

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Another confession, the last one, is needed before "finis" can be written to the story back of the audacious cleric-soldier who praised the Lord and besought someone to pass the ammunition. Of course, there never will be a complete end of the matter, because already it has been commercialized through a very unlyrical song and might be expected to get into the kind of history books used in American schools. The kind, you know, that repeat the Parson Weems fiction about Washington and the patriot's invention of the Nathan Hale defiance of the British.

Captain William Maguire, Catholic priest with the United States Navy at Pearl Harbor, received complete credit for the fictional phrase. Then his Bishop, in New York City, remembered that any chaplain of the armed forces who dared man a gun, no matter under what circumstances, put his country in danger of meeting horrible reprisals. The international conventions require that men of the holy cloth shall act only as advisers prior to actual conflict; in conflict and afterward they are ministers of mercy and comforters of the afflicted.

So, Father Maguire duly called upon the press of the nation to deny that he had any part in the Pearl Harbor action, other than to hurry aboard the bombed ships, there to give all possible aid to the stricken. "I wouldn't know how to shoot a machine-gun; I never handled one," said Captain Maguire. And no sooner were the words given currency by press and radio than up popped the Reverend Forgy of Haddonfield, New Jersey. He said he was the chaplain who had made the remark: "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." He did a little better than that. Whereas the Reverend Father Maguire was supposed to have prefaced his machine-gunning with the drab announcement, "I got one," Chaplain Forgy says he called to his sailor friends: "I just knocked off one of the sons-

As to that "quote" (if the editor passes it) let there be no alarm. It is a matter of documentation that several British women actually sought from American soldiers abroad some information as to who is the woman named _____ who has so many sons in the United States forces. This is a war of not only unbridled horror; it also is a war of unbridled speech, especially among the men in uniform. Everybody has asked for hate and vengeance, and the cussing just fits into the mood.

Well, Chaplain Forgy having usurped the place of honor that had been accorded Chaplain Maguire, the ministerial association of which he was a part in civil life, directed to the press the blunt censure of his participation in battle, along with condemnation of his profane words. His colleagues were not sold on the idea that all is brutality, even the service of the church. And I have not the least idea what will come of that, nor do I think that Forgy actually will be remembered above Maguire in the fairy story of Pearl Harbor.

The third confession should come from an underling in the office of Elmer Davis in Washington. Its pattern should be something like this: The people needed a bit of cheerful news. So, a communique that bore back upon Pearl Harbor got into skillful hands actuated by a quick brain. The Army and Navy publicity departments couldn't make such a mistake; they know the chaplains dare not fight, and that to admit that one did would be the unwanted confession of violation of the international conventions. Which, of course, would be invitation to the Japs and Jerries to enlarge upon their own brands of atrocity.

If anybody at all ever said, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," it was a lay preacher from the Mennonite Church of Lancaster, in the Battle of Gettysburg. There is no proof that he said it, either.

JOHN LEIDLINGER
(Red, formerly with Frey Bros.)
All Kinds Of
LEATHER WORK REPAIRING
Very Neatly Done.
Harness, Collars and Horse Supplies
Dog Supplies and
LUGGAGE
117 90, WASHINGTON ST.,
Dial 3-9459 Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

I see where we are gonna have more people to tell us how the war is coming along. They have passed the 4 thousand mark on the payroll and are gonna spend around 25 million per year on telling us which side is winning. Not 2 and a half million but 25 million. That is dinero—not chicken feed.

But Henry says all we need is for the head man in the Army and the Navy and the Marines—3 men—tell us how things are coming. They can do it—and not beat around the bush. But not us, not on your tin type, says Henry, we are weaklings. We gotta have 4 thousand wrinkle-brow psychologists and morale builders dress up the news so we don't know anything.

But you know Henry, he don't mince words—also he most always says something when he opens up. He is not like the 2 guys at the political meeting. One fellow could not hear so good so he leaned over and says to the other fellow, "what is the gent talking about?" And the fellow with the good ear, he whispered back and said, "he don't say."

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

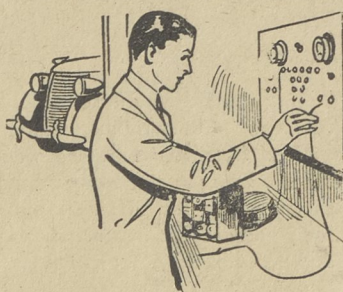
POET'S CORNER

"IF"
(Dedicated to all Chairmen of Red Cross Volunteer Special Services.)

If you see a woman dashing
As if to catch a train,
If her arms are waving wildly
Like a propeller on a plane,
If her hands are full of papers
As she wrestles with a phone,
If her face is tense, without a smile
And her voice is just a moan,
If you see her rushing homeward
At a most ungodly hour,
If you hear her kids shout "Daddy,
There's a stranger in the shower,"
Then extend your deepest sympathy,
Likewise all your pity—
This balmy soul who needs our help
Is Chairman of a Committee.

If when Hitler hari-karis
And peace is here at last,
If again tires can be bought
And rationing is past,
If when cheering crowds proclaim
Our heroes marching home,
If you spot a weary woman
Who seeks never more to roam,
If she's battle-scarred and footsore
Not parading with the rest,
If she acts like one forgotten,
Not a medal on her chest,
Well, this time save your sympathy,
Likewise all your pity—
This female wreck is happy now,
Ex-Chairman of a Committee.

—Judy Conger
Publicity Chairman Tampa Chapter
American Red Cross
Tampa, Florida.



Radio Service
DRIVE UP HERE!
Come to specialists for Radio Service. Have your Radio put in tip-top shape—while ordinary "experts" still would be tinkering it! We have the instruments, replacement parts and experience for quick, satisfactory service. Our business is to save money, and time, for you!

RUDOLPHS'
Electric Service
33-35 E. Jackson Street
Phone 25868 ● Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

He Asked For The World, Didn't He?



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.

His Wife—A Rifle

Dear Editor:
I want to thank you for your paper, as I really appreciate it. I hope some of my supposed-to-be friends see this and wise up and answer my letters.

I met a fellow from Dallas the other day through the contact of your paper, so you can see how much it means to us fellows. He is Elwood C. Ide from Dallas Borough. I'm also sending in my Script Club Coupon. I hope it brings results.

As you probably know in the army your rifle is your best friend. Well, in the marines, it's your wife, and I'm sure nobody would let his wife be dirty, so I'll have to close for now.

Yours truly,
Pvt. E. H. Evans
Pl. 769, Recruit Depot,
Marine Barracks,
Paris Island, S. C.

P. S. In other words, I have to clean my rifle.

Well, if you're already married, and to a rifle, Martha can't see how you're going to have much luck with this Script Club. Of course, she could send you the address of a Remington, a Winchester—or maybe a DuPont, if we had a DuPont in the Script Club—Editor.

From A Tank Destroyer

Dear Editor:
I received a copy of the Dallas Post for the first time in months and, believe me, it does build up one's morale. I had been receiving it regularly but, due to my change of posts, this is the first I received.

I lived in Dallas twenty years of my life and graduated from Dallas Township High School in 1939. I then left Dallas and went to New York where I secured a position with American Airlines, Inc., and had been with them until I went into the service on July 16, 1942. I still have a number of friends in Dallas and the only way I can keep in contact with all of them is with your paper.

I hope I'm not asking too much when I ask you to send me your paper.

Thanking you for what you have done and what you will do, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. Michael Wallo, Jr.,
Hdqs. & Service Co.,
Student Regiment,
Tank Destroyer Sch.,
Camp Hood, Texas.

Nice to hear from you, Mike. You bet we'll put you on the list. Talked with your aunt, Elizabeth, tonight and she sends

best wishes. Charles Lamoreaux is in the 628th Tank Destroyer Bn. at Camp Hood, you might look him up. Don't forget to send us the completely filled out coupon in this issue of The Post for our files—Editor.

From Utah

I am enclosing a Script Club Coupon which I have filled out. I sure hope it is filled out right. I

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"
THE DALLAS POST
ESTABLISHED 1899

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.00 a year; \$1.25 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions, \$2.50 a year; \$1.75 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c each.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille; Shavertown—Evans Drug Store; Truckville—Leonard's Store; Huntsville—Frantz Fair-lawn Store.

When requesting a change of address on mail copies subscribers are asked to give the old as well as new address in order to prevent delay.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

Editor and Publisher
HOWARD W. RISLEY
Associate Editor
MYRA ZEISER RISLEY
Contributing Editors
JOHN V. HEFFERNAN
FRED M. KIEFFER
MRS. T. M. B. HICKS
EDITH BLEZ
DR. F. B. SCHOOLEY
MARTHA HADSEL
Mechanical Superintendent
HARRY E. POST

know many of the people in the section and hope to correspond with some one. I really enjoy writing letters because when I get one from home it gives me a real good feeling.

I will close now and write a long letter soon, when I find some news. My new address is:

Sgt. George H. Ray,
1031st Tech. Sch. Sqdn. (Sp)
Btc. 5, A.A.F.T.T.C.;
Kearns, Utah.

Thanks again for the paper and hope to receive a letter soon from a Script Club member.

George.
Martha has one picked out for you already. You should be getting a letter shortly—Editor.

From Florida

Dear Editor:
I wish to express my sincere thanks for the Post you are sending me. While we are trying to do our bit in the service, I know your men and others like them will keep up the good work at home.

I am in the Amphibian Engineers. It is a very interesting outfit and, I might add, a very tough one.

I have been transferred to Camp Carrabelle, Florida, so please change my address so I can still receive the news from home. I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. Oliver Phebe,
Co. D, 1st Bn.,
592nd Eng. Amp. Regt.,
Camp Carrabelle, Fla.

How about a longer letter about the Amphibian Engineers?—Editor.

From Our Old Friend

Dear Editor:
Just a line to thank you for your paper. I was very glad to receive it and read about the home town. I have read the paper over about three times.

Having a swell time here. This is a beautiful place. We are learning things every day that we have never seen or heard of before. We have lots of calisthenics and at night we have shows and Service Clubs. We can attend when or if we don't have K. P. I would sure like to hear from some of my friends.

Yours truly,
Pvt. Donald D. Metzger
329th Qm. Depot Co.
Camp Atterbury, Indiana
Bldg. 1427, U. S. Army

Up In The Mountains

Dear Editor:
Just dropping you a few lines to let you know that I have been transferred to another camp and

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

My Three Musketeers are still "somewhere in England." They have moved around quite a bit if one can judge by the frequent change in A.P.O. numbers. In one of their very first letters, Leo complained that the camp they were in was better for "pigs than men." Now they are living in what they call "hutments," eating off dishes, sleeping on cots and most important of all, according to Leo, enjoying hot showers.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Tularemia (Rabbit Fever)

Tularemia is a specific, infectious disease. In man it may be manifested by a local skin reaction, an inflammation of the eye with swelling of the neck glands, or by a systemic infection. The infection may develop with swelling of the glands and a visible point of inoculation, as a cut, abrasion or a bite; or the disease may occur without a demonstrable entry of the infection. After an incubation period of about three and one-half days, the primary lesion or sore, usually on the hand, begins as a small inflammatory nodule. This spreads, ruptures and discharges a mortified or necrotic central area, leaving a deep ulceration which is painful and persists for several weeks. The glands become swollen near the point of entry of the infection. Various skin eruptions may occur and are usually painless and do not itch. Following the initial fever which lasts about three days, there is a decline in temperature with a return to normal for two or three days. This is followed by a secondary rise in temperature to the original fever, after which it gradually returns to normal, the whole period of fever lasting from two to three weeks in the average case.

Wild rabbits are the greatest source of infection and cause more than 90 percent of the cases. The infection is transmitted in nature from animal to animal by bloodsucking insects, namely the rabbit tick, the wood tick, the rabbit louse and the rabbit flea. The organisms live through the winter in the wood tick and are transmitted through the eggs to the next generation of ticks. Transmission of tularemia to man occurs by the bite infected ticks, from bites or scratches of animals (rabbits, woodchucks, mice, rats, squirrels, coyotes, skunks, opossums, cats, foxes and other infected animals), by the bite of the horsefly, by contamination of the hands or eyes from handling and dressing infected rabbits, and by feeding on insufficiently cooked rabbit meat or by drinking contaminated water. Animals infected with the disease show enlargement of the glands and numerous white inflamed areas studded over the liver and spleen. Thorough cooking of wild rabbit meat will destroy the infection. Rubber gloves should be worn while handling, skinning or dressing wild rabbits and other animals that may be infected with the disease, even though there may not be any external sign of the disease. Refrigeration does not destroy the infection.

Like all boys in the armed forces, letters from home mean more to them than anything else. It doesn't seem to matter how many times I write, they keep asking for more letters. It is interesting how many people they remember in this village. I suppose this town was more or less like home to them. At least, it was a fairly good substitute. They often ask about the drug store and some of the children in the neighborhood.

This time of the year they seem to miss home more than usual. They want to know the football score. They are eager for their hometown papers and it doesn't matter how old the paper is, they get a big kick out of reading familiar names and knowing what goes on in their own Main street.

SAFETY VALVE

Young Visitors

Fifth Grade,
Dallas Borough School,
Dallas, Pennsylvania,
October 22, 1942.

Mr. Howard Risley,
The Dallas Post,
Dallas, Pennsylvania.
Dear Mr. Risley:

Our class would like to thank you for trimming and clipping our books. We all like very much to use them. We call them our word books. We also want to thank you for showing us your machines. We enjoyed the trip very much.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Rood's Class,
Arline Atyeh.

have got a rating. My address and rating now is:

P.F.C. Joseph J. Elias
Hqs. Det., D.E.M.L.
Camp Hale, Pando, Colorado

It is only 200 miles from the camp that we were in before. It is way up in the mountains and it's pretty cold. It isn't a bad place but could be better.

Will close now, but don't forget to send my paper to my new camp. Am still thanking you for the favor that you are doing me by sending me the Dallas Post. Good luck to all and hoping that the war will soon be over.

Yours truly,
P.F.C. Joseph J. Elias
Here's a secret, Joe. Martha let us see your last letter. Colorado is a long way from Harvey's Lake, isn't it?—
Editor.

LOW COST PERSONAL, AUTOMOBILE FARM EQUIPMENT LOANS
QUICK, CONFIDENTIAL COURTEOUS SERVICE
IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO BE A DEPOSITOR TO APPLY FOR A LOAN
THE WYOMING NATIONAL BANK OF WILKES-BARRE
FRANKLIN STREET ENTRANCE

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

DALLAS, PENNA.
MEMBERS AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION



DIRECTORS

R. L. Brickel, C. A. Frantz, W. B. Jeter, Sterling Machell, W. R. Neely, Clifford Space, A. C. Devens, Herbert Hill.

OFFICERS

C. A. Frantz, President
Sterling Machell, Vice-President
W. R. Neely, Vice-President
W. B. Jeter, Cashier
F. J. Eck, Assistant Cashier

Vault Boxes For Rent.
No account too small to secure careful attention.