

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Answer To Edith Blez

Dear Lady:
You ask it: Did this correspondent ever prepare a young lady for college? I give you a double-barrelled answer. I did indeed; not one young lady but two. That is how come I am a two-time grandpappy today while awaiting the arrival, some time around Yuletide, of another addition to my third generation.

Far be it from me to place obstacles against the Biblical admonition to go forth and multiply. And since my biological mathematics are all summed up, I simply serve who only stand and wait. First off I was a pretty lofty fellow, overseeing the preparations of the eldest daughter for a flight to the University of Wisconsin. I had visions of her emerging as a social scientist, whereas she merely became social.

The best of the sororities out there gobbled her up and she in turn masticated with sweet complacency the freshman diet of information and instruction supposedly good for the mental digestion. One of the football stars had a crush on her, as did one of the eight of the Senior crew. And at the tender age of eight she had hit top-column in Franklin P. Adam's "Conning Tower" with a quatrain, "The Butterfly."

Then came the dawn like thunder. Christmas vacation was coincidental with resurgence of adolescent infatuation for a young man of the home neighborhood, newly out of business school and precariously started on what I hope shall be a real career. Only a few miles from the Baltimore department of the U. S. A. Medical Corps where I submitted my qualifications for whatever I shall be able to contribute to the war effort there is a four-some to represent that first young lady off to a college education. And she's making a swell job of carrying on the white race.

The second young lady is a war-bride. Pearl Harbor and the altar, sacrifice and surrender, national hate and hymeneal love, achieved both contrast and propinquity with that child of my bosom, after she had completed her Sophomore year and should have been near midway of the Junior Semesters. Did I say Midway? The young man is in his fourth month of training as an Air Cadet.

Yes, Edith Blez, I prepared two young ladies for college. I sent them both far from the haunts of their puppy involvements. And they came back to them with the instinct of the homing pigeon. One of the kid husbands is already at war and the other is rearing against the restraint of the bit, over-anxious to be off to global adventures. I shall hold him in check as long as the law permits. Just about able to vote, he has, I think, sufficient responsibilities in the home sector.

I do not envy your job, Edith Blez. What duties were doubly involved in my case I shifted to a maiden sister; but, when came the day that the first young lady said goodbye at the yawning doorway of a Lindbergh airliner I was a proud father untroubled by expectations that a graduate daughter would be making her mark on the scroll of triumphant democracy, soon after commencement exercises in the land of the LaFollettes. I had spent some time there myself, a quarter century past, as a reporter of an expedition sent to study down to its fundamentals "The Wisconsin Idea," only to find that it had been imported from Pennsylvania State College through a man I remember as Dean Reber.

Yet, I congratulate you on your new experience. My participation, by proxy, was anything but unwelcome. When came the time for the second young lady to go I selected for her the immurement of convent walls, but it required only two and one-half terms to find the way out. I am quite pleased withal, hopeful that war will spare my acquired sons, one to business and the other to veteran status among the honorably discharged from the U. S. Air Corps at a time as yet unpredictable.

Well, Edith, that it all. Excepting that, just as I had reached this concluding paragraph there came a special delivery letter from that twenty-year-old mother of my two first grand-children. She is coming home for a visit, just as I am finishing packing for duty across the border, the northern one. So long, Edith Blez. I am not hoping for you that your own young lady shall find Cupid the lesser god when confronted by whatever divine affluents waits around the college bend. We had our day; let the kids have theirs.

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SAFETY VALVE

Speaking of Crops

Dear Editor:
Such pickers these gardeners be! Your article of last week about the miniature vegetables of Dallas Township gardens was most interesting. But have you heard of the super-abundance of the crops, the super-sizes of the vegetables, and the super-fertility of the soil of Huntsville?

Of course it is a well-known fact that in a normal year one apple makes two pies out Huntsville-way; but this is an abnormal year, and a single apple only makes one pie and a quart of APPLESAUCE!!

But it is not apples I want to tell you about; it is tomatoes. As you know the soil hereabouts is especially adapted to raising tomatoes. In fact the tomatoes grow so big in Huntsville that the vines cannot stretch far enough to reach the stems of the fruits, and so when the vines are exhausted from the continuous effort of trying to keep rooted, they let go their toe-hold in the soil and are pulled out by their lusty youngsters. To save the vines, we pick 'em green.

Just to find out what our soil can do, we let one grow and get ripe. It kept us terribly busy night and day splicing the vine. When this Paul Bunyan of tomatoes got ripe, we hacked it loose, pulled it onto the truck by means of the team, reinforced the truck's springs and hauled it off to Public Square. There we put a spigot in its side, got a huge carton of paper cups and a peddler's license, and started to sell all the tomato juice you want to drink for just ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar, folks. We don't know exactly how much juice we did draw from the old monster, but we did get a half-bushel of dimes.

But we ended in disaster, Mr. Risley. When we slid the tomato to the back of the truck down there, it was so heavy that it would have made a teeter-totter with the front of the truck, if we hadn't counter-balanced the tomato and the engine by putting a quarter ton of old iron on the motor. Well, some of those urchins of Wilkes-Barre started monkeying around and took the junk off to sell it. Zip! The front of the truck flew up. Smash! The tomato hit the sidewalk and splattered juice all over. It was ankle deep in the gutter. People on Public Square saw said juice and thought it was the Wyoming Massacre all over again. They called the Mayor; he called the Police and the Fire Department. The FBI came a-flying. In rushed the Coast Guard, the Army, the Navy and the Leathernecks. They found us frantically trying to mop up. They were so mad that they revoked our peddler's license. It wasn't so bad, but what made me sore was that Mr. Peanut picked up the seeds, and they sold them for salted almonds.

You can believe me, too, Mr. Risley. Did you ever know me to lilac those guys who grew potatoes in lilac bushes?

Sincerely,
DALE WARMOUTH.
August 13, 1942.

GOD BLESS 'EM

Men Trouble—Katharine Brush

In the first place, men are noisy creatures—they are newspaper rattlers, and shower-bath singers, and door-bangers and snorers. And in the intervals between these uproars they say, "Can't we have a little quiet?"

Men do not want to go out in the evenings, and then—once out—they do not want to come home. By the same token, they dislike to dress in evening clothes, but are enchanted with the way they look when you have finally talked them into doing so. They make fun of women for powdering in public, but

Women Trouble—Bud Kelland

The trouble with women: First, they are too practical. If a woman comes out to help you look at the moonlight, you know she is mentally calculating how many kilowatts the moon is wasting.

If two horses are running in a race, one named Security and one named Romance, you may be sure her bet is on Security. When you meet a woman for the first time and she looks you over from top to toe, as she always does, and a soft light of admiration glows in her eyes, it is not for your physique, not for your manly beauty, but for your Earning capacity.



THE OUTPOST

Where those at home and the men and women in the armed services from the Back Mountain Region—in camps and on the fighting fronts—keep contact with their fellows throughout the world.

Snakes What Am Snakes

Dear Editor:
Just a line to let you know that I am still receiving the good old Post and enjoy it more than ever. It sure has been very hot here this summer, 100 degrees weather being quite common.

One of our boys just came in with a 4 1/2 ft. timber rattlesnake that he killed on a rifle range. One with 23 rattles was killed here near the station hospital today. They sure come big in Georgia.

Best regards to all.
Pvt. Glenn Kitchen,
Military Police Corps,
Camp Wheeler, Georgia

We've asked a half dozen fellows at Wheeler to look you up, Glenn. They ought to be able to spot a big M. P. with a Back Mountain look about him, hadn't they? Your father, Harry Allen and the rest of the boys at the lake are getting some nice catches of fish this summer—Editor.

Congratulates Bridegroom

Dear Editor:
I have been transferred to Fort Benning, Georgia, and want to inform you of my change of address. The weather here is still the same

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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.

Georgia weather, and we mean it here when we say it is hot.

The fort is a permanent one and it is real nice. It has all the conveniences of home, and I mean it. Wish that the people from around home could see it.

I also want you to congratulate Sergeant Michael Polachek and his wife for me through the Post of their recent marriage.

And please say "hello" to my folks and all the friends in and around Dallas for me.

Only keep sending the Post as I am always waiting for it and enjoy it and appreciate it very much.

I will say so-long to you all there in Dallas.

Thanking you all there,
I remain,
Pvt. Joseph J. Hudak,
Co. E. 29th Inf.,
Fort Benning Georgia.

We enjoyed a nice visit from your brother, Anthony, when he was home the latter part of August from Bridgeport. Your mother tells us she misses your familiar "what's to eat, mom?" but all the fellows tell us they are getting swell food in the army. Is it so?—Editor.

Shirking Duty

Editor,
Dallas Post,
Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Repeated violations by men who overstay their furloughs in direct disobedience to Army orders or who go absent without leave seriously impair the operating efficiency of their organizations. At the same time, these delinquencies gravely undermine the military authority needed to fashion a fighting force.

We are, therefore, requesting that you give the widest publicity to the delinquency of Private MERLIN D. WERKHEISER of Shavertown, Pa., now absent without leave from this organization, and presumably in your community. A story on this violation is attached for your convenience.

The Army of the United States has always greatly appreciated the aid and encouragement given it by the press and we are certain you will wish to co-operate in returning this man to his organization and helping him to realize that he is shirking a duty to the country he has sworn to defend.

A carbon of this letter has been addressed to his nearest of kin.

Very truly yours,
Henry F. Miller,
1st Lt. 109th FA Bn.,
Commanding, Btry "B"
Camp Livingston, La.

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

My Dear Grandchildren:

Here it is the end of the summer, and it seems to really be the end, because we have been having cool weather. You should see us shivering! We can't bring ourselves to turn on the oil burners because we don't know how much oil we are going to get this winter and the little we do

have is precious. You should see us riding around on bicycles instead of driving our cars. It isn't any novelty for me, but you should see some of the villagers who haven't ridden since they were youngsters. The druggist is most amusing. He rides all over town on his son's bicycle. He leaves his car in the garage and does all his errands via bicycle.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

You don't need a periscope to look around the corner and see what will be taking place one year after we get through with Germany and Japan.

I don't wear both a belt and suspenders—I am therefore not a first degree pessimist. Also I am not a 200 per cent optimist, like the bald headed gent who bought a bottle of hair tonic—and a brush and comb. But my eyesight is fair. I see good times for the U.S.A. in the offing if we show some gumption, and I see a mess if we keep on with the "Potomac-type" socialism we been toying with. Daniel Boone got along in pretty good shape. So did Davy Crockett, and George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. There was no Socialism then—no "up-lifters" in "E" cars (E for Empty) cluttering the highways—and byways. No government in private business. The government ran the army and navy then—it didn't camp on your door-step.

We gotta get back to the original American system—and pronto. A good time to start culling out is just around the corner. November looms big.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Acute Bronchitis

Acute bronchitis is a catarrhal inflammation of the bronchial tubes. It is one of the commonest diseases, and is one of the chief manifestations of the common cold and influenza. Bronchial catarrh often occurs as a secondary process in the course of general infectious diseases, such as measles and whooping cough. Children with rickets and enlarged tonsils are more susceptible. It is most common in cold, damp climates and in the spring and autumn seasons which are marked by sudden changes in temperature. Inhalation of dust and irritating gases or vapors may cause bronchial inflammation. Fatigue and exposure to cold, particularly if there has been chilling of the body, will diminish the general resistance of the individual.

The cough is an early and constant symptom. At first it is harsh and dry and may be accompanied by soreness or pain in the chest. The bronchial mucous membrane is swollen and congested and the bronchial secretion is diminished causing an initial dryness. This produces a tickling sensation or a feeling of tightness or rawness in the upper chest. This condition is followed by an excessive production of mucous by the bronchial glands. The cough loosens and is less irritating. Expectoration soon follows. At first the sputum is scanty and viscid and later becomes abundant and mucopurulent in character. The soreness in the chest disappears and the general condition improves. During infancy and old age and in debilitated persons, the catarrhal process has a marked tendency to spread into the smaller tubes, and to produce bronchopneumonia. A bronchitis that resists treatment for several weeks, particularly if it occurs in childhood or early adult life, should always excite a suspicion of tuberculosis. When the expectoration is streaked with blood, and an afternoon rise of temperature continues and there is loss of weight and strength, the likelihood of tuberculosis is more certain.

The object of treatment is to clear up the infection in as short a time as possible, to prevent extension of infection down the bronchial tree and to protect those who may be in contact with the individual from getting the disease. Rest in bed is the most valuable measure for hastening recovery from acute bronchitis.

Do you know anything about V mail? The Post Office authorities are trying to convince us that we must use V mail when writing to the boys overseas. Letters are photographed and the films take up less room on the boats. Much of the V mail is being carried by ferried bombers right now. I suppose I must use the V mail if the postal authorities say so but I am not crazy about the idea. I can't write enough on one sheet. It isn't possible to enclose pictures or clippings. I have received V letters from some of the boys and they are very impersonal, but who am I to complain if V mail helps the government? Heaven knows they must have plenty of trouble with the mail which is going overseas in such large quantities.

This is only the first part of September but we are busy with Christmas parcels. They have to be mailed by October 16. It is difficult to know what to send boys overseas because the package cannot weigh over eleven pounds or exceed eighteen inches in length and forty-two inches in length and girth combined. The Government has set the eleven-pound limit but is urging us to fit the gift into an ordinary shoe box. It also asks that no food or clothing be sent. American boys are going to miss Thanksgiving and Christmas at home and are going to miss the boys!

We received a cable from The Three Musketeers this week. They have landed somewhere in Great Britain and are well and safe. It was good news! It is difficult to picture them so far away. Some of our local boys are in India, many are in Ireland and England, several in Alaska and we don't know how many are taking part in the battle of the Solomons at this very minute. We are only a small town but, like all small towns all over America, we are represented in all parts of the world. Our boys are on many fronts.

We can only hope that America is really on the march, that this is the beginning of the end. You will read about Dimpie just as you will read about Dunkirk. The battle for the Solomons will be a part of your history lesson while I back here in 1942 am reading about the battles in my daily newspaper.

Each time I write to you I envy you your viewpoint all over again. How is this all going to end? When you are reading your history books and studying your maps and know the outcome of this terrific struggle think of me back in September, 1942, totally ignorant of what is in store.

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