



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

At Sea

Dear Friends and Neighbors:

As I write this letter to all my good friends, I think of the good old times I spent in the back-mountain regions with many of you.

As you know, I was a graduate in the class of '29, from the Kingston Township High School. My home for the past nine years has been in Rochester, N.Y. I have been an employee of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. for a number of years. I also have a daughter of two and a half.

I was inducted into the service on April 18, 1944. I received my boot training at Sampson and completed it on June 6, 1944. From Sampson I was transferred to Newport, R.I. for an advanced training course.

I have been in the Pacific area for the past nine months and I visited such ports as Panama, New Guinea, Samar, Leyte, and many others while I was there.

The natives of the Philippines are very friendly, and also speak good English.

I have been receiving the Dallas Post and it sure is good to know what is going on back home. I see in the Post that a good many of my friends have lost their lives in this terrible war. Speaking for my shipmates and myself, I know that this war has brought us all closer to God. We find consolation in prayer, and pray to God that some day soon we will all be home-loving people again, so that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness may again be ours in the post-war world.

My duty on the ship is cooking and I enjoy it very much. We have the best of food and the boys can have all that they can hold.

God Bless all of my friends. I'll be seeing you.

Yours,
Robert W. Pryn, Jr.
% Fleet Post-Office,
San Francisco, Cal.

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.

- Evan H. Evans July 13
- W. G. Gosart July 13
- Evan H. Jenkins July 13
- Alan Kistler July 13
- Theodore Laskowski July 13
- Glenn D. Kocher July 13
- Arthur Reese July 13
- Floyd J. Hontz July 14
- Michael W. O'Boyle July 14
- Robert A. Ray July 14
- Andrew Kozemchak July 15
- James A. Oliver July 15
- Charles W. Kern July 16
- George Kuchta July 16
- William H. Baker July 17
- Coral Eveland July 17
- Clayton L. Cairl July 18
- C. H. Davis July 18
- S. D. Davis July 18
- Fred Girton July 18
- Frank C. Gudman July 18
- Joseph H. Layaou July 18
- William J. Carroll, Jr. July 19
- Edward Sabol July 20
- Joseph Maculus July 20
- Nancy O'Konsky July 20
- Ben C. Smith July 22
- Evan M. Hontz July 22
- Charles L. Moore July 22
- Frederick J. Case July 23
- Samuel Elias July 24
- Stanley N. Knorr July 25
- Leland R. Case July 25
- James F. Hummell, Jr. July 25
- Lloyd Jennings July 25
- Robert Payne July 25
- Kermit Sickler July 25
- Ernest L. McCarty July 26
- Kenneth G. Appleton July 26
- Dorothy R. Gilbert July 26
- Clarence L. Hebron, Jr. July 27
- Glenn Sickler July 27
- Robert L. Williams July 27
- Clarence G. Hubbill July 28
- Elwood C. Ide July 28
- Aubrey F. Weaver Jr. July 29
- Charles E. Lutsey July 30
- Raymond Rozempa July 30
- Lewis Legrand Jr. July 30
- Carol Shaver July 30
- Joseph R. Taylor July 30

On His Way

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to let you know that I don't have a permanent address right now. I will let you know just as soon as I get one. I hope that the new address is in the States. If it is I'll come back and show you some of the pictures that I have taken. Thank you very much for sending the Post.

I'll say good-bye and hope that I'll be seeing you soon.
Pfc. James W. Harris,
Postmaster, New York.

Moving About

I guess it is about time I dropped you a few lines, thanking you and your staff for the paper, and also notifying you of my change of address. I am still on the same ship, but a different post-office. It is now San Francisco, California.

This will be all for this time. I will write again soon and try to do better.

So long and thanks again for the Post.

Sincerely,
Ted Schwartz,
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

In Southern Germany

I am sorry that I did not write you sooner but you know how things are over here in the Infantry. But now that the war is over I have no excuse to offer that I can't write. So I am dropping you a line or two.

I have received the Post twice since I have been here and am glad to receive them.

I am now stationed in southern Germany for a while until they decide what to do with us.

I am in the 80th Division which is called the Blue Ridge Mountain Division and is under General Patton in the Third Army.

Well, I guess that's all the news from here so I will close.

Sgt. Herbert Kemmerer,
Germany

Here's That Man Again

Dear Mr. Risley:
"And this," I say pointing to a very much worn part of the "World's Biggest Little Newspaper" (or should I call it the "World's Littlest Big Newspaper"?) "is a letter from my brother. He and I used to work for the man who sent it to me."

Fifty-five men must hear this before I am satisfied when I get my Post. Each man then has to read through the paper, or I read it to him. In spite of all this they never run away when I come sprinting down the deck with another paper in my hand, ruining the quietness of a hot afternoon by shouting "Oh Jim" (or something like that). Sometimes I feel that they enjoy it (the Post) as much as I do.

A short while ago I unloaded a rather large supply on my brother who happened to be on one of the islands this strange craft anchored near. As usual I tried to sell him the Navy and had him out on the ship, while on the other hand he had some strange ideas about the Army and took me for a ride in some kind of craft which actually flew through the air like a bird. An airplane, I think he called it. Needless to say he was impressed, but for myself, I'll take sea-sickness. I went to his movies, he went to mine. I ate his chow, he ate mine. I drank his beer, he drank my cokes (he couldn't get any). He gave me some candy bars, I gave him a gallon of hard candy. We exchanged books, magazines, letters and bits of news. There was a time or two when I didn't have that much fun in Dallas, (only one or two times. I am really very loyal to that burg.) and it was about as hard to leave that island as it is to come back to the Navy after a leave.

The same day I saw George was the last day I worked on the laundry. My work now is largely painting. We paint the inside, we paint the outside, we go over the side and paint. By the time we get that all done the old ship looks pretty good, so we start to paint it. We have had this ship just six months and it has been painted three times in that period. My mem-

CONTACT

For Service Men



Home on Furlough

Pvt. Harold Lamoreaux is spending a seventeen-day furlough at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lamoreaux, of Pioneer Ave., Shavertown. Previously stationed at Seattle, he will report to Denver, Colorado, at the end of his furlough.

Division Cited

With the 35th Infantry Division in Germany.—Cpl. Wal. Humink, Route 2, Dallas, a member of the 35th Signal Company, has been rewarded for his excellent service. Humink and the entire 35th Infantry Division have been awarded the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque by Major General Paul W. Baade, commanding officer of the division, for superior performance of duty.

This award, the first in the Division, has been made because, since the invasion of Europe, the 35th Division has laid more than 10,000 miles of wire in France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

Found Art Treasures

With The Fifth Army, Italy—Pfc. Joseph Wallo, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Wallo, Dallas, is a member of the 3rd Battalion of the 339th "Polar Bear" Regiment, which discovered a vast collection of priceless art treasures that had

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THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

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

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c each. Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally Ho Grill, Hilly's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug store; Truckville—Leonard's Store; Idelton—Caves Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. 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 3c per word. Minimum charge 30c.

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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★ In Armed Service.

Thought For The Week

(This poem was written in a National Cemetery where many of our honored dead, fallen in battle, are buried.)

No longer do they dream of going home
Or picture loved ones as they were in happy days.
No longer do they dream of past or future
Or hope to set the entire world ablaze.

The medals that they wore will not be worn now
In honest pride to show their part in victories gained.
The urge that forced them on in gallant effort
Was a courageous faith that need not be explained.

We know that what they lived and fought and died for
Is now our cause; our fight and the life we must protect.

We must justify the faith they had that urged them onward
And rebuild a world so badly wrecked.

We must build a monument for those, our loved ones
To perpetuate the sacrifice they made.
Not just granite statues in majestic splendor,
But in lasting love and peace that will not fade.

Nine Broods Of 17-Year Locusts Exist In State

Harrisburg, July 13—When announcement was made some weeks ago that this was the year for the appearance in Pennsylvania of Brood II of the periodical cicada or "17-year locust," many letters were received by the State Department of Agriculture expressing doubt that the insects were scheduled to appear in 1945.

To settle the question, Dr. A. B. Champlain, principal entomologist in the Bureau of Plant Industry, investigated and found that no less than nine different broods or hatches of the 17-year locust make their appearance in different years and in different sections of the State. It is easy for "old timers" to confuse years of appearance, especially where more than one brood exists in a given area, he explained.

Records made over a period of many years by various observers and entomologists indicate at least 30 different broods of the periodical cicada exist in the United States. Most of these are limited to fairly definite areas, appearing above ground every 17 years. Appearances are mostly in compact masses which attract attention through the noise and the damage inflicted on tree twigs by females cutting slits in the bark of twigs in which to lay eggs.

According to predictions, Brood I appeared in a few southern Pennsylvania counties last year. Early arrivals of Brood II appeared late in May in Dauphin County and should be seen and heard in 16 other counties within the next few weeks, according to records. The remaining seven broods are scheduled to appear in parts of the State as follows, with the next "big locust year" coming in 1953:

Brood V, appearing in 1948 in Fayette, Greene and Washington Counties. Appeared last in 1931.
Brood VI, 1949, in Bucks, Montgomery and Westmoreland Counties. Appeared last in 1932.

Brood VII, 1950, in Allegheny and Washington Counties. Appeared last in 1933.

Brood VIII, 1951, in Allegheny, Armstrong, Beaver, Butler, Cambria, Clarion, Crawford, Fayette, Huntingdon, Indiana, Lawrence, Mercer, Venango, Washington and Westmoreland. Appeared last in 1934.

Brood X, 1953 (next big locust year) in Adams, Bedford, Berks, Blair, Bucks, Carbon, Chester, Clinton, Columbia, Cumberland, Dauphin, Delaware, Franklin, Fulton, Huntingdon, Juniata, Lackawanna, Lancaster, Lebanon, Lehigh, Luzerne, Lycoming, Mercer, Mifflin, Monroe, Montgomery, Montour, Northampton, Perry, Philadelphia, Schuylkill, Snyder, Somerset, Union, and York. Appeared last in 1936.
Brood XIII, 1956, in Lancaster County. Appeared last in 1939.

Brood XIV, 1957, in Adams, Bedford, Berks, Blair, Clearfield, Clinton, Cumberland, Franklin, Lehigh, Luzerne, Montour, Northumberland, Potter, Snyder, Schuylkill, Tioga, Union, and York. Appeared last in 1940.

This year's appearance of the 17-year locust, Brood II, is sched-

FROM CAMPS AT HOME

Our Weather's Bad, Eh?

Dear Mr. Risley:

How is everything back in Dallas? Arthur Keifer, Ray Verfaillie, and I are now stationed in the same company for our basic training. We would appreciate it very much if you would send us the Post. I miss it a lot, and I'm sure the other fellows here feel the same way about it.

The weather here was very hot last week. The temperature was as high as 114 degrees. A few of the fellows passed out. We had a nice rain storm on Saturday evening and there was a little wind along with it. Ever since then

the temperature has dropped very much.

Today is the Fourth of July, and we have the afternoon off. Afternoons like this one go very fast, or at least it seems that way to us. When we are drilling the hours drag like days and the minutes like hours.

Well, I'll have to sign off now because time is getting short. Again, I ask you, "please," send the Post as soon as possible.

As ever,
Pvt. Joseph A. Hardisky,
Camp Croft, South Carolina.

(Continued on Page Six)

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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