



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

Down Where It's Hot

Dear Editor: Have a day off for a change so decided to spend some of my time writing you a few lines. A couple of weeks ago I was transferred to an Evacuation Hospital here at Shelby. I did want to inform you of my change in address sooner, but have been kept quite busy and could not get around to it. I haven't received the Post for a couple of weeks and certainly do miss it. I am sending the Free Posts for Soldiers Coupon along with this letter to get myself on the mailing list straight. We are going through a course of Basic Training here. Although I've had my Basic Training some time ago I still have to take it all over again. It gets very monotonous at times and tiresome and will be good when it is finished. Yesterday completed the first phase of it and

we start the second within the next couple of days.

It is very hot here in Mississippi. You are writing wet with perspiration practically all the time. Along with that the mosquitoes and gnats are very plentiful and they torment you to death.

The State of Mississippi is naturally swampy and, I think, that is the reason for the mosquitoes. They say that there are a lot of rattlesnakes here also, but as yet I have not seen any of them.

Don't have anything special to write about so will close. Thanking you again for the Post.

Sincerely,
Sgt. W. E. Mokychic
115th Evac. Hosp. (SM)
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Sometimes it seems to me that a fellow who has to sweat it out over here deserves some sort of medal, too. A man who enlisted the day after Pearl Harbor deserves a better break than being stuck in the swamps of Mississippi for the duration. Good Luck to you Serg.—Editor.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Hospital addresses of Back Mountain boys wounded in action are carried weekly in this column. Parents and relatives are asked to keep us advised of any address changes so that letters from friends will not be misdirected. Unless otherwise indicated, patients discharged from hospitals are presumed to be back with their old outfits. Their addresses cannot be published because of censorship regulations.

PVT. BERTRAM A. HAYNER
U.S.M.C.
Monroe Twp., in Pacific Area
U. S. Naval Hospital
Ward F-1 Navy (10) one zero
c/o Fleet Postoffice
San Francisco, Cal.

F. O. W. GLENN KNECHT
Dallas, in France
June 7, 1944
Serial T-50749
At Home

SGT. MADARA M. KRIEGER
Trucksville, in France
July 12, 1944
Serial 33056332
4176 U. S. Hospital Plant
APO 207 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

PVT. JOHN MACULLOCH
Dallas, in France
July 31, 1944
Serial 33055289
Det. of Patients 4208
U. S. Hosp. Plant
APO 644 c/o P. M., New York

PVT. LAWRENCE E. MOSS
Shavertown, in France,
June 12, 1944
Serial 13174804
Hospital

Central Postal Directory
APO 640 c/o P. M., New York
S/Sg. THOMAS J. NEYHARD
Fernbrook, in France,
June 19, 1944
Serial 7022126
158 Genl. Hospital
APO 519 c/o P. M., New York.

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.

Hospital Patient

S/SGT. BURTON W. KING
Loyalville, in England
Serial 33055505
Room 543
Det. of Patients
England General Hospital
Atlantic City, New Jersey
PVT. RAYMOND H. LOVELAND
Trucksville, Georgia,
Ward 6A Lawson Genl. Hos.
Atlanta, Georgia

Discharged From Hospital

PVT. JACK EVANS
Trucksville, France
June 7, 1944
Serial 13055698
PVT. JOSEPH YANEK
Lehman, in France,
June 7, 1944
Serial 33458195

"Everywoman to Everyman"

How brave you were! But that's how you'll always be. Oh my darling where are you tonight? Are you in some sheltered, isolated spot... Or underneath a desert sun... burned and hot... Are you treading a muddy battlefield... With a heartfelt prayer your only shield? Are you lost perhaps in a jungle wild... Or saving a mother and her helpless child... Are you at the front of the firing line... Was your life spared when they struck that mine?

Oh my darling where are you tonight? You've been away for such a long time now, But your kiss is still on my moistened brow, I feel it as sure as you placed it there And still hear you whisper, "I'll always care." I still see your smile as you looked at me, How brave you were! But that's how you'll always be. I often sit and pretend you are here, It shortens the days so and makes you feel near.

Darling I know where you are tonight... Though miles of land and sea keep us apart, I know at this moment you're in my heart... My love spans air and water to surround you. My daily prayers sent up to God above, Will protect you... send you back to me my love! And I know everything will be all right, Because... darling, I'm with you tonight...

—By: Eleanor Yorke

Dick's At Norfolk

Dear Mr. Risley:

As you know I came through the Battle of Bainbridge without too much discomfort. I even stood up under the torture of a nine-day leave. In case you didn't know, that place out there is kind of a swell place to come home to. I was all over the place, and the nice thing about it was that everything was free except the movie in Dallas. Guess maybe they knew me so they charged me. Tried to get up your way before I left but you seemed to have a house full of people so I breezed on by and went up to a dance.

Got back at Bainbridge July 29th, and August 5th I found myself in Norfolk. This is really a nice place, but it sure is hot. A conservative estimate in degrees is about 130 in the shade. Oh, yes, it gets cooler at night. Sometimes even down to 99 degrees.

By my address you should know that I am in Armed Guard school. I would like to write and tell you all about this school, but as yet I don't know much about it myself. I do know, however, that I will be

PUT THESE IN YOUR BIRTHDAY BOOK!

The Post assumes no responsibility for the accuracy and completeness of this list, compiled each week from the card index of soldier information on file at the Post. If you haven't any of their addresses, call Dallas 300 and ask for Martha.

- Lester Reakes Aug. 26
- William Ashburner Aug. 27
- Reynold T. Deater Aug. 27
- John Fehlinger, Jr. Aug. 27
- Donald T. Mitchell Aug. 27
- Lewis Reese Aug. 27
- Frank Shappelle Aug. 27
- Wilson Garinger Aug. 28
- Ralph C. Antrim Aug. 29
- John H. Borton Aug. 31
- Lewis M. Culp Aug. 31
- Joseph R. French Aug. 31
- Walter Gerlach Aug. 26
- Chrales Chapell Sept. 2
- Arden R. Evans Sept. 3
- Robert Roberts Sept. 3
- John T. Joseph Sept. 5
- Michael L. Polachek Sept. 5
- Robert E. Traver Sept. 5
- Sheldon A. Ehret Sept. 6
- William C. Maxwell Sept. 6
- Howard J. Johnson Sept. 7
- John L. Hoyt Sept. 8
- Edward Nafus Sept. 8
- Karl J. Borkowski Sept. 9
- Edwin J. Rhodes Sept. 9
- Ralph P. Richards Sept. 10
- Walter E. Thompson Sept. 10
- Donald Chesney Sept. 11
- Maude H. Jones Sept. 12
- E. Frederick Wilcox Sept. 13
- Marvin J. Elston Sept. 14
- Thomas Garrity Sept. 14
- Ethel Claire Wright Sept. 15
- Harry Boehme Sept. 16
- Amadus C. Dalley Sept. 16
- Louis M. Kelly Sept. 16
- Bruce W. Swire Sept. 16
- Herbert C. Culp Sept. 20
- Warren Dailey Sept. 20
- Russell W. Johnson Sept. 20
- Albert W. Klump Sept. 20
- John Morris Sept. 20
- Joseph C. Wallo Sept. 20
- Kenneth Williams Sept. 20
- Elmer S. Wyant Sept. 20

here four weeks and then go out to see the world.

That brings about a point. I am going to move around a heck of a lot, and it would keep Martha busy when it comes to changing addresses on the papers I just know you are going to send. Sure do hate to make her work so hard, but on the other hand I would like to get that paper. See what you can do about it, will you?

My pen isn't working so well now, and I can't understand it. It worked all right when it had ink in it.

Well sir, it is just about time I stop throwing-the-bull for a while and hit the hay. Will keep you posted if anything happens to me. Hosta Luiga Dick

P. S. It took me two years of Spanish to learn those two words. If you want to know what they mean ask my ex-roommate. I can't learn everything in two years. R. G. Phillips, S 2/C
Gun Crew No. 3161
Armed Guard School
Shelton U. S. 60
Norfolk, 11, Va.

Quite a few of the boys mention the movies, Dick. But that's only one. Shavertown offers special rates to service men.—Editor.

Interesting Flight

Dear Editor and Friends: Quite some time has passed since I have written you a letter of any kind. Right now things are not too busy as it is about 8:30 p. m. and most of the fellows here are playing cards or writing to someone back home. I don't quite remember where I was when I wrote last, but I'll go back a few weeks and start.

While in the last squadron have seen quite a lot of the country. We were operating out of Quonset Point, Rhode Island, and enjoyed the liberty there for a few months. When May of this year came around, we set out for a new destination unknown to the enlisted men as we were travelling under secret orders. We went to Florida and had a few days there to get set for the flight. After lectures on the different mishaps that we might run against, we left for Cuba. The flight was very interesting all the way and as we had no business to do in Cuba, we just flew right across it. Our next point of interest was Jamaica. We landed there and spent a few days in preparation for the 1st leg of our flight.

Early in the morning we got up, warmed our planes and thoroughly checked them. Not until now were we certain of our destination—Panama. We really didn't know what to expect there but we soon found out. When not flying we were allowed to go on liberty and this gave us time to look around and get acquainted with the places. It was quite picturesque flying across the Isthmus which is all jungle, high mountains, and villages. The people there are partly negro—Spanish and some white people. It was hard at first to catch on to the lingo but we learned to convey our

thoughts in one way or another. Most of our time was spent in seeing movies and sightseeing. Almost everyone had a pet monkey, parrot, parakeets or white squirrels! It was fun to watch the animals perform.

We also visited Barranquilla, S. A. which is a very large city in Columbia. The people down there live in simple ways and don't seem to be bothered with any troubles. We went swimming at the El Prado

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution." ESTABLISHED 1889

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Single copies, 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—Hontz'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 50c.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any other for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

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★ Pvt. Joseph Riehl, U.S.A.
★ In Armed Service.

CONTACT

For Service Men



Celebrates Nineteenth Birthday Overseas

Pvt. Edward Milbrodt celebrated his nineteenth birthday August 23rd somewhere in Egypt. He entered service December 7, 1943 and completed his basic training at Camp Grant, Ill, and later at Camp Reynolds, Pa. He attended Lake-ton School and before entering service was employed at Wilkes-Barre Iron Works. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Milbrodt of Outlet.

Radio School Graduate

Robert N. Grose, S 1/C (RM) of Park street, Dallas, was graduated from Navy's Radio School at Sampson, N. Y. this week and now awaits assignment to sea duty or to a Navy shore station.

hotel which is one of the largest in S. A. The homes in S. A. are very beautiful looking—that is the ones belonging to the higher class of people. Of course, the bananas were plentiful and a stalk could always be seen hanging in any barracks. Watermelons could be purchased for 10 centavos or a little over 5c in our money. We left Panama the other day and flew all the way to Miami where we stayed for a few days and then left for our new location, Boca Chica, Fla., which is eight miles from Key West, Fla.

This place isn't bad and we expect to be here for three months duty.

I have been reading the Post regularly and it is great to see how the fellows are doing. Lots of success in your work. Sincerely,
William Rhodes, Jr., A. R. M. 2/C
U. S. N. A. A. S., Box 10
Boca Chica, Fla.

Marco Polo never had anything on you, Bill. Hope we'll make connections next time you're home.—Editor.

From An Old Friend

Dear Folks: Now I know what they mean when they say "when a feller needs a friend". All these weeks I've been "gold-brickin'" and never a word from the Dallas Post. Tell me, have you people gone on strike or something? Honestly, I haven't had a paper since the middle of May.

Am expecting to be back on duty in about three weeks. In the mean time, if I can find a place to stay, I'm going to spend a few days at Yellowstone Park. I've had my much needed rest; look as healthy as a farmer; gained a few pounds, and am now anxiously waiting to get back to O'Reilly. I certainly am most fortunate to have spent the hot summer months off duty. And it has been hot!

My brother, Frank, was stationed at Lowry Field until last week. He graduated as a B-29 Engineer. Right now he is home on leave. I should say furlough. It was very nice having him here, as Lowry is about four miles from F. G. H. Every Sunday we managed to get in some sight seeing. Sunday was his only time off, so I'd take a pass and off we'd go. A "pass" is a little slip of paper signed by everybody giving me permission to be off the Post until 2200.

Was back East for three weeks in May. Didn't do much of anything. It was sooo pleasant being lazy. I did supervise the garden-planting at home—and you don't know how many times now I wish I could have a bit from that garden! I've never been so hungry in all my life.

When I started taking exercise I learned the fascinating game of croquet. The way we play it, it is fascinating. Now I've graduated to golf. I used to think it was such a silly game. All you had to do was hit the ball and follow it down the fairway.—Well, have you ever tried to hit THAT ball? It ain't fun! When I make 78 in nine holes, (Continued on Page Five)

FROM FIELDS AFAR

A Week To Alaska

Dear Howard: Just a few lines to let you know I haven't forgotten you. I received the Post dated July 28th yesterday, August 4th, which is very good service, even with exceptional connections. I myself can't understand how it got here so soon, but the sooner they come, the sooner I read them, and there is nothing I enjoy doing more.

I was reading in the paper where the Fourth went by without any accidents. That really is remarkable compared to other years.

I am sitting here in my undershirt writing this and I sure would give anything to be swimming in the lake right now.

I am going to enclose a Free Post for Soldiers blank as I noticed you had my address a little wrong.

Say, Mr. Risley, how many of the boys besides John Richards and myself are up here in the Aleutian chain. I have been watching the paper but I haven't seen any letters from anyone else besides us two from this district.

Also received the paper of the Seventh. It also had a lot of welcome news. I will close now thanking you again for your paper and keep them coming.

One of the boys, Pfc. E. H. Evans U.S.M.C. Kodiak, Alaska

P. S. I noticed you had my address right on the last paper so no blank is enclosed.

I saw John the other day and he asked me that same question. Off hand I don't know any other boys who are up in that area right now, but John is going to drop around here in a day or so and go over the mailing list. He thinks he might be able to locate some others by checking up on the APO numbers. If we can locate any others, we'll forward the addresses to you. I see your dad and mother often, Hat, and believe me your dad helped to keep the bugs off my roses this summer. He'll tell you how he did it when he writes.—Editor.

New Guinea Paratrooper

Dear Mr. Risley: I have a little spare time this afternoon so I thought I'd drop a line and say "hello" to you and the folks at home.

Everything is going swell here in the jungles of New Guinea. Quite a life, although it is a bit different from the nice big barracks and the lively towns back in good old U. S. A., but that is definitely

out of the question for a while yet. After all we aren't here for swell times, but we can sit and think of them in our spare moments and believe me we are all doing plenty of thinking.

I'm no longer a glider rider or motorless moron as the air corps puts it.

Yesterday I made my qualifying jump and am now a qualified paratrooper and it was the greatest thing in my life to jump from 1200 feet and I sure felt good when I looked up and saw that Nylon canopy in full blossom.

I received my June 2nd issue of the Post a couple of days ago and I was sure glad to get it even though it was a few days late, it's still news. It looks as though Harvey's pond has put up the crepe or else Mr. Schultz is slipping. I guess Joe Garrity and I will have to get back there and bring the news in as we used to.

Well, in closing, I'll say thanks to you and the staff for sending the Post. Keep 'em rollin'.

Pvt. Roy Schultz
In New Guinea

There are no crepes on Harvey's Lake this summer. The hot weather has given it one of the biggest season in years.—Editor.

Saw Vernon Covey

Dear Editor:

I think it is about time that I send you a letter thanking you for your paper. I have been moved around so much that I haven't been getting it regularly but it always catches up with me in the end.

I was on a small minesweeper for several weeks and then I ended up in the Norfolk Naval Hospital awhile. After they got my stomach straightened out I had to wait for a new assignment. I was there several weeks and every week expecting my new assignment to come through. It finally came so I am sending it with this letter.

I certainly enjoy and appreciate the Post because I hear about all my friends and also see a lot of other items that are interesting.

I must remark that I saw Vernon Covey on my travels. He looks swell.

Thanking you again,
Sincerely,
Robert S. Shoemaker S. C. 3/C
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

Just finished reading a dandy article about the minesweeping trade and how much of the success of the invasion depended upon those sturdy plodders of the seaplanes.—Editor.

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.