

# SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Eight men, nine men, twelve men, fifteen men, eighteen men; it is almost choice at random to fix a figure acceptable as the civil equation for the fighting man at the front. In reading continued over two years of interest in the matter I have seen each of the above quoted by responsible military authorities with a more or less inclusive eye upon the perimeter activities that have the hero as their hub.

Now comes Colonel A. Robert Ginsburgh with a reduction of the supporting strength to two and one-half, his dictum on the subject being that six million men in uniform at home and abroad can be serviced by fifteen millions operating all other functions of the war effort. Colonel Ginsburgh is out of Moosic to West Point, to the Sorbonne in France, and finally to the office of chief of public relations for the United States Army. Last time his home-town friends called upon him, as I remember, they learned that the recognized best-dressed officer under the Stars and Stripes was too busy with his tailor to see them.

So, Colonel Ginsburgh must be accounted something of a figure. In his military mathematics though, I am sure he is wrong. The President himself has acknowledged two and one-half millions of employees of the civil government alone in the greatest war-expansion of payrolls known to any country in the history of the entire world. These are hired workers. If you take the case of Germany you find that only impressed workers, including war prisoners, have reached the mass of six millions on the home front, all accepted as additionally and rigidly required to sustain and strengthen the military arms.

It may be that Moosic's sartorially expert Ginsburgh is affected by a dis-easiness epidemic in Washington where regard for the progress of democracy's crusade is limited to the lines that regularly form when checks are being handed out, their face value last month amounting to almost one-third of a billion dollars, if Treasury payroll statistics are to be trusted. The same statistics have shown that in a single day of money commitments to plants engaged in munitions production and output of martial appurtenances the taxes, present and future, have been tapped for as little as one hundred and as much as three hundred millions of American dollars.

It is no strain of belief then to take the word of the United States Chamber of Commerce, that almost seventeen millions of American adult and juvenile population is drawing pay from the manufactories of planes, guns, metals, tanks, powder, instruments, bombs, ships, trucks and all else accessory to conquest of the enemy. You may go on counting, even after you have added up to more than nineteen millions of war-supporting workers. Because, in the latest analysis of draft laws there is the obedience of necessity to the farmers, the makers of uniforms, the food contractors, the mines and the railroads, as equally responsible with the soldier for whatever measure of military success is to be achieved.

And what about the scrap collectors, young and old, patriotic and profiteering? And the air-wardens, plane spotters and volunteer guardians of affairs at home? It comes down to argument that for six million men under arms there must be war-work by the whole people, by all who can distinguish between morale and meddling, and excepting only infants and the senile to keep company with the derelicts. Among the last-mentioned, of course, I would include the commentators who can find nothing more to do than write this kind of newspaper

column, having in view only the privilege of free opinion. All goes back to random choice, as earlier was mentioned here.

Wasn't it random choice that gave us presidential and Navy department figures on the disaster at Pear Harbor? You remember, the Knox report that only one battleship was sunk and a few other ships damaged, with the rest of the Pacific Fleet out on the trail of the monstrous Japs. And the Roosevelt denunciation as "rot" of all conflicting reports. They were in dubious contrast to Radio Berlin, which, three days after Pearl Harbor, declared what now has turned out to be the fact; that the entire fleet was eliminated.

That purposeful confusion of figures is explained as a defense requirement. If the Japanese had known how successful they were they would have captured all of the Hawaiian Islands, we are told. Our Ambassador to Japan, the Honorable Joseph Grew, didn't quite catch on to the idea. In the New York Times of Sunday, December 6, he very plainly stated that the Japs had no thought of Hawaiian conquest; what they set out to do was to cancel any obstacle to their campaign in Asia. From long association with the Japs it was Mr. Grew's conviction that domination of Asia was the Pearl Harbor concern of the Hirohito Empire. And he says, it still is.

## THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Having a bear by the tail and not being able to let go is like it is there in Santa Barbara in California where they have an Irish Mayor. He was sworn in to do certain things and gorra he is gonna do 'em, he says, even if the Big Snorts there on the Potomac send him 2 telegrams per day versus just one like now. The latest they told him is how much to pay street cleaners. Okay, says the Mayor, now tell me where I am to get the dinero. And if we pay 'em as you say, we can only keep part of 'em on the pay roll. Who will I fire, he says. This Santa Barbara is some place. It has a lot of folks with square jaws and horse-sense—like the Mayor. No wonder the place is a mecca. You take a banker there, old Uncle Josephus Paxton, he is the same kind. People like him. Everybody does. He will loan money to most any hombre, but you gotta pay him back. But back to the Mayor, he is the kind of mayor more towns need more of.

Yours with the low down,  
JO SERRA.

## Another Second Front



Released by Keystone Features, Inc.

## 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.

A Cable From Somewhere  
Editor, The Post  
Dallas, Pa.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. All's Well.

Howard Carey.  
Howard: You're cable arrived Sunday morning, 10 A. M. cannot tell you how pleased I was to receive it. Everybody in the outfit got as big a kick out of it as I did. I asked the operator if she could tell me the point of origin, but she could not. We are all hoping it is still England. Martha got your script club coupon by mail Tuesday morning. I think she is going to answer it herself or find you an especially nice blonde. Good Luck to You—  
Editor.

### New Addition

Editor:  
The Dallas Post  
Dear Sir:

Just received my weekly copy of the Post.

The weather here, I imagine, is just about what you are having in Pennsylvania right now. Snow and plenty of cold wind. If there were some trees and hills around, I'd swear I was in the Pennsylvania hills. This country is really flat and the only trees around are the ones

brought in and planted. There is a fence around the reservation and tumble weeds are piled up against it to a height of about six feet. This is known as the Texas Panhandle and it's just about as bare. I call it God's country because I figure no one else would have it

### "More than a newspaper, a community institution" THE DALLAS POST ESTABLISHED 1889

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except the natives who have never been anywhere else. But, I guess I have no right to gripe too much. Some few thousand of our boys are being shot at and bombed and eating mud and living in fox holes and shell holes. So, I'm lucky I'm living.

Since I last wrote, we have had a new addition to the family—a little girl, weight six and three-quarter pounds. She looks just like me, poor kid. Or do all fathers think their kids resemble them?

We're trying to keep the gliders flying and we're having a job with the weather, but will get there.

Thanks again for the Post. You know it's always appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Floyd R. Young  
1st/Sgt., 879th Sch. Sqdn.  
A.A.F.G.S., Delhart, Texas.

P.S.—Surprised to see my old 1st/Sgt. George Franks in the Army. He was my "Top" when I was in Hq. & Hq. Btry., 109th F. A. He was a square guy.

Congratulations . . . and A Merry Christmas to the three of you.  
—Editor.

### A Doughboy

Dear Editor:  
I am just one of the many doughboys in Uncle Sam's Army writing my appreciation for the swell paper, Dallas Post. My words can't express just how much your paper means to me. Every time when we have mail call, I am always looking for the Dallas Post.

I see in your paper where the Dallas Township football team did very good this season. We have a pretty good team this season—I am on the 628th Tank Destroyers Battalion football team. We play our last game of the season this Saturday against the 630th Tank Destroyers, so wish us luck, Mr. Editor . . . "Thank You."

Editor, will you kindly do me a favor? Please try to get me Tommy Dropshinski's address. I have been trying to find out where he is, but so far I have not succeeded, so please help me out! I thank you. I am enclosing a snap-shot in this letter. I will try to get a much better one soon.

Well sir, the soldier's prayer is now being played (taps) so I must say good night or I will be finishing this letter in the dark, so, until next time, keep the Dallas Post rolling off the press for us doughboys.

A plain doughboy,  
"Chuck"

P.F.C. Charles Lamoreaux  
Reconnaissance Co.  
628 Tank Destroyers Bn.  
Camp Bowie, Texas

Tommy visited Lehman H. S. a few weeks ago. Deafness is keeping him out of the army.

## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Today I received a letter. It was short. It didn't say very much but it made a deep impression on me. It was written from North Africa by one of my Three Musketeers. I hadn't known the boys were there. I had been thinking of them in England and had almost forgotten that they were soldiers. They had become to me just Three Musketeers who

were having a fairly good time under the circumstances in England. As a matter of fact Bob's Christmas card said they were really enjoying themselves. I felt that they were safe for Christmas. I felt quite certain they would get their Christmas packages, and that they would enjoy a fairly decent Christmas. But Pappy's letter tells a different story.

## Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

### Tuberculosis

Tuberculosis is a specific, communicable infection, usually chronic, caused by the tubercle bacillus. It occurs in all parts of the world and is the most widespread of human infections. It is found in cattle and birds. No race is immune. Negroes and North American Indians are highly susceptible. Persons are affected at all ages. Tuberculosis of the lungs is essentially a disease of young adult life. The maximum mortality occurs between the ages of 15 and 45. In families where there is tuberculosis the incidence of infection is greater than in healthy families. The age incidence corresponds closely to the period of stress during which men are striving to make their place in life and women are busy with the home and family. Pregnancy is an important predisposing cause of tuberculosis of the lungs. The strain of pregnancy and lactation so weakens the system as to favor development and spread of the infection. One attack of tuberculosis does not produce an immunity to subsequent attacks. The germs exist in the system after arrest of the disease has occurred, and if a person has once had pulmonary tuberculosis there is a very real danger of subsequent attacks.

Physical and mental exertion to the point of fatigue, if continued over long periods of time, will weaken the body. Deficient nutrition and disordered digestion, irregular living habits, deficient ventilation, inhalation of dust and irritating fumes, inadequate sunlight, chronic alcoholism, close confinement under insanitary conditions and exposure to cold and dampness will increase the liability to infection. Raw milk from tubercular cattle is a source of infection. Sputum is the most important practical factor in the spread of tuberculosis. Apparently "cold" does not kill the tubercle germ even when exposed for several months. Direct sunlight will kill the tubercle germs in a few hours. These germs are more resistant to the action of antiseptics than the majority of ordinary germs or bacteria. Lysol and cresol antiseptics have a solvent action on the waxy content of the tubercle germs and are more penetrating in germicidal power.

The glandular tissues and the lungs are more commonly infected. There is no organ or tissue in the body in which the tubercle germ may not be found.

Unable to get his correct address at the moment, but will publish it for you just as soon as we can.  
—Editor.

### From The Panhandle

Dear Editor:  
It's a grand and glorious feeling to get the Post, to read about all those happenings in the good old Back Mountain, also the letters you print, telling of the whereabouts of my friends. It sure is nice to know where all the boys are located. All I need now is some time to correspond with them.

Editor, I hope you will forgive me for not telling you of my address change. My Post arrives about two weeks late, via California. However, it is still fresh news.

I'd like to say a few words about my stay in sunny California. I spent three months on desert maneuvers. I haven't noticed in the Post any letters from boys who took part in the maneuvers out there. I'll just say they were "plenty tough." However, it's the best training we could get for the part this outfit will play in the war.

While out there, I spent several three day passes in and around Los Angeles and Hollywood. Saw many places I've always wanted to. Visited the famous Hollywood Canteen, ate dinner in "The Brown Derby," danced in "The Palladium," saw a movie in "Grauman's Chinese Theatre," was on the set where the film "Pittsburgh" was being "shot," talked to Errol Flynn and Humphrey Bogart, saw many other famous screen stars.

I was present among the crowd you saw pictured in the November 9th issue of Life Magazine, when Leopold Stokowski played for the boys at Camp Young.

After all is said and done, give  
(Continued on Page Six)

It is a very small letter but after I had read it several times realized how big it really was. It began: "This has been such a nice day in Africa I thought I would let you know that the Three Musketeers are still together and having as good a time as could be expected 6 or 7 thousand miles from everything they love." It goes on, "None of us has received any mail for two months. We have been moving too fast. But none of us is kicking because we realize it can't be helped. Another thing which helps is that we have been plenty busy. We had an interesting trip over here from our last station. One of the things the fellows thought was fun was this time we came on a very small boat. The second day at sea everyone was sick, everything coming up and nothing staying down. That's what we think is fun. Aren't we nuts? No, just American soldiers."

Can any of you read those few sentences and not have your heart come into your throat? Can't you feel the entire Army trying to tell you that going so far away from home is plenty tough but they can take it?

The letter goes on about the difficulty of trying to make the natives understand English and then a lament because he didn't study enough when he had the opportunity. Poor Pappy he hasn't written to me very often but this letter seemed to come right from his heart. I felt that it wasn't just Pappy writing to me. It was all the American boys who are so far away from home; all the American boys who find themselves in such strange places. It seemed to be all the boys I have seen at Fort Dix; all the boys whose eyes I can't stand. Just like Pappy they are bewildered. They are so young and suddenly they have grown up and found that they are men, men who are fighting your war and mine. They have suddenly realized that war is a serious business.

I am going to take good care of that small letter. I am going to keep it for my grandchildren so that they will know what type of boys won this war of 1942.

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# Service Men!

With this newspaper reaching all soldiers, sailors and marines from the Back Mountain Region, it would seem to be the best medium for the Dallas Kiwanis Club to get in touch with you all since we do not have your addresses.

This Is What We Want To Ask You

## HOW CAN WE BE OF SERVICE TO YOU?

Our Club is made up of about twenty-five men from your home community, representing at least a dozen businesses and professions. We are in a position—among ourselves or through contacts—to secure advice for you or give you service on almost any question that may be troubling you.

Did you leave in such a hurry that you left unfinished business behind? Could we finish it for you? Have problems come up since you have gone away that we can aid you or your family in solving? Your problems will be treated in the strictest confidence and handled with dispatch.

Somewhere among us there is probably someone who in his daily business or profession handles the very problem that is bothering you most, or who has gone through a similar situation and knows the ropes.

Perhaps it is a will . . . or an automobile for sale . . . a problem with regard to real estate or insurance . . . maybe it's alimony or a dozen and one other things. What have you?

We're on the ground. We want to help. We do not want to attempt to take your family's place, but we do want to aid you if our service will also aid them.

Naturally this service is gratis. Write us. Give us a chance to help you. That is all the reward we want.

**Dallas Kiwanis Club-Service Men's Division-Dallas, Pa.**