (Sunday) or the sunrise we had this morning (Monday). Believe it or not I saw both of them. Those who didn't see the sunrise this morning, missed one of the most beautiful skies I have ever seen.—Editor.

**"This War Will Become Bigger and Tougher . . .
During the Long Months to Come"**

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Italy has fallen—but the war is not over and you know it! Think of Berlin and Tokyo—think of the men dying at this moment.

Can we, you and I, afford to let them down—to turn *their* battlefield victory into a home-front defeat? Let's buy *more* War Bonds than ever . . . let's back up *their* victory with *ours*—the success of the 3rd War Loan!

There are battles coming—tough, bloody, hard-to-win battles—before this war is over. And it's the *last* battle that counts. We've got to back up our fighting men . . . we've got to buy War Bonds with every dollar, every dime we can scrape up.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT said it, as Commander-in-Chief:

"I say that we Americans will not be satisfied to send our troops into the fire of

the enemy with equipment only equal to that of the enemy. We are determined to provide our troops with overpowering superiority of quality and quantity of arms and armaments . . ."

Our fighting men will do *their* job—it's up to you, personally, to keep their victories safe by *buying War Bonds NOW* with every dollar you can—not with what you'd ordinarily save or invest, but *more*—every bit more you can manage.

World's Safest Investments

United States War Savings Bonds
—Series E: gives you back \$4 for every \$3 when the bond matures. Interest: 2.9% a year, compounded semiannually, if held to maturity. Denominations: \$25, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Redemption: any time 60 days after issue date. Price: 75% of maturity value.

for the purpose of satisfying Federal estate taxes. Dated September 15, 1943; due December 15, 1949. Denominations: \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000, \$10,000, \$100,000 and \$1,000,000. Price: par and accrued interest.

Other Securities: Series "C" Savings Notes; 7/8% Certificates of Indebtedness; 2% Treasury Bonds of 1951-1953; United States Savings Bonds Series "F"; United States Savings Bonds Series "G."

2 1/2% Treasury Bonds of 1964-1969: readily marketable, acceptable as bank collateral, redeemable at par and accrued interest

Now Is When It Counts

3RD WAR LOAN

BACK THE ATTACK!

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.

DALLAS WOMAN'S CLUB
WALTER BILLINGS
HERBERT A. LUNDY
HAROLD E. FLACK
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
CARL BRANDON
D. L. EDWARDS
SHERMAN R. SCHOOLEY, M. D.
ROBERT CURRIE
JOSEPH MacVEIGH

DEMUNDS HARMONY CLUB
HENRY PETERSON
JACK HISLOP
HARRY OHLMAN
"JUD" H. HAUCK
HAROLD PAYNE
STANLEY MOORE
DON WILKINSON
L. I. RICHARDSON

WALTER ELSTON
FRED M. KIRKENDALL
MRS. HUGH GROSE
SHELDON EVANS
F. GORDON MATHERS
DALLAS HARDWARE & SUPPLY
HARVEY'S LAKE LIGHT COMPANY
SORDONI CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
COMMONWEALTH TELEPHONE COMPANY

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