

THE OUTPOST

(Continued from Page Two)

to win as we did a few years ago in high school, those Japs are going to wish that we were only playing football instead of playing "for keeps".

I want to thank you for the Post; I hope I can thank you personally soon.

Give all my regards to the Back Mountain folks and remind some of them that they owe me a letter.

Yours truly, Eddie Ide Camp Crowder, Mo.

Boy, you ought to be here. Your brother-in-law "Bob" says the new daughter gets him up early in the morning, and that she's already asking to join the WACS. She'll be quite a lassie unless you get home soon.—Editor.

Wounded In Shoulder

September 9, 1943

Dear Mr. Risley: I have been receiving the Dallas Post from you for the last few months but haven't had the opportunity to thank you for sending it to me. So I want to express my sincere thanks for going to all the trouble of sending it overseas to me. I enjoy reading the paper very much since I am able to get all the news from home.

I especially enjoy reading the letters that the boys from the lake write. They keep me informed where my friends are.

A little about myself. I made the initial landing in Africa during which I received a wound in the left shoulder. Because of excellent medical care, I was back on duty in a period of two weeks. I have been in the European Theater of Operation for ten months. During that period I have participated in four principle campaigns, seeing action in all of these.

At the present time I am encamped somewhere in Sicily. Our outfit is having a short rest period before going into further operations.

There isn't much more to say except that I will be looking forward to receiving the Post in the future.

Sincerely yours, Frank Dennis, Somewhere in Sicily.

Autumn is turning the leaves at Maple Grove now, but those who are looking forward to hunting season are unable to buy shot gun shells anywhere. We were just wondering would walnuts or butter nuts make a good present for soldiers at Christmas time? They ought to ship well.—Editor.

Martha Sends Greetings

September 22, 1943

Dear Editor: Just a few lines to say "hello" and thank you for the Post. It really makes a fellow feel good to read what is going on back home.

I am at Pine Camp, N. Y., now and I like it very much. It is a much nicer camp than the one in Virginia where I was recently stationed. We are only 12 miles from a fair sized town and we go there quite often. I've visited Alexandria Bay and the Thousand Islands several times since I've been in New York.

The boys in our outfit are sure a swell bunch. I had a short but very interesting letter from Stanley Zelazinski the other day. He is now in Australia and he says that the people there are very friendly and don't even realize there is a war going on.

I think I shall bring this to a close now. Thanks again for the Post and good luck to everyone.

Just another G. I., Pvt. William E. Sayre, Jr. Pine Camp, New York.

P. S. I saw in the Post that you were looking for Stanley Yancis' address. Maybe I can help. Sgt. Stanley Yancis, Station Hospital, Med. Det., Army Air Base, Alamogordo, New Mexico.

Ge, but it's good to hear from you, Bill. Remember the good old days at Lehman. Betty Jane Naugle and I were counting the boys that are in the service from our class and out of twenty, there are thirteen. The others are doing their part on the farms and in the factories. You mention that you received a letter from Stanley Zelazinski. I wonder if you could mail us his address so we could send him the Post. If any fellow needs it, I imagine he does, way over there in Australia. We're looking forward to hearing from you again, Bill.—Martha.

Who Is the Girl?

September 16, 1943

Dear Editor: I am taking a little time out to thank you for the Dallas Post. I like it very much. I can at least pass some of my extra hours away reading it. I always read it from cover to cover. It make me feel closer to home when I read it. I know every-

thing that is going on in the best little town in the United States.

I have not met anyone down here that I know. I seem to be the only one from my home who is in the South Pacific. This is what is known as Tropical Paradise. Someone has a poor sense of humor if he thinks this is a paradise. To me Dallas is a paradise compared with this. We are entrenched almost every night by a blackout. The folks at home can be glad that the blackouts they have are practice ones. Ours are the real thing.

I like it over here except I am about 3000 miles from home and there are no girls at all on the island, only some native women who have not taken a bath for 10 or 15 years, by the looks of them.

We have quite a bit of recreation down here. We play volley ball and baseball quite a lot.

I think this bad dream will be over soon and all the boys can come home again. When it is all over the marriage rate for Dallas will go up quite a bit, if I can judge anyone by my own intentions.

I have written to several of the fellows from home, but I have not received any answers as yet. I got one answer and that was from a Second Lieutenant in the Nurse Corps.

I have not been getting the Post very regularly. The one I got today was dated July 23. Even though it was old it was full of news.

I have been in lots of places since I joined the Army, all over the states and on several different islands in the South Pacific, but I have not been in one place yet that would come close to Dallas. I am 3000 miles from Dallas, but my heart is still there. A girl has it—she also has the key.

I suppose that all the fellows back there who have been overseas are all heroes. Well, I am not. Everytime I hear a plane I go for the fox-hole. They may say they aren't scared, but when they see it coming time for what they came over for, they don't know hardly what to do. There are very few exceptions. I have been in the Army a little over three years and I can tell pretty well whether a man is scared or not.

I am enclosing the coupon which I filled out with my correct address on it. I don't think anyone in the service can appreciate the Post more than I do. I am the only one here from Dallas and the Post makes me feel very good.

Well, I think that I will sign off for now. I will write to you again in the near future.

Sincerely, "Will" Rogers, Somewhere in the South Pacific.

Nelson just dropped in the office and read your letter while he was here. I asked him who the girl is—and he couldn't tell me—said you'd had so many from Wilkes-Barre to Lopez and Scranton to Williamsport that he'd have "to ask mother to be sure just which one Willard means." Then he added, "I think she lives not far from the Post." Now Myra and Martha are both trying to figure out.—Editor.

A Cold Job

September 15, 1943.

Dear Sir: I am very sorry that I haven't written sooner, but it seems I don't have very much time to myself.

I am writing this letter to inform you of my change of address and how much I appreciate receiving the Post. It certainly is nice to read the things that take place in the old home town.

I am in refrigeration of the Quartermaster Corps. We do all the handling of the food for the Army. A lot of our units are operating on the other side and are doing a very good job.

The sun is very hot down here and also the nights. It really makes one appreciate the good old Pennsylvania climate.

Well, I'll close now and wish to thank you again for sending me the Post. I sure appreciate it.

Yours sincerely, Pvt. James E. Agnew Camp Lee, Virginia

Speaking of refrigeration, "the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock" here at home. It's easy to tell winter is on the way in Pennsylvania this morning.—Editor.

Flying Cows

September 13, 1943.

Dear Howard: It's been over a month since I've heard from you by means of the Post and that's too darn long for any reason. Here is my new address with the hopes of getting that swell paper coming my way once more.

As you know I am stationed here in Georgia at a blimp base for blimps operating off the coast. Georgia is O. K. in spite of its sand and swamps.

Just now I am working in the mess hall. Boy, I wish I had a dollar for every spud I have peeled. We could buy our way out of this war. I have to help fix all the

vegetables for the chow, but all the work is done by machine and except for onions it's a swell job. Someone has to do it and I guess they figure I am just as good as the next guy and it's always my luck to be before the next guy. I have every night liberty and every week-end off which is a lot more than the average fellow gets so I don't mind.

I have also had my share of pulling down blimps. Getting up four or five times a night to be drug across the field by a blimp that is too light to come down or because the pilot is afraid to land the bag of gas on one wheel, is no fun. More than one guy has gotten tangled up in the lines and gone for a ride across the mat or into the air a few feet. It's still very interesting and lots of fun. Once in a while we get a little excitement when one comes in with its bombs gone.

Maybe you saw in the paper that the K-74 was shot down by a sub. Her crew was from here and is now going back after what got them hoping to get even with them. It seems that they don't think much of the blimps or "flying cows" as they call them down here and most of the fellows would rather be out to sea in the real thing.

My brother Alden is now out in San Diego going out to see Bud, I guess. My turn next, but not for a long while. They figure I am more use to the Navy here peeling spuds. Well, take it easy and at the rate the fellows are going over there, we will be out of this mess in no time. I hope.

As ever, Richard LeGrand S 2/C U. S. Naval Air Station (LTA) Glynco (Brunswick) Ga. There's a letter on the way. —Editor.

Liked Willard's Letter

September 18, 1943.

Dear Sir: Just a line to thank you for the Post. I always look forward to getting it every week.

I read the article that Willard Rogers had in last week's Post and he said a mouthful. Sure wish I were still with him. You see, we enlisted together the 29th of August 1940 and were together for quite some time and now he is over there and I'm still trying to do my part.

I sure would appreciate it if you would send me his full address so I could write to him. It has been

a long time since I have heard from him.

I guess I'll sign off and thank again for the Post.

Sincerely, Cpl. Harry Decker Fort Myer, Virginia

P. S. I guess it's about time I wrote to you people.

You fellows have got a chance to get a lot of things off your chest right here in this column of the Post. We liked Willard's letter, too. It'll do the folks at home good to know what you fellows are thinking.—Editor

One Too Many

September 13, 1943.

Dear Editor: I am still receiving two issues of the same Post since my address was changed to the New York Post Office. I have been in the service about five months and have changed locations nine times and been at four different bases.

I took my boot training at Camp Peary and my advanced in Camp Endicott. About two months ago, after completing our training, my battalion was sent to the base at Gulfport, Mississippi, where we stayed for about two weeks. During the time we were there we had our

ten day leave and I had to travel most of the way back on those nerve shaking trains. As soon as our leave was up we were on the train again and brought to the Advanced Base Depot near Camp Endicott. In three weeks time I had spent eleven days and nights on the train and we have our fill of them and all of us hope that when our "waiting" period is over that we will get some other means of transportation.

I noticed in one of your previous issues that one of the Hontz boys was taking boot training in Camp Peary and would appreciate it if you could send me his address. If he is through his "Boot" he might be sent to Endicott and then I could look him up.

My battalion has very few from Pennsylvania and I am the only one from good old Wyoming Valley. I believe that every state in the Union is represented in my battalion with a large majority of the men from Texas and Oklahoma.

We are now living in Quonset Huts with an average of eleven men in a hut. It really gets cold at night here and we will be glad when the coal stoves are finally put up in place of the oil burners.

I appreciate your sending the Post

for it's one of the best means of contact with the folks back home.

Very truly yours, Ernest Carey, F 2/C c/o Fleet Post Office New York, New York • Obed Hontz's address is: M. M. 2/C, Plat. 5520, Area D-10, B 112, Camp Peary, Va.

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JOHN STEINBECK CABLES FROM LONDON. I HAVE SEEN the soldiers come down from the ships and stand in long lines on the docks, their 'B' bags on their backs and their rifles slung over their shoulders. The men have gone up the gangway again to go into action and they jump from landing barges to a beach, strewn with the bodies of their own people, and they claw their way like animals into a hostile coast. I have seen the hospitals with the mauled men, the legless and blind, the fingerless hands and the burned faces—all the destruction that steel and fire can do to a man's body and mind. In God's name, what is it for except to get this horrible thing over with as quickly and as thoroughly as possible? And if this is true, it should not be a matter of 'Who will lend his money?' but 'Who dares not to?' BUY MORE WAR BONDS. PHOTOS FROM ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

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