SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Greeks had a word for it, but the Bible and Shakespeare really began the vogue of briefly designating that compendium of easy morals which, excepting at the annual policeman's ball in Wilkes-Barre Armory, is variously known as a lady of the evening, a siren or a vampire.

Never will your correspondent forget the courage of Professor Fickinger. The class was studying "Macbeth" and the day's lesson was at

the point where the ambitious Thane of Cawdor and Glamis was about to be disillusioned by defeat. The witches had told him that none of woman born could stand against him. And now MacDuff was giving him combat. Do you remember the

Professor Fickinger rose from his desk, strode out to the front of the class and intoned the words, sonorously and with salubrious effect upon this pupil who had dreaded the fact that it was his turn to read

Macbeth: Begone, MacDuff! Dost thou not know none of woman born can harm Macbeth?

MacDuff: Despair thy charm, and let the angels whom thou still hast served tell thee that MacDuff was never born, but from his mother's womb unduly ripped.

Macbeth: Lay on, MacDuff, and damned be he who first cries, Hold!

Now go on with the story, which, if it has any meaning at all, amounts to nothing more than an impression from the fact that last week's PILLAR TO POST was borrowed more often than even a bedraggled copy of Chick Sale's "The Special-

Dear Post: That short and salty word

Descriptive of an old profession Is written less than it is heard,

So, pardon me a brief digression To say, admitting it's horrendous, It didn't honestly offend us.

I've read the Bible over thrice And conned the truths of it farreaching, Some words are horrible, some nice,

But, from them all we get our teaching. Who would his mind correctly gar-

rison Must gauge selection by comparison.

In William Gilbert I take pride And by his works I am delighted. Nor yet was Sullivan a snide,

I think the two of them were knighted. From "Pinafore" I never lam it Because it scores a lusty "dammit."

The SatEvePost makes up a file That in my attic I consult, No whisky ads or aught that's vile Is in it, either inst, or ult.

But for some words to make you shrivel, Read "Gunter's Laundry," that's not drivel.

And Mougham, the gifted Somerset,

Who's sheltered now upon our

In play or novel is best-met With heroines who are (not

Where's there a more intriguing "Rain's" Miss Thompson yclept Sadie?

John Steinbeck wrote "The Grapes of Wrath"

In words alarming and alert, He strayed far off the beaten path

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Anybody poppin' off and saying the Germans must be a queer lot to be led around by the nose, are just poppin' off. You don't need to go 4 thousand miles to see sights, you just glance down our own Main Street.

The latest I see, is where the U.S.A. is fixing to furnish free mobile homes for lemon strikers in sunny California. The Govt. is helping to keep the strike going there with its left hand, and sweating blood-or claiming to do so-building ships, etc., with the other hand, elsewhere.

I don't know, but it is just a bare chance that in this lemon strike the Boys there on the raging Potomac who are furnishing the free mobile homes, do not like lemonadethey might all hail from Kentucky.

But to get back to strikes, I been trying to find out why we keep on trying to run our U.S.A. labor department from a side-saddle.

Yours with the low down, JO SERRA.

And fairly groveled in the dirt. Ask any publisher's good teller Which book by John is THE best-

Which stories are most often told And which achieve the rapt guffaw.

The ones a moral will enfold Or those quite definitely raw? With cup of tea or glass of toddy tales best-told are always bawdy.

The Bard of Avon was a grind Whose millings are without com-

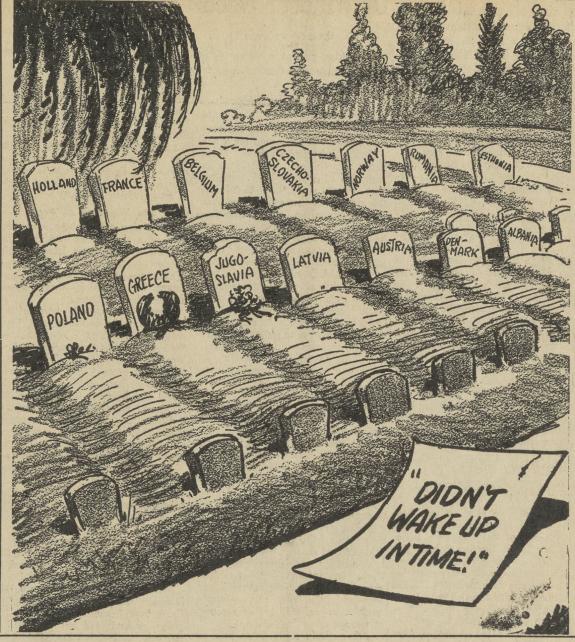
And some are fit to turn your But down the ages from Jurassic

To now he's still the A-1 classic.

store. toast:

Oh, why evade what we abhor? To make a wager is my mission: I'll name your one best-read edition.

Sleeping Tablets



BOOK REVIE

Dictators and Democrats. Edited by Lawrence Farnsworth. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.00. 375 pages.

Reviewed by D. Ralph Goldberg, 24 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Have a chat with the people who are making history today. Throughout the pages of Dictators and Democrats, the men who are carving the destiny of our world speak frankly with some of the finest journalists of our day. It is really like confronting current history in the flesh . . . looking into the minds of these political leaders and seeing them as they do not appear in the newsreels or papers, or in our mental caricatures of them.

Lawrence Farnsworth has undertaken the mammoth job of gather-He used some words that sear your ing and editing some thirty-one interviews, and has combined them into this immensely readable volume.

Dorothy Thompson and H. R. Knickerbocker present a Hitler that few have seen. Winston Churchill Heigh-Ho, the Pillar! Hail, the Post! of wartime, with all his energy and One issue joins my scrap-book's drive, is captured by Ralph Ingersoll. Rather than the conventional From candor you have earned a picture of the dark, unbending Stalin, Eugene Lyons finds him genial and childlike. Emil Ludwig interviews a precise, methodical Mussolini, directly contradicting the bluff Duce known to the outer world. Franklin Roosevelt, Chiang Kia-shek, Petain, Goering, Ciano, de Valera, Konoye, Avila Camancho, and many others are pictured at their most human.

Pierre van Passen's amiable con-

a community institution"

THE DALLAS POST ESTABLISHED 1889

"More than a newspaper,

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avemue, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post, Inc.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions, \$2 a year, payable

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas; Hislop's Restaurant, Tally-Ho Grille; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Huntsville, Frantz Fairlawn Store.

> Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY Associate Editor MYRA ZEISER RISLEY Contributing Editors

FRED M. KIEFER JOHN V. HEFFERNAN Mechanical Superintendent

HAROLD J. PRICE

Lyautey, is one of the finest inter- stood watching the storm, the Mar- that you're looking for.

shal spoke his mind because he had nothing else to do . . . Had against you. Pierre van Paassen not been there, it would never have been put into

As a background for each of these interviews is an account of the events leading up to it . . . events fully as dramatic as the interview itself. For instance, Louis Adamic tells the following passage of his journey to the fortress-palace of Dedinye, where he would meet Alexander, late king of the Yugoslavs:

"At a quarter to eleven on the appointed date I found myself in vast, shining limousine, speeding through Belgrade. It was Alexanprobably it was."

an enviable job of editing and pre- ing until they came. Then he ate paring Dictators and Democrats . . . slowly, indifferently. just as the many excellent contributors have written interestingly and views. However, there are some the juke box or nickelodian. they are served on a silver platter a revival, "The Band Played On." the record" views that are never fingers tapped out the melody, veiws that this reviewer has ever expressed at routine press confer- clenched tightly when the trombones read. Mr. van Passen quite by ences, and if you can stomach any came careening in, and tapped chance met the Marshal in a Paris of our political leaders of today, ring under the bleached hairs. He versation with French Marshal library on a rainy day. As they Dictators and Democrats is the book stared at the opposite wall, half

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE By EDITH BLEZ

There is certainly more drama to be found on a railroad train than one can find anywhere else, with the possible exception of a hotel lobby. For instance, over this past week-end I happened to be on a train on which there were several American sailors, who were evidently on their way back to their ship. I noticed particularly one fair-haired sailor who was quite bored with what he saw out of the window, and he was more

THE OLD **SCRAPBOOK** By "Bob" Sutton

can be foolish.

A friend is one who loves you in spite of your faults.

If We'd Only Think

If we'd only think before we speak, How much better it would be; If we'd realize the words we say Would hurt you and me.

If we'd only stop before we talk, A question ourselves to ask; "Is what I say going to benefit Or hinder me in my task?"

Why can't we stop and think while.

Before our brother we hurt? Why must we be so base and mean And speak for someone's hurt?

Oh, Lord, control these tongues of And make them all thine own; Cause them to speak thy glorious

And ne'er in grievous tone.

Make a pulpit of your circum-

Be not merely good; be good for omething. He who lies for you, will lie

FOOTNOTES By EMMONS BLAKE

We were sitting in a small restauinto our thick cups of coffee, and paying little attention to anyone, when he walked in.

week's beard. He carried a bun- my book that man was rusking der's personal car. At the sight of dle that he dropped to the floor through again. He looked so disit, every soldier and gendarme along before sitting down at the counter. turbed and as if he was hunting the way snapped to attention . . . While he waited for the waitress frantically for something he couldn't If I did not laugh, it was because to come he rested his forehead in find. He couldn't have been lookwas worried some would-be regi- his hand and seemed to go to sleep. ing for an empty seat because there cide might mistake me for Alexan- We did not wonder at his being were plenty of them. I never did der. I wondered if the glass in the tired; it was hot, and the towns find out what he was looking for limousine was bullet-proof. Very on the inland road are far between.

He ordered coffee and eggs in Lawrence Farnsworth has done a dull voice and resumed his rest-

As is our habit when stopping comprehensively of their own inter- at road side restaurants, we played readers who are so fed up with dic- chose a hit tune of the nineties, tators and their kind, that they will heavy with slide trombones and dither wondering if he would make have no part of them . . . whether brasses, that has recently staged or otherwise . . . But if you want to A change came over our counterput your finger on some of the "off mate. His chapped and sunburned smiling and raised and lowered his tainly worked very hard! eve brows as the music rose and fell. We know that he was not reading the soup menu posted there.

> The music stopped, but he didn't He finished his food with a flourish, picked up his bundle, spun around and walked briskly out of sight around the corner.

> The waitress watched his departure from the swinging door of the kitchen, and came to pick up his dishes.

> "Yes, sir, boys," she said, "our coffee sure does pick 'em up."

than anxious to talk with an attractive girl who was sitting behind him. He used every possible tactic but he met with no success whatsoever. For two hours he tried to make that girl! Finally he gave up and just as he gave up, two other sailors strolled through the coach. From the ashes of failure we build One of them was a jolly, curly headed individual who immediately spied Without wisdom being generous the girl! He didn't hesistate for one second. He waived his Buddy on his way and sat down with the It is better to be more than you girl fully expecting she would be seem, than to seem more than you glad to talk with him. The girl was all smiles and in just about two minutes they were having a grand time chatting away at a great rate, much to the utter disgust of the fair-haired sailor who couldn't believe his eyes. He tried for a few minutes to join in the conversation but it was no use, he couldn't get to first base. He slumped down in the seat and decided to take a nap, and when I left the train the curlyheaded sailor was certainly having

On the same train was a Mother and her small son, who from all appearances annoyed his Mother to distraction. The boy was an attractive little fellow, and like most children on a train, he made plenty of confusion and talked at a terrific rate, which annoyed his Mother no end. She would get him all fixed with a coloring book and crayons and begin believing her troubles were over when, suddenly, with no warning the book and crayons would be all over the floor, and Mamma began twisting herself into all sorts of shapes trying to locate the cravons under the nearby seats. She delivered several lectures in very loud tones, much to everyone's amusement ,and certainly with no impression on her small son who was having the time of his life. He was such a little fellow and his Mother was old enough to know better but some Mothers never seem to learn that there is a time and a rant in Perris, California; blowing place for everything, and the train is certainly not the place to lecture a two year old!

a fine time and the girl was hang-

ing on every word he said!

Then there was the little man who kept running through the train He was about sixty years old, at regular intervals. It seemed to with yellowish white hair and a me that each time I looked up from me and the last time he rushed through I was sorely tempted to find out just what the trouble was.

> Finally, there was the old man who went to the drinking fountain at very regular intervals. He carried his own glass and each time he filled it just to the top, and he had everybody on the train in a it to his seat without spilling the water. We couldnt' understand why he didn't stand at the fountain and drink the water because he was traveling alone, but every ten minutes or so he walked very slowly to the fountain and then just as slowly back to his seat with the overflowing glass of water. He never spilled a drop but he cer-

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

HOWARO H. WOOLBER'

FUNERAL DIRECTO



BACK OF ICE CREAM IS THE STORY OF REFRIGERATION, IN WHICH THE U.S. LEADS THE WORLD - MORE THAN 79% OF OUR FAMILIES EQUIPPED. OF MECHANICAL REFRIGERATORS ALONE, ONE HERE FOR EVERY 7 PERSONS. IN CENTRAL EUROPE IT'S ABOUT ONE PER THOUSAND.





THE U.S. HAS THE ONLY SYSTEM OF REFRIGERATED RAILROAD CARS, TRUCKS, AND COMMERCIAL VENDING UNITS. FAST-GROWING, TOO, IS THE NUMBER OF REFRIGERATING LOCKERS, "FOOD BANKS" FOR FARMERS' OWN VEGETABLES AND MEATS.

THE SAFETY VALVE - By Post Readers Tommy Dropchinski's Sportsmanship | style. But Tommy just said: "For-

Editor The Post:

I am writing to let you know how Tommy fought at Jersey City and lost by a technical knock-out in the fifth round because of a cut on er southern champion.

Tommy took the first round by a big margin, knocking his man down for the count of eight and closing his eye with a left jab. In the second, Bird and Tommy got in a little in fighting in which Tommy lost his mouth-piece and got his lip cut.

In the third, with his face covered with blood, Tommy fought a great round with big cheers coming from the crowd, but at the end of the round Bird opened up and the crowd saw two boys fighting with everything they had.

The fourth was even. Both boys' faces were covered with blood, Tommy dropping his man for the count of nine with another right hander. Then Bird hit Tommy and dropped him for a count of six. As the round ended the referee went to look at Tommy's lip and called the fight off.

When the referee lifted Bird's idea of what goes on. hand the crowd booed for five minutes and gave Tommy big cheers It was the blood that made the referee stop the fight. We took it hard because Tommy was winning in nice

get, it, we'll get there some day;' then said, "get a return match with him and I'll make sure they won't Tommy Dropchinski is making out. stop the fight, because I'll stop Bird next time.'

Tommy was very tired after the his lip. He fought Jack Bird a form- fight because he had had only one days' rest. He fought Buddy Newly on Monday night, then fought Jack Bird Wednesday night.

> But what got me, was when the fight was over, Tommy showed swell sportsmanship. He said, "there is one man taught me that and that I was Mr. Snyder, principal of Lehman Township High School." He said Mr. Snyder was his coach in high school sports and he taught him what good sportsmanship means. It was swell though how he acted; his two seconds arguing with the referee, because if the fight had gone another round Tommy would have won. But all Tommy said was, "lets' forget it, we've all got to lose." It was Tommy's first T. K. O. in all his fighting.

I will let you know how Tommy makes out in his matches. You can write the story any way you want it in the paper, I just give you an

> (One of Tommy's seconds) Newark, N. J.

Pat Cinella.

GROUND BIRD'S NEST

"Well, what did the fellow have to My father wanted to know.

Right where it would show?"

had wondered, too, till the farm hand said. As if he did not care

To be questioned so-for his face got red-"A ground bird's nest is there!"

My father did not say a word For a while, as we climbed the fence. But he said, when we found the

nesting bird, "The fellow has some sense!"

He added then, with a sudden frown-And his eyes were clear and of Hymns are presented to you by. steady-'Too many nests have been tram-

Upon the earth, already." -Glenn Ward Dresbach.

pled down,

