

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

You turn left at the A & P store, off the main highway as it enters Lutherland. In a matter of minutes you confront the Economy store. There, too, you bear left to the stone bridge, over which you make a right turn and three hundred feet straightaway to the junction of the black-top and the dirt road. Then you are at the portal of heaven.

Each heaven must have its purgatory. So, if you are adventurous, you may take a mountain road through the laurels, and, by devious turns and coaster grades, you will, if careful, achieve the same destination. I am pointing you to the present habitat of all my second thoughts, my best ones; for, in keeping with long-repressed desires, I have at last taken to the woods, this time with my family.

Good people find the traveling good to out-of-the-way places. For instance, the Right Reverend Monsignor McAndrew, who drives a circuit no ancient rider of the gospels could have tackled, with as much as twenty miles between two given points for his masses. And the artist, Gretchen Kirchnerman, with escort. And Kasimer Resenkas, lately out of Lithuania. From these and others it is possible to learn a lot.

With the Monsignor McAndrew the talk is all of peace; with Kasimer Resenkas it is all of war. The good priest has clients as far apart in the human scale as the very wealthy who spend the heated season at Blooming Dale Country Club, and this commentator whose weekly expenditure would see the apocryphic Blooming Dalians through only a day's necessities.

Good friend Kasimer is full of wonderment, most of it about the movement of the United States into the European conflict. He cautions against the error. His own country, he said, was a shambles of bad government, and the only worse one in the world he experienced in Poland.

There is another member of the company in our neck of the woods. A French priest, he is named "Pax." Imagine! Imagine having the name of "Peace" in its Latin form, and with the involvement of being a Frenchman exiled from a conquered country. He refuses to speak of war excepting to lead prayers that soon it will end—without participation by the last free people who mean anything to the world's future.

How concentric are the paths we take I have learned too well. My landlord, who held the prize in a grab-bag search for a mountain home, finally was revealed as the son of a physician who tried to save—but was unable—one to whom your commentator once had pledged his life and hope, for better or for worse, until death doth part. Both are gone; neither is forgotten. At Sunday services we made up a pot for the French priest's orphans, all of them Americans. He sought nothing for the land beyond the seas. He didn't say so but he seems to believe that for the moment all that is worth saving is America. Eleven were at dinner on our first Sunday and if the gods are kind there shall be at least Fred Kiefer and Edna for a couple of days before their wonderful hunting tour to Alaska.

The August moon comes up through a pine grove and traces its orbit across the near shore of the

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

If you squint over the shoulder of the person next to you on the train or wherever you are, you will see, 9 times in 10, that it is the picture page they are perusing.

Away back yonder, years ago, a chewing tobacco outfit always advertised with just pictures—no reading matter. Folks who chewed couldn't read, they said. But I don't know if it is the same now, with people who look at the funnies versus reading editorials, etc.

But anyway I just run into a picture of a fellow, where it showed him scratching his head and looking at a calendar. He was pondering plenty. The artist had fixed up the calendar so you could see, if you work 5 days a week, you work all day Monday and part of Tuesday to pay taxes. You only keep the money you earn on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and part of Tuesday.

The picture was not on the funny page, but if you missed it, you don't need to worry. The tax collector, when he rings the door bell, he will tell you all about it. He is quite a duck, that way.

Yours with the low down,
JOE SERRA

lake. Crows are our principal bird callers, and being no ornithologist I cannot explain why. It is something about pine odors having no effect on the songsters. Fishing is terrible, bathing is good, the nights are cold and the fireplace comfortable.

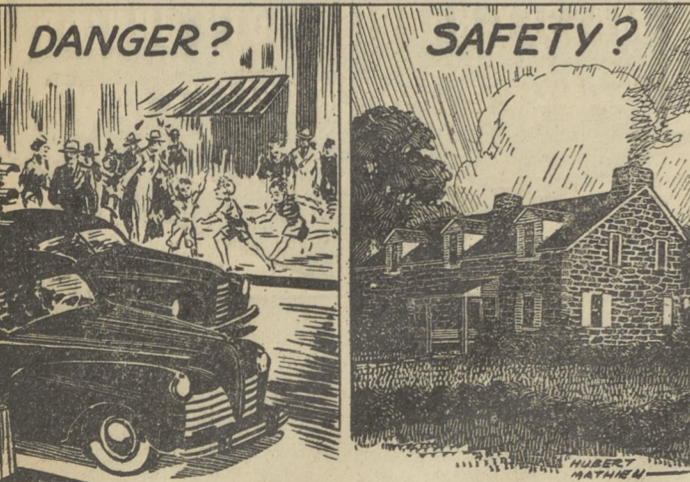
My five-year-old helped yesterday, or tried to, when I started bailing out the boat. With back turned to her I wondered why there was no recession in the water level. I reversed, and there she was dumping water out of the lake into the boat, instead of vice versa.

"Babs!" I called. "That's not the way. Why are you putting water from the lake into the boat?"

The five-year-old regarded me with disdain, wide-eyed in dismissal of my question. And then she said: "That's mo' of it this way, Daddy."

...Maybe there's a moral there. Why is it that we don't take what is handiest to enjoyment? There really is more of it, isn't there?

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat



"SAFE AT HOME"—AN HONORED PHRASE, — YET LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, SO INTERESTED IN PREVENTING UNTIMELY DEATHS, POINT OUT THAT IN 1939 ONLY 600 MORE ACCIDENTAL DEATHS OCCURRED ON THE HIGHWAYS THAN AT HOME. — 32,600 AS COMPARED TO 32,000.



LET'S DRIVE AND WALK CAREFULLY, BUT ALSO PLAY SAFE AT HOME, WHERE IN 1939 MORE THAN 50% OF ALL ACCIDENTS OCCURRED. HOME ACCIDENT TOTAL—1939,—4,732,000.

"NIAGARA HONEYMOON"



BEHIND THE SCENES IN AMERICAN BUSINESS

SIMMERING—Price control legislation, the new tax bill, and eastern gas rationing all have sort of settled down for summer simmering on the back of the business stove . . . but retail trade is in front, and sizzling! Instead of usual hot-weather lull, this summer is proving by far the best that retailers have known in more than a decade. Increased purchasing power traceable to defense "boom" is the dormant factor, of course, but lately "scare buying" has been increasing as consumers tend to purchase beyond their current needs because of threats of shortages and price rises. This is especially true in the case of durable goods and staple clothing. One men's clothing chain is showing a gain of 51.4 per cent over last year, and big mail order companies which do a substantial business in durable consumers' items, have had gains ranging from 30 to 42 per cent. A somewhat exaggerated example of how shortage and price-rise apprehension affects consumers is visible right now in the frantic rush at the silk stocking counters.

KNOWING HOW—The defense production program has produced what seem to be some "strange bed-fellows" of industry—in assigning certain companies to handle defense jobs not closely akin to their regular operations. Rat trap makers are turning out army cots; pipe organ makers are making saddle frames; adding machine manufacturers are making automatic pistols; makers of cream separators are turning out gun tripod mounts—and so it goes. On closer inspection of many of these cases it is found that there is, after all, a basic kinship between the materials, or tools, or factory set-up for these companies' regular production, and the defense-goods production. In other cases there is almost no physical relationship whatever, but established industrial organizations get the War Department call to operate new defense enterprises simply because of the need for proven skill in management of big operations. Most recent example is organization of the Lone Star Defense corporation to construct and operate a

"More than a newspaper, a community institution" THE DALLAS POST ESTABLISHED 1889

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\$78,940,000 government ordnance plant near Texarkana, Tex. It was organized as a subsidiary of the B. F. Goodrich company, pioneer rubber concern, and the latter's management personnel was given responsibility for construction and operation of the plant, where about 8,000 persons will be employed in loading shells and bombs.

THE FARM BUSINESS—The rising generation of American farmers bids fair to be much better "business men" than its Dads and Granddads. Besides learning production-line growing technique, they're studying closely the economics of

movement of farm products to their ultimate destination—the nation's dinner tables—and winning scholarships, en route. Last week three farm youngsters won college scholarships awarded by the A & P at the National Junior Vegetable Growers' Association meet in Columbus, Ohio, for their first-hand studies of "marketing problems as a key factor in determining farm income." The winners are Miss Louise Mullen of Stafford, N. Y., Wayne Leimbach of Vermillion, Ohio, and Emerson Higgard of North Hadley, Massachusetts. In competing for the scholarship scores of farm youngsters studied the various methods of distribution by which produce is moved from farm to market—the old-line system by which produce reaches the consumer only after passing through the hands of numerous middlemen, and the modern streamlined mass-distribution system, pioneered by chain stores, which rushes vegetables to the housewife with a minimum of steps and waste along the way.

BITS O'BUSINESS—Don't expect to see any definite percentage figures on how much production of autos—and refrigerators, washing machines, etc.—is to be curtailed; the raw material situation is such that these industries, and the defense officials, will just have to go along, doing the best they can, month to month—predictions are out . . . Nation's department store sales for week ending August 2 showed another 27 per cent gain over same week last year . . . Farm commodities still exempt from price-control legislation draft—their prices would have to hit 110 per cent of "parity" before being subject to ceilings; at maximums, that would mean about \$1.29 a bushel for wheat; 94c a bushel for corn; 26c a pound for flue-cured tobacco; \$1.19 a bushel for rice, and 18c a pound for cotton . . . Look for openness, in colors, and made of cotton, as relief for silk hosiery shortage; also hose with cotton or rayon tops and feet; du Pont experts expect to be producing enough nylon yarn for 40 per cent of nation's hosiery by end of the year.

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I believe most of us are adventurers at heart and when summer time comes and everybody seems to be on the move, and the newspapers and magazines are filled with publicity about trips here and there, and the roads are jammed with the great American tourist, I find myself so filled with the Wanderlust it is about all I can do to really keep it under control. I don't believe I ever stop to chat

with anyone without beginning the conversation with, "Have you been away?" It is really ridiculous to worry myself into a state of wanderlust because I really must stay put but I have found a fairly good substitute, and that is books of travel and adventure!

Just this past week I have been having a marvelous time wandering around the world on a full-rigger skippered by Allan Villiers. Surely most of you who read very much have heard somewhere about Allan Villiers and the Danish training ship he bought when he saw it in the harbor at Copenhagen. He had thought for some time that he would like to purchase a small ship and sail around the world, and he wanted to do it by sail—not with the aid of an engine. He had contacted all sorts of people and agencies with no luck, because not any of the ships he saw appealed to him, until his eyes lit on the Danish sailing ship which had been used for years as a training ship for boys who wanted to follow the sea.

When he inquired about the ship and when he was informed it was for sale he almost ran to talk with the owners. He fell in love with the ship and it wasn't very long before it belonged to him. He didn't have a great deal of money but he managed to buy the ship and put it in condition. He employed several able seamen and then took boys who were willing to pay part of their way with the idea of training them in the ways of the sea and sailing ships. He really didn't want to take paying guests because he expected all hands on board to work hard because Allan Villiers had sailed before in sailing ships and if he was to sail around the world in the last full-rigger boat afloat he knew he would have plenty on his hands. He was more than willing to take the chance because he loved the sea and sails and the thrill of sailing in strange waters and meeting new people.

I really believe I have managed to stall some of my wanderlust with "Cruise of The Conrad." I have been in strange places. I have ploughed through rough seas and I have been in great calms and I have sailed into harbors where life was so fantastic it seemed like some story drawn up in the fancy of the author. I have been to Rio de Janeiro and had a marvelous time in Australia. I have met men in all parts of the world, men who came to see the ship because they were sick for the sight of a full-rigger boat. I have met men who have sailed all over the world, men who have grown old in the ways of the sea.

I met an old negro who had sailed in "hell ships" and after a life of hair-raising experiences he settled on a remote island in the Pacific as the companion of a white man who had married a native Princess. He had the strange idea that he too was white, he evidently thought it was the only way he could distinguish himself from the hundreds of natives he felt were far beneath him. I have been in Bali where tourists have partly spoiled what might have been a perfect existence. I have seen lovely native dances performed for days at a time, dances which the Missionaries had tried to stamp out, dances which were beautiful in their simplicity. I have been on islands where the natives believed that children were given to their wives by unseen spirits which lived in the surrounding waters.

I have been in cities all over the world. I have sailed the seas in a ship which stood up in all kinds of weather. I have sailed with a skipper who loved his ship, a skipper who thrilled to her beauty, a skipper who had such confidence in his ship there could be no fear of wind or water.

My itchy feet and wanderlust-filled heart have been somewhat satisfied by "Cruise of The Conrad"

FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

Mail time, in a small prairie town, is the high spot of the day. In a big city, a high percentage of the mail consists of bills, and the heaviest work of the year is in the handling of the Christmas load. In our post office, the bulk of the mail is in penciled letters, and the load comes when the new mail-order catalogues are released.

The post office is a small room, divided lengthwise by the bank of boxes. The wall opposite the doors is a bulletin board, which I would estimate holds all the postal notices issued since 1930. Notices of farm sales, and church suppers long since eaten, and police advertisements abound. Here pasted over old bills are vivid displays promoting Savings Bonds. Now the army posters cover the chart which shows where parcel-post packages may be sent. This does not matter, though, because many of the countries mentioned no longer exist, and some of those that do ceased handling such mail two years ago.

The wall across from the boxes was originally white, but the shoes of the public, waiting for the mail to be distributed, have marred it half way up, and the flies have taken care of the rest.

Like the streets of this town, which have no names, and the houses, which have no numbers, the mail boxes have for some time been without any identification to tell one from another. When you have so few boxes to serve, there is little need for the metropolitan touch of box numbers.

Twice a day the postmaster puts on his coat and takes his mail truck to the nearby railroad station. His truck is an old two-wheeled, wooden push cart. It creeps down at 9:10 to get the morning mail, and down again at 5:00 to put the outgoing mail on the train.

As the cart is drawn up to the post office in the morning, people commence to drift over, for it does not take very long to sort the mail. The girls in the small crowd are apprehensive when they hear a laugh from either the postmaster or his wife. They are sure that those two distributors are reading a card that was meant to be private. We lean against the scarred wall, each intently watching his small window, darting forward when a diagonal shadow flicks into it. Or we turn disappointedly away when at last a voice comes over the partition, "Mail's aw-lout."

and I advise all of you who want to go places and do things to read this marvelous adventure written by Allan Villiers. It is filled with reality and romance and when you have come to the last paragraph you will be very reluctant to leave the Conrad and its skipper and all the people who made up its crew. You will particularly hate leaving the fifteen-year-old "Stormalng," who had to hide below decks for several days because a native king wanted him for a son-in-law!

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

BOOK REVIEW

The Road to the Temple By Susan Glaspell. 445 pages. \$2.75. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Reviewed by Ralph D. Goldberg, 24 Fifth Ave., New York City. The warm sun-basking laziness of the Mississippi River shares memories and pages with the sublimity of the Greek countryside that Longinus knew centuries ago . . . and that Susan Glaspell recalls in "The Road to the Temple," a beautiful biography of her husband, George Cram Cook.

This superb tribute was written in 1926. It is now published with a new Foreword by the author, because, as she says, "Events seem to have caught up with it . . . The past that he loved has come into the living moment."

In the year of 1941, while George Cram Cook, who was drawn to Greece as the homeland of culture and beauty, lies buried in the shadow of the Shining Rocks of Delphi, those magnificent Greeks again surprised and thrilled the world . . .

"We saw other small nations outnumbered, terrified . . . give in. We understood this, for what else could they do? Then the Greeks . . . Why, the Greeks are holding! The Greeks are driving them back! By heavens, the Greeks are going to fight!"

. . . Yes, they made their heroic effort, and whatever the outcome, a surprised civilization has a new debt to the Greek people. But would George Cram Cook have been surprised? Susan Glaspell says, "No!" His days were in large part with the peasant and shepherd, but when he died, the Greek government decreed that one of the great stones from the fallen Temple of Apollo be moved to serve as his headstone.

George Cram Cook indeed loved life . . . He loved his Mississippi heritage . . . His childhood, with its friends and petty enemies, its surprises and disappointments. He loved all of the events of his life and times . . . and unwearingly kept copious notes of the myriad

of seemingly unimportant incidents that were later combined into this forcible volume.

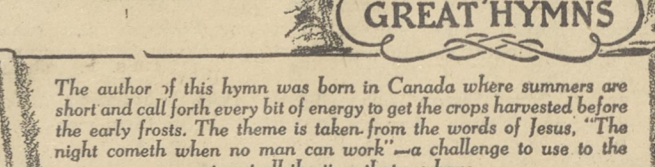
Susan Glaspell gives a vivid picture of the Greek people, of their customs, their traditions, and their inborn love for liberty . . . But she does not overlook "Jig" Cook's "Tom Sawyerish" boyhood on the shores of the Mississippi, his typically American love for baseball . . . his years at Harvard, Heidelberg . . . or that period in Greenwich Village when, along with "a young Irish chap by the name of Gene O'Neill," he strove to produce "Emperor Jones" for the first time on the small stage of Jig's beloved Provincetown Playhouse.

Susan Glaspell, then, has not only realized, but has put into words a profound idea of spiritualistic beauty. Rarely has such a work been so pleasurably delivered. "The Road to the Temple" is, indeed, Susan Glaspell's magnificent tribute to the memory of a man whose democratic and intellectual excellence may now, not soon be forgotten.

"WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING"

— ANNA L. COGHILL

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.



The author of this hymn was born in Canada where summers are short and fall forth every bit of energy to get the crops harvested before the early frosts. The theme is taken from the words of Jesus, "The night cometh when no man can work"—a challenge to use to the utmost all the time that we have.

These "Little Stories of Hymns" are presented to you by HOWARD H. WOOLBERT FUNERAL DIRECTOR DALLAS 4600 SHAVERTOWN, PA.