

# 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

### A Long Cheer for Dartmouth

Dear Howard:  
Here I am again this time to report a change of address. You know the saying that the Marine Corps lives in a suit case. Well, even here at home we are very often inclined to believe it. It seems they need more girls in D. C. than they first believed, so we Sergeants had to move out on substitute to make room for the new "boots" until the new barracks are completed. We were recently given a new recreation hall and uniform shop which I am going to miss, but I guess I can adjust myself, I always have before. They promised us we wouldn't be out many months. I hope not-I feel like a half-breed. Half Marine, half civilian, I am in a small apartment with two other Marine girls and that Sis of mine is down here cooking for us. She's been here

almost a month now and is crazy about Washington. There is so much to occupy her mind and is what she needs now that Sammy is in England.

I just got back this week from a short furlough in Conn. I went home with one of my roommates who lives near New Haven. We went to the Yale-Dartmouth football game where I had the pleasure of meeting one of Yale's cheerleaders—a Marine Guadalcanal veteran who is there on Navy V-12. He brought their mascot over to see me (it is a bulldog as is the MC's) and then posed with him for me to take pictures while on-lookers whistled. It was fun. We also went to the Beach at Bridgeport where we ate popcorn and took pictures of sea gulls. And to top it off we had a turkey dinner because none of us are going to be able to get home Thanksgiving or Christmas. We had all the trimmings and it was delicious.

Now, I am back at the grind, and on a new job. I'm located in the Discharge Section and it is my job to figure out answers to letters people write in wanting their sons and husbands discharged for one reason or another. It is very interesting and keeps me so busy the days really fly. I hope they do fly, though, even faster because I expect to come home in January after the ban on holiday travel is lifted.

So long now, and keep smiling. I do—

Sincerely,  
Thelma Gregory, MCWR  
Washington, D. C.

P. S. I live in the building that used to be the Chilean Embassy. Holy smoke! What a season to see Dartmouth play. There was a day a good many years ago when a Yale-Dartmouth game was a real exhibition. That was when the Yale jinx rooked us out of some hard fought victories in the last minutes of play. Dartmouth certainly hit the skids this year, but there's one consolation. Hank Peterson tells me they licked Brown. his old alma mater. Brown must have had an awful outfit. The Hotel Taft in New Haven used to be great hang-out nights before the games, but the beach at Bridgeport or New Haven was the place you went on Sundays after you were licked. I can see you were cheering for Dartmouth.—Editor

### Merry Christmas Everybody

Dear Editor:  
It's about time for me to let you know that I've been receiving the Post regularly and certainly appreciate all of its welcoming news of the folks at home and servicemen and women at home and abroad in the Outpost section.

I'm still a diet cook here at the Red River Training Center Hospital and I like my job very much. It's still warm and rainy here and I don't expect any real cold weather till the latter part of December. While I'm at it and being that Christmas will soon be here, I'd like to wish the Post's staff and its employees, and all my friends at home and overseas a "Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year", in closing.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Harry Boehme  
Texarkana, Texas

P. S. I was wondering if Bob Garrett is still here in Amarillo? I read Len Hooper's last letter in the Post and have been corresponding with him for quite a while. I sure would like to see him at Hislop's or the Tally-Ho again, where we used to hang out.

• Harry, did you notice in one of the letters a few weeks ago, where one of the boys in the Pacific area said that you had married the old flame of one of his Texas friends. It was a coincidence that he should have read the announcement of your marriage in The Post. So far as I know, Bob is still in Amarillo.—Editor.

### On The Move

Dear Mr. Risley:  
Just a few lines to ask you to please cancel my subscription to the Dallas Post until you receive my "change of address" card. As soon as you receive my new address, I would appreciate your sending me the post, again. It's really a swell paper and whenever

## CONTACT

For Service Men



**Banta in U.S. Hospital**  
Pfc. Louis Banta, Aviation Engineer, who was injured August 14, while operating a bulldozer, somewhere in Italy, telephoned his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Banta of Mt. Greenwood, that he arrived at Stark General Hospital, South Carolina on Sunday, November 19. Since then, he has been transferred to Wakeman General Hospital, Indiana, where he is now undergoing treatments for paralysis of the right arm.

Pfc. Banta enlisted in the service on September 8, 1943, and arrived in Africa in March, 1944. Pfc. Banta and Mrs. Banta, the former Dorothy Updyke of Mt. Greenwood Rd. have one daughter, Dianne.

Bob Niemeyer writes from the Pacific war area that he has been to see Alden LeGrand several times and he is getting along nicely. Alden who is serving with the Marines was wounded several months ago and is a hospital patient.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dierolf, 53 E. Center street, Shavertown, have received a Purple Heart Medal sent to them by their son First Sgt. William Dierolf, Jr., who was wounded in action. They also received the infantry combat badge. Sgt. Dierolf has been in service four years.

Pfc. Lawrence Moss, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Moss, Mt. Airy Road, Shavertown, who was wounded in action when he was

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I miss an issue, I get behind on the hometown news.

I met Ernest Krause, (formerly of Dallas), at the P-X the other night; the first time I have seen him since he moved to Tunkhannock.

So long for now, Howard, and thanks again for the wonderful service you are rendering to us boys in service.

Sincerely,  
Willis Ide  
Camp Shelby, Miss.

• Don't forget to shoot that new address through to us just as soon as you get it, Willis. Hope it's Hollywood or some place where there are plenty of nice girls (white ones).—Editor.

### Speaking of Snowballs

A very few lines to inform you I haven't had the pleasure of receiving the Post in several months. Of course, I realize that is not due to any fault of yours, whatsoever. The fault lies in the duties of the mail clerk in my former company. The point is, he never has had the ambition to forward the papers to me. Then, too, I should have used a few minutes of my time and sent you my change of address, Howard. I guess it gets kind of monotonous you having to keep track of changes in addresses all the time.

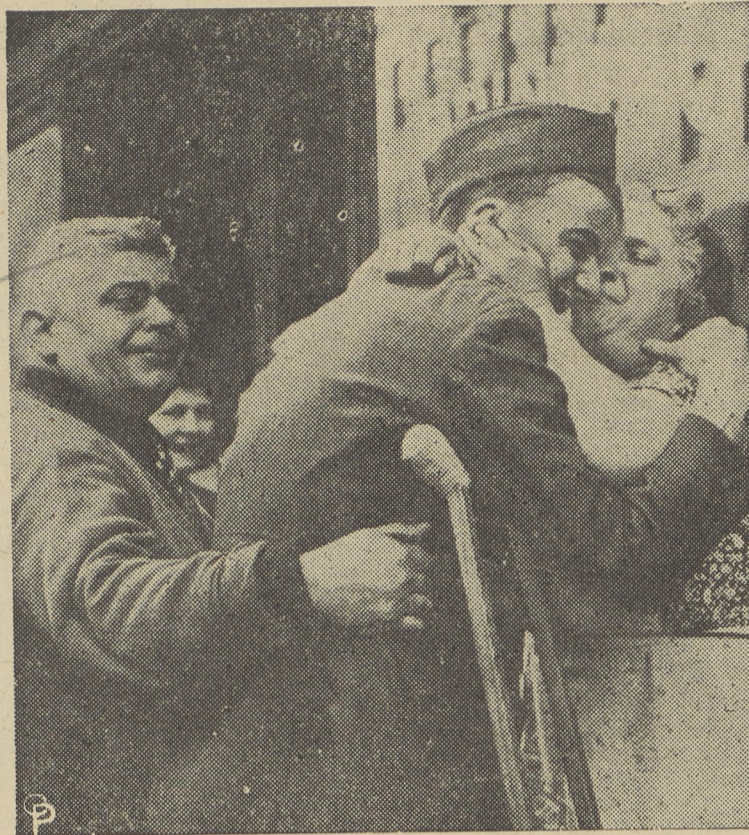
My brother, Bob, will undoubtedly be home by the time this letter reaches you. It certainly is nice to know he is back in the states once again.

There isn't much to write about, much less to do, here. I'm just hoping I can get home before winter passes by. It never snows here and I'm kind of anxious to make a "snowball". I haven't seen any snow in so long, I almost feel like a foreigner. Here's hoping I receive a paper soon.

Gratefully,  
Pfc. Bill C. Price, Jr.  
Ft. Benning, Ga.

• Bob's home and he must be making snowballs—we've had plenty of snow—but we haven't seen hide nor hair of him. Seems strange. He must have a couple of women or maybe just one on the string. Darned if I ever saw such a country anyway. You can pretty much put your finger on a fellow when he's in India, Guam or France, but just as soon as he gets home he disappears. There's been more men lately "missing in action" at home than there has overseas. We're beginning to get

## A WOUNDED YANK COMES HOME



THIS IS AN AMERICAN street scene. It might have been taken anywhere, and the people might be your neighbors—just down the block somewhere. That's why you may feel that little choke in your throat when you look at this picture. As it happens, the photo was made in New York. Pvt. Sam Macchia, who has spent 17 months overseas, has come home and Mamma and Pappa Macchia are greeting him. No words are needed to describe their emotion. Sam is home—wounded in both legs at the Battle of St. Lo, in Normandy—but he's home. (International)

worried about casualties on the home front.—Editor.

**Wants To Fly**  
Dear Mr. Risley:  
Well, we have been on the move again and I guess that it is time for me to change my address. The Post keeps up with me pretty well and I am very glad to receive it. I enjoy reading it quite a bit, as it tells me all of the news I like to hear. I was reading it the other night, and I see that Carl Dykeman is down here where I am, Gunter Field. I am back for some more on the line training. They have

seemed to cut this program down a little and I am now waiting to go to Primary where I will learn. I hope, how to fly. Well, that is about all that there is from here so I'll have to close.

Sincerely yours,  
Thomas J. Metz  
Montgomery, Ala.

• We hope, too, Tommy, that you'll soon have your chance to fly. The army has been making an awful lot of infantrymen out of cadets lately. Let's both keep our fingers crossed.—Editor.

## THE DALLAS POST

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A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post.

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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.

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## FROM FIELDS AFAR

### Proud of Old School

Dear Editor:  
I still haven't received the Post since I left the states, but it isn't your fault, since I have been doing quite a lot of traveling. I want to let you know where I am at so when I do get somewhere that I will stay for a while I will get the Post again. I am interested in knowing how Lehman's football team is doing this year. I heard they beat D.T.H.S., so it sounds like a good start, possibly like '42. There isn't much I am allowed to say about France, but I can say something about the weather. It has been raining almost every day since I have been here, and I am glad I had swimming lessons.

I have seen a lot of the effects of war and they are not exaggerated in the stories you read or see in the movies. There are some prisoners of war camps around, and of all the Hitler supermen I saw, I am not too impressed.

I will close, once again hoping that the Post will catch up with me soon. I will try and keep you informed of my changes of address.

Yours truly,

Cpl. John Stofko.

• From pictures we've seen in the newspapers the winter weather along the French frontier is pretty rugged, Johnny. Hope you have a good warm place to bunk and that your Christmas will be a safe and pleasant one.—Editor.

### Three Months In France

Dear Editor:  
I have been a long time getting around to let you know my change of address. Here it is nearly three months since I landed somewhere in France and am just getting around to it. Hope you don't mind me taking so long. But, I guess you have a slight idea how things are on this side of the pond.

I have received two papers so far and certainly was glad to get them. One of them was an August issue and the last one is September. I don't think there was a word in either paper that I didn't read. In fact, most of it I read over twice. There isn't anything like reading about the good old Back Mountain news. Especially when you are so far away and know that you can't get back around there once in awhile.

I have filled out one of the Free Posts For Soldiers' form and am sending it in this letter, so guess there is no need to tell you my change of address.

Have to come to a close for this time. I want to thank you and your staff once again for sending the Post. There isn't anyone that

can realize how much it means to whoever is in the service.

Signed,  
Cpl. Glen T. Kocher  
France

• It's good to hear from you Glen. We know the Field Artillery has been kept pretty busy lately and hasn't had much time to write letters or parlez-vous with French girls.—Editor.

### In Pacific Area

Dear Mr. Risley:  
Just a few lines to let you know that I have been receiving the Post quite regular and wanted to send you a word of thanks. It has many interesting articles in it. I only hope that you are able to keep up the good work of publishing the paper, for I know that all the fellows who receive the Post like it very much. I used to get the Posts from Ralph Parsons after he read them, so then I sent for it. Although I am not with Ralph now, I get the Post myself and it means a lot to get it, too. I read those letters from different fellows in the service and I notice some of the fellows are close to me, so maybe I will meet up with them.

I have been overseas for 16 months and Ralph Parsons is the only fellow I met that I knew back home. If possible, I would like to have Allen Pritchard's address. He and I were very good friends back there and I would like very much to write to him. I hope that this war will be over soon so I can go back to my wife and baby in Alabama, as I was married before I came overseas and the baby is now 14 months old. So, you can see I have a lot to come back to. I will close for now.

Sincerely,  
Arthur Lasher, Jr.  
Postmaster, Calif.

• The boys down at Shell Evans' Drug Store often speak about you, Art, and keep checking up on me to be sure your name is on the mailing list. I'm going to take a chance and give you Alan's address. Here it is: Alan Pritchard 3605066, 155th Gen. Hosp. APO 515 C/O Postmaster, New York. Maybe I'll get shot at sunrise for that.—Editor.

### In Hospital

Hello Mr. Risley:  
I have sometime on my hands now that I'm here in the hospital, so I'm trying to catch up on some long neglected correspondence. My reason for being where I am is not because of some battle-gotten wound, but because of a simple, natural cause like appendicitis. My

(Continued on Page Three)

## 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 \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Entering Service \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation Before Service \_\_\_\_\_

School Attended \_\_\_\_\_

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.