



# 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

### Hold Your Hats, Boys

Dear Mr. Risley, This gob has hit upon a post-war plan that is really solid stuff. What I mean, it's out of this world. The idea is to set up my washing machines in that Back Mountain Library so the people who bring me their washings, can read while standing by for their duds to dry. If I had more time I might even be able to think of something to do with a stone monument.

To be disgustingly truthful, I have been doing a little reading in my spare time. (That generally amounts to about two hours per day) Since I came aboard I have read something like 17 books (and not little ones either.) That almost covers our library with the exception of westerns, and maybe someday I will break down and read two or three of them.

Do you really have any idea of the power of the press? So far I have heard of three people who are changing from ordinary washday soaps to that wonderful Duz, just because they think the Navy uses it. While we do have a wonderful soap, it is really not Duz. My idea

### 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.

- Howard A. Wilcox March 10
- Russell Rishell March 10
- Donald Wilson March 10
- Clarence H. Besteder March 11
- Paul E. Smith March 11
- Russell Snedeker March 11
- Earl D. Fritzes March 12
- William Rhodes, Jr. March 12
- Harold Cline March 13
- Lewis H. Higgins March 14
- Betty Jean Hildebrandt March 15
- Warren A. Johnson March 15
- Jasper R. Kocher March 15
- Marion Disque March 16
- Edward E. Holcomb March 16
- Albert M. McKeel March 16
- George Russ March 16
- Robert N. Jones March 17
- Robert E. Price March 17
- Marvin J. Sweezy March 17
- Alvin L. Shaffer March 18
- William Fletcher March 19
- Gerald M. Schultz March 19
- Herbert R. Williams, Jr. March 19
- Robert Race March 20
- John Laity March 21
- Rhoslyn Major Williams March 21
- Frank H. Billings March 22
- Donald Boston March 22
- Philip Cheney March 22
- Harry L. Hunter March 23
- Willard R. Piatt March 23
- Darwin E. Husted March 24
- Frank C. Kuehn March 24
- Joan Gabel March 25
- Gustav A. Kabeschat March 25
- Robert F. Morris March 25
- James J. Borton March 26
- Harry P. Hart March 26
- John Helfrick March 26
- Leonard Hooper March 27
- James J. Knecht March 27
- Charles DeWitt March 28
- William H. Renshaw March 28
- Robert D. Major March 29
- Harry A. Sweppenheiser March 29
- Arden Steele March 30
- Howard Boice March 31
- Glenn E. Moore April 1
- George Salansky April 1
- Robert Covey April 1
- Alfred G. Davis April 2
- Hubert W. Jones April 2
- Al Rincken April 2
- James Brace April 3
- Samuel Brace April 3
- Franklin T. Hemenway April 5
- Carl Roberts April 5
- Robert W. Sorber April 5
- Howard E. Lynn April 6
- Thomas M. Beline April 7
- Chester Dropchenski April 7
- Thomas J. Neyhard April 7
- Robert Anderson April 8
- Robert W. Lauderbaugh April 8
- Trevett N. Dickson April 9
- Irving A. Thomas April 9
- Leo Yascur April 9

of the spelling would take the rest of the letter and is of uppermost unimportance so we shall skip over it. I will tell you it comes in nice, easy to handle, packages of fifty and one-hundred pounds, while it takes only a bucket full for a week of washing. Now I am not saying Duz doesn't do everything, just letting you know that I don't use it.

Washing does take up a lot of my time, but I do have one or two other tasks. Signal, security and gangway watches to stand, and altogether too much painting. If you ever remember any time I was painting at home (which wasn't often) I always ended up with most of the paint on myself. The Navy has been teaching me a new and better method, so that now it turns out 50-50, which isn't bad.

On the envelope of the last letter I got from my brother, the return address read "Cpl. G. W. Phillips." That's what I like to hear, (Don't let him know this, but if he is half as good as I think he is, he will be a General in almost no time—perhaps even before I get to be Admiral.)

You should have gotten in on the swell box of cookies 'n stuff Mom sent. They were some cookies! Not only a swell cook, but a swell gal, my Mom.

Oh yes—I changed that darn address of mine again. Always pulling that fool stunt, but I won't do it again for at least two weeks—maybe even longer.

Looks to me as if one of these officers is going to catch me now. No, I am not writing on working hours, but one of the officers hates to see me relax or enjoy myself.

Hasta luego and all that, Dick S 1/c Dick Phillips % PPO San Francisco P.S. The paper is coming in fine shape now. Thanks for everything. Duz, does it. Brother do I wish you were here to help me with the spring farming.—Editor.

### Enjoys England

Dear Mr. Risley, My last letter to you was written on the high seas. Quite a bit has happened since then, the most important being that I arrived safely here in England. I find it a great deal like home over here, but of course it could never replace it. Having visited London quite a few times, I naturally did some sight seeing. It seems so strange, seeing things that we studied about while in school. The most impressive thing about a tour of London is the bombed areas. It is really amazing how cheerful the people are in spite of all they have been through.

Two weeks ago, four of us attended the services at Westminster Abbey. It was so beautiful it would be impossible to describe on paper. After the service we roamed around looking at the tombs of the famous Englishmen buried there. The most recent was that of Neville Chamberlain. Some of them dated back to 1050 A.D. The one that impressed me most of all was that of a man who lived to be 159. He was born in the 16th Century and lived through the reigns of five Kings and Queens.

I promised you in my last letter that I'd tell you a little about myself and what I'm doing. There really isn't much I dare tell because of censorship, but I'll do my best. I'm in the Troop Carrier Command at present after flying in other branches of the service for almost a year and a half. It's a swell outfit and is made up of a good bunch of boys. Our main job is re-supply and evacuation, but so far I haven't been out of England. At present it's the weather that gives us the most trouble.

Speaking of weather, we have had some fairly cold and stormy days lately. I understand that this is the first time it has snowed here for some time.

The mail has been very slow since I arrived, but since the holidays it has picked up a bit. I'm looking forward to the first Dallas Post I shall receive.

Sincerely, P/O Alfred James (Jimmy James) P.S. My home address is Hillside Street, Trucksville.

It's good to hear from some one who is enjoying England and (Continued on Page Six)

## CONTACT

For Service Men



### With Ferry Crew

Mobile, Ala., Mar. 5—Forrest R. Stevens, Machinist's mate third class, husband of Mrs. Jean Stevens, R. D. 2, Dallas, is stationed at Chickasaw, Ala. assigned to Ferry Crew Number Five.

Prior to enlistment in the Navy on October 24, 1943 in Detroit, Mich. Stevens was employed by the Broach Co. of Detroit.

### Bombed Railway Yards

An Eighth Air Force Bomber Station, England—Sergeant Robert F. Moore, 20, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moore, Dallas, radio operator and waist gunner on a Flying Fortress, received his baptism in aerial warfare during an Eighth Air Force bombing attack on railroad yards at Chemnitz, Germany.

The assault, coordinated with the fighting of Russian troops invading Germany, was part of the concentrated effort of the AAF to cut Nazi supply lines.

The Pennsylvania airman is a member of the 34th Bomb Group, a unit of the Third Air Division, the division cited by the President for its now historic England-Africa shuttle bombing of Messerschmitt aircraft plants at Regensburg, Germany.

Richard LeGrand, electrician's mate 3/C, is spending a furlough here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis LeGrand.

Aviation Cadet, John Davies who

## THE DALLAS POST

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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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## Letter Of The Week

This article is written in the form of a letter to a Paratrooper, who lost his life trying to save several buddies who were trapped on the opposite side of the Ohr River in Germany. Due to Military reasons his name cannot be mentioned and the name, Hugh, is entirely fictitious. He was loved and respected by his comrades. The author of this letter is a Dallas boy who lived and trained with him, and fought beside him in combat at Bastogne, and Luxembourg.—Editor.

### A Letter To A Pal

February 18, 1945 France

Dear Pal,

I packed your personnel belongings last night, Hugh, and carried them to the orderly room to be sent to your parents. Every little article seemed so familiar to me. You see, all those months you slept by me, worked and made plans with me, gave us both a chance to learn each other, our personnel traits, characteristics and peculiarities. I found one of those peculiarly designed pipes you smoked; I can see you so plain; your helmet sitting on the back of your head, that wool muffler bundled around you, and with that pipe. I believe that particular pipe was the only one of its kind in the Regiment, Hugh. It was so characteristic of you, Pal; I knew you'd want that sent home. I also found that little pearl-handled pocket-knife from the World's Fair. It was put in the box along with so many other little odds and ends you always carried around in your bags.

You know, Hugh, I just can't get over the change that came over you when we went into combat. You were always the quiet type, the big brother of every boy in the section. You were the one we went to with our confidential problems, the one we asked how to spell a long word or "what were the seven wonders of the world?" Then, came combat; you volunteered for patrols, then you went to D Company. Every time a Second Battalion unit went to the River you were with it... I remember the first night.

It was cold and raining bitterly; we carried the assault boat over some of the roughest terrain I've ever seen. We got across into the Siegfried Line, but four men were wounded, after a bitter fire fight. It seems so plain, you were helping me carry Johnson two miles over those hills where you couldn't see three yards in front of you. We made it back to our lines and carried the wounded with us. That's the night I noticed the change in you. Two nights later I saw you again, that was when we lay along the River pinned down by enemy machine guns. We finally got the boat across; you were covering the approach to the River. I left at 7:30 the following morning with my men to report to the Regimental S-2, to give him the good news, "no men lost, in enemy lines two and a half hours, and still advancing." After the report, I went to bed.

In the afternoon I heard the rumor that you had been seriously wounded. I checked with the Medics and confirmed the rumor; all the boys were very much disturbed and upset. Then I heard the details of your actions from the Major. The patrol met stiff resistance at the upper end of the peninsula; after killing 39 of the enemy, the patrol received orders to withdraw. Well, you know how it was, Pal, better than any of us. The patrol got across by discarding their equipment and weapons, and swimming to our side of the river. Two men reached the boat; they were wounded. You volunteered to go down to the river and pull the boat and line with the wounded in, back to safety. That's when you got hit.

We've heard the story how the enemy mortars laid a barrage on you and wouldn't let up to let the medics treat your wounds or carry you out of that exposed position. They gave you five pints of blood plasma while under fire. Finally, they carried you to safety, but even your strong heart, the strongest heart God gave to a man, was too weak from loss of blood, and you passed away. God rest your Soul, Pal. You died a Proud Death, the kind of a Death you would have wanted to die, for your comrades and your country.

Your Pal, Cpl. Ralph Antrim Hq. & Hq. Co. 513 Pcht. Inf. P. S. We're at a Rest Camp now, we left the following morning after the patrol along the river. Just twelve hours after you were wounded and passed away.

has been taking his pre-flight training at Chapel Hill, N. C., has returned after spending a brief leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davies. John is one of the cadet wrestling team.

### Cpl. Durwood Splitt Awarded Purple Heart

Corporal Durwood Splitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Splitt of Jackson Township was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds suffered as a result of enemy action on Corsica. He was with an Anti Aircraft Outfit and was on Corsica during the invasion of Elba and Southern France. He also took part in the African and Italian Campaigns.

Corporal Splitt wears the Good Conduct Medal, Campaign ribbons, and two Bronze Stars.

He has been overseas twenty two months and is now at the front with the engineers in the First Armored Division.

Pvt. Paul H. Lyne, son of Mr. and Mrs. Royal Lyne, formerly of Trucksville, now of Annapolis, Md., has arrived safely in Northern France.

### Kept Vehicles Moving

With U. S. Supply Force in France.—Cpl. Lawrence Murray, Shrine View, was a member of the 3523 Ordnance Medium Automotive Maintenance Company which did the bulk of its fighting behind the front lines but contributed many (Continued on Page Five)

## FROM CAMPS AT HOME

### Back From Overseas

Dear Mr. Risley, I would like to subscribe for the Dallas Post. I really enjoy reading it. It also gives me the news of what is going on at home. It also gives me the privilege to find out where some of my buddies are. I was raised at Harvey's Lake and I always did like to read the Dallas Post.

Mr. Risley, on this application form for the Dallas Post, I put my camp address instead of my home address. My address is Cragg E. Wetzel, Pittston, R.D. 1, C/O H. L. Hunsinger. I am making my home with him. I am not sure whether my own folks' address is right or not because I haven't heard from them in over a year. That was their address when last I heard from them. So if I have made any mistakes I would appreciate it very much if you would overlook them.

I have been overseas for 2 1/2 years and now I am back in the States. I am stationed in Lake Char-

les, Louisiana. I also like it a lot. I am going to get married pretty soon. Mr. H. L. Hunsinger is also a subscriber of the Dallas Post. He is my uncle and I am going to stay with him after the war or near his home anyway.

Yours very truly, Cpl. Cragg E. Wetzel Lake Charles, Louisiana. Don't forget. We want her picture and a story on the wedding. If you'll send it to us we'll call it square for the Post.—Editor.

### Saw Great Quintet

Dear Editor, I think it is about time that I drop you a few lines letting you know that my address has changed again. We all thought that we were settled down in the 19th after we had our embarkation leave, but we weren't. I am now in the 11th battalion and it is a swell outfit, a lot better than the other one we were in. I am now on mess duty and (Continued on Page Five)

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