

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Sweet Spring
 Ah, Spring! Sweet Spring!
 Hello, there; you're welcome, by jing.
 Come in with your budding,
 Your claying and mudding,
 And even your flooding;
 Come in, have your fling.
 The birds and the bees are a-wing
 And Nature is trying to sing;
 Aloft in the trees is
 A fragrance, the breezes
 Commingle our sneezes
 With air that has zing.
 Pray now, don't be fickle, old thing,
 Too long has old Winter been King,
 We're marking his rule up.
 Here's how! Tip a julep
 To crocus and tulip
 And brooks murmuring,
 Ding-dong sound the bells, and
 dong-ding,
 For church and for school. Let
 them ring!
 The bells we have ears for
 Are blue-bells. Three cheers for
 The gay little dears! For,
 It's Spring!

The Candidate

He isn't candid, he's profuse
 In praise of self, plus much abuse
 For all who would oppose his aim
 Upon the target labeled Fame.
 When he's elected, this his sin:
 He has no date; he's never in.

While The Iron Is Hot

In union there is strength, they say,
 Yet unions seem to disunite
 The forces which we would array
 To meet the menace known as
 Might.
 Be strong in labor. Labor's strong
 And ready yet to strike, we
 know;
 But some one has directions wrong
 When we are struck and not the
 foe.

The Word For It Is Greek

Benito Mussolini pouted up a martial
 mess,
 He talked a mighty conquest to
 the world,
 He licked the bow-and-arrow boys
 of Egypt's wilderness
 And then at all his stout defiance
 hurred.
 Benito Mussolini thought it time to
 make a spurge,
 He thought the time propitious,
 fame to seek,
 And now instead of paeans he is
 harking to a dirge,
 He doesn't understand it, for it's
 Greek.

They pounded him
 And hounded him,
 Then rounded out his track,
 They brouched him so
 And rounded him so
 He beat his shadow back.

Benito's Axis partner followed up
 his pal's mistake
 Was doubled back by Jugoslavs
 and Turks
 For Hitler it was Jerko when he
 thought 'twas really Jake
 So now he too has had to shoot
 the works.

The Greeks have panned his Panzéro
 and his Blitzers have the
 bluffs
 His Luftwaffe was a bluff and all
 too weak,
 He's found a foe whose lexicon has
 no word meaning lose
 But many meaning courage; all
 are Greek.

Who hears a foe?
 Who fears a foe
 Of this the best of lands?
 All such we'd rout
 By calling out
 Our lunch and candy stands.

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

On this, another Good Friday, let
 our minds be centered upon the
 Cross of the Savior of the world.
 Let us think briefly of

THE TERROR OF THE CROSS

By Rev. M. C. Davies, B. A.

Who is this, whom men are re-
 viling, mocking and scoffing? Is he
 some criminal who deserves all this
 shame? From those to whom we
 speak, we learn that he claimed to
 be the Son of God, and as they go
 about their work or pleasure there
 is no terror here for them. But as
 we approach the foot of the Cross
 we find there three lonely and sor-
 rowful figures, one man and two
 women. Perhaps they have caught
 some taste of the terror of this aw-
 ful ordeal. We speak to them and
 learn that one of them is the Mother
 of this, her Son. The other is
 Magdalene, one of His closest and
 most devout followers, and the third
 is His most beloved disciple, John.
 Ah, yes, they have learned and are
 learning something of the terror of
 the Cross, for upon it, with out-
 stretched arms, is the One they love
 the most in all the world.

We gaze into the face of the vic-
 tim. Strange to say, there is no
 terror there; only a deep concern
 for those about Him, not for Him-
 self. Even His enemies are His con-
 cern—those who love Him are in
 His thoughts, and those who love
 Him not are in His mind.

PRaise FOR THE CROSS

By Nellie Mayes

How sad and lonely was the road
 That Jesus, our Redeemer, trod!

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

You will half-way ques-
 tion a person's I. Q. if he
 says a good word for the
 tax collector. But if the
 tax collector gets us woke
 up, he is doing us a good
 turn. And brother, is he
 getting busy? And the
 more pockets he fumbles
 around the more enemies
 he makes, the better it
 will be for everybody—in
 the long run.

We been figuring it is
 O. K. for the Govt. to dive
 into this business or that
 business, just so it wasn't
 costing us anything. If
 Sambo wanted to be a
 Socialist, let him be one.
 But now the Old Boy is
 limping home like a prod-
 igital, and everybody is
 gonna get nicked—and
 plenty. And brothers and
 sisters, it will be painful.

Digging up taxes, and
 doing without a new suit
 or hat or something, so
 that one million persons
 working for the Govt. can
 have a nice job, and may-
 be a new car every year—
 including free gas—is not
 going to give us a sweet
 disposition.

You can get a tooth out
 with novocain, but for
 taxes, there is no quick
 relief.

Yours with the low down.
JO SERRA

FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

Can you think of some product
 you have grown up with, and maybe
 associate with some milestone in
 your life? My father can. His
 product is Shredded Wheat. Many
 years ago there was a line on the
 Shredded Wheat package that read,
 "Tell us what you eat and we will
 tell you what you are." My father
 sent in a detailed account of what
 he ate, and received in return a let-
 ter making him "Official Window
 Sticker Sticker." With it he re-
 ceived a package of decalcomanias
 and a squeegee, and instructions to
 place stickers on every grocery store
 in his town of Parsons, Kansas.
 Forty-four years later his family is
 still eating Shredded Wheat.

I too have a product that I can
 remember from way back and it also
 happens to be a cereal.
 There is an old road that leads
 from my town around a large bay,
 and to the city nearby. About ten
 years ago a new road was built with
 a bridge across the bay and the nar-
 row old road is seldom used. The
 gas stations are closed and all the
 advertising signs along the side
 have either fallen or faded past re-
 cognition. One of these signs ad-
 vertised Albers Flapjack Flour. It was
 wooden and hand painted, a large
 reproduction of their famous trade-
 mark, a westerner complete with
 six-shooter and flannel shirt kneel-
 ing beside his camp-fire making flap-
 jacks. The sign fascinated me be-
 cause of the box the westerner held.
 It was an Albers box on which was
 a picture of a westerner holding an
 Albers box with a picture of a west-
 erner holding, etc., etc. My father
 used to drive by so fast that I never
 had time to scramble up the back
 seat of the car and see just how
 many men were in the picture.

It was the period of my life when
 my parents, older brothers, relatives,
 and interested spectators were try-
 ing to teach me to read. Every time
 we passed that sign they would try
 to focus my mind on the spelling of
 one word, Albers. But it was futile,
 my mind was busy with more im-
 portant things. I would try to
 please them by reading everything
 on the next sign, but received little
 praise; it was a giant coffee pot and
 bore the letters M J B.

Recently I stopped and looked for
 the old sign. I found it fallen and
 almost barren of paint. Weeds were
 growing through the cracks in the
 shrunken wood. I scraped some
 mud off with my shoe. Dimly I
 could make out one word. Albers.

He laid down His glory to be
 Our substitute on Calvary!

How can we dwell upon the scene?
 Lord, may Thy passion to us mean
 That, melted, we will count all loss,
 And glory only in the Cross!

O costly love! the price He paid,
 Sin and the curse were on Him
 laid;

And as a criminal there He died;
 God's holy Son was crucified!

Oh, make the vision clearer still!
 We would see Jesus on the hill
 Of Calvary, and Him adore
 Who ever lives to die no more!

We praise Thee for Redemption's
 plan,
 Wrought out by Thee for ruined
 man,
 And the blessed One-in-Three
 Our praise shall rise continually!

But let us go on to Sunday,
 and the Glorious Resurrection! Christ
 Jesus could not be held of Death.

SPRING FOOTBALL — (All Set for the Kickoff?)



BOOK REVIEW

WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE ARMY

By Harvey S. Ford

Publishers—W. W. Norton and Com-
 pany, Inc.

Date of Publication—March 8, 1941
 Reviewed by Lionel Ross

What the Citizen Should Know
 About the Army by Harvey S. Ford
 is not a book written for experts. It
 is written for the common layman
 who knows nothing about triangular
 divisions or flank attacks. It is
 written plainly, and so that it can
 be understood by every reader. Mr.
 Ford leaves out as much technical
 material as he possibly can. He tells
 what the Army contains in the way
 of men and material, how the Army
 and its branches operate, and what
 they can be expected to do in the
 future. The book is not an official
 publication. Mr. Ford says he alone
 is responsible for it. It does not
 represent the opinions of the War
 Department of the United States or
 of any Army member.

The book is divided into eight
 sections: The Organization of the
 Army, the Enlisted Man, the Officer,
 the Arms, The Services, The Citizen
 and the Army, the General Staff,
 and The Conduct of War.

The opening section is more or
 less a general review of our Army
 and its organization. Mr. Ford ends
 by saying, "The units of an Army
 and the system by which they are
 combined are international rather
 than national in character, and a
 phrase there one might use the
 above exposition as a fairly work-
 able guide for any major army in
 the world."

In the section on enlisted men he
 discusses discipline, military duties,
 fatigue, which is waiting on table,
 dishwashing, or any other work a
 soldier must do in addition to his
 military work, recreation, and the
 advantages, aside from the oppor-
 tunity for earning a commission that
 the enlisted man has. If he saves
 only five dollars a month and de-
 posits it with the Army Banking Sys-
 tem, he may retire at the end of
 thirty years service with ten thou-
 sand dollars in cash, and a pension
 of one hundred dollars a month. At
 the time of his retirement he should
 probably still be under fifty, or very
 close to it. However, ten thousand
 dollars and a pension of one hundred
 dollars a month doesn't seem to be
 too much for a man of fifty with a
 wife and two or three growing
 children.

The life of a soldier is fully ex-
 plained in the section, and the de-
 scription of a day in the Army is
 very interesting although getting up
 at six o'clock on a cold winter
 morning isn't exactly every person's
 idea of Utopia. There are many
 courses open to men who are qual-
 ified. Among the many schools are
 the Cavalry School, Chemical War-
 fare, Coast Artillery, Engineering,
 Dental, Finance, and the Signal
 Corps School. These schools teach
 high finance.

In the United States, officers' com-
 missions are granted in the Regular
 Army, the National Guard, and the
 organized Reserves, by the Presi-
 dent. The officers' complicated
 work, duties, and training are dis-
 cussed minutely by Mr. Ford. In
 one place he mentions that almost
 every country in the world, except
 the United States, has the rank of
 Field Marshal for commanders of

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units larger than an army. The
 only American officer ever to hold
 this title was General Douglas Mac-
 Arthur, who was made a Field Gen-
 eral by the Philippine Common-
 wealth.

The R. O. T. C. and military
 schools such as Culver or Valley
 Forge are mentioned as some of the
 institutions used for the develop-
 ment of good officers.

Among the various arms and
 branches of the Army are the Air
 Corps, the Armored Force, the Cav-
 alry, the Coast Artillery, the Engin-
 eers, the Signal Corps, the Infantry,
 and the Field Artillery.

When Mr. Ford writes about the
 services such as the Finance De-
 partment or the Judge Advocate's
 Department, the book becomes a
 little dull, although the reader be-
 comes interested again as soon as
 the author starts a discussion of the
 Chemical Warfare Department. The
 agents, odors, and effects of many of
 the main gases are identified for the
 reader.

The section on the Conduct of
 War should be very interesting to
 the layman. Everything technical
 has been left out, and the whole
 section comes down to one impor-
 tant idea. Success in our war de-
 pends mainly upon good leadership.
 Without skillful generals the army
 is on the way to defeat no matter
 how fine its equipment is or how
 well-trained the troops are.

Mr. Ford tries to show people in
 this Country how they can best
 serve their Army by learning more
 about it, and not just taking it for
 granted as they have been doing for
 the last twenty years. He needn't
 worry himself too much on that
 point. The American people are
 taking their Army very seriously
 at this particular time. They realize
 that it is a tremendously important
 factor in their lives.

WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE NAVY

By Hanson W. Baldwin

W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., Publishers
 March 8, 1941—\$2.00

Reviewed by Bernard Smith
 Hanson W. Baldwin is on com-
 pletely familiar ground when he
 writes of the Navy. He is a gradu-
 ate of Annapolis, and is now the
 naval specialist of the New York
 Times.

As a result, *What the Citizen
 Should Know About The Navy* is an
 informative, up-to-date, and com-
 plete book about the first line of
 defense of the United States. If
 anything, it is too complete, and at
 times encyclopedic. Pages of tables,
 diagrams, and statistics lend to a
 textbookish atmosphere that is bare-
 ly dissipated by a brisk, running
 narrative. Every conceivable phase
 of naval operations seems to be covered.

The book opens with a general
 discussion of the importance of sea
 power.

It goes on to tell the life of the
 enlisted man in the navy; his train-
 ing, pay, chances of advancement,
 and life aboard ship. As to the
 latter, it seems inconceivable that
 anybody would willingly join the
 navy, knowing the daily schedule he
 must follow. As presented by Mr.
 Baldwin, it goes something like this:
 up at four A. M.; breakfast; shine
 the brightwork; knock off the bright-
 work; inspection and setting up ex-
 ercises; general drill; dinner; sweep
 decks; drill; sweep down; knock off
 brightwork; clear decks; supper;
 sweep decks; scrub clothes; drill; and
 so to bed. The impression is given
 that the decks of a battleship must
 soon be worn by such continual
 sweeping.

The author goes on to tell of the
 naval officer; his pay, training,
 duties, and chances for advance-
 ment. An interesting matter for
 discussion is brought up here, al-
 though Mr. Baldwin neither con-
 demns nor condones, but follows his
 policy of mere statement of fact.
 There is decided social discrimina-
 tion between the Naval Academy
 graduate and the non-graduate. Two
 officers may be of the same rank,
 but if one is a graduate of Annapolis
 and the other is not, a definite gulf
 remains between them. The first
 may rise to a high commission, while
 the second has little chance of do-
 ing so.

Definite cliques of Naval Academy
 graduates are formed which are im-
 pregnable to non-graduates. This
 system is obviously open to adverse
 criticism, and has recently been at-
 tacked in magazine articles.
 The various types of fighting
 ships are next discussed so that the
 reader will know the difference be-
 tween a battleship, a battle cruiser,
 a destroyer, and a cruiser. The
 fleet as a whole is taken up along
 with the elements of tactics and
 strategy. Fortunately the author
 writes clearly enough so that the

British Risking All on Balkan Front

By CHARLES HODGES

Transradio War Expert

The Palm Sunday offensive of the
 Nazis in the Balkans opens the nine-
 ty critical days of 1941. The Ger-
 man High Command between now
 and mid-summer must fight on two
 fronts for the decisive results upon
 which Hitler's future in Europe de-
 pends. The assault on Yugoslavia is
 the Nazi confession that the nerve
 war has failed again to bring about
 bloodless victory for the Axis. More
 important is the fact that the British
 have chosen to give ground—even if
 it is desert sand—in Libya rather
 than weaken the war effort in the
 Balkans. The leadership of General
 Wavell appears to figure the North
 African Nazi-Italian counter-attack
 as lacking great strength for a real
 drive against the Suez Canal. The
 desert hot season, notwithstanding
 reports of special training for Nazi
 shock troops in desert fighting, is
 believed to burn up all possibility of
 sufficiently large forces operating
 from the west.

The Nazi infiltration in Libya,
 though larger than expected, is not
 regarded by the British general
 staff as large enough in numbers,
 mechanized equipment and gasoline
 to challenge the main covering force
 left to defend Cyrenaica, while Gen-
 eral Wavell drives the Italian rem-
 nants out of East Africa.

Supply Headaches

The greater naval grip of the
 British on the Mediterranean lines
 of communication, vital to large-
 scale Axis operations outside Eu-
 rope, assures a major Nazi head-
 ache over supplying a Libyan cam-
 paign.

Nazi air power, though able to
 ferry across from Sicily, lacks air-
 dromes, ground crews and fuel for
 any air blitz to be launched simultane-
 ously with the Balkan offensive;
 the Nazi need now for air superiority
 in three theatres of operations—
 The British Isles, the Balkans, North
 Africa—does not seem attainable.

General Wavell has added up
 these probabilities, in order to fig-
 ure out his own chances. The re-
 sult seems to be that the British
 expect to wear down the Nazi-in-
 spired counter-offensive from Tripoli
 as a local operation with close
 cooperation between the Army and
 Navy. Wiping out the other threat
 to Suez, continuance of Italian re-
 sistance to the British campaign of
 liquidation in Ethiopia, is being
 rushed to get ahead of the rains.
 Very little now stands between the
 British and complete surrender of
 Italian forces on the Red Sea flank.

British Are Stronger

This destruction of the East African
 empire of the Italians is essen-
 tial for the solution of Wavell's ma-
 jor strategic problem: blocking Hit-
 ler in the Near East.

Once the Ethiopian threat of
 Mussolini is destroyed, the new Balkan
 pressure from Hitler can be met
 with assured supply lines. It is true
 that the British have "swept" the
 Mediterranean to bring through con-
 voy after convoy for both the Army
 of the Nile and for the Greek cam-
 paign. The greater security of
 longer lines of supply converging
 in the Indian Ocean for the final
 dash to the Mediterranean via the
 Red Sea is paramount.

Unless Hitler believes that he can
 smash through the Balkans, crack
 Turkey astride the Straits and seize
 the whole Near East, the Nazi strat-
 egy aims only at restoring security
 in the rear of German arms while
 Britain is finished off in the west.
 This means that the Reichswehr
 leadership intends to overrun the
 Balkans with the typical blitzkrieg
 attack of depth and then turn swift-

ly back upon the culminating de-
 struction of Britain herself to finish
 the war by September.

Such a campaign envisages the
 disruption of Yugoslavia by the de-
 struction of Serb military resistance;
 the folding up of the Greek front
 on the Albanian and Thracian
 wings; the ejection of the British
 from Mainland Greece, with the con-
 sequential loss of sea and air power
 between the Adriatic and the
 Aegean. This concept of German
 strategy disregards the Soviet Union,
 probably correctly as even a
 likely military factor so long as the
 Nazi can localize their operations
 to the west.

Eyes On Arab Oil
 If the Nazis do not so intend to
 handle what for the moment looks
 like a punitive expedition to re-
 store "order" in the Balkans, then
 the war will spread from the Near
 East to the Middle East. The
 spread will be very rapid unless the
 Germans are stopped before they
 get a bridgehead into Asia Minor.
 We must remember that the Nazis
 have intrigued throughout the Arab
 world to burst open new trouble for
 the British between the Levant
 Coast and the Persian Gulf. This is
 the longer-range objective of oil,
 and, beyond that, even India.

These explosives of Asiatic poli-
 tics are well known however. More
 than a ninety-day time scale is in-
 volved; for that reason, I am not
 letting my eyes be taken far away
 from the European Continent. For
 Hitler, the British in the British
 Isles remain the key to final vic-
 tory.

A spreading war means a longer
 war. A longer war means the ex-
 haustion of the Axis in Europe—
 greater pressure against the dicta-
 tors from the outside world steadily
 lining up against Hitlerism.

THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is open to everyone. Letters should be plainly written and signed.

Editor, The Post:

The Wyoming Valley Council, Girl
 Scouts, wish to take this opportu-
 nity to express our thanks for the
 fine articles which have appeared in
 recent issues of the Dallas Post. We
 are always very appreciative of the
 space that you have so willingly
 given us.

May we look forward to your con-
 tinued support and co-operation?
 Sincerely yours,

Dorothy Page Conrad,
Director.

April 7, 1941.

Editor The Post:—

I have read your fine editorial ap-
 pearing in The Dallas Post under
 date of March 28th and I deeply
 appreciate your complimentary ex-
 pressions in this matter.

Sincerely yours,
 Arthur H. James.

Governor's Office
Harrisburg, Pa.

SONG

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearl'd;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world!

Robert Browning.

"LOVLIEST OF TREES"

Lovliest of trees, the cherry now
 Is hung with bloom along the bough,
 And stands about the woodland ride,
 Wearing white for Easteride.

Now of my threescore years and ten,
 Twenty will not come again,
 And take from seventy springs a
 score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
 Fifty springs are little room,
 About the woodlands I will go
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

A. E. Housman.

"JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY"

LATIN 14th CENTURY

Jesus Christ is risen today,
 Alleluia!
 Our triumphant holy day,
 Alleluia!
 Who did once upon the cross,
 Alleluia!
 Suffer to redeem our loss,
 Alleluia!



Little Stories of GREAT HYMNS

This favorite Easter hymn, with its swelling Alleluias and spontaneity of joy, is no doubt a translation of a 14th Century Latin hymn. The melody is now one of the most famous of all Easter carols.

These Little Stories
 of Hymns are
 presented to you by

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 FUNERAL DIRECTOR
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