

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Somewhere south of the Mason-Dixon line I got the impression that this nation really is at war. Yet, it was not soldiers, sailors, Marines and Air Corps men who deprived me of fulfillment when I made my first request for hotel accommodations, although never before in my experience of life had I seen so much of the panoply of conflict, khaki and blue and white. What intervened between me and rest was the fact that south of the line of demarcation the racing season was on in full career.

Hotel rooms anywhere within reach of Churchill Downs and Pimlico had been taken up weeks in advance. In the cheaper places you found touts and stablemen, bookies, tipsters and plain chisellers. In the more ornate and more costly hostleries were the handlers, the owners, the jockeys and their followings. Men of the service, unless they knew friends with open homes, were bidding for the tops of pool tables, for cots in halls, for blankets on the floor, if they were far from base.

It happened that for a period of days I plied under forced draft in one of what are called the three most important war centers of America. It was unnecessary to ask questions, few of which would be answered anyhow, because all around the evidences were self explanatory. Anti-aircraft guns poked their sharp noses over points of vantage, planes in echelon and planes in order of attack crisscrossed the sky by day and night, great birds of wide wings and multiple power.

Colonel Jason Tillson and Captain Will McHenry were met. I became convinced that the colonel has something to do with rating the intelligence and adaptability of men entering the commissioned ranks, and two very sore feet testify my full conviction that McHenry owns exact knowledge of the physical imperfections of all who fall under his command for even a temporary or trial period prior to entering war work or being sent back to the life of the civilian.

A war-center is more than a town, more than a city, more than a county; it really is a group of states in most instances. It was especially so in that part of America I was privileged to observe. Routine life is so regimented that populations running into the millions can be marshalled into defense in a matter of minutes. Take the schools as an example. Every child in the area was aware of exactly what to do under any possible circumstances; and, knowing that if attack ever comes it will be under the cover of a phase of natural phenomena the fact is that with the appearance of a rainstorm the children are hustled home. Night has a thousand eyes on the side of safety.

In every town, big and little, you see the letter "S" so often that unless you are an apt guesser you must sooner or later inquire of its meaning. You learn that "S" means "Shelter" and that wherever it appears there is a defense warden prepared with many aids to throw open immediate refuge if there should be bombing from over-head or long-distance attack from the sea. War areas must take cognizance of possible naval action, as well as token raids.

A possible gain from conditions of a conflict is seen in the new freedom accorded the colored populations. Many of the boys of dark complexion are in uniform and it is, I suppose, a matter of course that their sisters and brothers, mothers and fathers no longer have to seek the back seats when they enter a public conveyance. It is true, however, that at most of the hospitals prepared for all emergencies there still are separate accommodations and segregated entrances, but if the restrictive arrangement means anything at all there was no one to make mention of it. And I did have at least one luncheon at a counter where my elbow neighbor was Ethiopian to the Nth degree.

Of the stories you hear in a war center a few are true. One of the stories, apparently factual, points a lesson. Men who like big wages should save their earnings, putting aside the temptation to spend as heavily as they acquire. At a plant where work is at lofty heights and with scant footing there have been too many casualties. Workers there confessed without urging that the tragedies were mostly a matter of self-blame. A day off or a night off, if devoted to whooping it up, has an aftermath of paying the final price in injury or death. In some types of war endeavor back of the lines the dangers are equal with those of the fighting front unless men observe for themselves the strict training of the near-ascetic.

Dust

Whether we fall by ambition, Blood or lust, Like diamonds, we are cut With our own dust.
—From the Somerset (Md.) News.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

If you have a crazy person trying to break into your house, you drop everything and devote your time to putting a quietus on him. You don't mess around and expect him to wait there while you finish painting the kitchen screen, or get shaved.

This is all poppin' into my head on account of the way we are not dropping tom-tit social experiments, and such, while Japan kicks and fumes, and threatens our neck with a long-handled cutlas. It is like this old "fly-up-the-creek" Mr. Byrd of Virginia says. Cut out, he says, 2,000 million in cash planned to be spent on hazy domestic ventures versus machine guns and dynamite. What we need now is shootin' irons.

But before saying adios, I have nothing against Mr. Byrd on account of calling him a "fly-up-the-creek." Any good Virginian is the same. They get the name from a bird that always flies upstream—never down.

Let everything else slide, says Mr. Byrd—now is the time to fight. We can experiment, be visionary, when the fracas is over—but not now.

Yours with the low down,

JOE SERRA.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Erysipelas

Erysipelas is also called "the Rose" and "St. Anthony's Fire." It is an acute, localized inflammation of the skin, characterized by redness and swelling, and accompanied by fever and constitutional symptoms. The disease is contagious and is caused by a specific micro-organism, a strain of the streptococcus germ. It is a fairly common disease, found in every part of the world, but more frequently in temperate climates. Individuals of all ages are affected, the most frequent occurrence being in the third decade of life. It is more common in women than in men. Seasonal influence is shown by an increased number of cases in the spring and fall months. An attack of erysipelas does not confer immunity and there is a tendency to recurrence.

Infection begins at the site of a wound or abrasion, often too small to be visible to the naked eye. The most common site of inflammation is the face. A small area of the skin becomes red, swollen and tender, with a feeling of itching, burning and tension. The eyelids become so swollen that the eyes cannot be opened. The inflammation spreads rapidly and may extend to both sides of the face and the ears, causing the features to be greatly distorted. Fever, headache, nausea and chilliness develop abruptly after an incubation period of 2 to 3 days. Occasionally the throat becomes inflamed with intense soreness and redness of the mucous membrane. Other points of infection are surgical wounds and injuries, chronic leg ulcers and the navel wound of newborn. It may follow picking of the nose and plucking the hairs in the nose. Apparently healthy individuals may have persistent focal infection in the nose and sinuses and may become carriers of the disease. Absolute rest is essential in treatment. Local movement and manipulation in the early stages tend to spread the infection. Ultraviolet radiation and administration of the sulfonamide drugs are effective in treatment. Relapses and recurrences are frequent. The removal of septic focal infections in the teeth and tonsils and latent streptococcus infections of the nose and sinuses are necessary. Persons with nephritis, diabetes and debility are particularly susceptible to erysipelas.

No matter how many friends a man may have, there comes a time when he has one too few.

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"The Problem Child"

THE SAFETY VALVE—By Post Readers

An Appeal For Old-Time Religion
May 1, 1942.

Dear Editor:
Those who saw my last letter will remember I discussed the difficulty existing in our churches, particularly the Methodist Church.

And now, out of Wyoming Conference of 1942, comes a heart-stirring, clarion call to Methodists all over. Bishop Leonard has hit a fine point when he states to the effect that religious education has taken the place of real, old-time Gospel preaching. The Bishop pleads with his Church to return to the preaching of the Word of God and Christ as Wesley taught.

We like to be fair. And our spirit of fair play is brought to the front when one prominent in our Methodist Church sends out such a challenge.

Is not the Bishop saying precisely what we said in our last letter? Let us all pray for the church, that she may follow her Bishop's advice.

Sincerely,
REV. "BOB" SUTTON,
37 Morgan Road,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Finds A Friend

Editor:
Henson found me before I found him and we had a couple of good talks about the people we know back home. He is only about a city block from me. I found him down in a hanger about a mile from here where he does his work.

Thanks for the information.
Sincerely,
Pvt. W. A. JOHNSON,
Norfolk, Va.

Pvt. Johnson wrote us some weeks ago to learn if we might have the address of Adolph Henson, who is in the Navy. Along with Henson's address Pvt. Johnson also got the addresses of many other Back Mountain boys who are stationed in or near Norfolk—Editor.

At Sea

Editor:
For the past few months I have been entertaining a thought of surprising you with a few lines. But, as usual, there has always been something else popping up which interfered. I am told that a number of my Dallas friends are wondering where I am . . . and if I am still in circulation. For obvious reasons, the movement of my ship, and other naval vessels, is Uncle Sam's secret. So you see, even my people don't know where I am.

Needless to say, I am anxious to get back to the best little town on the map and be with its fine people once more. I believe if God ever intended any particular spot on this earth to be reserved for Paradise, then He surely must have given a thought to the Back Mountain country. In the first place, it is typically American! believe you me, a person doesn't realize those things until he leaves the place and begins

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to compare it with many other towns and rural sections.

I am afraid I can't give you any interesting dope about myself or my life. However, I think I can add this without any objections from the censor; that I am on one of the finest and best ships afloat in no secret and I am proud to be part of its crew. During peacetime the nucleus of any ship's company was made up of old-timers, today it is the raw recruits from all walks of life. It is amazing how they respond to their new life and quickly become a part of our complex unit. With this crew and our two-fisted captain—the crew worship him—I wouldn't be afraid to go up against the best that the enemy has to offer. You would have to be with us and part of us to understand what I mean.

I deeply regret that I was unable to call on you when I was home in January. I am sure you will understand the reason, if I let you in on a secret that there is a little heart throb in the Valley. Next time I am home it will be different for both of us will call on you.

With Pleasant Memories.
ANDY KOZEMCHAK,
At Sea
U.S.S.N. Carolina.

Andy: I'm old and married and got 1,500 baby chicks to look after nights. Why did you censor her name? I know what you mean about Paradise, and I'd be sure He included that raspberry patch of your mother's and the boy's cider press, too. We're all looking forward to the day those raspberries

ripen. Good Luck to you Andy and thanks for a most interesting and inspiring letter—Editor.

Contributes Editorial

To the Editor:
In the last few weeks I have called upon many editors in all sections of the State. Without exception they have told me they favor cuts in State taxes. Knowing of my experience as an editorial writer, some have asked me to write for them an editorial on this subject.

Here is the editorial I have written for you and I am sending it with the hope that you can find space for it in your editorial columns.

Please accept this as a personal expression of my heart-felt appreciation of your cooperation.

Sincerely,
Paul N. Furman,
Recently Associate Editor
Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.
Mr. Furman's editorial leads our Page 1 editorials this week.
—Editor.

From A Post Printer

Dear Editor:
I just have time to write a few brief lines to let you know where I am stationed and then I will have to do some assigned work.

After a few days of "processing" at New Cumberland I was placed on a special train of Pullmans along with hundreds of other boys and about half of us came to this post, an Air Corps base.

At present I am working in the Public Relations Office where I assist in the work on the weekly camp paper, The Booster, and write publicity releases for general newspapers.

Being a trombonist of a sort also, I have been doing a little playing with the military band at the post. Yesterday we played at the Court House Commons in Dothan.

By the way there is a Pvt. Thomas A. McCullough here. Is he the boy I had on the mailing list? If he is, I'll try to look him up.

If I'm included in the "free copies for soldiers" offer, send mine to:
Pvt. Wilbur F. Helmbold,
87th Material Squadron,
Napier Field,
Dothan, Alabama.

N. B.—Thanks anyway, even if you don't send the Post.

Bill: Being the fourth man from The Dallas Post to join the service, how do you think we could turn you down, especially since you were the fellow who took care of all the soldiers' names on the mailing list? Pvt. Thomas A. McCullough is not from our area. You are thinking of Alex and John Macul-loch, both stationed at Fort George Meade. You Post should arrive with this issue—Editor.

(Additional Safety Valve on Page 3)

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I have had my spring pilgrimage to New York. It seems rather silly to live so close to New York and make spring and fall pilgrimages to the big city, but it really makes the largest city in the world much more exciting to see it once or twice a year. This time I went over for two definite reasons. First, to see some really good theatre and second, to ride the upper deck of a bus up and down Riverside drive!

NATURE'S WAY

By Frank Jackson

The Blue Dahlia

In the April issue of The Flower Grower, Gordon F. Wasser, editor of the American Dahlia Society Bulletin, has an interesting and instructive article on "Let's Grow Good Dahlias." (By the way I see the boss has an advertisement in The Post for this magazine. You should have it.)

In his article Mr. Wasser, describing the dahlias, refers to color and shading is complete except for blue, there being no true blue dahlias thus far." I felt sorry for this expert on dahlias for I have seen a true dahlia, and that is what I want to tell you about now. I have been a dahlia grower for many years and still know little about them. But one day while driving from Dallas on the Kunkle road, I saw a well-kept garden of dahlias. They were all in blossom and among the blooms there was a blue dahlia, not an Alice Blue or a Robin blue, nor was it a navy blue—just a blue blue, if you know what I mean. I slammed on my brakes and stopped the car, exclaiming: "there is a million dollar dahlia!" Backing up to the driveway I proceeded to get out for I wanted to see this dahlia more closely, and inquire about it for I, like Mr. Waaser, did not know that there was such a thing existing. As I walked to the house many thoughts ran through my mind. Could I get possession of it and if so what must I do to control it, what outstanding name should it have and so on. A very pleasant woman responded to my knock on the door. Then and there she told me the story of the dahlia. They were very slow in blooming and she was tired of looking at the green foliage all summer, so she went to the Five and Dime, bought some crepe paper and made a few paper flowers and tied them on the dahlia stalks. There was my blue dahlia wrapped up in paper. Instead of dahlias I got raspberries when I walked back to the car. Better watch your step when you see a blue dahlia.

Everything about the play was theatre at its very best. Raymond Massey was perfect in the part of the clergyman. Not once did he give even a hint of Abe Lincoln. He looked and acted the part every minute he was on the stage. He was always the clergyman who loved his wife and couldn't possibly understand why anyone would dare to believe that he wasn't always right.

Katherine Cornell was not only beautiful—and she isn't you know—but each time she came on the stage something happened. She shed a glow which warmed the audience to its toes. In each of her scenes she created a beauty one always hopes he will feel in the theatre but doesn't often realize. Everything about her, her walk, the way she carries a bunch of flowers, the way she sat on a chair, the lovely flowing tones of her voice filled the theatre with something for which all drama lovers are hungry.

In spite of Katherine Cornell and Raymond Massey, Burgess Meredith was the star of the play. You might find that a little difficult to believe after having seen what the movies have done to him. Before Burgess Meredith went to Hollywood to waste his talent on the silver screen he did marvelous things on the stage. He was in Winesap, in The Star Wagon with Lillian Gish, and, High Tor by Maxwell Anderson, was his greatest triumph.

Burgess Meredith is in the Army now and he came from a camp in California to play the part of Marchbanks in Candida. Meredith played the part with such finish it seemed scarcely possible the movies had practically ruined his art. Every line was said with such perfection, every action was studied, every movement was what one expects of a real actor. Certainly he is not handsome but on the stage he comes to life. He is no longer that funny little fellow who does such outlandish things on the screen. He is a great actor reading lines as Shaw must have hoped they would have been read. Katherine Cornell's art is certainly no greater than Burgess Meredith's when he is given the proper vehicle.

Candida as portrayed by such actors and actresses is something to hold dear for ever. Here was theatre as lovers of the theatre hope they will always see it. It was a thing of beauty, an hour or two of perfection which one can keep locked in his heart only to take out every now and then to look at again. Thank goodness there is still good theatre in the crazy world. It is something to be thankful for!

We get keen pleasure out of Mrs. Conrad's contributions and our only hope is that she will send them in more frequently.—Editor.

Mrs. Conrad's poem, "At Java," published a few weeks ago in The Post, was read at the Memorial Services for Richard Cease at the Little-White-Church-on-the-Hill in Trucks-ville. In a note accompanying her poem "To My Mother" Mrs. Conrad says: "Here is a poem to my mother. (Mrs. Bertha Reynolds) who avidly scans her Dallas Post for my poems. When it arrives in Florida, so I couldn't let her down."

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POETRY

To My Mother

I never had a sister
But you tried to understand
All the trials and the hardships
Of our young folks in our land.

And now that I am happy
With toddlers at my feet
I owe it to my mother
Whose love is hard to beat.

—Helen Reynolds Conrad,
Trucks-ville.

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To A Soldier Boy

Blessings on you, soldier boy
You're a credit and a joy
To your Uncle Sam, I know,
As about your work you go.

Helping to serve and protect the nation,
Upholding the Army's true reputation
You should be glad you're there, too,
Helping the Red, White and Blue.

Keeping the banner always on high,
Never letting its glory die,
To you, three cheers we'll always give
Long may the U. S. Army live!

Everyone is proud of you
And the service that you do,
So may God bless and keep you all
And guide you through each duty's call.

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