

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

No More Fighting
Dear Mr. Editor,
I suppose I should start out by making all sorts of excuses and apologies for not writing you more often but the truth is I just never took the time. From now on I'll do my best to correct that error.

I have been receiving the Post quite regularly and was very much interested in its contents especially the Outpost section. Very often I run across a letter from one of my old pals up that way. Some are in the Pacific, others in Italy and still others in either France, England, or even Germany. It sure is amazing how the army can dis-

perse a group of fellows.
At the present I am in Germany, just outside of Munich. We aren't doing much yet except pulling guard and patrol duty but I think we are about due for a change. It isn't customary of the army to give a fellow this type of break for too long a time. Surely they must have something up their sleeve.

Two days following the surrender of Germany I had, and took advantage of, the opportunity to see the city of Munich. The tour was made on a bicycle which gave me all the more time to take a good look at the things. However, no matter in which part of the city one went you could always find ruin and destruction, the majority of which was caused by bombing. Judging from buildings that were not touched by the bombs, I am inclined to believe that it was a fairly beautiful city before the war. Not until one sees for himself the destruction brought on by war can he be fully thankful that it never came to the homeland of America, not to say anything of the many lives of helpless civilians it might involve. Truly we should thank God for the protection he gave us as a Nation. May America refrain from following in the footsteps of Europe!

Today I received a bit of news that filled me with more joy than did V-E Day. I read in the Stars and Stripes that by order of Gen. Eisenhower any E. M. who took part in actual combat in either Sicily, Italy, Corsica or Sardinia would not go to the Pacific. I guess that's enough to make anyone happy, knowing that he has no more fighting to do. However I hardly think I'll be getting back to the states for at least another six or seven months yet. I won't sweat much over that though for I know I'll be back someday.

Perhaps I had better be closing but before I do I'd like to thank you very much for sending me the Post despite the fact that I never wrote you before. As some of the other boys have said, it's like getting a letter from home. At times I would receive no mail except your paper and with it I would be perfectly content. It's like getting many letters in one. Thanks again and keep sending it, you're doing a fine job I assure you.

Closing with best Regards,
"Jim" Evans
Munich, Germany

Nothing To Worry About
Dear Mr. Editor,
It's been quite a long time since I've written so I thought I would write you a few lines. It seems so nice and peaceful since all the firing has ceased. Nothing to worry about except wondering when you're leaving for the C.B.I. now. I only have 61 points so I guess I'll be headed there within the next couple of months. I'm hoping I go by the U. S. but I guess there are thousands of other fellows wishing the same thing.

When the war ended I was only a few miles away from where I am now. We just finished taking Linz and were headed for Prague when it ended. Just 9 months to the day I set foot on France the war ended. Obermaldau is only a small town near Winterberg on the Mالدau River, about 40 miles north of Linz.

For the past couple of months I haven't received the Post and I miss it very much. I am wondering if it is getting held up in the mail somewhere or what is the reason. I'm hoping I get it again pretty soon.

As ever,
Fred Schobert
Obermaldau,
Czechoslovakia

On A Post Card
Hello Howard,
Sure is a lot to see here. Why anyone in so rich a country would want war amazes me. Man's want is one of the wonders of the world, or should be.

Your pal,
Herb Updyke
Germany

Big Day In Philippines
Dear Mr. Risley:
A few lines to let you know I received my first issue of the Post and was I ever glad to get it. I

CONTACT

For Service Men



Lieut. Conyngham Is On British Ship

Lt. (jg) William L. Conyngham is Liaison Officer in Communications on H.M.S. Tenacious which, with other units of the British Pacific Fleet, has made repeated attacks on the Sakisha Islands, protecting the western approaches to the Japanese mainland, and played a large part in support of the Okinawa campaign. Admiral R. S. Spruance, Commander of the U.S. Fifth Fleet, in a message to Vice Admiral Rawlings, task force Commander, said, "The work done by the task force is typical of the great traditions of the Royal Navy."

The Tenacious was also part of the force which brought Vice Admiral Rawlings, on H.M.S. King George V, for his talk with Admiral Nimitz.

Lt. Conyngham has previously (Continued on Page Seven)

got so interested in reading it that all I got for dinner when I went was some bread and iced tea to drink, but I felt just as good as if I had a big dinner for I sure enjoy the Post and hear some news from the home town again. I thought maybe you had forgotten me but I know you didn't.

I am in Manila in the Philippine Islands but there isn't much left here now after those Japs left and

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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 Grill, Hislop's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Leonard's Store; Kelslow—Caves Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store.

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Letter Of The Week

Dear Mr. Risley,
I guess maybe I've written you this letter ten times or more but always thinking it not very important and I let it go with just being sealed in an envelope, then to be destroyed. However, this time it's "to do or die".

Who am I? Just a former Dallas resident, Helen Sullivan, former employee of Hislop's restaurant before moving here. I'm not in the service and not important; about all I do for the war effort is donate blood to the Red Cross, three times in the last two years. I suppose most people think I need to be given blood instead of giving, but as long as I can spare it, it's going to be given. Then I belong to three different service clubs, you donate your time to them after work. It's not all pleasure but, sir, it's one of the toughest jobs I've ever had. There's another thing, mostly why I'm writing you. It's about what papers, like the Post, do for those kids. It's like a jink in a chain, keeps them posted on all their school chums and pals. I've talked to these fellows and this is all true, their way of feeling. Paper means a lot, news of home.

I know each and every person who gets your subscription to the Post feels as I do, that you're doing one of the most wonderful things in this war. You'll never be forgotten for it nor should you ever be! You've thrown many friends and fellows together by just this. It sure has kept me posted on pals and believe me, it means a lot. I've been writing pretty regular to Lt. Stanley Hanson and two days before he was reported missing I had a letter from him. Then I read the Post and there it was, "Missing In Action". It was quite a shock but was better than having the letter return first with it marked on. I had a letter from his major so I guess maybe there's not too much of a chance. He was very well thought of by the fellows. I missed seeing him on your Remembrance List.

I think they ought to present you with a medal, you're so deserving of it, and don't ever stop. If my sister didn't already send me up the Post I'd most certainly subscribe to it. Even people who don't know Dallas will know it all over the world, thanks to Mr. Risley. You're probably saying right now you haven't done anything, but the letters printed from the boys have sure proved different.

If ever any of those fellows who know the Sullivans, even the ones who don't, get up this way we hope they drop in at the "Journal Canteen", one of the biggest canteens here, run by the newspaper. That's where I'm hostess; I'll sure try to help them have a good time. All this sounds quite mixed up but I hope you can un-mix it so as to make some kind of sense. I'm not very good at putting into words what I feel but then, you'll have an idea.

Good luck to you always, sir. I remain,
Helen Sullivan
Providence, R. I.

P. S. I always include a P. S. in a letter; what's a letter without it? I just wanted to say I feel better now that I've finally got this letter in the mail box. You can see for yourself now that it's not only service people who appreciate the letters; there's all of the rest of us. Being away from Dallas is almost like being in the service. Say, I bet this is the longest P. S. you've ever read. I'll drop off here.
Helen

● A darn nice little letter from a nice little girl, published here not because of the glowing things she says about us, but because we know all of her Dallas friends will be glad to hear from her.—Editor

seen him since but I expect to see him again in a day or two.

In the last few days I have been on four missions to Japan; one to Tokyo, one to Yokohama, one to Osaka and the last one to Kobe. All of them were fire raids and we sure did set that part of the world on fire. Of course, we lost a few (Continued on Page Seven)

I want to thank you all for the Post. It is a wonderful paper and full of good home town news that I like.

I also want to say hello to all those good neighbors and friends out in good old I-downtown and all my buddies wherever they may be. Good luck, pals, and hope we all get home soon to live happy once more.

That is about all for this time. Thank you again for the Post. Good-bye, with my regards to all.
Cpl. Walter Meade
Manila

Brothers Meet
Dear Mr. Risley,
Gee, I've been getting an awful lot of letters from folks in Dallas these days. I usually try to answer each of them but lately I've been so busy that any time I have a few spare moments I try to catch a few winks of sleep. Until I get a chance to write letters to everyone I hope this one will spread what little news I have to give.

When you stop to think of it, I do have quite a bit of news at that. The other day I had a strong hunch I'd better scout around this island. After considerable checking around I managed to find Dick. I sure was happy about that. I got on a little boat and went out to that ship of his. Where do you think I found him? At that washing machine that he writes so much about, and it was his birthday. He said that would be his last day at the washing machine. His skipper gave him the rest of the day off so he came over with me to spend the rest of the night. Unluckily I had to go out on a mission late that night so I had to let him shift for himself. Guess he made out O.K. because I saw him the next day. He came over again to spend the night with me. The other day I went over to his ship and spent the whole day on it. That Navy chow sure is good, compared to the Army chow. Haven't

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FROM CAMPS AT HOME

At Newport
Dear Mr. Risley,
Well, I should be mad at myself for not writing sooner, but I was so busy and the Post came in very handy because I did enjoy it very well when I did not have anything to read. I like the Navy very much and I hope I can still lose more weight.

Well, I thank you very much again and I hope I will still receive it.

Very truly yours,
Dick Oliver
Newport, R. I.

Wide Open Spaces
Dear Mr. Risley,

Well, here I am again, and first of all I want to thank you for the Post, as I really enjoy reading it very much.

Since I last wrote to you I have seen a little of the country, from New York to Texas. It was a 66 hour ride coming out here. I didn't think I would like it here at first, but I am beginning to like it more every day.

Boy, talk about your wide open spaces, Texas sure has plenty of it. This base, Corpus Christi, is the largest Naval Air Training base in the world.

When I left Sampson I thought maybe I'd be sent to school here, (Continued on Page Seven)

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 will you 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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