

## SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Until your correspondent had completed the reading of editorial comment on the latest war speech of the newest peace president, he had conceded all honors for mixed metaphor to Billy Maguire. "Mac" it was who gave us a headline which said: "F. D. R. Takes Bull By The Horns, Bows Over All Opposition, Spikes Guns Of Appeasement." Some bull that! A bovine Proteus if ever there was one.

But what about this from the ward-room of the goodship Potomac: "Communist agents are attempting to under-mine America's national defense by sowing seeds of strife in the ranks of labor."

Try that on your agronomy next time you go out for a bucket of coal. You'll feel as futile and frustrated as the Chamber of Commerce in Pittston. Those boys made wrathful demands upon a national magazine to retract its pronouncement of doom upon the heaven of John Kehoe, declaring it fated to destruction by mine subsidies, only to come home from the mailing and discover that the basements had dropped out of three more buildings.

It goes to show, dear editor, that this is, indeed, an age of discouraging denials. Which, in the lack of a better approach, must serve as salutatory to what your correspondent learned on a foot-loose Saturday in haunts he once traversed as an inquiring reporter; in other words, in Philadelphia. More important persons were there. Somerset Maugham and Lord Halifax for instance. The author, by the way, calls his name "Moom" and His Lordship was sure that the rolling hills and broad fields of adjoining Chester County were designed by a just providence for fox-hunting. All of which is what your correspondent wanted to tell you about.

Our wolf cartoonists in that other war enjoyed the withered left arm of the Kaiser; they used it as symbolic of the condition of atrophy afflicting the heart of the German people whom they conveniently dubbed "Huns". you should see how carefully the newsmen posed His Lordship Halifax so his withered left arm wouldn't show. But, Heaven be thanked that omitted from news-photo and news-reel were the obsequies, curtsies and general abasement of free Americans in the presence of the nobility.

Just to show Halifax that Americans whose ancestors licked his'n are duly apologetic for such effrontery the hosts and hostesses of the day appeared in the red coats once so obnoxious to their forebears. Why, even down in what is known as "The Neck" of Philadelphia, populated by the relics of the Hessians, the descendants of the mercenaries hired by George III, refused to treasure so much as one of the scarlet bodices of 1776.

But it was Maugham who was the revealing fellow. He was guest of the Women's League for World Democracy. What the author knows about the democracy of Britain which he quit cold to live most of his years in France, was apparent in his constant references to the "clawes." You do not know about them here, but with a different pronunciation Maugham described them as the "upper clawes," "middle clawes" and "working clawes" of England. Your correspondent got the impression that with proper effort on the part of the good old United States there might be a leveling of the classes at the end of whatever this thing is we are setting out on. It seems that already the wealthy idle of the tight little kingdom are not averse to sharing shelter with "the people" when bombs get dropping uncomfortably close. And the people are beginning to realize there is little difference between them and their betters; all are brothers when the communal-skin is to be saved.

It finally was refreshing to have a touch-and-go contact with Lily Hellman, rounding out a new success as America's most important playwright. Her "Watch On The Rhine" had just survived all the danger of critical first week audiences drawn to "Maryland" theatre in Baltimore. You're going to like "Watch On The Rhine." Miss Hellman thought, for her part, she would like to look in on Luzerne County, considering all she has heard about the type of democracy enjoyed here, particularly through the medium of the courts.

And so the week was wound up with Lew Weitzenkorn and a visit to Dallas. Weitzenkorn, too, has been making a study of democracy, seeking inspiration for a play that might take rank with his recent stage sensation "Five Star Final." At last reports, Lew and your correspondent were on the telephone, seeking conference with a travel traveler, fellow-playwright and alleged associate editor. His name, if we remembered it correctly, was Fred M. Kiefer.

What's become of that fellow, anyway?

javie aiche.

### SONG

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears,  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest;  
All my hopes and fears.  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!

William Waston

### PEDIGREE

The pedigree of honey  
Does not concern the bee;  
A clover, anytime, to him  
Is aristocracy.

Emily Dickinson

## THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

If you are standing on the sidewalk and watching the circus parade, you can lose your gold watch or maybe your old wallet, and never miss them until the parade is over, or you get home. This commotion on war preparedness is not much different from a circus.

I been thinking about what else is going on, while we are helping England. Most everybody wants to help England, the same as most everybody likes a circus, but you gotta keep half-way awake or maybe you will walk home—and without your timepiece.

The latest — halfway covered by preparedness—is Socialism. Most everybody figures socialism is something they have away off someplace else, like in Germany, and all we have here are Democrats and Republicans.

But behind the scenery, if you look, you will see Old Uncle Samuel getting pushed into a little bit of every kind of business, especially the electric. And he won't get out when preparedness is over. Sambo's business is running the army and the navy. When he edges in to private business, he is edging into Socialism.

You gotta keep an eye peeled at any parade.

Yours with the low down,  
JO SERRA

## FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

Group singing, good or bad, is always a source of enjoyment to me. If it is good I appreciate it. And, if it is amateurish I am amused.

Our college's mixed glee club is the pride of the state. When their combined voices are heard, it is the only sound in range. Every other noise ceases. But when the whole untrained student body sings, it becomes a contest. The winner being he who sings loudest.

There are two types of singing that really give me a thrill. They are: first, the singing of patriotic pieces. A strong feeling comes over me when ever a crowd starts singing in praise of their country. I join in, and the few notes of mine that reach my hearing sound better to me than any I sing alone. The second type is one that I have only recently started to hear. That of marching men singing. Those voices lifted in cadence to the rhythm of soldier's boots carry a powerful pull to any boy within hearing distance. When soldiers go singing by I am tempted to fall right in with them and march along.

In contrast to such active music, there is the singing done in church. I like the whole business of church singing, from the moment of the announcement of the hymn, to the seating of the congregation. Every week I wait for the rasping sound the hymn books make as they are pulled from their racks on the back of the pews. Then comes the sound of many people thumping through the pages, mixed with an occasional murmur of satisfaction when one has turned to the correct place on the first try. Church voices belong in a class by themselves. Everyone is so conscientious. There are the people who have lost their place and finish the last two words after every one else. There is the lusty singer who breaks off in the middle to hand his book to a late-comer. And lastly there is the wavy contralto who sounds rather like a musical saw.

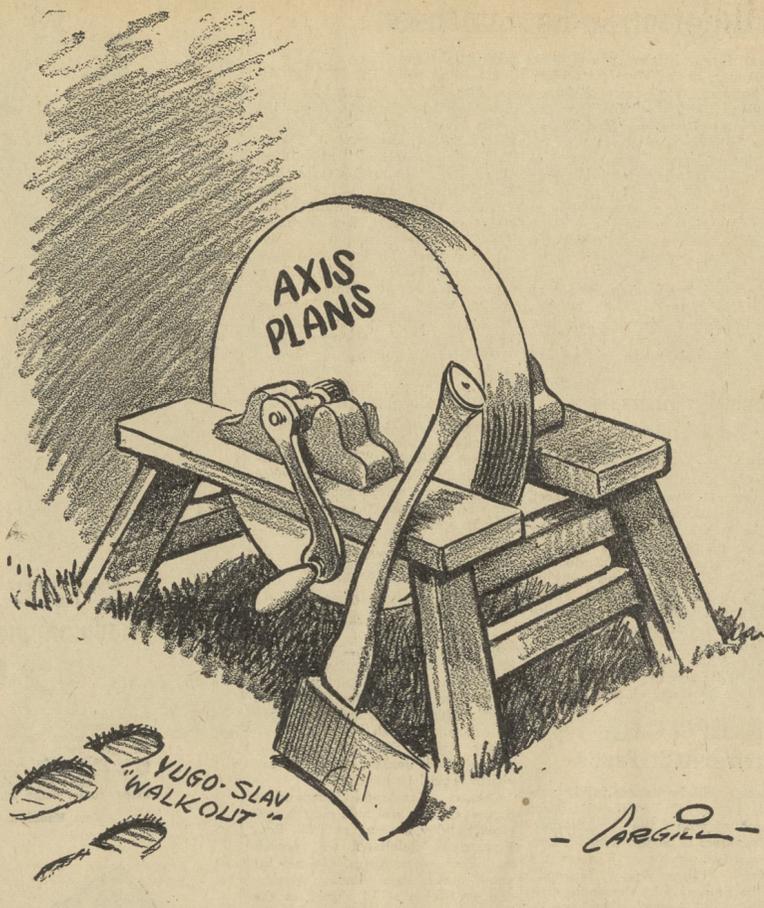
However we choose to sing, we should be grateful. For, we are the only nation that still has: Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press and Freedom of Song.

### A LA GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

If you wish in this world to advance,  
Your merits you're bound to enhance;  
You must stir it and stomp it,  
And blow your own trumpet,  
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance.

PAUL BALDA,  
56 Berwyn Street,  
Orange, N. J.

## THE TURNING POINT OF THE WAR



## BOOK REVIEW

A dramatic romance, which has a slightly different twist, "Nurses Are People" is a story of romance and intrigue in a hospital. Miss Hancock has tried to prove to the public that although nurses are inclined to become hardened individuals because of the pain and suffering that they see and relieve all of the time, they are possessed of the same emotions, and are subject to the same temptations as any other women. The author seems to feel that nurses should be credited with the successful recovery of the patient and the doctor is merely incidental. The latter theme is not as well accomplished as the former.

Her story centers around Nurse Roberta Cameron who is not only young and beautiful, but intelligent and ambitious as well. Nurse Cameron has not time for romance until she meets Chris Baxter under unusual circumstances. Fate intervenes, however, and the inevitable triangle arises when she becomes infatuated with Dr. Stanley Nichols, a handsome and selfish character who is discontented in his marital life. Our heroine tries to resist temptation and is rewarded when she once again meets the worthy Chris Baxter and nurses him back to health.

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

### THE DALLAS POST

ESTABLISHED 1889

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HAROLD J. PRICE

Miss Hancock has brought to light the trials and tribulations of the nurse. She has shown the reader the hardships and difficulties a woman must be subjected to in order to become and remain a nurse. The reader is given a bird's eye view into the private corridors of a hospital and is shown how the same petty jealousies and every-day bickering exists in the white washed hospital as they do in any other type of business, for medicine, as presented in "Nurses Are People," is a business as well as being a profession. For the most part, the outside world has little knowledge of the inner workings of a hospital and it is interesting to discover that all nurses and doctors are not angels of mercy.

The book makes for rather enjoyable reading if the reader is interested in a light movie-like novel. The contents are easily digested, and although most of us know that seldom does the nurse marry the handsome and rich patient, a happy ending is appreciated by most people. The book does not contain the depth of "The Citadel," but for a few hours of light reading "Nurses Are People" should be most suitable.

again meets the worthy Chris Baxter and nurses him back to health.

## THE SAFETY VALVE - By Post Readers

### IT'S A HARD GAME

March 20, 1941.

Editor The Post:—

Knowing that in the past you have thought a little about Tommy Dropinski, known as the pugilistic world as "Tommy Dew". I hope after reading this letter you will sort of help this boy in his hour of need, because the time has come when this boy needs all the advice and help his friends can give. After receiving a phone call that some "Hum Vulture" manager was out there in Wilkes-Barre trying to put Tommy in a fight, I decided to prevent it if possible. Taking Judge Cavanaugh of East Orange with me, I arrived there in time to prevent this boy from getting his brain battered in and maybe stop this "Vulture" from ruining good prospects.

Anyone can ruin prospects, you don't have to be a licensed manager to do that. Why, my good friend should want to have other boys to ruin is beyond my understanding.

I hold a two (2) year contract on Tommy and rather than see him get hurt, I'd tell him to quit at this early stage of the game.

The boy was brought down to me by one Teddy Songialios of Pringle Hill. Teddy spent a little over \$110 on this boy. Myself I do not keep track of the money and time it cost me because it was a pleasure teaching this boy to box as long as he listened. If this "Vulture" might be interested in the contract, he can pay Songialios that above mentioned amount. Then he might not be so careless who he matches Tom up with.

I remain yours to hear from,  
PAUL BALDA,  
56 Berwyn Street,  
Orange, N. J.

### HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England.

Now that April's there!  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the  
brush wood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny  
leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the  
orchard bough  
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all  
the swallows!  
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree  
in the hedge,  
Leans to the field and scatters on  
the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent  
spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each  
song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never  
could recapture  
That first fine, careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough  
with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes  
anew  
The buttercups, the little children's  
dower,  
Far brighter than this gaudy melon  
flower!

Robert Browning.

### UNCLE SAM'S COUSIN

March 21, 1941.

Editor The Post:—

You are probably wondering just who this is writing from Langley Field? Well, I am just another one of Dallas many "cousins" to our great Uncle Sam, and, whose week is never complete unless he has read his hometown newspaper! But, sad, but true, Private Snyder of Langley Field has not received the March 21 issue of the Dallas Post, thus, this week has proven to be an incomplete one.

(Incidentally, I received the March 14 issue of the Dallas Post alright).

As you know, I am a new subscriber to the Dallas Post, as before, my parents sent me their issue after they were finished reading it. But my mother, having a scrap book collection of articles from the Post, insisted I send the paper back when I was finished with it. (Some routine, yes!) But we have done this since I joined last year, and I finally decided to have them subscribe to the Post for me to do away with this "fourth handed" method!

I have enjoyed the articles that have appeared in the Post since I have joined the Air Corps considerably. Since my graduation from Case Jones School of Aeronautics as an Army Airplane Mechanic, I have had the fine opportunity to be working on the Army's famous Bell "Aircuda's." These planes are the twin engined, pusher type. (I am sorry I cannot give you more information about these fighters, as this is restricted.)

Two weeks ago I was transferred into the new 50th Material Squadron of the 37th Air Base Group which is leaving for Oklahoma City on April 12. I am very enthused about going to Oklahoma, as I have always wanted to fulfill that old saying, "Go West, Young Man, Go West!"—Army life is perfect, I love it!

I intend to visit Allan Kistler after I arrive in Oklahoma, as I read in a recent issue of the Post that he is stationed at Camp Sill in Oklahoma.

Now to go back to my incomplete week. Will you kindly send me the March 21st issue of the Dallas Post. This issue might have been lost in the mail, but I would have received it by now, even though my address has been changed.

I remain as one of the many, faithful Dallas Post readers,  
Private William J. Snyder,  
50th Material Squadron,  
37th Air Base Group,  
Langley Field, Va.

## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Have you read H. M. Pulham Esquire? It was written by John Marquand, who wrote Wickford Point and the famous Mr. Moto stories. I am certainly not a book reviewer so I do not have to worry about the good craftsmanship and literary qualities of the book so I can tell you very simply why I enjoyed H. M. Pulham Esquire so much.

Harry Pulham is a rich young man who graduates from Groton and Harvard. The author has portrayed most vividly the story of a young man who is completely surrounded on all sides by family, money, and most of all tradition. He dared not do as he pleased, he must live as his crowd lives and any attempt to deviate from the usual routine of Groton, Harvard, the best clubs, the proper sports was looked upon with great disfavor.

Harry Pulham did dare to break away from a small part of his life. He escaped to New York and worked for a while in an advertising firm. Harry wasn't exactly brilliant but he seemed to fit very nicely into the advertising business. It was in this position that he met Marvin Myles, the girl who might have changed his life into something different if she had had a chance. Marvin was something new to Harry. She didn't have any money except what she earned, no background to speak of, and the ambition of her life was to enjoy some of the things Harry took for granted. He dared one week-end to take Marvin home for a visit. His family and his friends didn't quite understand because young men in Harry's circle married the young women in their circle and surely Harry wasn't considering this girl seriously. It just wasn't done! Who was she? Who were her people? Where had she gone to school? Harry never got the chance to bring Marvin into his life because his father died and he had to go back to Boston and take care of his mother and the estate.

Before Harry realized what was happening, he was married in his own crowd. He certainly didn't feel the same about his wife as he did about Marvin, but he didn't object to being married to her. He took it as a natural procedure and convinced himself that he was in love with his wife.

Harry became the father of two children, found his wife all he expected of a wife and felt secure in his business affiliations. What more could one ask? Marvin Myles might have had an answer to that question because she had really been in love with Harry, but Harry had put her out of his life until one day he met her at a college reunion with her husband, who happened to be one of Harry's classmates.

Harry was sure that his way of living was the right way. He was so secure and so unconscious of reality that he never discovered that his wife was having an affair with his best friend. Harry wasn't stupid but he lacked imagination. He was a true son of his father and his mother and all the people who had gone before them. When his sister attempted to tell him what he had missed he didn't know what she was talking about.

Harry is so typical, he is so similar to many young married men who literally die and accept their deaths as life. Occasionally some of them catch a little glimpse of what life might have been, but they usually push it aside as something removed from their lives. They go right on living in the tradition of their fathers, attending college reunions, never suspecting that their way of living is meaningless and dull. Mr. Marquand has given us a pathetic and yet a very amusing picture of a class of men who will probably always be the same.

## THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

The number of square people, not the number of square miles, makes a country.

When you come to the forks of the road be careful Satan doesn't switch the signs.

Reputation is the flesh; character is the heart.  
A crowd is not company.

A storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid;  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?

### THE DEATH OF MISS PRAYER MEETING

Miss Faithful Prayer Meeting died recently at Neglectville in the state of Worldliness. She was born many years ago in revival fires. She had lived a notable life until recent years. For some time she had been confined to her home because of business engagements and severe attacks of fatigue and nervousness. These symptoms were always more noticeable on prayer meeting nights. She was troubled with stiff knees and weakness of will power and generally diminished vitality marked the last stage of her illness.

The remains will be taken before the Judgment Bar of God where the Creator and Searcher of all things will inquire into the real cause of the untimely death of so worthy a servant. It is suspected that treachery on the part of her caretakers and professed admirers will be discovered as responsible.—A. O. Moore.

### LENTEN THOUGHT No. 5

Why Easter? Easter is absolutely a Christian festival. The central figure which leads the way to Easter is not the person in fine clothes, nor the child with Easter toys, nor the once-a-year church attendee, but the central Being is Jesus, the Son of God.—M. C. Daniels.

### MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,  
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,  
And yet recalls the very hour—  
"Twas noon by yonder village tower,  
And on the last blue noon in May—  
The wind came briskly up this way,  
Crisping the brook beside the road;  
Then, pausing here, set down its load  
Of pine-scent, and shook listlessly  
Two petals from that wild rose tree.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

### FREEDOM

The columnists and contributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance with those of The Post

## Oliver's Garage

Hudson Distributor

DALLAS, PENNA.

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OF WILKES-BARRE  
FRANKLIN STREET ENTRANCE

## "WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?"

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who will serve the King?  
Who will be His helpers  
Other lives to bring?  
Who will leave the world's side?  
Who will face the foe?  
Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who for Him will go?



### Little Stories of GREAT HYMNS

This noted woman hymn writer never sat down deliberately to write a hymn. She waited till her inspiration came, and then wherever she was jotted down her thoughts. Though she was never physically strong, she was gifted and beautiful, and every hymn is full of her great spiritual strength and loveliness.

These "Little Stories of Hymns" are presented to you by

HOWARD H. WOOLBERT  
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