

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

More years than I reckoned had elapsed since last I had called upon my old friend Dan Hurley and it was with some surprise that I learned he was about to celebrate the ninety-fourth anniversary of his birth. So, an afternoon originally dedicated to Joseph Gorman was split in half to provide a visit with one of the most interesting as well as one of the oldest Americans I know. By the way, Joseph Gorman, who is president of International Color Printing Company, is one of several victims of the erosion trap on the golf course of Wyoming Country Club. He slipped on a pebble cast loose by the rain and broke his right leg in two places, so that instead of traipsing all over America and Canada writing contracts for an endless variety of comic features he is laid up at his comfortable home on Meadowland avenue in Kingston.

Dan Hurley lives only a few streets away, with his daughter-in-law, who is the good wife of Penn Tobacco Company's Joe Hourigan. The last time I had visited with Dan Hurley, I discovered, was on the occasion of his eighty-first anniversary. Then he had expressed desire for an airplane ride and I accompanied him on a flight to permit him to see from a goodly height the long reaches of terrain he once traversed by horse and buggy in order to provide the farmers and truck gardeners of several counties with what then was regarded as modern mechanical equipment, all of it horse-powered.

Thirteen years is a long time but they have dealt kindly with Mr. Hurley. There have been deprivations, of course, but mostly in the removal of those whom he had chosen as his closest associates. Of a group of twenty with whom he had enjoyed the game of "Forty-Five" there are left himself and two others. And of his sight, which is his worst concession to the crowding years, there is only sufficient perception to distinguish between dark and light. But, even so, a couple of years ago Mr. Hurley was blind, which means improvement is on the way.

Dan Hurley is next to the youngest of nine children born to his parents, Irish settlers in Towanda back in the late Seventeen Hundreds. All nine children were born in Towanda and it was as farm boy that Dan Hurley learned the advantages of early machinery to such fullness as to be able to locate hundreds of various types of invention on tracts reaching far down the Susquehanna and as much as three days' travel from either its west or east bank. He was retired long before the motor came in to make the newest phase of change in farm practices.

What interested me, though, was Dan Hurley's remembrance of the wars of the United States. He was thirteen when the boys answered the call of Lincoln, singing as they went: "We are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong." He remembers the contentious arguments over slavery and the gloom consequent upon the assassination of the Emancipator. By the time the Spanish-American war came along, Dan Hurley was too old to be enlisted. Imagine! It was only a tin-can fight anyhow, and soon over.

When World War One exploded Dan Hurley was within a few years of what is called the Biblical span of life, but he had a son to send, just as now he is saying good-bye to two of his grand-children as they join up for what he would wish to be "the last big show on earth." In the security of his home with the Joe Hourigan family on Rutter avenue in Kingston, talking with friends and keeping abreast of the news by means of a radio at his elbow, ninety-four-year-old Daniel Hurley is far from excited by the turn of events and he has no expectation that any elysium is to come from the peace that soon or late will brush off the present conflict. There is not even now, he says, as much excitement as there was back in Civil War days.

Well, I told Daniel Hurley that it was wonderful to see him in such good health, with such awareness of current events and, most of all, with his sight returning. And I told him that there is another old friend I want to see. She is Mary Brannan Tobin, of Plymouth, residing with her daughter in the Pleasant colony of Sayville, Long Island.

"Mary Brannan Tobin is going to be one hundred two years old next October," I told Dan Hurley. "Goodness me! My gracious!" The ninety-four-year-old gentleman apparently was amazed that anybody could be eight years older than himself.

"MY, my!" said Mr. Hurley. "I wouldn't want to live that long."

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

This Holding Company Act, one of the "reforms" stirred up and put on the law books by our Potomac Revellers as just what the doctor ordered to cure everything, was well named. Holding Company Act—nothing could describe it better. It has been a 4-wheel brake. It has gummed up and held back progress and effort. It has even discouraged the guy who was not affected at all—he might be the next customer for the chopping block.

You don't take your off-spring, who has maybe been too obstreperous, out behind the barn and shoot him dead. You take him out behind the barn and unlimber a strap. That is all you need—not a 6-shooter.

A half-baked biscuit or a half-baked law is in the same boat and there is only one relief—the ash can.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Oral Sepsis

Oral sepsis is an infection of the teeth, gums, and often of the adjacent tissues of the mouth, throat, tonsils and sinuses. It is the commonest of all human diseases, and in most cases has its origin about the teeth and gums. Practically all adults have more or less oral infection. The incidence of the disease has increased with the growth of civilization and the attendant changes in diet and environment.

The dental infection begins with a breaking down of the tissue around the tooth and extends along the side of the tooth, with recession of the gums, loosening of the tooth and discharge of pus. Abscesses may develop about the tooth roots, usually through the root canals. The abscess may be acute and soon push through the gum, forming a "gum boil." The chronic abscesses are more dangerous, causing little or no local symptoms, and producing systemic disease by the absorption of toxins and bacteria through the blood stream. The oral cavity presents, in point of temperature, moisture and nutrition, an almost perfect breeding place for bacteria. Mouth bacteria cause fermentation of starchy foods, with the formation of lactic acid, collections of tartar and decalcification of the enamel. A diet rich in carbohydrates or starchy foods furnishes conditions favorable to dental decay. The mouth bacteria are increased by uncleanness, lack of care in brushing the teeth and cleansing the mouth, accumulation of food around and between the teeth and ill fitting or neglected dentures.

Focal infection in the mouth is frequently the cause of general disease. The mouth infection may exist for years without definite evidence of ill health. Oral sepsis may be indicated by an offensive breath, swelling of the gums, the escape of blood and pus on pressure, dark or carious teeth, recession of the gums and local irritation from ill fitting dentures, crowns and bridges. X-ray examinations are of great value but negative films do not necessarily mean that the tissues are healthy. An infected tooth or a diseased gum or tonsil, if neglected, may cause an incurable disease.

Divorce is the hash made out of domestic scraps.

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.

"Alone With His Conscience"



THE SAFETY VALVE—By Post Readers

In Appreciation

Editor The Post:
Thank you most heartily for your Mothers' Day remembrance and the kind thought that prompted it. Will you kindly thank the donor for my box of candy?

Mrs. William H. Baker,
Dallas, Pa.

Thanks Donor

The Dallas Post:
I wish to thank the man through your paper for the lovely box of candy on Mothers' Day. I appreciate it very much and I know my boy will when he knows about it—and I am sure all the boys will. It was so kind and thoughtful of him. I also wish to thank the Dallas Post for letting me know about it.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. James Simpson,
Hayfield Farm,
Trucksville, Pa.

Mrs. Simpson's son, William Edward, is now stationed in Australia—Editor.

A Perfect Tribute

Please extend my thanks to the gentleman who so generously remembered me on Mothers' Day. I am sure he would have been fully repaid if he had been peeking at the moment.

Ruth has been waiting for orders to join her Unit. We hoped and prayed that she would get home before going "over." I was ready to go for the gift when I received the telephone call from Ruth. Her orders were in and she was to proceed to Louisiana. That meant no leave and little probability of seeing her before she sails. I went to Shavertown with tears in my eyes and a very heavy heart. Honestly that pretty box and the kind thought behind it did wonders for me. It was like someone saying, "I know your heart ache but someone wants to help."

Thank you also for your part in it.

Sincerely,
Ida P. Lewis,
Dallas, Pa.

Ruth is a fine girl, with the same old-fashioned American spunk that you had when you served your country as an Army nurse during the World War. We know a soldier down in Texas who feels the same way about her—Editor.

From Mothers' Club

Editor The Post:
The Service Mothers of Trucksville wish to thank the kind gentlemen who presented us with the lovely boxes of candy on Mothers' Day. We are sure this act of kindness and generosity will not go unrewarded.

Jane Lohman,
President of the Club,
Trucksville, Pa.

About four weeks before Mothers' Day Sheldon Evans, proprietor of Evans' Drug

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

THE DALLAS POST

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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; Trucksville, Leonard's Store; Huntsville, Frantz Fairlawn Store.

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store in Shavertown and the editor were sitting in the Dallas Post office discussing some plan for giving a number of boxes of candy to mothers on Mothers' Day. In previous years boxes of candy were given to the oldest mothers in the community by Mr. Evans. This year we realized that there were many young men and women in the service who would be unable to send their mothers any other remembrance than a card—and many of them because of distance would be unable to do that. To give each mother a suitable box of candy appeared impossible. There were, we knew, more than 200 nurses, soldiers and sailors who had gone from the Back Mountain area. To give candy to any less than the mothers of these would be unfair. It looked as though we were licked. Just then F. Gordan "Dud" Mathers of Trucksville dropped in the office and overheard us discussing the problem. He saw that we were against a blank wall. "See here," he said, "I want to do something, too, I'll pay for the candy—all of it—if you'll get the names of the mothers." GEE! We warned him, that will mean 200 \$1 boxes of candy. "I want it to cost me something," he replied, "I want to do something for these boys, all I ask is that you keep my name out of it." We did. But we're sorry for one thing. In spite of all our efforts and three weeks of publicity we know that some mothers were missed

—missed unfortunately because we have their sons' and daughters' names on our mailing lists but do not have the names or addresses of the mothers. We thing it was swell of "Dud" Mathers and we're saying so now because we made a mental reservation that our promise would last only until Mothers' Day—Editor.

Sends Poem

Editor The Post:

Received this poem, he wrote himself, from my brother in the Army, P.F.C. Sheldon Ehret, San Jose, California. Several persons thought I should send it to you to print in the Post. He will be surprised to read it, I know. This is the first one I ever knew of him writing. He just received a fourth class specialists' rating.

Mrs. Thomas Foss,
Dallas, R.F.D. 2.

To A Jap

Oh, poor Mister Jap
You great big sap
If you can hear our story
You'll shake with fright
With all your might
When we wave Old Glory.

You'll shake your dice
And eat your rice
Then we'll change your story.
We'll sink your ships
Like little chips
And let you see Old Glory.

Thy Kingdom come,
They will be done,
When we tell our story;
We'll invade your land
With men on hand
And o'er it wave Old Glory.

When your rising sun goes down
There shall be no crown
For through your deeds of sin
This war you'll never win
Nor walk in paths where men have trod
For joy is always reached through God.

Now all destroyed is not in vain
For the U. S. shall always gain
And when this war is through and won
Freedom shall ring from every gun;
Our men shall bow down to you,
never

'Cause we'll have stars and stripes for ever.
Editor's Note:
Bang, Bang go the guns
As our boys shoot down the Huns,
I like Hot Cross buns
Merry Christmas.
Little Willie, Aged 6.

He'll Make Chief, Too

Editor The Post:
Thanks a lot for sending me The Dallas Post. It sure comes in handy keeping me up with the home town news. To me the United States Navy is the greatest organization on earth. We have a fine bunch of
(Continued on Page 6)

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I have met many different types of boys at Fort Dix during the past months but I find the three Musketeers are my favorites. One of the three is from Iowa, one from Minnesota, and the other from upper New York State. They met in the Army and since the beginning of their training in the Engineer's Corps they have been Buddies, and what Buddies! I simply cannot think of them as individuals.

They will always be the three Musketeers to me!

They are inseparable. Where you see one you always see the other two. They are delightful and I feel quite certainly typical American soldiers. They come to the Community Service every evening during the week and I have never seen them when they were not having a good time. They usually devote part of their evening to letter writing but most of the time they are up to their ears in ping-pong. They really take their ping-pong seriously. When one writes a letter the other two write letters. When one drinks a cup of coffee the other two always seem to appear at the coffee bar at the same time.

I love their enthusiasm and their exceptional optimism. The youngest of the three seems to be the center of the group. The other two boys are a little older and they seem to feel it their duty to take care of the younger boy. They are very fond of him and I don't blame them one bit. I have never met a boy so filled with the joy of living. He gets a kick out of everything. He has an extra capacity for having fun. He is forever finding something new to do. His Buddy from the Navy has introduced him to the joys of the legitimate stage. I doubt if he knew very much about the theatre before he came to Fort Dix. Now he has become an ardent theatre fan. All three of the boys have seen most of the shows on Broadway through the good graces of the U. S. O. They are very much at home at the Stage Door Canteen and are loud in their praise of the actors and actresses who do so much for the boys in the armed forces. It is amazing how many celebrities they have met on their trips to New York.

Several times the three Musketeers have graced our dinner table. I particularly enjoy entertaining them because they fill the house with something they alone seem to bring. Last week they had rather a bad time on the way from camp. They were hitch-hiking and you know, of course, hitch-hiking is against Army regulations. The first car to stop proved to be trouble at its very worst. In the back of the car sat a Colonel!

I wish you could have heard the three Musketeers tell about it. They said they never knew they had so many buttons on their uniforms. In their hunt for the passes, the Colonel insisted on seeing, they felt they had to unbutton at least a hundred buttons. The youngest boy said he couldn't in a terrific sweat. He simply couldn't unbutton his coat. His fingers refused to move. He knew the other two wouldn't have any trouble but he always seemed to have trouble locating his pass, and his buttons refused to budge. After what seemed like an eternity he located the pass. He said he didn't dare look at the other fellows. He wouldn't have been able to stand the pity in their eyes. They always managed to feel sorry for him, he seems to get into so much trouble and this was the first time he had encountered a Colonel who insisted on seeing a pass he couldn't find!

They managed to get away from the Colonel. Their encounter didn't dampen their enthusiasm for food. They talked just as fast, and as much as ever, and while I listened to them, and watched them consume plates of food, I couldn't help be thankful that the Army was made up of such healthy eager youngsters!

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Once we thought that Bones was going to die. We discovered that she had been going around for several days with a slashed throat. She had never indicated it; she acted entirely normal. Quick application of antiseptic probably saved her life.

One day after we had had Bones for nine years, she disappeared. She was old and feeble. And she probably knew that we loved her so much that going away was the only way that it wouldn't hurt.

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I'd like to pay tribute to Bones here. A long time ago, we had an all-black kitten. She was a child of misfortune. The first family that owned her had moved away and left her. We adopted her just in time to save her from starvation. She was so thin when we got her that it was said that if she ever caught a mouse it would finish her. The same night she caught a mouse. The next morning we sought to name her. Well, one mouse hadn't fattened her up, and Bones was the most appropriate name of them all. In fact, she never got very big. She was too stunted in kittenhood.

Later she rode all the way from New Jersey to Huntsville in a crate of chickens. I don't think she was as bad off as the rabbits in with the other crate of chickens. Bonesy was a very devoted cat; she would follow one of us around for half a day. At night we would purr her inside and listen to her purr. In purring she was a champion. She could be heard through half the house.

And the time came when she had her first kitten. (It was a three or four colored cat named Cabbage, a corruption of Tabby.) She was a good mother. She always took excellent care of her offspring. By the way, she never had more than three at a time. In her own little way, she was a disciple of Mrs. Sanger. Although she was pure black, she never had a black kitten. Usually she had gray striped ones. And unlike her they often grew to large sizes. One gray Tom that lives out Lehman measures 31 inches and weighed 13 pounds. Every one liked Bones' kittens. We gave some to George Bulford, Cora Schmol, now of Philadelphia, and Evelyn Ide, of Lehman. We also gave a guar-

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