



# 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

From Larry Drabick

Dear Editor,  
Believe it or not (so help me it's the truth if I ever told it and you can take that as you care to) I've been carrying this change of address form around for two months. You'd be able to tell it by the ragged edges but I trimmed it myself. In that same two months, my address has changed no less than four times. Every time I'd decide to let you know my latest military address, they'd change the doggone thing. Finally I've got settled down for what seems like an extended stay—so here I am.

Received two copies of the Post in tonight's mail. First mail in a week or so and the first Posts in several months. I've missed 'em but didn't realize how much until I could read one again. One of them followed me from Lexington, Ky., and the other from South Carolina. Quite some journey they had.

Speaking of journeys I've been doing a little wandering around myself lately. A few weeks in

## 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.

- Michael J. Kozick June 1
- Harry A. Long June 1
- Irene F. Myers June 1
- Robert E. Taylor June 1
- Wilbur H. Kelley June 2
- Milard Koeber June 2
- Carl Neiberry June 2
- Harold C. Thompson June 2
- William J. Gaynor June 4
- Buell E. Kester June 4
- John Maculloch June 4
- Michael J. Butry June 5
- Charles L. Murphy, Jr. June 5
- Daniel J. Smith June 5
- Albert Garringer June 6
- Donald C. Smith June 6
- Robert Misson June 7
- Louis C. Achuff June 8
- Richard Engleman June 10
- James H. Perkins June 11
- Harold Casterline June 12
- Paul Gallagher June 12
- Frederick McCulloch June 13
- Lawrence Steltz June 13
- James D. Shepherd June 14
- Herman Brislin June 14
- Walter S. Puterbaugh, Jr. June 14
- Herbert H. Updyke June 14
- Ralph R. Anthony June 15
- Alfred J. Brown June 15
- Edwin R. Delaney June 16
- Emmett L. Hoover June 16
- James Nesbitt Martin June 16
- Bernard M. Novicki June 16
- William P. Sutton June 17
- Lewis W. Button June 18
- Vernon Covey June 18
- Donald Gabel June 18
- Loren Hummell June 18
- Leroy D. Roberts June 18
- Anthony Yeager June 18
- Walter D. Fine June 19
- Dorothy French June 19
- Warren W. Hoover June 19
- Elmer Evan Phillips June 19
- Charles Mekeel June 20
- Robert S. Watkins June 20
- Richard E. Williams June 20
- Carl J. Dykman June 21
- Curtis A. Edwards June 21
- Loren Freas Fritz June 21
- Elwood K. Protheroe June 21
- Henry Judson Holdredge June 21
- Harry S. Randall June 22
- John D. Scovell June 22
- Herbert Kemmerer June 23
- Stephen C. Lord June 23
- Lloyd R. Protheroe June 23
- Florence Rusiloski June 23
- James A. Sorber June 23
- Robert F. Dietz June 24
- Stanley E. Fabian June 24
- William F. Cairl June 25
- John T. Carey, Jr. June 25
- Robert Evans June 25
- Allen Kittle June 25
- Dean D. Kocher June 25
- Roswell T. Murray June 25
- Arthur L. Hunsinger June 27
- Mildred Loveland June 27
- James H. Fritz June 29
- James Sesock June 29
- James Skurat June 29
- John Coolbert June 29
- June 29
- June 30
- June 30

England, some time in France and now a twice interrupted journey through the Third Reich. If this keeps up, I'll know more about Europe than I do about Pennsylvania.

In one of the Posts I received this evening, there was a letter from my old partner in youthful deprecation, Don King. He's still trying valiantly for the Air Corps. After the run around he's been getting, they'd ought to give him a B-20 to take home.

One of My Texas buddies (?) just came in and noticed the Free Posts for Soldiers Coupon. After I told him it was the Dallas Post and not the Saturday Evening Post, I received the usual query, "Dallas, Texas?" So once again I launched into my oratorical campaign to prove the worth of our vigorous little community over the senile Texas burgh. They never seem to believe me that our Dallas has just as old and illustrious a history as does theirs. When I say that the son of the founder of Dallas, Pa., founded Dallas, Texas, I'm greeted either with an annoying horselaugh or a stunned silence. I don't know which is worse. Really I don't know if that story is true or not but I heard it once and it sounds good.. True or not, a lot of Texans are going back to their barren plains with that idea firmly implanted in their none too fertile brains.

A buddy and I are going for a stroll in the remaining minutes of day light so will have to sign off. Hope I receive the Dallas, Pennsylvania, Post soon again.

Good-bye now, Larry Drabick, Germany

Myra got as much pleasure out of your letter as I did, Larry. We'd both lost track of you for awhile although we knew you were overseas. Had a swell letter from Don a few weeks back telling how the boys in his outfit received the V-E Day news. Hope that particular Post will catch up with you. I know you'll enjoy it. Just the other day Mrs. Peter Jurchak asked me if Dallas, Pa. and Dallas, Texas, were both named after the same man. I wasn't sure. Until the war is over we'll accept your version then maybe the three of us can hash it out together. Good Luck to you.—Editor.

The Boy Who Saw Stars  
Dear Howard,

Well, here is that long lost guy that should have written to you a long time ago. I really ought to have a good swift kick for not writing but you'd be surprised how busy we are kept out here.

First of all I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for sending me the Post. Man, you have no idea what that paper means away out here. It gets around all over the H. Division in this ship. It is surely enjoyed by all I assure you. Especially me. It keeps me posted on what the rest of the guys are doing and what's cooking in the town of Dallas.

So far I have seen quite a bit of this territory out here and as far as I am concerned, they can have it all. I would give anything to feel those cool Back Mountain breezes again.

Where I work here on board ship, in the pharmacy, is about the coolest place on the ship. So I am pretty lucky. I like the work a lot where I am and it is very interesting. I am getting a lot of useful experience.

When I used to go deer hunting back home, I used to think there was a lot of noise and shooting going on but man, you should hear these guys when they let loose on this ship. It really makes some noise. At one time we had the famed 77th New York Butcher's Tokyo Rose calls them on our ship. They will have a reputation as mean fighters out this way. There are a lot of boys in it from back around home. Wherever there's fighting, they say you'll find a Texan. Well, if you look there you'll more than likely find a Pennsylvania too.

Just give me that little town of Dallas and I'll never roam.

I also wish to thank you a lot for the swell write up you gave

me about my experience in Hollywood. It was really a pip and it was an experience I'll never forget. Boy, when you get kissed by a movie star, you know you've been kissed. You're in a fog for about five minutes.

So far out here we have seen quite a bit of action. All I want to, anyway, but I guess we are in for a lot more. There is still a big war to be fought out here. We

## CONTACT

For Service Men



### Training in Virginia

S 1/c Loren L. Schoonover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Draoper Schoonover of Dallas R.D. 3, is at the Atlantic Fleet's Amphibious Training Base at Little Creek, Va., training for duty aboard an LSM (landing ship, medium). He will soon join a crew leaving Little Creek for the Pacific.

S 1/c Schoonover graduated from Dallas Township High School in 1941 and was engaged in farming before he entered the Navy in February, 1944. He served on an LST (landing ship, tank) during the Normandy invasion.

His wife, the former Nora Winters, and daughter live in Tunkhannock. His brother, GM 2/C William, is also with the Navy, serving aboard a PT Boat.

S/Sgt. Robert B. Price, son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Price of Park street, Dallas, has graduated from the Airplane Hydraulic Me- (Continued on Page Three)

## Letter Of The Week

Somewhere in The Alps May 17, 1945

Dear Howard:

It has been sometime since I wrote to you last but now that the war is over we are pulling guard duty because of the great number of German soldiers here we have to keep in order until they move them out.

Here our men ride around keeping order usually with two or three German M.P.'s. I never dream't it would be like this. The city we are staying in is occupied by Germans. There are about ten Germans to every one of us. But they obey the rules.

The city I live in is a beautiful winter resort. The mountains still have snow on them and during the day it is so hot here we don't know what to do with ourselves because the lake here has very cold water. You almost freeze going swimming.

We are staying in a beautiful hotel—all kinds of service and we have separate rooms to sleep in. Also a private bar so we are drinking German beer.

I have a few pistols and rifles as souvenirs from the Germans. It was some experience the day the troops surrendered. We had two tanks with two squads of riflemen on them and two jeeps with mounted machine guns and four men each. I never saw so many Germans. They came from all over. I was scared. Most of the Germans had six years of English in school so I talked with some of them. The first thing they wanted to know was why we didn't have the tanks fire their guns into the city. They were taught to hate Americans but when I got done talking to them they realized their mistake. This was my first experience to see a formal surrender by our regimental commander and a German commander. It was swell to see.

I haven't seen Frank Kamoor since we pushed off into the Po Valley. But before I went on the line one of his pilots took me for a ride over our camp. The cooks raised heck because we came in so low we almost knocked over the tents. Frank flew over the camp a few times and no one expected him. He came in so low we could have shaken hands but it scared us and we all hit the ground. We thought it was a German plane. Frank is a flight leader. Expects to be a captain anytime now. I showed him around the camp to see how the Infantry lived. We are sleeping on the ground with straw as a mattress. He said he will stick to the air corps.

Well, Howard, we're really sweating out the Pacific now. We don't know what we will do as yet, although I do expect a furlough very soon. Well it's time to go on guard now.

By the way while in the Po Valley, I missed seeing Bud Nelson by about ten minutes. We were moving so fast we passed his outfit up. I was looking forward to seeing him.

Joe Wallo.

It was swell to get your letter, Joe, and I'll bet, by gosh, you haven't received a Post in months. Thanks for the pictures of the city you are in and the lake and mountains. What a place for a honeymoon instead of guarding German prisoners. Got your picture with the fake Colosseum background looking down at me from the wall back of my desk. Hope we'll be seeing you in person shortly. Good luck to a swell guy.—Editor.

## THE DALLAS POST

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  - ★ In Armed Service.

have been at Leyte, New Hollandia, Sumadi and several other places which I can not mention. They are military secrets for a while yet.

As to the weather out here, all I can say for it is that it is too darn HOT. I have never been in such a place in all my life. In more ways than one.

There is a fellow out here with me from Kingston, Pa. His name is Jim McCool. We have a lot of fun discussing what we are going to do when we get home. We have a lot of plans for that day. Here's hopin' it's all over soon.

I will have to bring this to a close now as it is my duty night and I have to go to work. Give my regards to all the fellows and I hope to hear from them soon. So long for now.

Your old pal, Frank Kuehn C/O Fleet Postoffice San Francisco

Chatted for a moment with your mother Monday morning in the postoffice, Frankie. Everybody was concerned because they had heard that you were injured. It was good when she assured us that you are "ok". A guy that kissed a movie star deserves another chance. That was a dandy story you gave me. Wouldn't it be swell if you could play a return engagement? Once those movie stars learn what the boys from Dallas really have to offer, they're going to be in a fog, too.—Editor.

Flags Waved in Pilsen

Dear Editor,  
Received two Posts today, one from your establishment and one in a package from my mother. They were quite old, but none the less more than welcome.

In the one paper in answer to a letter I wrote you, you asked if I were still in a tank outfit. In answer to the question—yes. I'm still in the same outfit and doing the same old job. Although since we have left France, I can assure you it is a little bit more interesting.

I visited the town of Pilsen and I can truthfully say it is one of the nicest towns, and we were treated better there than any town I've been in yet. There was no such thing as fraternizing there

because it was a liberated country. In France they would bleed us of our whole month's pay and cry for more in one night's time. In Czechoslovakia you can't buy anything if you try. They will give you everything they own if you allow it. Of course they were pretty glad to see us. If we had been a few hours later, there wouldn't have been anything left to call Pilsen. All that night there were crowds on the street with the old-fashioned folk dances on the main drag. Flags were waving from every house and everybody was happy. They said it was the first time they had been allowed to do that in four years.

I only pray the whole world could be like that, but as you no doubt suspect, we are sweating out the C.B.I. at the present time.

I noticed also a letter from a good school mate of mine, Dale Warmouth. I would like very much to have his home address so I could send him a few lines and see how he is doing.

Well, I guess I'll close for now and get some sleep. We're living (Continued on Page Three)

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## FROM CAMPS AT HOME

Easier Than Hauling Milk

Dear Mr. Risley,

Just a line to let you know I am still in Sampson and have been receiving the Post regularly. I appreciate it very much as it's certainly great to read about the happenings back home.

I also wish to inform you that I will be home on leave this week. When I report back here or to another station, I will let you know my new address.

I have enjoyed my training here very much except for a little home-

sickness. It was sure a great deal easier than hauling milk through the snowdrifts. The weather here in general has been fair. The war news sure sounds good. Will be glad when it is all ended, and won't we all be?

Thanking you again for The Post. I remain,  
Basil E. Frantz  
Well, Basil, one of the reasons why this country is short of food is because they have taken men like you into the Navy. It was (Continued on Page Three)

## Attention Servicemen!

It is important that you notify The Dallas Post at once if you are discharged from service, win military awards special citations or are wounded. When sending this information you will be sure to specify dates and place where the event took place. The Post's Service File is the only complete community record of the Back Mountain Region's contribution during World War II. It will become invaluable as the years pass as a permanent historical record. You owe it to yourself to have a complete record in that file. Use the coupon below.

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