

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Addle-pated addresses on apathy, pusillanimous appeals on patriotism; these, for the sake of the public intelligence, ought to be halted. The suggestion that they might be censored would be utterly silly, because there are more people who know how to win the war, and want to tell others about it, than there are soldiers in the present armies of the United Nations.

Here's a pip culled from Wednesday's Record. It was uttered by a patriot whose only contribution to the war history of America is his murder of the King's English. Talking on the subject of indifference he said: "We are too much like the hero of 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.'" You and I know that the hero of the Washington Irving classic wasn't indifferent at all. He wanted the girl; the schoolmaster was in his way; he got rid of the schoolmaster, ingloriously but finally.

What the speaker had in mind, of course, was that other story by Washington Irving, simply named after its delightfully worthless chief character, Rip Van Winkle. But, should men who profess to guidance of the people carry such ignorance into the public halls, churches and schoolrooms? If we stand for that, there you have indifference indeed.

Another patriot, quoted in the amazing Times-Leader-News, proudly declared for all and sundry to hear: "We have struck our colors. We are prepared to meet the foe." Once again you and I know that if we ever meet the foe after we have "struck our colors" it will be to arrange the terms of our surrender.

I suppose all the misinformation, miscalculation and misappropriation of motives can be charged against the one great sin of every democracy—lost motion. Some very sincere persons get all het up about a war, and it is not surprising that at a recent meeting of "best minds" there was serious contemplation of using the anthracite mines for air-raid shelters. Not considering, of course, that getting thousands of persons into the mines in an emergency would be comparable only to the gargantuan task of getting them out in the event that only one bomb landed at the base of the ventilation system, commonly known as the fan-house.

There's been a lot more damphoolishness, such as preparing against parachute troops. What would they want here? We haven't a munition plant worthy of the name and if our anthracite mines were captured or destroyed the fuel they produce would be replaced in no time. Why do you suppose they're opening pipe lines, and why the broad violation of the health laws by blanket permission to the railroads to burn bituminous coal while making all their revenue out of the hard variety? Find out where eighty-seven thousand Luzerne Countyites have moved. There, if anywhere, you need invasion guards.

There ought to be a clearing house, for schemes, for speeches, for general intelligence. There are in Luzerne County several men who know the war backward and forward, all that it means, but particularly most of what it cannot do. Those men could be used, at least as guides to the ignorant who are trying to tell all about something of which their knowledge is exactly nil.

And there ought to be change from the wholly nefarious accusation that you and I and the rest of us are apathetic about this conflict. The fact is: we have it so much on our minds that we are obfuscated in our desires and confused in our designs. How in hell can you forget something that forbids you to purchase the things you need and makes you pay through the nose for what you can't get along without?

P. S.: Did you ever compute, against the once verdant and agricultural Luzerne County, what King Coal has cost us in destroyed communities, upset economies, caves and abandonments? And what the absentee landlords left us as a monument to their Moloch greed? All right, then; now who do you suppose is supporting the miners and laborers whose average wage during the year ranges between eight and ten dollars a week? You are, in taxes paid to support the Department of Public Assistance. Anthracite, so much considered an asset that other industries were kept out to avoid competition for labor, has become a liability. You couldn't even give it to the Indians.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

We sure been hearing plenty about Morale. Everybody that bobs up with a new idea or new scheme, and edges in onto Uncle Samuel's pay roll, says it is for Morale. How we have got along so far without experts on morale, is hard to savvy. And Mr. George Washington, how he ever got up the courage to cross the Delaware without the help of a psychologist, or a toe-dancer, or a poet, to bolster him, is also a big question.

Today you can hardly turn around without trampling on a Govt. up-lifter of some stripe. It is getting tougher and tougher to find a place to park, with E-cars at every curb.

But when all is said and done, maybe some good will come from it. If a toe-dancer can make Congress show its teeth, even just a little, versus being docile, then I guess it is money well spent.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

THE OUTPOST

The Outpost will be glad to reprint articles from camp newspapers sent us from time to time by you fellows who are reading this column. Mark the stuff you like and shoot it along. The Outpost herewith quotes excerpts from a recent edition of the Pine Camp (N. Y.) News where Staff Sergeant Joseph Siodorek of Dallas Township is stationed.

The Pine Log

The feeling that family and community life is being maintained on a high level can do much for the morale of the men in the armed forces, says a group of drafted college students.

When the 200 children who attended the Camp Grant Christmas party at the Service Club, greeted Santa Claus, alias Capt. Arthur Mealliff, they were astonished to find his reindeer had fallen to modern methods. He arrived in a Jeep!

What Not To Do In Case Of An Air Raid

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping, run like hell. (It doesn't matter where, as long as you run like hell).

a. Wear track shoes if possible. If the people in front of you are slow, you won't have any trouble stepping over them.

2. Take advantage of opportunities afforded you when air raid sirens sound the warning of attack, for example:

a. If in a bakery, grab some pie or cake, etc.

b. If in a tavern, grab a few beers.

c. If in a movie or taxi, grab a blonde.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like hell. (Maybe the firing pin is stuck).

If that doesn't work, leave it in the furnace. (The Fire Department will come later and take care of things).

4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. (You can't put it out anyhow, you might just as well have a little fun).

a. If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down—you're dead.

i.e., The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water causing rather rapid combustion. (In fact, it will explode with a Heluva crash!!!)

5. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. (It will add to the fun and confusion and scare hell out the kids).

6. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. (It will make you very unpopular with the people next to you, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely).

7. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces. (Lie still and you won't be noticed).

8. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. (They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyway).

Want A Lift Mister?



SAFETY VALVE

From Camp Forrest

Station Hospital,
Camp Forrest, Tenn.,
Feb. 19, 1942

Editor The Post:

Today I received a very pleasant surprise: an edition of the Dallas Post. Reading the items I noticed the one "You Bet It Does". I do not know who turned my name in but I am most grateful.

I wonder sir, if you really realize how much your thoughtful act means to one who is away from home and friends.

Tonight as I read the Post, I momentarily forgot Camp Forrest becoming interested in the social articles concerning the surrounding communities, the opinions of the people and the knowledge you conveyed that our friends at home are with us in the fight to win this war and peace.

You all may not be enlisted but your kind thoughts and deeds are certainly appreciated by the enlisted men. No soldier is prouder than the one who can talk about what his friends at home are doing to help in this national crisis.

The mental rest derived from reading the home news is most beneficial, thus may I thank you for my copy of the Post.

Sincerely,
Ellen Platt, R. N.

Who Fought Cock Robin?

Dear Editor:

In reply to Frank Jackson's letter on birds in last week's Post, I have a little story on a robin that lived outside our window this summer.

This robin repeatedly flew against a second-story window pane of the office storage room, apparently endeavoring to obtain something he saw inside. This continued for nearly a week when it was decided to raise the lower sash (wide open) and watch for results. However, with the window open nothing happened. The robin did not attempt to enter the room, merely alighting on the sill at times. The window was again closed and at once the attacks began more in earnest than ever. It became quite evident that he was fighting his own image which appeared in the glass each time he came to the window sill. His persistence for several days more in this hopeless attack aroused further curiosity, and more investigating disclosed a nest perched on top of one of the shutters at the window—this discovery solved the mystery.

The whole window was then covered with building paper and all was serene ever after. There were no more attacks, no more fights, no more noise—everything quiet, with plenty of time for songs and worms for his mate doing duty on the nest.

It appears that frequently as the robin brought in a beak full of worms, or other juicy morsels, he alighted on the window sill for a slight rest and there in the glass invariably saw another "cock" robbin with a like bunch of food; and

each time he flew up to his mate on the nest the other robin did the same. Now, wouldn't that make any self-respecting man want to fight?

Edger Stem,
Alderson, Pa.

BOOK REVIEW

LINCOLN: His Life in Photographs by Stefan Lorant. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. \$3.00. Reviewed by Diane B. Bryan

Today with our nation at war again, everyone recalls our struggles in the past. They recall the great battles, the losses and the victories, and the heroes. One of our greatest battles was one in which only we ourselves took part: the Civil War. The greatest and most famous hero of that day was Abraham Lincoln. It is about this dynamic personality that Stefan Lorant has compiled a biography principally composed of photographs called, Lincoln: His Life in Photographs.

Everyone of us has practically the same conception of the life and death of Abraham Lincoln. This book, however, places a new slant on Lincoln, the man and Lincoln, the President. It is vividly enhanced by the dramatic sequences of pictures.

In this book are 400 pictures, of which over 100 are of Lincoln himself. Many of these were never known to exist. All the portraits in this book lend force to the biography. The place where Lincoln was born, his subsequent homes, his friends and political enemies, his generals, his Cabinet officers, and his family are all portrayed. The hanging of the conspirators to Lincoln's assassination is also included in this array of startling photographs.

Throughout the book are interspersed the interesting story of his life; a part of the diary of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin; and photostats of important documents and letters, including one or two love notes, by Lincoln.

One of the most awe inspiring and shocking photos in the book is that of the Battle of Gettysburg at Sunrise on July 4th, 1863. It was this picture that inspired the President's famous Gettysburg Address.

Included in the book is one of the most modest statements made by a man of Lincoln's calibre. When requested to write an autobiography, Lincoln did so after much coercion. It was three pages long, written simply and concisely, with the slightest bit of self-praise. All the documents in the book and the series of pictures add to the reality of the biography. The facts are breath taking and exciting. History is so vividly disclosed that you feel an almost intimate bond between you and the past.

Also contained in this original and valuable production are a complete bibliography of Lincoln's pictures; a yearly account of his life; and the first chronological dating of his photographs. The author's notes closes with this statement: "I have tried everywhere to give the exact facts about the portraits, though sometimes the obscurity was so dense that I could not penetrate it. I look upon this book therefore as only a beginning. The beginning of an exact history of all the Lincoln photographs. And I hope that Lincoln students will finish the work. Although it is considered only as a beginning by the author, it still is one of the most revealing books on the life of the Great Emancipator.

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THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

It was February 9 when the alarm went off! I didn't know it was February 9 at the time but for your information it was the morning of February 9, in the year 1942. The alarm went off and I awakened with an unusual start! What had happened? It wasn't time to get up. It was still dark. The alarm wasn't in the habit of going off before there was at least

a streak of light in the sky. There wasn't even a suggestion of daylight! What was this? A trick of some sort? Had something happened to the clock? Who had wakened us up in the middle of the night?

The street lights were still on. Why had that alarm gone off? Were we going somewhere—Were we going to catch a train? Was it summer time? Could we be going on a picnic or something? Had we completely forgotten something we had planned the night before? What were we doing up in the middle of the night? There was something very very wrong!

There was certainly a lot of traffic moving up the Pike for the middle of the night. The traffic seemed to be all going one way. Where were all the machines going at this time of the night? There were lights in the house across the street and people seemed to be moving around. Had something happened? Had something terrible happened? What was going on anyhow?

Where was the daylight? Where were my clothes? I didn't like getting dressed in the dark but I couldn't see what was going on outside if I turned the light on. The traffic seemed to be getting worse and worse on the Pike. What had happened to the shoes I had taken off the night before? After this I would put my shoes under the bed and not in the closet!

Why was I the only one in the house who was awake? Someone was walking down the path next door. I could hear the car starting. Something really must have happened! Where were they going in the middle of the night? Maybe I should turn on the radio? The family would think I was out of my mind and I would have to do a lot of explaining.

The lights were still on next door, as a matter of fact they were on in several houses. I could hear footsteps along the street. One-girl was running! The dog next door was barking. What was he doing out in the middle of the night? There was something wrapping itself around my legs. The cat! Why was the cat hungry at this time of the night? Had everybody suddenly gone crazy? Should I raise the window and ask some of the people passing what the trouble was? The whole neighborhood seemed to be awake and I couldn't even find my clothes. I must get downstairs—maybe the operator would know what had happened.

As I practically fell down the stairs in the dark—from somewhere came a flash! "You darned fool this is the first day of War Saving time!" Must I tell you how I felt?

When we raised our 15 it was "us kids" project. We raised them from little greenish, squeaky, soft-bodied babies to fat, noisy, waddy geese. We found that a goose is very cheap to feed so we took up geese. All they require is plenty of green stuff all day long. They developed a love for dandelion leaves, the big luxurious kind that sometimes grow eighteen inches long. We didn't mind that. It didn't take 15 minutes to get a basket full. But it was a continuous job.

At first our babies had a little pen that could be dragged about, geese and all, when the ground became picked clean. It is amazing how rapidly they outgrew it. I was assigned to make another. The new yard showed signs of collapse immediately after erection, so the geese went free soon after.

One by one we named them all as soon as their characteristics showed. One had exceptionally large feet, and we named her Garbo. A few were named after school friends. One we called Baby Dumping—imagine! Only one was never named; it passed away too soon.

A more serious looking bird cannot be found. As they waddle along with an unsmiling face they seem to do the deepest of thinking. They have the hands-behind-the-back look of a sage philosopher. In a group they carry on round table discussions. They stop only to eat or try to eat something. They will chew a piece of canvas or a shoe or anything at all. This chewing habit is a bad one. Washings suffer, and so do sleeping cats. One day the whole flock got into the garage and chewed up 10 boxes of choice pepper plants. It was the geese that almost suffered them.

The geese grew to like us; they would honk for joy when they saw the school bus stop a quarter of a mile away. They would follow us all over the farm gabbling contentedly and wabbling almost in unison. We really hated to sell them, but winter was coming and there was no place to keep them. Crate by crate they went down to Pennsylvania avenue. We sold a few to a friend who loved geese as we did.

As Speed Elston says about their two geese, "I don't think I could eat them now." Neither could we. Once before when we had geese we tried it, but they don't taste right.

Like all of our pets we can remember a lot of anecdotes about the geese. One I have found written down: Our flock had meandered out to the front porch. The radio was playing, so we gave them a music test. "Gave geese music test. They liked violin and electric guitar music. Clarinet music mildly interested them. They were indifferent to the Hoosier Hotshots and ran away from a soprano." I can still see them

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Undulant Fever (Brucellosis) is an infectious disease found in various animals and transmitted to human beings. The most important sources of the disease are cattle, goats and hogs. It is transmitted to man, secondarily through the ingestion of dairy products and uncooked meats of infected animals. Infection through abrasions of the skin has occurred in farmers, butchers, meat packers and dairy workers. The organisms of undulant fever are found in the blood, urine and stools of infected animals and in human carriers. The ingestion of liver and sausage is the most frequent source of meat infection. Drinking water may become contaminated. Rats may carry the infection to man.

Undulant fever causes abortion in animals. In acute cases in human beings, it is characterized by chills, fever, sweats, headaches, backache, weakness, muscular pains, joint pains and loss of weight. In many cases the course of the disease is mild and prolonged, extending over months or years. It occurs principally during the summer. The onset is gradual and the incubation is about two weeks. It attacks all ages and both sexes. It is more common in males and in early adult and middle life. Diagnosis is completely established only by laboratory tests. These tests are the blood serum agglutination test, the skin test and the cultivation and identification of the organism.

The disease is widespread in the United States and is on the increase. Cases have been reported from every state. It is endemic in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and the West Indies. Testing, segregating and disposing of infected animals is necessary to control the disease. Human carriers should not be permitted to handle food. Pasteurization of milk destroys the organisms. Butter and cheese made from infected milk is dangerous. Hog meats should be well cooked, particularly liver and sausages. The immediate disinfection of wounds inflicted while handling possible infected stock is necessary. Human carriers should be kept under control until free from the disease.

with their heads cocked to one side—silent for once.

We thought we knew a lot about geese, but the blow fell when we were informed by a real expert that Greta Garbo was a gander.

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