

# HARRISBURG HEARS

By BERNARD B. BLIER

The Fourth of July, traditional holiday of our State and Nation, may be doubly celebrated this year. At least the members of the General Assembly will make a greater effort to herald their new freedom—freedom from 1941 legislative duties. If the proposed schedule is followed, the boys will return to their homes which they left in tranquility the first week in January. Some of them will enter new political contests for other offices, some will await the special session that the Democrats hope Governor James will be forced to convoke, others will return home never to sit in the legislative halls of our Commonwealth again.

## THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

In our U. S. A. we manage to keep in a lather—winter and summer. A few years ago they stirred us by saying the country was bogged down on account every thing was over-built—too many factories and too many everything. Now there is too little of everything, and persons like Mr. Norris from out there in Nebraska, they are saying the Government has gotta get busy and build—build every thing—factories, power-houses, etc., etc.

But if you stop now to inquire about why we were lulled into a state where we figured we were over-equipped, instead of unprepared, you are a traitor or most any name they can think up as a slogan to shame you. But we gotta play ball now with the ones who lulled us—or we will all wake up as a dead pigeon.

But we can do one thing from now on, we can keep one eye peeled and one ear to the ground while we are bending our back at the oar.

If we let Socialism sneak in the back door, we got nothing on Germany, or vice versa—and can call off the war before the shootin' starts.

Yours with the low down, JOE SERRA.

## POETRY

### THE SOLDIER'S CREED

The soldier's creed is an ancient creed.

Its inception forgotten by man— But, God remembered and recorded it—

In The Book of Creation's plan. The soldier's creed was of freedom born—

Distinct and apart from greed, But mankind sought to shackle it— His worldly coffers to feed, The soldier's creed, a sacred gift— Bequeathed by God to Son, May not be bartered nor gambled for—

Nor even lightly won. The soldier's creed is his staff of life, His one and only all. His solace in foray or battle, His light in The Port of Call.

The soldier's creed encircles the earth, 'Tis retold by the Master's birth, Re-lived by His sufferings on the cross,

His "promise" of life not dearth. The soldier's creed is to follow God, To make of himself a part

Of all that is good and noble— Through a staunch and loving heart.

To fight for God and country And that most inspired plan— Which all free men have dreamed about.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN." Ah! yes. They are quite an army— These souls of the ancient creed. You will find them in every country, Each noble in fact and deed.

For they are the soldiers, the thinkers

Devoid of malice or hate, Unscares by the whip of tyranny's boast

Assured of humanity's fate. For some time, quite soon, they reason—

Mankind will respond to God's love And become once again as children, As taught by the Master above. —Virginia Harding.

say Elmer Kilroy disposes of more business than veteran speakers. The same gentleman who seldom spoke from the floor of the House in former years certainly confirmed Jack Kelly's splendid judgment. The 1941 session is a fine tribute to Mr. Kilroy.

When the Democratic party looks about for a competent candidate for lieutenant-governor next spring, the name of Kilroy will be in the forefront.

## 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

## "Out Of The Night"



## "BEHIND THE SCENES IN AMERICAN BUSINESS"

By James Craddock

NO SUMMER LULL—The three main trends current in the business picture are: (1) Department store volume of goods moved is well on the way to setting an all-time high for the first half of the year, while profits are holding up well and dollar volume will be highest since 1929, and with prospects bright for maintaining the pace in latter half of year; (2) Increasing sentiment in various quarters for putting some curbs on extension of credit in consumer lines— which means a tightening up on installment buying; and (3) Voluntary, as well as "negotiated" wage increases are being made in many lines, not all of them defense-goods industries, either.

Other items indicating there'll be no mid-summer lull this year include the Federal Reserve Board's findings that general industrial activity increased sharply during May, sending its seasonally-adjusted index to 149 (percent of the 1935-39 average), compared with 140 in April and 143 in March; the continuing terrific pace of construction awards, which last week hit the third highest total ever reported; and reports of big gains for railroads in both passenger and freight revenues.

VEGETABLE EXCURSION—"Excursion rates" for vegetables as well as people would help bring Americans more vitamin-rich food by encouraging farmers to market more truck crops, says A. R. Sabin, U. S. Department of Agriculture statistician. Sabin reports that, in 1940 alone, enough truck crops went unmarketed because of low farm prices to supply 13,000,000 people for a month.

BITS O' BUSINESS—It's estimated that, with somewhat more than 1 percent of the country's total population in the army, the service is using one and three-quarters percent of our total food production. . . . The chemical industry, which held the record for "explosive" expansion up to the time the war situation lifted aviation into that position, is still going strong—its sales are nearly double those of its record year of 1939, but profits aren't showing anywhere near such a rise, what with taxes and higher wages. . . . Westinghouse is adjusting wages and salaries upward 11 percent this month, in accordance with its plan under which the compensation rate for each month is based on the average company earnings for the preceding three months. . . . Suits for soldiers may put a crimp in suits for civilians—wool

### a community institution" THE DALLAS POST ESTABLISHED 1889

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## SECOND THOUGHTS

By JAVIE AICHE

How quaint our manners and our ways, We move far from the crowded town

To where are quiet nights and days, Where summer wears a floral gown, And then we plead for smooth-paved roads That bring the town to our retreat,

The Jacks and Jills, the Jukes and Joads And all who are the sub-elite.

Ambition goads us to escape The traffic and its strident noise And from the hills and fields to shape Protection for our girls and boys, And then, removed from dirt and din,

We set about a highway plan To lure the city's hazards in, How quaint and odd the ways of man.

The rural pastures soon are trod By hosts at picnic, trees are stripped And wrecks are scattered on the sod Of fools with speed too well equipped.

The nights grow loud with ribald song, The days with tragedies are grim And we who fled the motley throng Are victims of its sordid whim.

Far down the years a rebel band Pursued by poverty and law Escaped to a primeval land Where life was rough and rude and raw And subsequently they or their By varied trials and by test Achieved what we, their quondam heirs, Assumed to be a rich bequest.

Who cared that some of them were thieves And some free-booters on the loose, That some were sold like hides and beaves And some had fled the hangman's noose?

We know full well that few were saints But all with courage were endowed, Worn weary of their old restraints. They faced the seas and quit the crowd.

The savage barred their eager search,

They made him friend or struck him low; They saw the eagle's skyward perch And said from there their flag must flow.

Of Europe's ills they were well rid And more than glad that it was true;

Forgetting what their forebears did They plotted an existence now.

In time the ministers and kings, In keeping with the age-old lore, Designed to clip their subjects' wings And take some of their nested store.

By stratagem, by force, by guile, By decent means and by deceit, They fought it out and in a while Our freedom here was made complete.

From despotism we were weaned, To liberty we were ordained; The founding fathers then convened To certify the trust attained. Their guiding motive and desire Was dissolution of the bond With Europe, severance entire As measured by Atlantic's pond. Old thoughts persist, old habits stick, Old tales adhere to custom's shelves,

# THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Yesterday I came across an article in The Atlantic Monthly which struck me so forcibly I wish everyone might read it. It was about small town women's clubs and how much they can do to promote real democracy. The meaning of that much publicized word has been hopelessly lost in all the press and radio accounts, and now some rather obscure writer points out vividly one small, but sound reason, why democracy is losing its grip.

The author had no major issues and she wasn't attempting a political harangue, she simply told about one woman in a small town who had lived there all her life but had never known the real benefits of democracy simply because she was poor. For years she had wanted to belong to the local women's club but had never made an attempt to join because she felt that she did not have the proper clothes. She felt that the women would not accept her as an equal because her home was not modern and attractive, and because she wasn't well turned out as the average club woman in her town.

After years of hopeless wishing, she had a little money left to her. She went to one of the women and asked if she wouldn't propose her name as a member of the club. She explained that the time had finally arrived when she felt that she could make a proper appearance and she wanted above all things to be a member of the woman's club!

She did join the club and for many years attended every meeting. She always sat in the background thoroughly enjoying just being there with the women she felt were her superiors. She never dared to voice an opinion and no one took any apparent interest in her. It didn't seem to bother her very much that she was neglected. It never seemed to enter her mind that there was anything she might do in such a group. She was perfectly contented to look on. She felt well dressed in her new clothes and she was quite satisfied that at last she had succeeded in becoming a member of the great woman's club!

One afternoon at a meeting of the club some sort of an activity was being planned and there was some discussion about washing dishes for the affair. Very timidly the woman raised her hand and said she thought she could take care of the dish washing. Never before had there been anything she felt she could do. Several years later she was ill and dying and she reminded her daughter to be sure and invite the club to her funeral. She didn't want the women of the club to be neglected!

Doesn't it sound like fiction that such a thing could happen! I wouldn't be at all surprised if there are some women in many communities who feel that their way; women who feel that their clothes are not good enough and that they are not as chic and as well turned out as the average woman's club member. It isn't exactly the fault of the women who belong to the club but I do feel that it is something we should all think about and, perhaps, as the writer of the article in The Atlantic pointed out, we could do our bit toward a real democracy by beginning right in our woman's clubs. Is it too late? Is it too late to learn from the very bottom what democracy can mean? Are there women in your community who feel that they cannot join a town organization because the women running it are just a little too superior?

We reach across the ocean wide To order all to our belief, We implement the losing side And so prolong the death and grief.

THE MORAL: What's read above was not inspired By Charlie Lindbergh, Gerald Nye Or Wheeler, all of them admired

By peaceful fellows such as I; The inspiration is an ad From Canada, and it assures That there all joys are to be had And liberty in full endures.

No shortage there of gasoline, No rationing of cheese and cream, No lease-lend taxes spoil the scene And freedom is sublime, supreme. And so I ask, and none explains, A question that has had me treed: Did we renounce old Europe's chains Or was it Canada we freed?

P. S. The advertisement appeared in the New York Times.

## O PERFECT LOVE, ALL HUMAN THOUGHT TRANSCENDING

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending, Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne, That thine may be the love that knows no ending. Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

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This marriage hymn was written by an unmarried young woman in celebration of the wedding of her younger sister. Little did she dream that it would be sung at thousands of weddings, including a royal nuptial ceremony.

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