

THE OUTPOST

(Continued from Page Three)

the Biblical prophet into his court and later cast him to the lions; how Esther became the beloved wife of king Anasuerus and as a consequence saved Persian Jewery from the projected program of the arch-villain Hema: how Alexander the Great marched triumphantly through this region 300 years before Christ was born and how one night as a consequence of particularly hard drinking, burned to the ground the nobles palaces that the great Persian kings had created to stand as lasting memorials to their power and glory. Of these events you have only read; but to the evidence of these events I have access.

At Shush—the ancient Susa—is the tomb of Daniel, the site of the Esther story, and the remains of Alexander's occupation. There history can be traced 6000 years. At Persepolis are the great and still magnificent ruins of the palaces of the king; at Hamadan is the tomb of Esther and her loyal uncle Nerdochai. But more than the remains of things long dead, are the ever present reminders of a civilization that has decayed.

I have visited a few of the towns, and by describing the scenes that I have seen in these places, I can't give a true enough picture. But I can try. You have no doubt seen slums in the states, and heard about the "Okies", the poor whites and the Negroes in the South. I can honestly say that I have never seen nor have I expected to see filth and such degradation of the human race as I have seen since I arrived here. Going from camp to town what may seem a bundle of rags cast off by the side of the road will move and prove itself a human form. The poor natives and they are the poorest of the poor—are merely hunks of flesh, covered with tatters, their features and their bodies marred by sores and scars of every disease known to man. Venereal disease flourishes here in all its vicious form, but typhus, cholera, small pox—all the diseases that are bred of filth—flourish right alongside. Not only are the natives dirty, but they, naturally contribute to the atmosphere of the town as well. Even if I were blind, I think that I could tell by the smell that I was in a Persian town. I can't describe that smell—it is a mixture of every disgusting and evil odor in the world. The press of the natives in the bazaar makes it necessary to bathe with good strong soap or else carry the smell along with you. It is like a thick syrup that floats through the air, sticking to everything and contaminating all.

But there is beauty in Iran, more than that. Even amidst all the filth and ugliness that exists here, the people have an innate sense of beauty and an appreciation of the beautiful.

One needs only to pass through the bazaar to see this. The varied colors of the material in the merchants' stalls, the colorful paintings done with exquisite charm and craftsmanship. The silver work when it is done well can hardly be surpassed anywhere in the world. And you have heard of the famed Persian rugs, I have seen them and I can only say that it is necessary to look upon them with your own eyes and feel them with your own hands to really appreciate their beauty and delicacy.

Comparable to the beauty produced by man is that which God has placed here. It is true that there are barren deserts, almost as hot in the summer as hell is supposed to be; and it is true that many of the once great forests have passed into building lumber and food for parasites. Yet there remains the great ranges of mountains that almost completely incircle the central part of Iran, forming the great Iranian plateau. These mountains viewed from the level of the desert are truly monarchs. Standing in all their dignity and power. Snow capped the year around, and with their stoopily rising cliffs, they guard the heart of this ancient kingdom.

Dizful, the city that is built with three underground towns that have been built one upon the other as time passed on. Three fourths of the people of this town are blind. Due to the diseases that are prevalent in this community. Crossing the once great bridge that Alexander the Great had built centuries ago, it still stands a monument to that great man. The bridge crosses over the once great river that flows past the town. Dark alleys are all over the town where one with a Jeep can just go through. Native children running in front of the trucks yelling.

The capital of Iran is Teheran, one of the most modern cities in the Middle East. German architecture is seen most every where; buildings

that are made to stand for centuries. When one visits Teheran, the streets are paved and new cars are to be seen. Cars that have cost anywhere from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars, a lot of money considering the prices over in America. No where can one buy articles as cheap as they can in the states. Everything is dear, no matter what you want they will always jack the prices up to one hundred and fifty percent even going as far as two hundred percent in all things. The Queen's castle is also located in Teheran.

Not to be forgotten are the flower gardens that one can see almost anywhere. The Persians are great lovers of flowers—almost as great as their love for wine and rest. One can see that love in the constant repetition of the flower motif in all forms of decoration. Flower gardens are a natural growth from that love of flowers in particular and of beauty in general. In these gardens the flowers grow in profusion of colors—orange marigolds and nasturtiums combined with pink and purple petunias, with larkspur and asters, strawflowers and sweet-peas. Seeing these flowers here reminds me of home. But that is another story to be told later, at another time.

So long for now.
Pfc. Fred Harris
Somewhere in Iran

• We thoroughly enjoyed your long and interesting letter on Persia, Fred. It's rather quiet on Lehman Avenue right now. A two-inch rainfall yesterday flooded the street near our barn. Your mother has answered one of our prayers and given us two bushels of walnuts from the trees in your yard. Floyd is helping us here at the Post and is proving to be the best darn fireman we ever had. The windows shine, too, and the place is taking on a brisk appearance under his care. I understand you received seven Posts all in a heap a short time ago. All the folks on Lehman avenue including Ann Booth and her mother send their greetings to Lehman avenue's own representative in Iran. Good luck to you, your next door neighbor.—The Editor.

Proud of His Crew
Dear Editor:

A few months have slipped by since I've written you. But, it isn't a sign of forgetting. The Post has given me lots of news of the people back home. Undoubtedly a few words may give you a mental picture of my Air Corps life to date.

Back in May I received an opportunity to join the newly organized weather reconnaissance squadron forming in Madison, Wisconsin. So off I went. After a month's training, I received a crew, myself as first pilot and a B-25 bomber. Our destination was to fly the North Atlantic air route to England. A few of us were chosen to fly between Maine and Greenland, the rest from Greenland to England.

However, we trained a few weeks in Maine. I was fortunate enough to fly to Newfoundland and Canada, not mentioning flights in the States down as far as New York and Wright Field.

We can't say much about our type of work, other than it's weather reconnaissance. In the past four months I have flown to Labrador and Greenland. Suffice to say, the coldness wasn't as bad as had anticipated. Nevertheless, we have encountered all kinds of weather. And, when you think how much water is under you from Labrador to Greenland—makes you shiver, doesn't it? But when a pilot has a crew which he thinks is the best in the Air Corps, and a B-25, what more could a guy ask? These fellows are from all over the U. S., but that makes no difference. It's a team I'm proud to be a member of.

There are always gay sides and good fun. Boy, these Army "jeeps" certainly furnish a heap of fun. And, since we have nearly ten inches of snow, our skis give us some good times, as well as falls. Incidentally, we caught a few delicious eating salmon trout in Greenland, not mentioning our primitive methods of capture. The fjords, glaciers, icebergs and rocky shores of Greenland furnish beauty of their own, too.

Thanks a million for your paper, and "Keep it Comin'".

Best Regards,
Stewart C. Yorks,
1st Lt., A. C.
Wea. Recon. Sqdn.,
A. A. B., Presque Lake,
Maine.

• Got a kick out of that Bangor postmark. How do they say it up there, "We'a goin' down ta Banga'". Brother, Maine is great country. By the way, you may run into Master Sgt. Charles "Chuck" Remphrey up that way one of these days. We thoroughly enjoyed your interesting letter. It's easy to see that you're getting a kick out of the army and out of life.—Editor.

Taking It Easy
Dear Editor:
Just a few lines of thanks and ap-

preciation for the Post. I started getting my Post a few days back and it's been coming regularly since. I could never say in words my appreciation for your paper. Believe me, I'm always looking for my next copy.

The State of Washington isn't bad, except that it rains all the time and I mean all the time, day and night. If the sun shines here, they celebrate. The fellows are arguing as to which state is the best, but I never agree. I already know Pennsylvania is.

I see that Benny Johnson is at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, but is that his complete address. If not, I'd like to have it.

From the scuttlebutt I've gathered, K. T.'s football team isn't doing so good. What seems to be the trouble? Is it a green team or what?

I sure had a swell time when I was home in July. But I see where one certain guy didn't like the Back Mountain the last time he was home. He seems to like Savannah, Georgia, better. But that's probably because he is able to say the last time he was home instead of the only time. So I guess he wouldn't appreciate the old home town as much as I did.

Well, Editor, I must close now, thanking you again,

I remain,
Pvt. E. H. Evans,
U. S. M. C.,
Puget Sound Navy Yard,
c/o Marine Barracks,
Bremerton, Washington.

P. S. And you can tell Earl Williams for me, I've had liberty in Savannah, and I'll take the Back Mountain any day. And maybe it is dead, but I'm willing to stay there 'til they bury it.

• Don't take what Earl Williams says seriously. He's got a girl in Philadelphia—not Savannah. Ben Johnson's address: Battery C, 135 A. A. Gun Bn., Camp Edwards. Had a swell visit with your dad a few days ago at Bob Leonard's. He's proud as a peacock, and got a right to be with three swell boys in service. Martha says she bets you like Washington State a lot better than the South Pacific. How about it? —Editor.

He Has Seen War
Dear Editor:

Now back from overseas combat duty and settled here at Scott Field, Illinois. I would very much like to have the Post sent here to me. While in England I received many copies which I appreciated very much.

I was stationed thirty-eight miles north of London, made several trips there, saw bombed areas, also took a few pictures. In my nine and a half months in England the airfield where I was stationed was never bombed but the Jerries did drop flares a couple times to take pictures. At times I could hear London being bombed and see the sky a brilliant red.

People here in the States squawk about being rationed so strictly. In England every little article is rationed including a bar of soap, handkerchiefs, towels, etc. They get one egg a month, hardly any fruit, meat, or dairy products and no ice cream at all. If this war is to be won by us and won soon, we had better stop grumbling! What the boys, who are over there risking their lives every day, think about these large labor strikes is not a pleasant subject to be mentioned here, except that they would gladly exchange jobs any day. War is no fun, and it's about time we begin to realize such.

I participated in twenty-five bombing missions, ten of which were over Germany, the other fifteen over France, Belgium, and Holland. Anti-aircraft and enemy fighter planes put up plenty of stiff opposition. February 4th over Emden, Germany, I was wounded with a 7.9 M. M. from a F. W. 190. I am still carrying the slug around in my left shoulder. I received the Purple Heart for that, also I have the D. F. C., Air Medal, and three Oak Leaf Clusters. Another time we came back from St. Nazaire, France, on two engines with the pilot, bombardier and navigator wounded. All of my missions were made in a Flying Fortress (B-17). They were daylight precision bombings where we hit submarine pens, railway yards, factories, power

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houses, etc. From a Vegesack, Germany raid, where we destroyed a rubber factory, we came home on three engines with fighters swarming at us from all angles. At Romilly, France, I had a close call when a 20 M. M. missed me by about a foot. It came through the bomb bay, radio room, hit the first engineer at the waist gun and exploded at the tail gun position. My plane was called the "Heavyweight Annihilators", carrying a crew of ten, five of us being wounded.

All my experiences over there were a lot of fun and excitement, but I sure felt good to set foot on good old U. S. soil again. Guess I was just lucky. I was sent back, along with others, to be an instructor and am now at Scott Field, Illinois, teaching radio and giving the students some idea of what they will run into on the other side of the pond.

My new address is:
19th Academic Squadron,
T/Sgt. Glen Kessler,
A. S. N. 13025946,
Scott Field, Illinois.

• A long Back Mountain cheer for Glen Kessler, son of Ralph Kessler, formerly of Kingston Township. A graduate of Kingston Township High School in the class of 1941, this slight, fair-haired youngster (he weighs 115-pounds) enlisted at the age of 19 and was among the first American fliers to land in England. During 9½ months in the British Isles, he saw action from which only 20 per cent of his comrades returned. His modest description of those combats and his superlative understatement in his letter above indicate the type of chap he is. So we repeat, a long Back Mountain cheer for Glen Kessler, a lad who, with another arch conspirator, Dr. G. L. Howell, adroitly gypped us out of our best story of the year when Glen visited Trucksville during the last week in August. Though it's hard, we forgive them both. The deeds speak more eloquently than any story.—Editor.

LEHMAN

Mrs. Susan Rogers is at the General Hospital suffering with a fractured hip.

Mrs. Anna Ide, of Tunkhannock, spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson and visited friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lewis entertained at dinner on Monday evening, Miss Ruckle and Miss Austin, teachers at Lehman School.

T/Sgt. Howard J. Johnson, of Boling Field, Washington, is spending a three-day pass with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Disque and daughters visited Mr. and Mrs. T. Whitesell and family at Philadelphia recently.

Arthur Ide, Jr., and Mrs. Anna Ide, of Tunkhannock, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harlos.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nulton entertained Mrs. Ida Nulton and Mr. and Mrs. John Rice and family, of Forty Fort, on Sunday.

Mrs. H. A. Brown and Louise Brown spent the weekend in Philadelphia, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Brown.

Mrs. Arthur Major spent a few days recently visiting her aunt, Mrs. B. A. Montgomery, of Chester. She also spent some time in Philadelphia. Dorothy and Billy Major spent the weekend with their aunt and accompanied Mrs. Major home.

James Agnew has been promoted to the rank of Corporal.

A. R. M. Loren McCarty, who has been stationed at Jacksonville, Fla., is spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk McCarty, after which he will leave for California.

Lt. Warren J. Lewis has been transferred to Florida. His wife and family expect to join him there soon.

William Elston is somewhat improved.

Nancy Lamoreaux has returned to New York after spending some time

with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lamoreaux. Mrs. Lamoreaux, Elsie and Janet, and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Parsons spent Sunday at Vestal, N. Y., with Mrs. Lamoreaux's daughter, Mrs. Clayton Randall.

Mrs. Susan Rogers is very ill in the General Hospital with a fractured hip, received in a fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt Sutliff spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stolarick.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lamoreaux, of Manlius, N. Y., spent last weekend with the former's parents.

William Elston is ill at his home.

Men's Bible Class held a supper Wednesday night in the church.

NOXEN

Pfc. William Siglin, of Camp Dix, N. J., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Siglin.

Miss Susie Casterline, who is employed at Harrisburg, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casterline last week.

Miss Dorothy French, who is a member of the Waves, stationed at Boston, spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Myron French.

Mrs. Francis Lord and children, Timothy and Francis, visited Mr. Lord, who is employed in Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Bryne was a guest last week of her mother, Mrs. Della Jones.

Pvt. Edward Blizzard has returned to camp after spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Blizzard.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lord and daughter, Barbara, and Mrs. Della Jones were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jones at Vestal, N. Y., recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dendler and family have moved to Bethlehem.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Hess were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hess, of Kunkle, on Sunday.

RUGGLES

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sutton, daughter, Shirley, and Mrs. Fannie Sutton, of Endicott, called on Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kocher, Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Russell, of Wilkes-Barre, were Wednesday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kocher.

Mrs. Orrison Kocher visited Mrs. Laura Brislin, of Laketon, on Tuesday.

Theodore Davis, son of Mrs. Jennie Davis, returned to camp after spending a short furlough with his mother, other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Kriedler and family, of Idetown, and Mrs. Frances Hoover, of Hunlock Creek, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sherm Hoover and family.

Eugene Kocher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rodol Kocher, who is stationed in Maine, was home on a weekend furlough.

Dean Kocher, son of Michael Kocher, returned to South Carolina after a weekend furlough home. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oberst and Deans' wife accompanied him as far as Harrisburg, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sorber have a new son, Claude Anthony.

Miss Marion Kocher, of Wilkes-Barre, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kocher, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smith and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith and family, of Huntsville, Saturday night.

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Football Results

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 6

SCHOLASTIC

Monday

West Pittston 26, Exeter 7.
Duryea 33, Jenkins Twp. 0.
Jessup 7, Old Forge 0.

Friday

Forty Fort 12, Kingston Twp. 0.
Pittston Twp. 2, Dupont 0.
Plains 27, Luzerne 6.
Tunkhannock 27, Scr. Central JV 12.

Saturday

Dallas Twp. 18, St. John's 12.
Meyers 0, Berwick 0.
Coughlin 14, GAR 6.
Hanover 13, Newport 0.
Nanticoke 6, Kingston 0.
Larksville 13, Plymouth 0.
West Pittston 45, Pittston 0.
Swoyerville 19, W. Wyoming 12.
Exeter 19, Wyoming 12.
Taylor 12, Jessup 6.
Wyoming Sem. 20, Scranton Internals 6.
Allentown 20, Easton 0.
Reading 7, Lebanon 0.
Steelton 14, York 7.
William Penn 21, Williamsport 19.
Lock Haven 38, Bellefonte 0.
Lansford 39, Nesquehoning 0.
John Harris 39, Lancaster 7.
Mercersburg 20, Kiski School 12.

COLLEGIATE

East

Notre Dame 26, Army 0.
Holy Cross 42, Temple 6.
Bucknell 13, Lakehurst NTS 0.
Willow Grove NTS 21, Muhlenberg 7.
Navy 24, Penn 7.
Worcester 19, Coast Guard 12.
Rutgers 13, Lafayette 0.
Dartmouth 47, Columbia 13.
Tufts 6, Bates 0.
Ohio State 46, Pitt 6.
Bethany 20, Oberlin 0.
Harvard 14, Camp Edwards 7.
Brown 21, Yale 20.
Cornell 13, Penn State 0.
Villanova 45, Princeton 22.
RPI 68, Brooklyn College 0.
F&M 7, Swarthmore 6.
Bainbridge NTS 54, Curtis Bay 0.
W. Virginia 53, Lehigh 6.

South

Rice 20, Arkansas 7.
Texas Tech 40, Texas Christian 20.
Texas A&M 22, SMU 0.
Duke 75, N. Carolina State 0.
Camp Lejeune 55, Norfolk Marines 6.
Clemson 26, Davidson 6.
N. Carolina 21, S. Carolina 6.
Cornell Coll. 18, Macomb Tehs. 12.
Wake Forest 20, N. Caro. Naval 12.
Virginia 39, Maryland 0.
Southwest Louisiana 20, Arkansas A&M 20.
Case 19, Baldwin Wallace 0.
Langston 48, Houston 0.
Georgia Tech 42, LSU 7.
Howard 42, Alabama Internals 6.
Depauw 42, Fort Knox 0.
Camp Davis 31, Fort Monroe 6.