

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

A 1941 American Tells His Pilgrim Forefather How Things Have Changed Since He Began This Business Of Thanksgiving Day.

"It has been some time since you and your neighbors got together and gave thanks for your blessings back in 1662. Is that the right date? Well, it was some time back there. We have come a long way since those days and I don't think you would be quite comfortable in this America of 1941. We still have great faith in the great heritage you handed down to us but I am afraid we take it a little too much for granted. We talk about freedom and democracy but we use empty phrases. They don't mean quite as much to us as they must have meant to you. Things are slightly different in 1941 than they were when you shot your Thanksgiving turkey. We push our way through crowds of people and buy our turkeys in a great chain store. We don't even grow our own vegetables. As a matter of fact, not many of us eat Thanksgiving dinner at home. We are too busy going to the football games and having a good time. We eat our dinner out. That doesn't mean a thing to you—does it? Well, it wouldn't do any good to explain. Restaurants would not mean much to you!

We still live in houses but not the houses you knew. We don't call in our neighbors to help us build a house. We worry where we are going to get the money to finance the building. We have all sorts of trouble getting workmen. Material is just something you wait for. In your day you chopped your own wood and made your own homes snug and comfortable but we have such vastly different homes. You wouldn't be comfortable in our homes. I feel quite certain you wouldn't like oil burners and game rooms!

I wonder how you would like our automobiles? They would probably scare you to death. Frankly they are worse than a dozen Indians! We run around like mad in our automobiles. Everybody drives. We spend all our time racing around and between you and me we do not get very far!

We live at a terrific pace and the doctors are worn out trying to keep people well enough to keep going. This is an insane world we are living in. There is a war in Europe in fact there are wars all over the world.

When you sat down to your Thanksgiving dinner your only fear was Indians. There is a monster loose in our world and we never know where he will strike next. This is a crazy world we are living in but we are still proud of the heritage you handed down to us. We are still staunch Americans. We do lots of foolish things and we don't always think straight but deep down in our hearts is that good old American optimism. We still love and cherish the heritage you began."

Thanksgiving 1941

By William Frederick Bigelow

It is good to be an American; no choicer heritage could be given to any man. His birthright includes a majority of the things that the men of most other nations only yearn for, scarcely hoping that they will ever be realized. Most of us will no doubt think of these things when we come to Thanksgiving, deeply grateful for the privileges we enjoy. Some will think of other things, too—that the very right which is theirs of kneeling or thanking God in any way they choose was won for them by other men who paid dearly for it, preserved for them through the years by the guarantees set up by those who had dared to dare all. These will remember that being an American citizen imposes obligations that cannot be fully met by thanks to God, though thanks are due. There is, for one, the inescapable duty to protect and preserve our liberties, that our children may also share them, to defend the nation against attacks either from without or within—to dare not to appease sin, not to compromise with wrong. There is the further duty resting upon each one of us to try to make this country better as a home for all, that all may with full hearts rejoice and be thankful.

"STAVAT MATER DOLOROSA"

At the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful Mother weeping.
Where he hung, the dying Lord,
For her soul of joy bereaved
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Little Stories
of GREAT HYMNS

This Latin hymn, one of the most pathetic of the Middle Ages, is usually ascribed to Jacobus de Beneditus—though not with absolute certainty. An interesting feature of the hymn is the numerous occasions it has been set to music by celebrated musicians

These Little Stories
of Hymns are
presented to you by

HOWARD H. WOOLBERT
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Something New Added



THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Anybody who knows only A, B, C, knows that in the U. S. A. we can have any kind of Govt. we want. You don't have to know geometry or calculus, or answer all the quiz program questions.

If our congressman down there on the billion dollar Potomac is a disappointment on account of being a yes-sir person, or something, we know who put him there. We did. It is not so bad being gullible and losing 2 bits by guessing the pea is under the shell, which it is not, but being gullible when you head down to the voting booth is nothing to be super-proud about.

But we are not sunk yet—completely. Next year we get another whack, in the voting booth. Oh Boy, November, 1942—open season begins—tail feathers will fly.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Tularemia (Rabbit Fever; Deer-fly Fever) is an acute infectious disease caused by a specific micro-organism known as the Bacterium tularensis. It is primarily a disease of wild rodents, in which it produces a fatal septicemia. Secondly human beings become infected by direct contact with the tissues or body fluids of an infected animal; by eating insufficiently cooked meat of infected rabbits; by the bite of an infected animal. Indirectly the disease is transmitted from animal to man by blood-sucking insects, as the deer fly, fleas, ticks, lice and the bedbug.

The most highly susceptible animals are man, monkeys, rabbits, ground squirrels, mice, guinea-pigs, opossums, chipmunks, woodchucks, porcupines, coyotes and gophers. Pheasants, rats, sheep, cats and goats are less susceptible. Hogs, cattle, dogs, horses, foxes, pigeons and chickens are ordinarily considered nonsusceptible.

Tularemia infection has been found in streams in Montana, according to the investigations of the U. S. Public Health Service and incidentally in research studies of tularemia in beavers.

You may recognize this disease by bearing the following points in mind: (1) a history of having dressed a wild rabbit or of being bitten by a fly or a tick; (2) a primary lesion of the skin in the form of a module or elevation of the skin, followed by a persistent ulcer or a primary inflammation of the eyelid (conjunctivitis), followed by ulcers of the eyelid; (3) persistent glandular enlargement in the region of the skin ulcer (neck, groin, elbow, knee, armpit glands), and (4) the symptoms of headache, nausea, vomiting, chills, sweating, aching bodily pains, prostration and fever. The diagnosis may be verified by blood serum examination (specific agglutination test) and by isolation of the micro-organism from guinea pigs inoculated with material taken from the skin ulcer or from the enlarged glands or from the blood of the person having this disease.

Hunters' should wear gloves in dressing rabbits. Thorough cooking will render rabbits safe for food consumption.

THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is open to everyone. Letters should be plainly written and signed.

Thanksgiving 1941

EDITOR THE POST:

The trees are glowing gold and scarlet. Nature has decked herself in the spirit of Thanksgiving for the fruits of the summer season. If you walk in the country, beauty faces you wherever you turn. But it is up to you whether you see the autumn glory as a fruition of the harvest of summer—or a final defiance to the threat of the approaching winter.

So it is with Thanksgiving this year.

There are those who say—"Why should we celebrate? The world is crumbling about us. Everywhere there is war and devastation. The old things no longer exist. We have nothing to be thankful for!"

No doubt there were repiners and Doubting Thomases at the first Thanksgiving held on these shores. There were those who said "Why should we be thankful? We face a long and desolate winter, with no way of escape—no ships will arrive. There is only the merciless ocean before us and the dread wilderness and fierce savages behind us. We have nothing to be thankful for!"

But just as in the days of the Pilgrims, there were those who felt gratitude that the Lord had thus far preserved them, that He had given them a bountiful harvest, that He had shown mercy to them and carried them through their trials and tribulations, and that they, in the words of David, should "Give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever"—so in this day of sorrow and tribulation, the great majority of our people, too, are grateful and give thanks.

Not in the spirit of vain glory that our land is not as other lands, devastated and overrun by a merciless enemy, bombarded from sea and air, not in the spirit of vainglory that we are not at war—but humbly and reverently, we thank God for His mercy toward us, that we have had peace, that we have had time to awaken from lethargy, to prepare our defenses, to aid those who fight for right, and above all, that we still have freedom—freedom to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience.

We must face this day of Thanksgiving 1941, not only in the same spirit the first celebrants did over three hundred years ago—with gratitude for the mercies of the past and with faith in the continuance of those mercies, saying as they did, in the words of the Psalmist: "O give thanks unto the God of heaven; for his Mercy endureth for ever,"—but with the fervent prayer that, God willing and we toiling, we can continue to celebrate as a united people in a United States with all those precious privileges that that word connotes.

—Ruth Taylor.

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

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Book Review

Here Is My Home by Robert Gessner. Alliance Book Corporation Price \$2.75.

The story of a Jewish boy and a Gentile girl, and their undying faith in the future of America, should help many of us to confirm our beliefs in the democratic way of life. It is a story of America, for only in America could two people of different religions rise above the petty hates and prejudices, to positions of wealth, honor, and esteem. With the spread of totalitarianism, and the racial hatred that has accompanied it, democracy seems on the wane throughout the world; however, in Here Is My Home, the author shows that democracy and its freedom are still working in this country.

The story takes place in a north Middle West lumber settlement, called Chippewa City. Many of the novel's characters, especially the principal ones, are symbolic. Bernard Straus, the immigrant boy, represents the democratic ideal that many immigrants hope to find in America, their promised land. Mary, his Gentile wife, symbolizes the independent spirit of our country. Ogden Norris represents the crusader for justice, liberty and equality. Pete Goodman is the typical rugged individualist. His lust for wealth and power destroys the settlement's lumber resources. Alfred Bolitho, Mary's father, represents the fanatical hatred of the Jews, a feeling that is very prevalent in the world today.

Like the many other immigrants who came to this country, Bernard Straus heard about the fabulous wealth that could be easily acquired in New York. Working as a cigar maker in New York's Lower East Side, and barely existing on his small salary, Bernard Straus realized that the streets of New York are not "paved with gold." On the insistence of his uncle, Bernard leaves for Chippewa City to help his mother operate a general store. There he meets Mary Bolitho, lovely daughter of the settlement's wealthiest lumberman. He marries Mary, and with her help and kind understanding, he eventually becomes Chippewa City's leading merchant.

Although they were very happy, they faced many severe and complex problems. They had to contend with the hostile attitude of their parents, because their parents were against the marriage. Most of the townspeople were very unfriendly. Their children became the innocent victims of their intermarriage. It was only their love for each other, and their unbroken faith in America, that kept their marriage from becoming a failure.

Through his book, the author makes a plea for unity among the religious groups in the United States. He believes that there is no need for hatred between them, because they all have something in common. Their ancestors and their parents came to this country to es-

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

When I was but a little lad, my father said to me,
"Now, look, my son," said he,
"What do you want to be?"
I looked at him and thought a while and then I said, "Well, Pop,
"When I am at the top
"I'd like to be a cop,
"I'd like to hunt down robbers and the gangs of banditry,
"It must be fun to get a bead on them and watch them drop."

I thought perhaps a cowboy's life would be a sheer delight,
To sit the saddle tight
In chaps and spurs bedight;
With heaven for a canopy and all the endless plain
To testify how vain
Are riches men attain;
To know what's right and honest and for rights like that to fight
And make my dauntless courage to my enemies a bane.

Like other boys I once aspired to be an engineer,
The right-of-way all clear,
A mighty train to steer;
I'd race the flood, I'd race the storm, I'd race the outlaw band,
I'd keep the mails in hand
And do a job so grand
That Casey Jones compared with me would never rate a cheer;
My name and fame would echo clear across the blessed land.

Well, now the cops are keepers of the motor's parking time
At curbs all smeared with grime
And lines set down in lime;
A piece of chalk and not a gun it is their wont to use.
"How changed is life," I muse,
And none can more abuse
The public peace so often as the doers of the crime
Of over-parking; fighting that would not make me enthuse.

The plains are gone; men ride the range in motorcars today;
The cattle cannot stray,
They're fenced in with the hay;
The cowboy is a movie star or on the radio
He yodels out his woe
And has nowhere to go
Unless it is a circus where to see him you must pay;
His life is not romantic as the one I hoped to know.

What's left of railroad schedules is a scanty thing at best
And engineers attest
That science's behest
Has called up such devices as the robot with a brain
The human mind to feign
And regulate a train
By synchronized mechanics, and no goal rewards the quest
Of what is called adventure. I admit the fact with pain.

You little chap who look ahead to when you'll be a man,
What is it that you scan
In all this sorry plan,
Development and progress leave you little, I'm afraid;
Amusement is arrayed
With regimented aid;
Why even men who go to war are locked up in a can
And worry less of causes than of what they will be paid.

cape tyranny and religious persecu-

tion.
It is not enough to be just religious. To be a good Catholic, a good Protestant, or a good Jew, one must be a good American. The only way to be a good American is to be tolerant of other people.

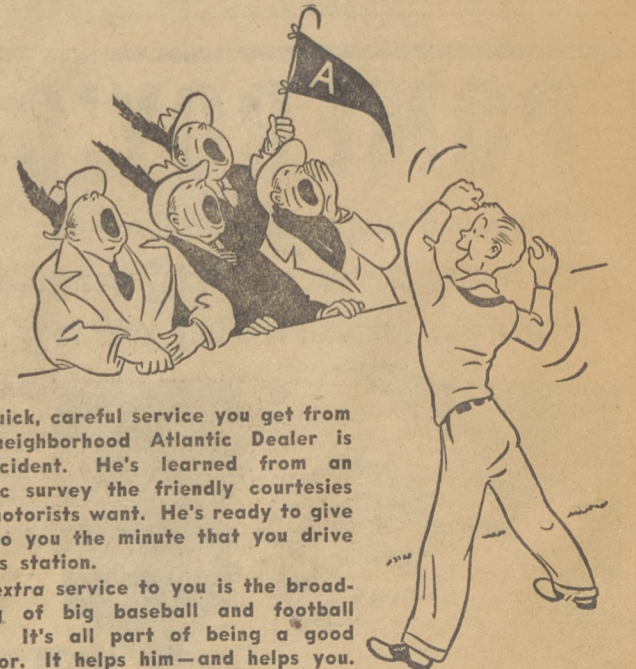
National Defense Starts At The Table!

National defense is also building the health and fitness of all citizens in this community—men, women and children. Our job is to make America strong.

Here's a guide for daily food requirements. It is reprinted from the leaflet, "EAT THE RIGHT FOOD TO HELP KEEP YOU FIT," issued by the Bureau of Home Economics, with the co-operation of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, the Office of Education and Public Health Service of the Federal Se-

- curity Agency.
MILK
For a growing child, 1/2 to 1 quart.
For an expectant or nursing mother, 1 quart.
For other family members, 1 pint or more.
LEAFY, GREEN, OR YELLOW VEGETABLES
1 or more servings.
TOMATOES, ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT . . . ANY RAW FRUIT OR VEGETABLE RICH IN VITAMIN C
1 or more servings.
POTATOES, OTHER VEGETABLES, OR FRUIT.
2 or more servings.
EGGS
1 (or at least 3 or 4 a week).
LEAN MEAT, POULTRY, FISH
1 or more servings.
CEREALS AND BREAD
At least 2 servings of whole-grain products.
FATS
SWEETS
As needed to satisfy the appetite.
WATER
6 or more glasses.

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