

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

It may be that to Ireland
You look to find your sireland
Or else it may be Norway, Albion
or Sicily,
But somewhere in the hinterland,
A summerland or winterland,
You find the vague beginnings of
yourself as well as me.

Our ethnical totality,
Our blended nationality
Will offer such ingredients as Span-
ish, Welsh and Dutch,
You'll find that the Germanic race,
The Islams, the Iranic race,
The blacks and whites and yellows
all find shelter in our hutch.

We've folk here from The Nether-
lands
And Scotchmen from the heather-
lands,
With French and Poles and Czechs
and Fins and Latins polyglot,
In liberty a wealthy crew
We feed upon a healthy crew
From blood stains universal stewed
up in our melting pot.

Fraternity, sorority,
No matter what majority
Designs the course that we "must
take we go by major choice,
We put aside our selfish aims,
Our oafish aims, our elfish aims
To answer duty's roll-call with a
sea-to-ocean voice.

From lakes to gulf, from prairie-land
And all that makes this fairland
We raise the cry "America" the
watch-word of our souls,
We pledge our lives to treasure it,
By worthiness to measure it
As earth's surviving Eden and our
common goal of goals.

We swear our oaths by "gars" and
"cripes"
But all are for the Stars and Stripes,
In divers tongues we praise it but
with only one ideal;
No matter which and what betide.
We'll ask not who we fought beside,
But only as Americans defend our
commonweal.

It's all for one, the place we love,
No matter which the race we love,
No matter what traditions may be
coursing through our blood;
The deluge is a rushing tide,
It well may be a crushing tide,
But stand together, comrades, and
we'll stem the frightful flood.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

These strikes all over,
they get settled one day
and next week they break
out again—and some-
thing else has to be set-
tled. It is all one-sided
now. The folks in the sad-
dle are ridin' high and
wide. While the going is
good, they are going.
It is not a matter of
the right wages or the
right working conditions,
or the right anything else,
except one thing. It is a
closed shop they want,
where the boss takes out
the dues from each pay
envelope and hands it
over to the local chief-
tain—CIO or whoever is
running the local shebang,
and has the biggest fist.

But some day it will
back-fire, and the person
getting hurt worst will be
the very fellow who has
allowed his envelope to be
fumbled with most.
If this ALL-TIME
WEAK SISTER and YES
SIR CONGRESS down on
the palavering Potomac
would take the bit in its
teeth for a part of one day
only, and fumigate our
NRLB, it would not need
to hang its head, a few
years hence when its
grandson grows up and
says "grandpa, tell me
about the time when you
was Senator."
Yours with the low down,
JOE SERRA.

FREEDOM

The columnists and con-
tributors on this page are
allowed great latitude in
expressing their own opin-
ions, even when their
opinions are at variance
with those of The Post

Turnip Season



THE SAFETY VALVE - By Post Readers

Word From Tommy

Editor The Post:
Tommy Dropshinski is going fine. Here are a few of the results. I hope you'll find them interesting. Tommy fought last Monday and "ko'ed" Gregory Hildo in two minutes of the first round of their six-round fight. Tommy fought two six-rounders and won both of them by knock-outs. He fought sixteen professional fights and lost only one. He won fifteen—twelve of them by knock-outs and three went the four rounds. He fights again Monday and then takes a rest for a month. I know the home folks will be glad to learn of the record Tommy is making.

Pete Davis,
148 Central Avenue,
Newark, N. J.

Thanks, Mrs. Ruth

Editor The Post:
Will you kindly see that The Post is sent to my new address in Philadelphia. I want to get the news from up here. The Dallas Post has improved a lot since we first got it. I always read it as soon as it comes, there is so much news in it. Mrs. Bertha Ruth, Alderson, Pa.

Editor's Note:
Mrs. Ruth's note is deeply appreciated. We'll not soon forget the encouragement and co-operation her husband, the late Capt. Ruth, gave us during our early days as editors of The Post.

For Bird Lovers

The following letter was prompted by the 93rd birthday anniversary of Mrs. Rachel S. Wycoff of Center Hill road, and was written August 12th, a day or so before the happy event:

The Editor:
Appropos of the worthwhile "community project" of The Dallas Post in recently issuing such a finely illustrated special edition of "Past, Present and Future Dallas," the following local history seems fitting:

A ledge of mica rock in a stone quarry just outside the Quaker-founded town of Media, Delaware County, near Philadelphia, was blasted from its accompanying layers of quartz to be squared into blocks for building purposes. Before being thus trimmed into artificial regularity, word of the blasting was sent to The Bird Man, so that, if his keen eyes should find some pieces which would serve an even finer purpose in the natural shape, those need not be "cut and hewn" out of all semblance to the original form.

Among those so saved was a small, shell-like piece which was at once envisioned as offering an attractive invitation to the "transient or permanent feathered guests" that might accept the hospitable courtesies of some human folk who live on a hill-top near Dallas.

Thus it came about that this particular piece of mica in company with many other such "specials" traveled in a truck for some miles from its quarry—home to a certain bark-covered bungalow in a woody setting.

Here, a wise combination of chisel and hammer and muscle, guided by an understanding vision, converted it into a "thing of use" without destroying its beauty!

Loaded carefully into the back of a "Faithful Old Ford" which has covered over 127,000 miles since its birth in 1929, and which was proud to be used for this particular pur-

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

ESTABLISHED 1889

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenue, 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 in advance.

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.

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Dallas are being called upon to defend America and all that America means!

What defense measure is greater, of more far-reaching value, than that of defending America's wealth of natural resources—a defense measure in which each one can do a share.

Begin in Dallas—in one's own yard—defending one of America's richest assets, the native wild-bird life!

Latest bulletin—In too much of a hurry to wait until the proper day—the 14th—a very demure Goldfinch hastily snatched a sip from the rim of the shell-like pool—and so began the dedication ceremonies . . . today, the 12th.

Always ready with some happy idea, the one who carries her ninety-three years with a smiling face and a love that includes all, christened the new bath "Lake Florence," a companion piece for the already established "Everett Pond."

And because Rachel S. Wycoff and her daughter feel that serving the needs of God's little feathered people is also serving Him, these two stones will fill a need as fully and faithfully as does the beautiful reservoir—a source of welfare and happiness to many!

Mrs. Everett S. Griscom,
Briar Bush Bird Sanctuary,
Roslyn, Pa.

Out For Governor

To Whom It May Concern:

I, Virginia Harding of Trucksville, Pa., announce my intention of competitive participation in the gubernatorial primaries next fall. Where angels fear to tread, fools rush in. Therefore, I must be a fool. In the ancient days kings were entertained by mountebanks. It is only fair that now, since kings are very much out of style, that the mountebank should have his day.

When women were given the voting franchise, it was the general conception that politics would be clean and the world in general would show an improved condition. What happened? The same old gender (masculine) used the influence of women to further their corrupt ambitions. The challenge has never been answered by the women.

This day I call upon all women of the State of Pennsylvania to lend their support to my campaign. It will be an all-woman ticket. I ask all men voters to give us one term of office in Harrisburg to clean up the mess you men have plucked the people of Pennsylvania into.

My ambitions in asking the support of the voters are not of a selfish nature. In the first place, I am an unknown. I am poor in a monetary sense. But my heart goes out to the aged, the orphans, the laborer and the helpless who are ground into the dust by every election of the wise lawyer who is instilled by selfish desire to rule. The blind have my ear in their struggle against the world, which is more or less cut out from them.

I believe that God made women to use their judgment insofar as he gave them the power to create. No man would be alive today if woman had brought him into the world and cared for him until he was capable of caring for himself. Why, then, is it presumptions for woman to take upon herself the highest office in the State? If all of the women of Pennsylvania will stand behind me in the election for Governor, together we will prove we are worthy.

We have nearly a year in which to present to the voters our plat-

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

We have just come out at the bad end of another "making a train" session with the new young lady in our house! Our fair daughter has come to the age where now she travels by herself but as usual time means absolutely nothing. If she has a train to make from Broad street station—and we are a good hour from

possibility of late busses and traffic jams—it is never necessary to leave the house until one hour before the train leaves. When we try to get our fair daughter on her way at a reasonable time there is always a battle and it begins something like this:

POETRY

In A Friendly Sort O' Way

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy,
An' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, Oh my brethren,
for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart:
You can't look up and meet his eyes—you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good worl' after all;
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—Author Unknown.

form—a year in which every voter may hear us and question us. And if the women are given a fair chance at government, they will show the people of Pennsylvania that at least women know what truly social reform is, and what honesty in handling the public purse means.

Women who have had to meet emergencies in their households due to conditions presented by the failure of men who make conditions, will rise from all over the state and give a hand in its management.

What is it that I hear? Nonsense! A woman can do anything that is good and noble. Well, suppose your opponents bring out things that may hurt you? To that I shall say, "Bring them out!" I declare myself a sinner. Aren't we all? But so long as I declare myself a sinner, and ask God to save me and walk with me, there won't be room on the road for the devil, too. As to any skeleton rattling about in my family closet, be assured it is no larger than is the skeleton of any voter or opponent.

Virginia Harding.

MORE ON ELECTION

Editor The Post:
I regret that your paper did not inform your readers last week that the combined vote given Clarence Laidler and Mrs. Rozella Carlin, candidates for school director in Dallas Township, exceeded that given the winning Republican candidate, and that Mrs. Carlin and Mr. Laidler were very close to a tie for second place with Mrs. Carlin having a slight edge.

Respectfully
A Township Voter

We suggest at the beginning that we think it would be a good idea if she would begin packing her clothes. We are no longer permitted to pack! We are not permitted to pack because we always pack too much. Our fair daughter takes what is absolutely necessary, no more, no less. An extra pair of stockings, an extra handkerchief would be too much. Some times we are allowed in at the finish. We are permitted to take part in the closing episode particularly when the suitcase is a little difficult to close!

Today it was vitally important that our fair daughter catch the 5 o'clock train because she had to make connections later with another train. But two hours before train time with one hour to reach the station, she was still wandering around the house. We did manage to get her upstairs and just about five minutes before the actual deadline we suggested that the new young lady in our house hurry a little. We stepped into her room to see if there was anything we could do, when, believe it or not, she was doing her nails. She was putting polish on her nails! When we suggested that she must be completely out of her mind, and asked why the nails hadn't been done hours ago, she insisted that her nails had slipped her mind and they had to be done. She could not go to New York without polish on her nails! We did finally get her downstairs and out of the house but our success was short-lived. Half way down the garden path, the suitcase was put down, and the coat was thrown across the nearest bush. The nail polish had smeared and from all appearance it was all our fault! We had hurried her! We always hurried her. She would be too early anyhow and look what had happened! She would not go to New York with her nail polish all smeared!

We were panic stricken, not that we were being scolded, but we thought our fair daughter might insist on doing her nails all over again—train or no train. But she compromised! Would we please run upstairs and get the nail polish and she would do her nails on the train. Because we were practically out of our mind we did run upstairs and get the nail polish. Our fair daughter thanked us very sweetly, and said goodbye in her very best manner.

Will the time ever come when our daughter will realize that train schedules were made so that people can reach their destinations on time? Will she get over the idea that she is more important than a train? Will she ever be one minute early for anything? Will she ever go anywhere, anywhere at all, without an argument? Will she?

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OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

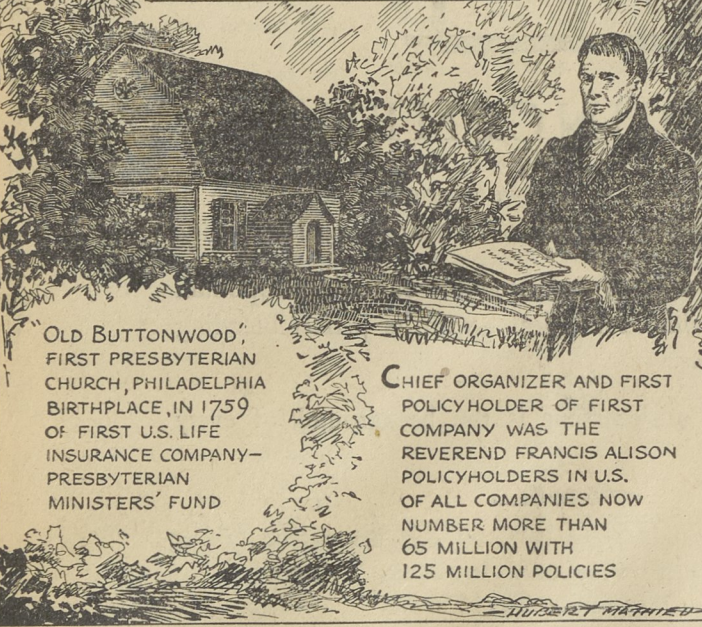
RECORD of INDIVIDUAL THRIFT

AMERICA HAS A BACKBONE OF THRIFT. FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF THE REV. DUNCAN OF SCOTLAND, WILLIAM DAWES, COMPANION OF PAUL REVERE, FOUNDED, WITH OTHERS, FIRST U.S. SAVINGS BANK IN 1816, IN BOSTON



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"O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST"
— ISAAC WATTS —

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

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