

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Once when your correspondent had a particularly effective black ensemble he was mistaken for a minister and honored with the respectful salutation of, "Good morning, Reverend." Let it go at that. In the purview of neither the present nor the past is there suggestion of the domonic put to shame by the error. There is, however, a rather definite though undisclosed identification of a near-sighted and docile medico who suffered, in absence of course, when yours truly was greeted with a hearty, "Hello, Doctor!"

What beguiles your correspondent is the provocative desire to believe that he possesses undeveloped possibilities; that he might even have a protean personality. Because, upon stepping into the kitchen back of his favorite Greek candy-shop he was veritably pounced upon by William Xenophon Seras and strenuously hand-pumped in a somewhat grotesque kind of metronomic accentuation of welcome the friendly Ahepaite thought he was bestowing upon Judge John Sydney Fine.

The trouble with William Xenophon Seras is that he knows too many big people. State policemen found that out only a little while ago when Billy was arrested for failure to have upon the windshield of his car the sticker that would indicate compliance with the motor inspection rules of the commonwealth. Judge Fine looked at Seras, then at the cop. He addressed the cop: "How do you expect," he asked the motor patrolman, "to be putting a State penalty on this man? Don't you know he mixes chocolate sodas for the Governor?"

There was no penalty, of course. Probabilities are that there should have been one, because friend Seras was more than neglectful. He was also disrespectful; by grace of a James appointment he draws salary as a State Inspector of Narcotics. He had the dope all along on those periods of State surveillance. But, the occasion was let pass as one of innocent good humor, plus exemplification of the reluctance of Judge Fine to discomfit a Governor who isn't always so considerate of the feelings of Judge Fine.

Well, William Xenophon Seras was invited to take a second look. He took it. Your correspondent took a chocolate soda of the James brand, that being the Greek's price for absolution of his social crime. "But, darn it, Johnnie," he said, "you do look like Judge Fine. I thought sure you was him. How about another soda, huh?" One soda was enough, but three errors of the same kind finally have had an elevating influence on your correspondent. A man of many parts, if ever there was one.

Getting back to people who count, Billy Seras admitted to a crushing embarrassment. With Spring at hand, war in his homeland, Easter and peace here for a while at least, the confectioner had set himself the task of making up in the semblance of conflict many candy toys. Among them were airplanes and ships. Since Governor James had been kind to him he thought to return the favor. So he named the ships "Governor James." What embarrassed him was that after the baskets had been delivered and the contents examined a lot too many of his customers returned the ships. He would have to remove the name, they told him, or else refund their money. Billy refunded. He thinks that much of the Governor.

The disappointment of a proud Greek can be understood by this narrator. You see, just as this was romping across the platinum of the typewriter, a piece of mail was handed in. Some weeks ago yours truly was convinced that he should go into the press bureau of a nation-

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

It doesn't mean that you are some kind of undesirable citizen because you take a look under the blankets, now and then, to see what is going on in politics.

You will come closer to being a U. S. A. patriot, and of some use to your country, if you do some prying into what is going on versus being just a follower having no idea which end of the horn or where you are coming out after the emergency.

I got in mind this idea of Uncle Sambo getting deeper into more business, like there on the St. Lawrence which is being talked up, as a defense idea.

Socialism is not going to march up to the front door and knock — it is gonna sneak around back. This country would shoot Socialism full of holes and the buttons off its vest, in 2 shakes, if it recognized it coming up the front walk. But if it sidles up under blankets—and we do not get curious—we will wake up needing a quart of headache pills.

JO SERRA

an organization developed as an adjunct to war defense. Qualifications were examined, experience analyzed, salary desires noted and hands clasped across a table in Washington. Well, here's enough of the letter:

"My Dear..... Don't go any farther with that idea of ours. It was good while it lasted. But, I've inquired a little farther and I don't like the set-up. If anyone here knows what he is doing I'd like to hear him explain it. It's all hash to me and utterly useless.

"I felt pretty much as you did at the start, and I know that if you came down here and saw the mess in which things are you'd be as convinced at the finish as I am of the futility of it all."

So, your correspondent is not going to Washington.

P. S. William Xenophon Seras is not going to hang the Greek flag alongside the Stars and Stripes at the front of his sweets emporium. "I did think about doing it," he said. "But, gosh, Johnnie, look what's happened. Say, Johnnie, what happened to all them reinforcements my people were promised?"

Your correspondent couldn't answer that one. Why, we don't even know what happened to Philodippides after he made that run from Marathon.

THE BIRDS ARE SINGING AGAIN



MUSINGS OF AN AVERAGE MAN

By HARRY ALLEN

Do you like to listen to the radio? So do I. Doesn't some of the advertising get your goat? Mine too. Take cereal for instance. Remember how you hated to eat your mush when you were a boy? Remember how mother used to threaten and tell you that you would never grow big like father if you didn't eat it all up? Yep—Them were the happy days.

Well, that's all done away with now; its gone with the horse and buggy. Nothing left but memories. I can remember the big iron kettle nearby full of mush and how I'd stir and sweat, and stir and sweat, and I'm not too sure that the mush was not sometimes slightly flavored with sweat from my brow. I can also remember very vividly, that the mush paddle was sometimes used for something other than stirring mush. Isn't it funny the way ideas change. When mother used the mush paddle on the seat of my pants, with me in them, I thought that she was just an old meanie giving me a darn good licking, but now I can see that she was merely high pressuring me into doing what she wanted me to do. But high pressure methods like that are no longer in vogue in the raising of children. We leave such methods as that to the gangsters. Now we raise our children on ready-cooked cereals and psychology and as far as I can make out psychology consists of a pep talk followed by permitting the child to do just as he or she pleases. But I digress, lets see, what were we talking about? Oh yes, radio advertising and cereals.

The making of cereals has now become big business. It's simply marvelous the advancement we have made. We started out with the kernel of corn and the pestle, which was simply a hollowed out stone with a wooden or stone stomper to crush the corn; to that lowly beginning we have added almost every grain that grows and the most modern of processing machinery. We now serve on our table whole wheat and ground wheat; shredded wheat, puffed wheat and wheat flakes and the rest of the grains have evolved in about the same manner. They have taken corn meal and run it through the ironer and it has come out Corn-Flakes. But don't forget that to all intents and purposes, it is still mush. True, they have dressed it up and made it more tasty so that you would never recognize

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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it but it is still just something to make young bodies grow and old bodies maintain their strength. But do they let it go at that? I'll say they don't. That's where the radio advertising comes in.

The high pressure boys in front of the "Mike" have made our youngsters "Vitamin" conscious. Some one discovered that these lowly kernels of grain were just full of overflowing vitamins and did they go to town. In our ignorant way, we knew that our mush had some thing about it that gave us strength and vitality but little did we dream that it contained such life-giving qualities as it apparently does. In describing these life giving elements the announcers use more letters of the alphabet than the Government does in designating its different bureaus. Letters come at you out of the radio faster than bees out of a beehive that you have accidentally knocked over. You reel and stagger from their impact. Is it any wonder that our children have become vitamin conscious? Is it any wonder that father has faded out of the picture as a hero, when by eating a few bowls full of So and So's flakes, corn or something else, they can become another Jo DiMaggio or a Flash Gordon or maybe even Super-Man? Gone is the mush paddle as a high pressure persuader; gone is the necessity of coaxing. Those are all things of the past. Many's the time some of you younger mothers have come home to find the kitchen table strewn with the remains of an impromptu meal and you knew without anyone telling you, that the kids had been listening to an exciting program on the radio and heard the announcer say: "Just fill a bowl with those delicious flakes of golden sunshine, add milk or cream and sugar, smother with your favorite fruit and Yum-Yum, I can taste it now."

Excuse me a minute please, I just discovered that I'm hungry.

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Have you ever been back stage while an amateur group is giving a very important three-act play? Our Little Theatre gave the second play of its season last Saturday evening and I had a small part in the production. Because my part was unimportant and the responsibility of the production was not mine, I could thoroughly enjoy the general confusion which cannot help but accompany the production of a three-act play.

The director takes life seriously, consequently she was more than serious when the final night for the play arrived. She was a nervous wreck. She attempted to appear as though she were sure the play would be a howling success but the expression on her face was really painful. Her

hands were ice-cold and she had forgotten to eat her dinner! She insisted on gathering the cast together on the stage to give them a pep talk before the curtain went up but she couldn't locate the cast. They were scattered all over the place. They were too busy getting into their costumes and fussing with makeup to listen to a talk by the director, but they had to listen. I doubt very much if any member of the cast heard what the talk was all about but they looked attentive and that was all the director was looking for, attention.

There was very little room back stage for the men who were shifting scenery to make much headway, every time they needed something someone had put it somewhere else. The girl who was in charge of hand properties had a terrific time hanging on to the plates of sandwiches which were to be on the stage when the curtain went up. Everybody who passed the plates of sandwiches just helped himself without trying to find out why the sandwiches were there. It was quite difficult to keep the cigarette boxes on the stage filled, every member of the cast helped himself to a cigarette as he or she passed the table where the cigarettes were located.

Some of the craziest things happened. Once I was passing from one room back stage to another and I bumped into one of the girls having a treatment by one of the local chiropractors. The chiropractor had nothing to do with the play but his wife was in the cast and he was helping her with costumes when he discovered that one of his patients in the cast wasn't feeling so well, so he decided to give her a treatment and I had appeared at the wrong time!

At another bad moment I practically fell over the man who was supposedly the stage manager. His eye should have been glued on the stage but I discovered him far from the stage calmly reading the latest issue of Esquire!

Some of the men who were scene shifters had small parts in the play and several times it was rather startling to come upon a very handsome French art dealer complete with goatee and high silk hat shifting scenery or shading a light high above the stage setting. There was absolutely no privacy in the dressing rooms and it seemed of little importance. Doors flew open rather suddenly and it didn't seem to matter in what state of disarray the occupant of the room happened to be, the person on the way through did not pay too much attention. While the confusion was at its height the leading man was standing back of one of the stage doors waiting for his cue. He was utterly unconscious of what was going on around him and he kept mumbling his lines to himself over and over again. I was under the impression that he was trying to whisper something to me when suddenly the door opened and he was on the stage before I realized that he had been saying his lines to himself.

The show was really a great success, the place was filled and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the production, but after it was over I couldn't help but wonder which was the better play, the one which took place on the stage or the one behind the scenes.

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

After Easter, what? Has your religion been removed just as your Easter bonnet? Will your pastor see you again until next year? Was your attendance at church for the sole purpose of showing your new clothes? The Bible speaks of us adorning "the inner man" and that can only be done through fellowship with God and His People.

Accomplishment is the greatest argument. The greatest eloquence is that which gets things done. The greatest truths are the simplest.

It's a lovely Springtime here. What are you going to do this summer? There are opportunities on every hand to make yourself useful, are you going to buy them up, or let another season of sunshine go by and see the winter ushered in, with your life bare and barren as the trees after the leaves fall?

Christ! I am Christ's. And let the name suffice you, Ay, for me too He greatly hath sufficed;

Lo! with no winning words I would entice you, Paul has no honor and no friend but Christ.

Don't sit around waiting for something to happen, go out and happen to something.

THE SAFETY VALVE

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

He Objects

I wish to enter my respectful but very definite protest against the Stegmaier beer advertisement on page two of last week's "Post". This ad was especially objectionable on account of it featuring Easter and the Easter lily. It seems to me that distinctively Christian holidays and Christian symbols should be kept out of liquor ads. Of course I object to any type of liquor advertising. I think your paper joined with others in favoring repeal on the basis that it "would promote temperance". It would be interesting to me to know just how advertising liquor promotes temperance.

Sincerely yours, H. M. S. Trucksville, Pa. April 15, 1941.

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. "SMILING SERVICE ALWAYS"

LOW COST PERSONAL, AUTOMOBILE FARM EQUIPMENT LOANS

QUICK, CONFIDENTIAL COURTEOUS SERVICE IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO BE A DEPOSITOR TO APPLY FOR A LOAN THE WYOMING NATIONAL BANK OF WILKES-BARRE FRANKLIN STREET ENTRANCE

"SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ"

O splendor of God's glory bright Who bringest forth the light from Light, O Light of light, light's Fountain spring, O Day, our day's enlightening.

Little Stories GREAT HYMNS

This Hymn was almost certainly written by St. Ambrose — as testified by later writers, and its similarity to other works of the same author. It has the very rare distinction of being included as the hymn for Lauds on Monday in both the primitive cycles of Hymns for the Week.

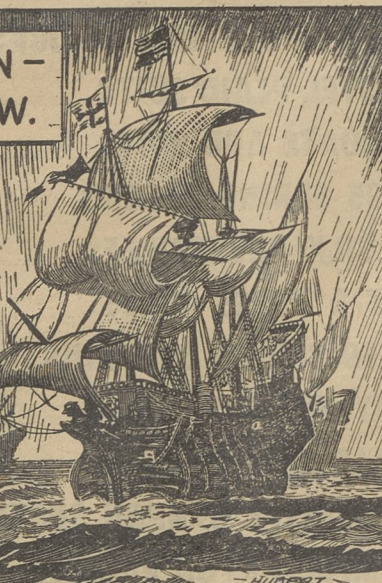
These "Little Stories of Hymns" are presented to you by

HOWARD H. WOOLBERT FUNERAL DIRECTOR DALLAS 400 • SHAVERTOWN, PA.

OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

FOR THE FEW THEN — FOR THE MANY NOW.

WHEN THE ENGLISH SEA DOGS WERE EXPLORING OUR ATLANTIC COAST AND VIRGINIA WAS BEING SETTLED, SOME OF THEM WERE INSURED. THE PRACTICE WAS LIMITED TO THE SPECTACULAR FEW. TODAY HALF THE U.S. POPULATION IS INSURED.



HOW MANY OF THE THINGS WE REGARD AS NECESSITIES TODAY WERE RARE LUXURIES OR NON-EXISTENT THEN.

DOCTORS WERE VERY FEW, EPIDEMICS FREQUENT.

SOAP WAS FOR THE RICH ALONE

MUD EVERYWHERE IN ROADS AND STREETS, EVEN IN LONDON.

THE ONLY DENTISTS WERE SELF-TAUGHT "TOOTH DRAWERS". EVEN THE QUEEN HAD CHRONIC TOOTHACHE

PRE-EMINENT IN PREVENTIVE MEDICINE, WE HAVE A PHYSICIAN FOR EACH 750 PERSONS.

WE USE 26 LBS. PER YEAR PER PERSON.

THE U.S. HAS 1,200,000 MILES OF SURFACED ROADS.

U.S. DENTISTS BEST AND MOST NUMEROUS IN WORLD.

POETRY

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host, of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay; Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocund company: I gazed — and gazed — but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude; And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils. William Wordsworth.

BARTER

Life has loveliness to sell, All beautiful and splendid things, Blue waves whitened on a cliff, Soaring fire that sways and sings, Children's faces looking up, And holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell, Music like a curve of gold, Scent of pine trees in the rain, Eyes that hold you, arms that hold, And for your spirit's still delight, Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness, Buy it and never count the cost; For one white singing hour of peace

Count many a year of strife well lost, And for a breath of ecstasy Give all you have been or could be. —Sara Teasdale

LOST

Desolate and lone All night long on the lake Where fog trails and mist creeps, The whistle of a boat Calls and cries unendingly, Like some lost child In tears and trouble Hunting the harbor's breast And the harbor's eyes. —Carl Sandburg

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