

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I don't believe I am ever quite as thankful that I live in a small town as I am at this time of the year. I suppose Spring is really the most exciting time of the year to live in the country but there is something about the Fall of the year which always makes me glad all over again that I am fortunate enough to live where most everybody knows everybody else! I feel sorry for the people who must live in large cities or even in small cities although I have been told that natives of cities are many times miserable where everything is quiet after dark, and there are no bright lights. I realize that the people in the cities really do not know what they are missing. I have often wondered if I were asked suddenly to give three good reasons why I am so partial to living in a small town what my answer would be.

Let's see now—what do I like about a small town? I think first and foremost I like having a speaking acquaintance with most everybody. I like being able to walk down town most any hour of the day and see familiar faces. I like being able to walk into the drug store and hear a cheerful voice from somewhere in the back greet me, not as a customer, but as a neighbor. I don't believe I ever go into the drug store without "Doc" shouts from the back where he is always busy, "Hi—Eddie!" I like the way people poke their heads out of their cars and hail me as I pass along the street. I like the feeling that I have neighbors and not just people living next door. I like the things people do in small towns. For instance last Saturday afternoon there was a football game and I didn't get there, but I happened to be on the main street about three o'clock. It was difficult to believe that it was the same street it had been at the same hour the day before. There wasn't a soul stirring. I went into several stores and the silence in all of them reached up and smacked me right in the face. The town had gone to the football game and the people who hadn't gone weren't very cheerful about staying home. The town had gone to the football game and there would be no activity until the game was over!

I like the football spirit in small towns and particularly in our town. Everybody turns out for the game and it doesn't matter if the game is at home or out of town.

You should hear the older folks cheer at the football games. Many a time I have seen the whole town right up on it's hind legs when it thought the football team was being treated badly. Our town, like most small towns, stands behind it's youngsters to a man.

It is good to live in a small town although the city folks do accuse us of taking in the sidewalks after dark. It is more than good to have that nice comfortable feeling that you belong. The longer you live in a small town the more secure you feel, the more the feeling grows in your heart that you are sinking deep roots, that you are becoming a living part of a community. It is good to walk along the familiar streets and see the same old trees take on their gorgeous fall colors. It is more than good to be able to walk along the familiar streets and say to yourself, "This is my town."

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Everything you pick up, you run into something about A-1 or B-1, etc. Or if you twist your dial trying to get away from some person telling you how to become more alluring by rubbing something on versus getting out in the sun, you run into vitamins. Just at a time when the Alley Bands are becoming a trifle more scarce on the radio, along comes vitamins.

I got nothing special against A-1 and B-1, etc., we are just over-doing it. Like in the Govt. we been over-doing it there, too. We got alphabeticitis—a bad case. If the ABC in vitamins should happen to turn out like with the Govt. we are heading in to poor sledding.

Fifty years ago they found out how to make white flour, so the millers made it white. Now, today, science is showing that white flour is good flour that was ruined by taking out the iron and vitamins of the original wheat kernel. Before messing around with A, B, and C in a can, your doctor is the guy to see.

Grandpa and grandma ate dark bread, loaded with vitamins, iron, etc. No wonder they could fight Indians.

Yours with the low down, JOE SERRA.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

The Common Cold (acute coryza or acute rhinitis) is a catarrhal inflammation of the upper respiratory tract. It is the result of co-operation between virus and bacteria. Bacteria may exist intranasally for long periods without causing disease until the virus is introduced. Apparently the common cold is caused by a filtrable virus and the other bacteria or organisms involved are secondary invaders.

Colds are air-borne and the vehicle is the infected secretion of the nose and throat in the form of condensed droplets. Sneezing, coughing, blowing the nose and expectoration spread this disease.

The predisposing factors are unequal chilling of the body, wearing of wet shoes and wet clothing, sudden chilling after exercise or exertion, irritants in the air and fatigue. Chilling of the skin causes a lowering of body temperature, with a reflex lowering in temperature of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat. This lowers the resistance of the nose and throat and allows infection to take place more readily.

The complications are sinusitis, middle ear infection (otitis media), mastoid disease, bronchitis, pleurisy and broncho-pneumonia or lobar pneumonia. Also it may activate systemic disease as tuberculosis, rheumatism, heart disease and kidney inflammation (nephritis).

Physical and mental rest, proper diet and avoidance of irritating nose and throat astringents are important in treatment. The repeated application of astringents will give temporary relief but they will lower the local processes of resistance.



THE SAFETY VALVE - By Post Readers

Describes Blackout
 Editor The Post:
 Last Friday night at 10:40 o'clock, Luzerne County was, literally speaking, no longer on the map. A trial blackout which proved very successful cloaked the county in a blanket of dismal darkness, except for a few reflections cast by moonlight.

Watched from Bunker Hill, where many other valley folks had chosen to view the scene, Wyoming Valley towns were ablaze with light. The scene below reminded one of a fairy city lighted with red, white, blue, and green neon lights. The huge signs on Hotel Sterling and Miners' Bank Building could be plainly read. All up and down Bunker Hill remarks could be heard such as: "I wish they'd hurry. I can't wait to see those lights go out." or, "Can you hear those bombers yet?"

A clear view of cars traveling up the Giant's Despair and East End Boulevard was made possible by the moonlight night. Very often a cloud would obscure the moon for just a few seconds, then just as suddenly, the earth would be cloaked in brightness again.

At 10:40 p. m. the quiet suddenly was cut by the blasting of sirens, whistles and horns of all kinds. The first lights went out in Pittston and from there, on down the river to Plymouth, one could see the neon lights in cafes and store windows and the street lights flicker and go out. A nurse from Wilkes-Barre General Hospital said that not even one light was left burning therein.

Hazard Wire Rope Company machines and lights were respectfully turned off within two minutes after the alarm was sounded. A touch of cleverness was added by a negro worker who said to his co-workers, "Now we all look alike. No one can tell you from me."

At the Oakonite Plant, two lights were accidentally left burning in the rear of the building. A scouting plane dived over the plant and soon after the lights were extinguished.

A radio announcer atop the

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Shawnee Theatre in Plymouth, said that all of Plymouth was in complete darkness and that only a few people had lighted cigars or cigarettes. Those were soon put out by watchful wardens. Another announcer atop the Wilkes-Barre Deposit and Savings Bank said that only one red neon light could be seen on South Main street and that by the murmuring of the crowd on the street it could be judged that indignant remarks were being made.

The only lights visible from Bunker Hill were the two radio beams which were not turned off because of the broadcast.

About two minutes after the alarm was given, Trucksville siren could be heard as quietness enveloped the valley. And then just two minutes after, Shavertown and Dallas sirens could be heard, giving the warning to the Back Mountain area.

The whistle at Stegmaier's Brewing Company was blown at 15 second intervals, and when time for the all clear to be blown, two short other alarm signals in the valley could be heard.

Lights flashed on all up and down the valley for still no bombers had passed overhead. The only plane had been a scouter. Cars, buses and trolley cars began to move. Cigars

OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

THE REDWOOD IS AN AMERICAN TREE. IT OUTLASTS ALL OTHER TREES. OUR OLDEST REDWOOD IS THE OLDEST LIVING THING IN THE WORLD.

EXAMINATION OF THE ROOTS OF A REDWOOD SHOW THAT THEY ARE STRONG AND FAR SPREAD. SO ARE THE ROOTS OF OUR DEMOCRACY.

EXAMINATION OF THE GROWTH RINGS AND THE WOOD STRUCTURE OF A REDWOOD SHOWS BY SCARS AND BURNS THAT IT CAN TAKE PUNISHMENT AND STAND UP UNDER IT. SO CAN OUR DEMOCRACY.

POETRY

The following poems were sent to us by W. Haydn Ambrose of Lehman, who is now studying at Eastern Baptist Seminary in Philadelphia. We thought you might enjoy them.

We Ask For Peace

While nations struggle, striving for their rights,
 While men are falling, dying day and night,
 While homes are broken, torn by one man's might—
 We ask for peace.

As commerce prospers in the name of death,
 As men of courage die, while night is left,
 Except the prize of one man's cruel theft—
 We ask for peace.

SECON THOUGHTS

The woods are dry, we need more rain
 For water for our winter drinking,
 We need it too to lave our grain
 And change the course of morbid thinking.
 Because, with so much sunshine here
 And cooling winds to ease our labors
 We sigh for nations struck by fear
 Or lusting for the blood of neighbors.

The woods that are a parapet
 Around the rural water courses
 Show beauty known to no palette,
 The hues are of celestial sources.
 I wonder then why Providence
 That dresses trees to fit the season
 Does not proclaim: "Go! Get thee hence!"
 To all who are the foes of reason.

PORTRAITS

The Sun

The sun comes up each morn in a burst of color
 Foretelling light
 Between the worlds of night and day,
 It follows its course to twilight,
 And then, drops into the envelope of night.

The Sea

Sleeping waters suddenly awake,
 Waves heaving and rolling,
 Breakers pounding the shore,
 And then, as if held back by some strong hand,
 The sea settles into sullen stillness.

Service

That I might serve Him, sinful as I be,
 That thankful I might be, His love was shown
 In dying for my sins upon the tree;
 This seed in my heart's garden has been sown.

If I can be of any use to Him,
 In gathering sheep into His precious fold,
 Then would I never keep my light turned dim,
 But ever would shine forth with beams of gold.

I want to serve Him, serve Him to the end,
 I never want to turn from Him away,
 I would that I might love Him as a friend,
 And try to speak His word to some each day.
 If I will trust Him, I'll not miss my goal,
 For He in dying, saved my precious soul.

and cigarettes were again in evidence. As traffic started, Giant's Despair seemed to come to life as a huge moving snake. The East End Boulevard became a ribbon of light winding its way down the mountain into Wilkes-Barre.

About 15 minutes after normalcy had been restored to Wyoming Valley, the roar of planes could be heard, and although they were a little late, the drone of motors sent a thrill through everyone.

Almost everyone is sure now that if an enemy plane ever tried to bomb Wyoming Valley they would have a hard time, for if ever a real blackout comes, the valley will once more, "no longer be on the map."

Ruth Schwartz.

Romance

The waves are rolling in, my dear;
 The time for beach romance is here.
 The moon is sailing down
 His starlit track.
 So spare a soft caress, my dear,
 And hold my hand and nestle near,
 But please be careful of
 My sunburned back.

The waves are rolling in, my dear,
 And summer night is warm and clear
 The melody of love
 Is in my heart.
 So hold me in your arms, my dear,
 For I must soon depart from here.
 I'm leaving when the dawn
 Mosquitos start.

R. B.

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

"PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI"

Now, my tongue the mystery telling
 Of the glorious Body sing
 And the Blood, all price excelling
 Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
 Once on earth amongst us dwelling
 Shed for this world's ransoming.

Little Stories of GREAT HYMNS

Written by St. Thomas Aquinas for the office of Corpus Christi in 1265, this, the greatest of all Communion hymns, is modelled on the Pange Lingua of Fortunatus. The translation is based on the versions of Caswall and Neale.

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