



THE OUTPOST

Where those at home and the men and women in the armed services from the Back Mountain Region—in camps and on the fighting fronts—keep contact with their fellows throughout the world.



FROM CAMPS AT HOME

Not A Blonde In Sight

Dear Editor:

I supposed I'd stay but a while in California and all, but here I am with a new address already. Seeing as I had a letter in The Post not very long ago, I'll cut this one short, but just have to tell all my friends how disappointed I am.

I left good old Glendale on March 28th and landed here three days ago. The trip was lots of fun and we saw a lot of pretty country, large forests and all. But we kept on coming north until we finally left all that behind. There is nothing but sand and sagebrush for miles, except for droves of wild horses. There isn't a single tree. How would you feel, from Hollywood to a gopher hole in Washington in three days? We don't even find a girl here and the first good town is fifty-three miles away. Our passes are good for only twenty, if you see what I mean.

But I mustn't kick anymore. After all, it's time for me to get hardened for the job ahead. The food is better than ever and that's not to be laughed at. This base has everything you can think of, but no blondes, of course.

I received a very nice letter from Charles Barnes. We used to be good buddies at Lincoln, Nebraska. He's a swell guy. I hope he sees my letter in The Post.

I've been talking long enough now, so will close, thanking you very much for The Post. It has reached me here already in four days and that's perfect. Enclosed you will find my coupon for change of address.

Sincerely,
Howard Wilcox,
Moses Lake Army Air Base
Moses Lake, Washington.

P. S. Tell Martha I didn't mention rain in California in my last letter, because it was on a clear day—"exceptional", of course—that I wrote

PUT THESE IN YOUR BIRTHDAY BOOK!

We thought you'd like to know the birthdays of the Back Mountain boys in service, so we are printing them here for you. So that you will have plenty of time to get a card and mail it, we will publish the names four weeks in a row previous to the birthday. If you haven't the address or do not know where to get it, just call Dallas 300 and ask for Martha.

- Abdon P. Kupstas Apr. 15
- William T. Snyder Apr. 15
- Lawrence Drabick Apr. 17
- Herbert Goodwin Apr. 17
- Glenn Kocher Apr. 17
- Walter Kitchen Apr. 18
- Paul H. Jones Apr. 19
- Darrell C. Loomis Apr. 19
- Melvin Adler Apr. 20
- Richard E. Jones Apr. 20
- Edward Richards Apr. 20
- Raymond L. Scott Apr. 20
- Harry S. Smith Apr. 20
- Albert E. London Apr. 22
- John P. Crispell Apr. 23
- Warren F. Hicks Apr. 24
- William T. Meeker Apr. 24
- Theodore B. Davis Apr. 26
- Donald Grose Apr. 26
- Glenn A. Kitchen Apr. 26
- Kenneth A. Smith Apr. 26
- Donald S. Watson Apr. 26
- Francis Youngblood Apr. 27
- Z. Harmond, Jr. Apr. 28
- Robert W. Montz Apr. 28
- Albert Hoover Apr. 29
- Ziba Martin Apr. 29
- Eugene O'Boyle Apr. 30
- Richard Williams Apr. 30
- Granville Brace May 1
- Richard Lutes May 1
- Carl K. Carey May 2
- Lawrence Fritz May 2
- William Blaine May 3
- Harold W. Kocher May 3
- Donald E. Kreidler May 3
- Royal J. Culp May 4
- Bruce W. Crispell May 4
- Elmer Lamoreaux May 4
- Ted Davis Apr. 22
- Donald R. Yeust May 2
- Kenneth K. Kocher May 5
- Earl D. Mead May 5
- Howard Rice May 5
- Edison Henish May 6
- Glen L. Kessler May 6
- Edward R. Parrish May 6
- William Dierolf, Jr. May 7
- Joseph Gallagher May 10
- Leon D. Emanuel May 11
- Allen Ockenhouse May 11

it.

• Had a pleasant visit with your old teacher, Austin Snyder, last Friday at his new school at Clark's Summit. It would have done your heart good to hear him say the nice things he said about his old students at Lehman. Any of you fellows who have the time ought to drop him a note now and then and let him know how you are making out. He'd appreciate it, I know.
—Editor.

Beat Part Of The World

Dear Howard:

It has been some time since I last wrote, I want to thank you for sending me The Dallas Post. It sure is good to read about that wonderful Back Mountain section. That's the best part of the world I have ever been in. I sure would give anything to be there this very hour. I am writing to tell you my change of address. I will add it to the bottom of this letter. I am going to ask you to also send The Post to my brother, in Texas.

I am now a student cook. I expect to go to a Cooks and Bakers School in a couple of months. It is better than marching and hiking, but it still doesn't make me like this army life any better. I still am very lonely and homesick for my swell wife and our baby. But some day it will be better and, I sure hope it's real soon.

Well, I guess I'd better close now, as I am about out of news and anyway, there isn't much to say about this life. I will greatly appreciate your sending my brother The Post.

Pvt. R. K. Mathers,
Fort Benning, Georgia.

• Good to hear from you Bob, and to learn that everything is going "ok". Dad just dropped in the office a few minutes ago with some old copies of The Dallas Post, published in 1910 and 11. We've put Walter's name on the mailing list.
—Editor.

"Two Ears And One Tongue"

Dear Editor:

The name of my base has been changed, so I am sending the correction.

Everyone around here is looking forward to two things now, the end of the war and Spring. We don't know when the war will end, but we do know that Spring is just around the corner. The date is officially past, but the weather is yet to change. Today was more like it with a bright sun shining all day. Before another Spring comes, I think that same sun will look much brighter to a lot of the boys from all over the U. S. I hope they are all back here by then.

I was home last weekend, April 1st and 2nd. The ice was still on Harvey's Lake. The night was chilly and where the ice had melted along the shore before new ice had formed by morning. Before Sunday evening that had all melted and the old ice had melted some. It will probably be all gone in a week or two. The boys from the Lake will probably remember how they used to pool bets on whether or not the ice would go out by the middle of March or the last of March. If they had been home this year, I think they'd all have lost their bets.

Standing on the street corner waiting for a bus, Saturday, I couldn't help but notice the absence of men. There must have been at least five hundred women crossed the street in about ten minutes and not a man amongst them. A soldier standing next to me said he'd sure like to be stationed in that town. I know a lot of guys who'd not only like to be stationed there, but be back there for good. Even though there aren't many men around, I noticed that all those women are making preparations for the Easter parade, new hats and clothes and things. I think that is good. Easter is a very good morale booster for those at home. I also think a pin-up of them in their Easter bonnet would be appreciated by the sweethearts and husbands in service.

There is a saying which goes like this, "The Creator gave us two ears and only one tongue so we could hear twice as much as we say." I'll just put it to practice now. With
(Continued on Page Six)

FROM ALL OF US TO YOU

Because we believe many of our readers in Fields Afar will appreciate the significance of its message, we are publishing the sermon delivered by Rev. Clayton W. Hoag, of Trucksville Methodist Church, at the Easter sunrise service held at Memorial Shrine, Carverton.—Editor.

EVIL SEEMS A TRIUMPHANT POWER

Scripture: John 19: 1-11.

"I have power . . . to crucify thee" . . . Pilate.

As we look at the center cross over there on the eastern horizon this morning, and remember the event of which it is a symbol, it seems we can hear a voice thundering down through the ages saying: "Evil seems a triumphant power." From the point of view of worldly men, evil succeeded on that day and has seemed to be triumphant in large measure ever since.

Never in all history has there been a greater miscarriage of justice than when the Roman Governor, Pilate, in response to the wishes of the rabble, delivered Jesus Christ over to the soldiers to be crucified. If ever evil had its way, it certainly did on that morning.

Here was one who had devoted his every energy in unselfish service that men might have life and have it more abundantly. He sought neither wealth nor praise. He preached the good tidings of salvation; He healed the sick, befriended the poor, brought release to the victims of sin. He laid the foundation for the Kingdom of righteousness and peace and brotherhood. This same Jesus allowed himself to be subject to the authority and power and injustice of evil men. After suffering many infamous things, He was brought before Pilate. During the course of the examination, Jesus failed to give satisfactory answers to the Governor's questions, and so Pilate said: "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee and have power to release thee?" Jesus acknowledged His submission to that power, even though it was unjust and evil.

Jesus permitted Himself to be crowned with thorns, to be spit upon and slapped and whipped, to carry the cross and then be nailed to it, and finally to hang upon it in agony and tears until He died.

From the beginning of the trial to the cross, He was the victim of injustice, cruelty and hate. Those whose own hearts were pierced because their loved one and friend thus suffered, felt very keenly on that day that evil was triumphant.

Likewise, there are many experiences in our life, wherein evil seems a triumphant power. The German Army, led by a tyrant obsessed with a lust for power, ruthlessly destroys a minority group in its native land, and having done that, moves beyond its own borders and enslaves helpless people of other lands. Surely the victims are certain that "evil" seems a triumphant power." The Japanese militarists sent their planes against the Chinese, and literally slaughtered tens of thousands of defenseless people. Surely the Chinese must have thought that "evil seems a triumphant power." Our young men and women in the armed forces are putting themselves between the aggressor and their loved ones back home, and many of them have already fallen and many more shall yet be sacrificed, and when we realize that we shall never again embrace them on this earth, our hearts are broken, and we cry out: "evil seems a triumphant power." Even in times of peace our hearts are torn, when we are the victims of the wickedness of men, or when we suffer loss at the hands of natural powers. Here is a family that must live in poverty and shame because of a drunken father. A mother is stricken with disease and is cut down, leaving a family of children. A father and mother are broken in heart because of a wayward child. A man who has worked faithfully for many years fails in business because of circumstances outside of his control, and both he and his family must suffer the consequences. A young man, bright with hope and promise, suffers an accident, and must be an invalid for years. A missionary and his wife labor long in a foreign land to preach the Gospel and establish the Kingdom, and then the government outlaws their work, and it seems to go for naught. Somewhere in this hallowed ground where we now stand there rests the earthly remains of one whom we loved and lost, leaving precious memories and aching hearts. One could keep on adding to the list, each new experience multiplying evidence that "evil seems a triumphant power."

But is evil a triumphant power? Does it finally and ultimately succeed? When one looks at life through worldly eyes, Yes! but when viewed in the light of the Christian faith, No! The cross was hate, but Jesus turned that same cross into a revelation of love. The cross was sin, but He turned it into redemptive power against sin. The cross was failure, but He turned it into a supreme success. There evil was at its worst, but there Jesus showed God at His redemptive best. The cross was the last word that evil could speak to Christ, but God spoke the last word on Easter morn. Evil seemed to triumph, but Jesus triumphed over both evil and death.

Even in the trouble that tears his heart, even when life is cruel and hard, the Christian believes in the power and love of God, and in the ultimate triumph of good. He draws strength from God, straightens up and faces life and commands it. He lets every trying experience strengthen his character, deepen his faith, and give him a hope that shines bright in the darkest gloom. He cannot understand the reason for every trying experience, and may cry out with the poet:

"I do not know why oft round me,
My hopes all shattered seem to be,
God's perfect plan I cannot see,
But someday I'll understand.

Someday He'll make it plain to me,
Someday when I His face shall see,
Someday, from tears I shall be free,
For someday I shall understand.

No, we cannot always understand the reason, but we believe that we are in the hands of the same all-wise and powerful and loving God who brought Jesus forth from the grave to everlasting life, and we believe He will see us through to the very end.

This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world,
Why should my heart be sad,
The Lord is King, let the Heaven's ring,
God reigns: let the earth be glad!

In arrogance and conceit, Pilate said to Jesus: "I have power to crucify thee." And Jesus was crucified. But God had the last word, when the angel said to the wondering disciples: "He is not here, He is risen."

Evil had seemed to triumph on Friday, but on Sunday, Easter Morn—Jesus came forth from the grave, demonstrating to all the world in every age, that God is the ruler yet, and that evil never has the last word.

Let us, find our way to God in and through Christ. Let us trust in Him, abide under the shadow of His wing, and He will be our refuge and strength, and a very present help in time of trouble, — and in the end, when evil and death have done their worst, He will give us a crown of life.

CONTACT

For
Service
Men



Mrs. Sheldon Ehret has received word that her husband, Sgt. Sheldon Ehret, has arrived safely in England.

August F. Walters, S. F. 2/C, son of Mrs. Anna Walters, is now stationed at Camp Thomas, Rhode Island.

Captain William Cairl and son, Aviation Cadet Clayton Cairl, will return today after spending several days at their home on Cemetery street.

Marine Paratrooper Home From Pacific

Pfc. John Sydlowski, stationed with the Marine paratroopers in the South Pacific, has returned after visiting his folks in Sweet Valley. Along with some thrilling tales of his experiences in the Pacific, he brought home a Jap skull, a Jap officer's canteen, knife handles made from a Jap Zero, native baskets, and an assortment of shells and bullets.

His sister, Marie, will be sworn into the Marines tomorrow. She enlisted in Washington, D. C., where she has been employed in the blue-printing department at the Navy Building for the past year. She's a graduate of Lehman High School.

Russell Snedecker returned to camp yesterday after spending a furlough with his family in Fernbrook.

Walter Covert, stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass., spent Easter with his parents at Dallas.

Local Boy Overseas Given Conduct Medal

Twelfth Army Air Force, March 20.—Sgt. Gordon W. Sweepenheiser has recently been awarded the Good Conduct Medal. The medal was awarded for "demonstrated fidelity, faithful and exact performance of duty, and for behavior which has been such as to deserve emulation."

Sgt. Gordon W. Sweepenheiser has served as Chemical Warfare Specialist with a veteran B-25 Mitchell group renowned for its impressive combat record throughout the Tunisian, Sicilian and Italian campaigns. His group participated in the famous first mission on Rome, were the first medium bombers to operate from bases in Italy, the first to hit the Balkans and the first to use the B-25 mounting a 75 mm. cannon. They have sunk 17 enemy vessels, probably sunk 17 others and damaged 59. Sixty-two enemy fighters have been felled by their guns in aerial combat.

Sgt. Gordon W. Sweepenheiser has been serving overseas since July, 1942. His father resides at RFD 3, Dallas.

Made Sergeant

Cpl. Carlo La Corte, a member of the Army Air Force, Lawson Field, Fort Benning, Georgia, has recently been promoted to the grade of Sergeant. Sgt. La Corte was advanced in grade on the recommendation of his commanding officer because of his outstanding qualities as a soldier. He has been a member of the Army Air Force since his entrance on Oct. 17, 1942. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John La Corte, 101 Main street, Dallas.

Assigned to LST

F. 1/C Jonathan L. Houck, of King street, Dallas, is now an integral member of the Amphibious Forces of the United States Navy.

At the completion of his preliminary LST training at the Amphibious Training Base, Camp Bradford, Norfolk, Virginia, Jonathan has been assigned to the crew of an LST for active duty.

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FROM FIELDS AFAR

From An Old Friend

Dear Editor:

Well, it's been a long time since I have found time to write to you, but now that I have a few minutes, I'll drop you a line to thank you for The Post. It is coming through in fine style.

If it is possible, I would like Martha to send me a list of boys from the Back Mountain, as I know there are a lot in Italy somewhere.

Well, this makes my 22nd month overseas and I sure am getting anxious to come home. We are having very fine weather here now. It reminds me of Dallas and Trucksville a little bit, I guess I am just a hometown boy.

Mom tells me Jack is getting tired and years for the time when he will come home, but Hat seems to like it where he is at. Well, I'll have to close for now as it is dinner time.

An old friend,
Tommy Evans,
Somewhere in Italy.

P. S. Tell Martha I sure would like to have that list of the boys, if possible.

• Tommy, we're forwarding the list this morning with a prayer that it will be passed by the censors and finally reach you. We can't tell which ones are stationed in Italy, but maybe you can figure it out from the A. P. O. numbers. Wish I could send that rooster along with it so you could have a reunion dinner.—Editor.

Brothers In England

Dear Editor:

I received the first Post since being over here and was very glad to read the home town news once again.

Everything's been going fine and I find England's countryside to be very pretty. The people are a bit backward from our way of doing things, but as a rule you get treated very well. Their automobiles are very small and few. Most of the English travel by foot and they can really walk, too.

My biggest objective, now that I'm here, is to look up my brother who is somewhere on the Isles. If that objective is accomplished, it will surely lift my morale.

The weather over here has been rather nice lately, in fact, we played a game of baseball yesterday, but found it a little cool for that.

In closing, I'd like to thank you for sending The Post and inform you of my correct address.

So long for now,
T/Sgt. A. E. Brown,
Somewhere in England.

• Hope you run into Alfred shortly. If you do, we could use a picture, "Shavertown Brothers Meet in England". Don't forget, send us a picture. You are in the engineers and he is in the artillery. That should make a good combination.

I've always understood that the roses are beautiful in England in the Spring, are they? And also, I remember Browning's lines: "Oh, to be in England now that April's there". I can well imagine that the countryside is beautiful right now.
—Editor.

One Of Our Boys

Dear Howard:

No need of your telling me what an awful heel I am for not writing, because I fully realize the fact. Believe it or not, Howard, we've been kept on the go ever since we got over here, and haven't had much time for writing.

When things get dull we drop a line over the side and catch sharks. We cut the teeth out of them (after we're damn sure they're good and dead) and cut them loose. The sea is full of them out here.

I've been trying to get transferred to a ship with a print shop, but as yet haven't had any luck. Keep your fingers crossed for me, buddy. Nothin' I'd like better than to dive into some Metallic Black again.

Haven't received any Posts since mid-December, and sure miss it. If it's not asking too much, what say you change my address.

(Continued on Page Three)

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