



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 FIELDS AFAR

Tired Of Pineapples
Dear Howard:
I believe it is about time for me to drop off a few lines to you. First I want to tell you how much I appreciate the Post. It not only tells me where all of my friends are stationed, but it also tells me how the people back home are cooperating in trying to get this conflict over and bring back peace. Yes, we all must do our share no matter what the cost.

I am now stationed on the Island of Oahu. It is fairly nice but it will never beat good old Pennsylvania. I have visited Waikiki Beach and I am telling you it doesn't compare one bit with Sandy Beach out at good old Harvey's Lake. I have also seen Honolulu, Pearl Harbor, the Kole Kole Pass and many other smaller places.

I know I never dreamed of eating so many pineapples that I would be sick of them, but that time has come. And just between you and me, I don't care if I ever seen another one.

I found the hardest thing to get used to are the natives. There are many different races here and when they start jabbering, or talking as you call it, well, it doesn't make much sense to me.

Well, again I will say "thanks" for sending me the Post and here's hoping we will all be back soon.

Cpl. Theodore B. Davis,
Island of Oahu.

I've been waiting for a long time to tell this story, Ted. When my brother-in-law was in Hawaii a few years ago, a red-headed taxi driver took him out to the Dole plantation and they stole a couple of pineapples from beside the road. The taxi driver was an American whom my brother-in-law had never known before. They got quite clubby and Bruce said: "Red, how did you ever happen to make Hawaii your home?" Red replied: "I was discharged from the army out here and decided to marry and settle down. I enlisted in Penn-

sylvania." After further inquiry Bruce found that Red came from Nescopeck and was the son of the woman who had boarded his father when he was teaching his first term of school in that community. It's a small world and pineapples always remind me of that story.—Editor.

From A Foxhole

Dear Editor:
Each time that I receive the Post I quickly look at the Outpost page and practically everyone the same as I, starts out by apologizing for not writing sooner. Why its that way I don't know. It surely isn't because we don't appreciate what you are doing for us, because that home town news is just what we really enjoy.

Since I last wrote you I've come a long way, but still have the same objective: Berlin. Today makes the thirty-second day for me on the Normandy front, which isn't very much like a sight-seeing tour. And if anyone thinks he can't say a few words in prayer once in a while, ask some of the boys that have been on the front lines. But one thing we are positive of here, is we know who will be victorious in the final show down.

I'm sorry that this letter has to be so short but I'm sitting in my foxhole sort of cramped trying to write, and besides I have some duties to perform, so here's hoping you keep the Posts coming my way.

Sincerely,
Howard S. Rice,
Somewhere in France.

The next fellow who writes to me from a foxhole and apologizes because his letter is short or late or even intimates that we are doing something magnanimous by sending him a lousy little newspaper every week or so, is going to get a tongue-lashing right here in the Outpost. Why, you bunch of bums! Who do you think's making this paper worth reading, anyway? Who do you think's got every grandmother, grandad, pop and mom, sister and brother and girl friend pouring through these papers every week. Well, it isn't me, and it isn't the social editor or even Martha. Its you guys out there writing from the battleships and submarines, the jungles and beaches, jeeps and foxholes. Let's not get mixed up on that again. No more apologies, no more baloney or I'll edit it out of your letters, so help me.—Editor.

He's Been Writing Poems

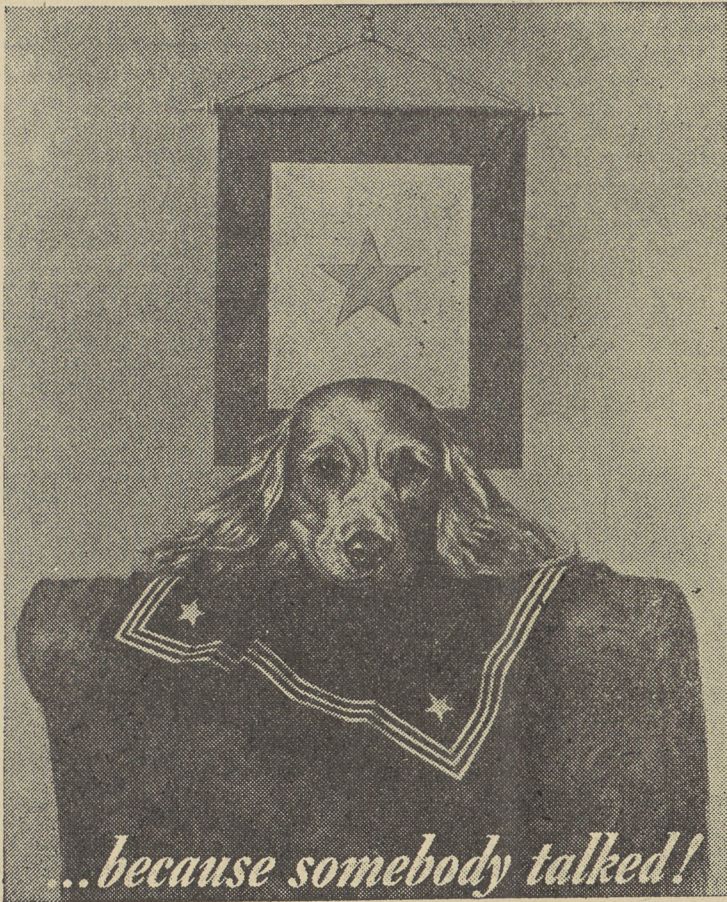
Dear Howard:
Just a few lines to let you know everything is going along O. K. I am feeling fine but I sure do miss my wife and son.

I haven't as yet received the Post over here, but I know some day it'll come.

A few months back a fellow was telling me about his buddies and I decided to write a poem about him. I don't know how it'll sound, but here it is:

- WHEN I LEFT HOME**
- I didn't want to leave my home,
Or did I have the urge to roam,
I didn't want to leave my wife and son,
But I was in, till Victory was won.
Over the sea to some foreign land,
To give our friendly allies a helping hand.
- We were soon taken into a regular outfit
Where they made damn sure we were physically fit.
They drilled and worked us all through the day.
Took a sponge bath, then hit the hay
To try to get a little sleep,
But all you heard was a bouncing Jeep.
- Crawl out at dawn for morning roll call
And to hear some Sergeant yell "Get on the Ball!"
Then to the mess hall for something to eat;
Then get ready to start blistering our feet.
Off to the hills to hunt and explore,
Oh, what I'd give to see the ones I adore!
- Into the Jungles, so dark and so dense,
Only to be stopped by a barbed-wire fence.
The wire to us was only a trifle,

Newest War Poster



One of the few unsolicited war posters ever accepted by the United States Government is the one shown above, submitted by Wesley Heyman, 26-year-old New York City artist.

More than 700,000 have been printed and distributed by more than 100,000 Boy Scouts throughout the country.

Rejected for military service, Heyman, Assistant Art Director of House Beautiful magazine, felt he could materially contribute to the war effort with his poster design.

But soon we heard from the enemy rifle.
They thought we'd walked into a trap.
But it doesn't take long to get rid of a Jap.

Back to camp in the middle of the night
To boast to the boys of our victorious fight.
Wasn't long after that the bullets found me—
No more battles was I to see.
Back over the sea, the waves and the foam,
Once more to rest in my happy home.

I hope you like it and I hope I get a Post soon.

Best regard,
Pvt. Bob Roberts, (Kingston)
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

Sounds "Ok" to me, Bob. Now I know why we haven't heard from you in so long. You've been writing poems. A fellow will do that when he's homesick or in love. I wrote one for Myra once. She never appreciated it. Yours is better than the one I wrote. I'd hate like the dickens to see mine in print.—Editor.

Joe Writes From Rome

Dear Howard:
Well, I have a few minutes off so I thought I would write a few lines. Well, we are going strong and we hope to end this very soon. I have seen just about as much as I want to in Italy—the next place I want to see is the U. S. A.

I have visited Rome quite a few times, and it is a very beautiful city, the best I have seen since I have been overseas. I have seen the Pope and he is very friendly toward our troops.

While in Rome I noticed a Captain riding in a Jeep. As the Jeep passed, the face looked very familiar and it looked very much like Capt. Larry Lee. Then while reading our newspaper called the Stars and Stripes, I noticed a statement by Capt. Lee, so I guess I was right.

Today we had a small funeral for our platoon mascot. It was a baby deer we captured a few weeks ago. It died from wounds received from artillery shrapnel. He was as tame as a dog. He would follow us everywhere we would go. We called him "Mike Rough." The name was taken from "Rough Isn't it?" "Rough" is a word we used because it was rough fighting and climbing those hills to Rome.

I am also sending a picture. It was taken when we came off the front lines near the Colosseum in Rome. Also you can see I am wearing the Infantry combat badge you hear so much about.

Joe Wallo,
In Italy.

Thanks for the tip on the story, Joe. We got a copy of Stars and Stripes and ran the article about Larry last week. You fellows are just about writing all the stories in the Post now and does this editor appreciate the tips especially on a quiet week. Every-

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"
ESTABLISHED 1889
A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c each, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally Ho Grille, Hislop's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Leonard's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—Mont's Store; Harvey's Lake—Edwards' Restaurant; Alderson—Deater's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address in order to prevent delay.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch.
Local display advertising rates 40c per column inch.
Classified rates 2c per word. Minimum charge 25c.
Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

Editor and Publisher
HOWARD W. RISLEY
Editors
★ S/Sgt. Howell E. Rees, U.S.A.
★ Lieut. Warren Hicks, U.S.A.
Associate Editor
MYRA ZEISER RISLEY
Contributing Editors
MRS. T. M. B. HICKS
DR. F. B. SCHOOLEY
MARTHA HADSEL
War-Time Correspondents
MRS. J. GORDON HADSEL
Advertising Department
HELEN BOOTH

★ Harry Lee Smith
American Red Cross Foreign Sec.
Mechanical Department
★ S/Sgt. Alan C. Kistler, U.S.A.
★ Norman Rosnick, U.S.N.
★ S/Sgt. Alfred Davis, U.S.A.
★ Pvt. Wm. Helmboldt, U.S.A.
★ Pvt. Joseph Riehl, U.S.A.
★ In Armed Service.

CONTACT

For
Service
Men



Cpl. Nelson C. Garringer has returned to Camp Chaffee, Ark., where he is a tank mechanic, after spending a seventeen-day furlough at his home on Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garris of East Center street, Shavertown, have received word that their son, Staff Sergeant Robert Garris has arrived safely overseas. His brother, Ralph, has been stationed in England for the past nine months. On board ship Bob met two old friends, Al Pritchard and Claudia Cook. All were separated when they reached their destination in the United Kingdom.

Ernest Reese, S 1/C (RM) of Fernbrook, was graduated from the Navy's Radio School at Sampson, N. Y., this week and awaits assignment to sea duty or a Navy shore station.

Paul Skopic, A/S, of Lehman completed his boot training at Sampson this week and is home on leave.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

PVT. HARRY ROGERS
Idetown, in France,
June 18, 1944.
Serial 33175142
Det. of Patients
4106 U. S. Hos. Plant
APO 511, c/o P. M., New York.

PVT. JACK EVANS
Trucksville, France,
June 7, 1944
Serial 13055698
Det. of Patients
4160 U. S. Hos. Plant
APO 651 c/o P. M., New York.

S/Sgt. THOMAS J. NEYHARD
Fernbrook, in France,
June 19, 1944
Serial 7022126
158 Genl. Hospital
APO 519 c/o P. M., New York.

PVT. JOSEPH YANEK
Lehman, in France,
June 7, 1944
Serial 33458195
Det. of Patients
4152 U. S. Hos. Plant
APO 63 c/o P. M., New York.

F. O. W. GLENN KNECHT
Dallas, in France,
June
Serial T-50749

PVT. LAWRENCE E. MOSS
Shavertown, in France,
June 12, 1944
Serial 13174804
Hospital
Central Postal Directory
APO 640 c/o P. M., New York

PFC. ELMER LAMOREAUX
Lehman, in Italy
October, 1943
Serial 13100025
Room 325
England General Hospital
Atlantic City, New Jersey
June 7, 1944
Tilton Hospital
Trenton, New Jersey

Hospital Patient
PVT. RAYMOND H. LOVELAND
Trucksville, Georgia,
Ward 6A Lawson Genl. Hos.
Atlanta, Georgia

body except Tom Templin seems to get fed up on Italy pretty quick. He must have settled down over there somewhere and taken up farming. We haven't heard from him since he began to take things easier and left the Rangers to join those old codgers in the paratroops. I'm afraid Tom's slowing up.—Editor.

FROM CAMPS AT HOME

Johnny's Coming Home

Dear Howard:
It's about time I wrote again—this time for two special reasons.

First, I think the article about Bob Girvan was really a swell compliment to a very swell guy. I certainly hope we hear some word soon saying he is still alive. He and Ray Elrod were two very good friends of mine. Ray Elrod and I were in the same squadron in Honolulu in peacetime. After Pearl Harbor we were put in different outfits but saw each other until he left for Cantol Isle and I for the "Canal." The Girvans are really all in, in this war. I sincerely hope nothing happens to any more of them.

The second reason was the letter from Leonard Hooper. I wish you'd send me his address. I had it when I first got back in December, but I've misplaced it.

It's about time he had a chance to come home. I'd like to see him again. We really used to have a lot of fun fishing at Fern Knoll and up at the Country Club. That's been five years ago and it seems more like last summer. War seems to erase the time element from your memory—at least it did for me. If it works that way for the other boys they won't have such a hard time to get used to old familiar places and faces.

This seems to be a rather serious

letter for me to be writing. I see Gib Huey is making out O. K. now. He is another boy that deserves a well-earned rest. He and his outfit didn't have a very nice time of it.

Harry Boehme is doing O. K. too. I hope he likes married life.

School is going on the same. It keeps me busy 12 hours a day. Just ask Mike Wallo. I don't know how he managed to hold his temper long enough to finish school. Do you know where Mike is now?

I hope to see you about the first of next month if all goes well. Say "hello" to all the local "boys" that I know for me.

I'm due at work in a few minutes so I think I'll have to ring off.

The Best to You,
Johnny Garbutt,
Sec. B, Plat I
3701 AAF Base Unit
Amarillo, Texas.

You've got a good-natured mother, Johnny. I just got her out of bed (10 p. m.) to ask her how badly Girard Walsh was wounded. Last night Western Union called me to help them locate his family. After a dozen or more telephone calls we finally located them through Fred Youngblood. I just learned from your mother that he was slightly wounded somewhere in the Pacific area. I also learned from her that you'll be home this

(Continued on Page Three)

Living Memorials For All Our Boys

In memory of me, you wouldn't erect
A dreary stone that would reflect—
No thought of joy or living things,
Or hope, for which the whole world sings.

I ask that you go plant a tree
To cast a shadow cool, for me.
A tree to bless the weary earth,
Or any monument of vital worth!

In haunting memory, on marble cold,
I want no story of my valor told.
Forlorn and desolate, they stand for years,
Despair they bring, and lonely tears.

Instead, I beg you plan a place,
A playground—where children race,
A little lake—a bathing beach,
A happy place—in easy reach.

For all the Boys—on sea or land,
For all the Flyers—who victory planned,
From the Spirit World—We unite our pleas—
For playgrounds—pools—and glorious trees!

No futile piles of stone to mar,
The landscape view—both near and far!
Dead monuments are but idle toys—
Give living things for our noble boys!

Millicent Easter.

FREE POSTS FOR SOLDIERS

Application And Change Of Address Form

Date.....

Soldier's Name.....

Home Address.....

Parents' Name.....

Address.....

Telephone Number or nearest Telephone.....

Soldier's Birthday..... Month..... Day..... Year.....

Age.....

Date of Entering Service.....

Occupation Before Service.....

School Attended..... Class.....

Church Attended.....

If married, wife's maiden name.....

Soldier's Present Address.....

.....

Submitted by:
Name.....
Address.....
Telephone Number or Nearest Telephone No.....

No Free Posts will be sent to any soldier unless this coupon is completely filled out, properly signed by sender and filed at the Dallas Post.

(Continued on Page Three)