A Slight Misunderstanding

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

It isn't the snow; it's the stupidity.

Neighbors long since have been aware of my sedentary habits and they should be able to guess that my attacks upon recurrent storms of an early-starting winter are a matter of necessity. Necessity is the mother of invention, not only; it also is the instigator of initiative.

So, it is annoying to the extreme of exasperation to have them come grinning past me with remarks drawn from the deep wells of in-

"Out early, aren't you?" says one, forgetful that insomnia ordains my waking hour and that muscular flabbiness is excuse enough to start shoveling before the gentlemen of the sidewalk flags.

about it I haven't the least notion, soothe the cramping muscles of back as a member of the bar. and abdomen.

come by when I am huff-puffing a American Red Cross. path through for them they always suggest that I leave at least a res- erend Martyn Keeler makes it his about that:

"You're playing both sides against the middle, aren't you, Mister?" one of them will remark.

An end there must be to all things, and there periodically is fin- that hotbed of learning, the Osterality for each session of snow shov- hout Free Library, upon the rack Dear Editor: the crystalline concessions from the clouds, I find no surcease of the fatigue consequent upon my efforts to transfer them from sidewalk to street, where later on the busses will gradually ease the accumulastreet department.

after all the shortages are ended, wounded in the first World War?" appreciate it very much if you to go to aerial gunner's school imwhen sidewalks will be laid over a I could see her lip quiver. network of piping into which steam "Where was he wounded?" she From what I have seen and heard school, and am counting heavy on tion. Something doing all the time to clean off the flagstones for a "You said two wounds," she sob- something. half-dollar are strangely missing. bed. They are too young for the Army, "Very well, two wounds. Do you that my rifle needed cleaning to and in wondering what may have jest at scars who never felt a end a letter, but here I haven't any become of them I have only the wound, Madame? Suppose Mr. Dor- rifle so I guess I'll have to close possible answer of their belonging to an were wounded as Uncle Toby without an excuse. families to whom four bits mean was wounded in the Battle of Flannothing in contrast with war-time ders? Would you not then let the

sance have cramped my style. They wounded in the head? Is it nothalso have cramped my fingers. I ing to you that Mr. Doran has procould not respond in kind to those tected our hearths and homes from who sent me holiday greetings. One that fiendish Quakeress Mrs. Charles of the joyful missives I have before N. Loveland who tried to loosen the me as I pound the keys of my type- wild beasts of peace upon our chilwriter, and because it is different dren?" and perhaps a little caustic, too, in | She fell upon her knees, supplicatkeeping with knowledge gained by ing. its author in enduring contact with the Washington scene, I shall repeat ed?" she asked clasping her hands. of the Post, and believe me it's realit here. It is from Paul Mallon, na- I could not answer so indelicate tionally renowned commentator, a question. and it says:

THIS GREETING Permits Delivery Of One C Unit _ of _ MERRY CHRISTMAS - From -PAUL MALLON Coordinator of Confusion "News Behind The News" ADMINISTRATION

The same to you and much of it.

OUR PRIVATE SAFE eposit Box in our Fire and Theft-Proof otects valuables at less than Ic a day.

NEED GLASSES?

Get them fitted properly. Get

them quickly, see Dr. Abe Finkelstein OPTOMETRIST

Main Street, Luzerne

You Can't Print That . . .

It was with infinite sadness I the mines and railroads and the read this morning that I, with my ladies of the factories have vulcan- mild mannered little wife, and in ized the fleeces from heaven into company with such meek and humble gentlemen as James Hennihan "It's good exercise, isn't it?" re- and Joseph Walsh have been put marks another. Of what is good into an association with a ferocious fellow like the Reverend Martyn because after only a half-dozen toss- Keeler to persecute Wilkes-Barre's es of the scoop I must stop to catch greatest war hero and a man beside my breath and permit inaction to whom the late Rufus Choate pales

Naturally only one barrister could There always is the overly friend- fit this description. I have searched ly chap who stops to make conver- the biographies of Choate, William sation, and usually to suggest that Travers Jerome and the late Abe a much cleaner job could be attain- Hummel and not one of these ated if the scoop were complemented torneys could lay before the court by a sharp scraper. As though I of posterity so brilliant a record for give three hoots in Gehenna wheth- the repossession of ice boxes, raer the last vestige of snow is re- dios, beds and babies' cradles from moved, it being my argument that the grasping, domineering, arrogant if people tramp the stuff down it is people who buy on the instalment sufficient on my part that I get rid plan, as Mr. Robert J. Doran, former chairman of the Americanism In my neighborhood there are Committee of the American Legion, bars that remain active long after Chairman of the National Defense the Liquor Board curfew, and there | Committee of the Wyoming Valley is a railroad yard having three Chamber of Commerce, member of eight-hour shifts, a combination of the Executive Committee of the circumstances to preclude any County Council of the Office of Civchoice of a period for snow shovel- ilian Defense, Chairman of Local ing that will be free of commenta- Draft Board No. 9, member of the tors. Additionally, there are a kin- Veterans' Commission of the State dergarten, a college and a very of Pennsylvania and Chairman of large public school. If the children the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the

It is perhaps true that the Revidue for the runners of their sleds, practice to throw lions to the Chrisbut the older chaps are critical tians, a form of brutality which is hereby called to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals but that Mrs. Weitzenkorn who even wears mourning for the death of a rosebud would put a man who so valiantly attacked with divorce.

persecuting Wilkes-Barre's greatest to an air school.

sweet tears of pity drench your iron Three afflictions of the winter nui- soul? Suppose he were only

"Where was Uncle Toby wound-

"Don't change the subject," I said coldly. "I wish to know if you are home town news. persecuting the former chairman of the Americanism Committee of the cember 8, I have had quite a bit American Legion, the Chairman of the National Defense Committee of to look like a soldier at New Cumthe Wyoming Valley Chamber of berland, I was sent to St. Peters-Commerce." A horrible fear came burg, Florida, where I was classiinto my breast. "Madame, are you fied, took exams to find out what by any chance, and secretly, also I was best qualified for. From there persecuting the Wyoming Valley on to Clearwater, Florida, where I Chamber of Commerce?"

"No, believe me," she begged. "Nor the American Legion?"

"No, no, a thousand noes!" "Are you persecuting Local Draft Board No. 9?" "Oh. no!"

"The American Red Cross?" proudly.

"Would you believe that of me?" I was shaken. But I hid my emo-

"Madame, do you associate with half witted. Presbyterian clergymen who persecute book burners, library purgers dame. I shall write a letter about and people who are in favor of the you to the newspapers." 72 hour work week?"

"Don't tell me," she moaned, idiotically. "that the Reverend Mr. Keeler is against Adolf Hitler!"

I gave up. I could only think





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 through-Sout the world.

No Rifle This Time

"Did you know, Mrs. Weitzen- Tuesday I was transferred from Par- 25 words per minute in code, which No chance of getting home for the korn," I shouted in spite of the ris Island, S. C., to Cherry Point, is 9 words over the required amount holidays as we are only given the lingering affect upon me of the 22nd N. C. I don't expect to be here necessary for graduation, so it looks 24th and 25th off and allowed only tion into a gutter blockade for the Psalm, "that you are accused of very long as I am waiting transfer like I shouldn't have much trouble 40 miles from camp. Guess St.

can be pumped when the flakes be- asked trying to keep back the tears. of this station I would say it is the gin to fall. Presently, though, there Where? Where? Why what best in the Marine Corps. Everyis no release for the householder un- the hell does it matter where!" I thing is new, liberty and leaves are der winter siege. Boys who a year was clearly out of control. "Suppose frequent and the chow is swell. In and more ago raced for the chance he was only wounded in the foot?" comparison to P. I., it is really

When at P. I., I used the excuse

Sincerely yours, Robert A. Ray U. S. M. C. A. S. A. E. S., 44-214 Cherry Point, N. C. I got rather attached to that rifle too, Bob. Nice to hear from you again. With all Good Wishes of the Season.—Editor.

From A Lake Boy

Dear Editor: Have just received my 4th copy ly great to sit down and read about all your old buddies, see what they are doing and also catch up on the

Since I left Harvey's Lake on Deof traveling. After being made up received by basic training, and then to my present camp, which is at

Scott Field, Illinois. Am going to school 6 nights each week from 11 P. M. until 7 A. M., studying to be a radio operator mechanic. The course in itself is quite difficult, but have also found it very She lifted her ninety pounds interesting, and like it a lot. The course lasts 18 weeks, and consists

that perhaps my wife was less than

"I shall have to punish you, ma-

"They won't print it," she said,

She didn't even comprehend the courage of the American press! Louis Weitzenkorn.

of theory and laboratory work and making it. It will mean a rating of also code for the first 10 weeks, and Staff Sergeant upon graduation and, eling; yet, as frequent as have been of torture, so disturbed me that I I just received the December 4th from there we get experience on the more than anything, the chance to was unable to finish my matutinal issue of the Post which suddenly re- practical sets which we will be using get up there in the action which devotions before threatening her minded me that I forgot to let you later. Am now in my 8th week of we're all waiting for. Here's hopknow of my change of address. Last it and getting along great. Taking ing for the best.

in making the grade.

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

THE DALLAS POST ESTABLISHED 1889

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenus, 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, 10e each.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, an be obtained every Friday morng at the following newsstands: allas—Tally-Ho Grille; Shavertown, vans' Drug store; Trucksville—eonard's Store; Idetown—Cavesore,

When requesting a change of ad-ress subscribers are asked to give heir old as well as new address in rder to prevent delay.

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

Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY

Editors

★ Pvt. Howell E. Rees, U.S.A. ★ Cadet Warren Hicks, U. S. A. Associate Editor

MYRA ZEISER RISLEY Contributing Editors JOHN V. HEFFERNAN FRED M. KIEFER MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

EDITH BLEZ DR. F. B. SCHOOLEY MARTHA HADSEL

Mechanical Superintendent HARRY E. POST Mechanical Department

★ S/Sgt. Alan C. Kistler, U.S.A. * Norman Rosnick, U.S.N. ★ S/Sgt. Alfred Davis, U.S.A.

★ Pvt. Wm. Helmboldt, U.S.A.

★ In Armed Service.

Louis, which is only 20 miles away, I envision a city of the future, lawyer and a man who was twice I like to read the Post and would Have also filled out an application will be the destination for most of would send it to my new address. mediately after graduation of radio soldiers are given every consideraies, etc. We're treated like kings. Wishing you all the merriest Christmas and happiest New Year ever, and again thanking you for the Post. Am looking forward to

> receiving many more of them. Pvt. Kenneth Davis 30th T. S. S., Barr. 703 Scott Field, Illinois

Thanks for a swell letter, Kenneth. May your Christmas be a happy one in St. Louis, and your New Year a Glorious One.

A Christmas Letter

Dear Mr. Risley:

Well here is a letter which I owed the Dallas Post for a long time. I think its my duty to write to you and tell you how things are going just for payment for the Post we get each week. I am sending you a sort of a letter about a soldier to his mother at Xmas time and I think it expresses very well the thoughts of a soldier to his mother while away from home at Xmas time, so here it is:

You must not feel too bad about me not being home with you this Christmas, I shall be with you, Mom, in spirit. Just now I am needed somewhere else, to insure that American kids shall have THEIR Christmas good times, not only this year, but for all time. God willing, Mom, dear, I shall be back home with you and the folks NEXT Christmas, when, we all hope, the lights will be on again.

Maybe it won't seem like the same old Christmas, Mom. with me away, but no matter where I am or what I am doing, this Christmas, this heart of mine will go winging back over the miles to you, the dearest mother in all the world. Like I said, Mom, maybe I won't be there with you in person, but, I shall be there in spirit.

Heads up, Mom! You're an AMERICAN MOTHER. A soldier's mother. Be proud in the

(Continued on Page 8.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL, 1942

By Elizabeth Langdon in the Wyoming Seminary Opinator

Marley was dead, but Scrooge rarely thought about him any more. Marley had failed miserably in his business twenty-five years ago, and Scrooge had taken up where Marley had left off. However, up to the present,

Scrooge had been overwhelmingly successful. It was quite late on Christmas Eve, and Scrooge, flanked by his guards, of course, walked briskly through the iron gateway of his gloomy house. Upon reaching the door, he paused while one of his guards stepped forward to fling it open. Quite by accident, Scrooge glanced at the massive knocker, and what he saw there caused his eyes to dilate. He could have sworn that three small dots and a dash, embraced by a large V, had flashed across it for an

instant. Scrooge frowned. "Bah, humbug," he scoffed aloud, and stalked angrily into the dreary house. Scrooge, however, was not a man to be annoyed by an imagination, and having dismissed his guards at the door of his bedchamber, entered and began pouring over some maps at his desk. The lateness of the hour and the warmth of the room, however, soon caused his head to nod with drowsiness . .

The first Ghost was a short, stout man with a round, cherubic face, a very bald head, and with a large cigar in his mouth. He entered the room quite noiselessly, but Scrooge woke with a start, being of necessity a light sleeper. His hand reached for the buzzer to call the guards, but something in the visitor's face arrested him, and as always, he had his bullet-proof vest on.

"How did you get in here, and what do you want?" Scrooge demanded suspiciously. "I know who you are.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past." The phantom took a long puff on his cigar and twirled his large, black "You have no need to fear me, Scrooge, since I am a Spirit. I would merely like to take you on a short

Before he could utter protest, Scrooge was whisked out of his bedroom, out of the city and into a strange country. This last he could tell by the quietness of his sur-

roundings. They were in a small village. "Where am I?" demanded Scrooge in bewilderment. "And who are these people?" He pointed to a group of peasant women with kerchiefs over their heads, talking quietly among themselves. A number of them seemed to be weeping despairingly. All had the unmistakable features of Polish peasants.

"These," said the Ghost, "are but a few of the people whom you have wronged in the past five years.

Scrooge sniffed disdainfully. "If you think that I am remorseful, you are mistaken. Take me back to my country immediately.

"Be patient, Scrooge. I wish to show you a few other things beforehand."

An instant later, Scrooge found himself in another village, located on the jagged tooth of a great fjord. Fishing boats lined the wharves. Scrooge noticed that most of the fishermen were large and blond, definitely of the Scandinavian type. Here, too, was a spirit of hopelessness and resignation. At sight of Scrooge, terror, then hate, crossed the faces of the native villagers, and they fled in the op-

Scrooge was annoyed. "You need not tell me what this is, Spirit. I demand to be conducted home at once! 'Very well," said the Ghost of Christmas Past, "but you have seen only a mere fraction of the wrongs you have

done the people of the world." By some miracle Scrooge was once more alone in his bedroom, and being too overcome by fatigue to ponder

over his experience, he fell exhausted upon his bed. Hours later, Scrooge was awakened by a rough hand on his shoulder. This time he gasped in real terror, but the apparition placed its hand over his mouth. Scrooge saw that he was a large, powerful man wish bushy black hair and eyebrows, and a thick moustache. He was dressed in military garb, and a pipe was clenched between his

teeth. The Spirit uncovered Scrooge's mouth. "If you have come to kill me, Joe, I think you realize that I am very closely guarded." Scrooge was trembling visibly.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the phantom. "I will not harm you, Scrooge. In only wish to show you a few things that are happening now. Come with me.'

The Ghost beckoned. A moment later Scrooge found himself in the midst of a large city. It was late afternoon, and icy winds swept down from the north, making the cold unbearable. A bloody battle was at that moment raging in the city. Great fires were destroying the buildings, men lay dying in the streets, and cannons boomed in the distance. Scrooge noticed with distrust that large posters, bearing uncomplimentary likenesses of himself with his tiny black moustache and hair hanging over one eye, had been placed in every store window. Underneath these portraits the words "Brother of Swine" had been inscribed in Russian letters. Soldiers appeared to be running to and fro in great haste. At sight of Scrooge some stopped and saluted mechanically, while others uttered cries of triumph and lunged toward him with their bayonets poised.

"Spirit, take me away from here!" cried Scrooge fren-

The next instant, Scrooge was aware of burning heat about him and sand under his feet which sharply contrasted to his previous experience. A vast desert stretched itself before them. Here again was the scene of a great battle. Observing closely, Scrooge noted that the combatants were of many different nationalities: Arabs, African Negroes, French, Egyptians, Italians, and one face which, though more closely united than any other group, seemed to be a melting pot of all nations. Scrooge noticed to his horror that the army of his own superior race seemed to be in full retreat on all fronts.

"I have seen quite enough, Spirit," Scrooge mumbled uneasily. "I--I must return to my country at once and issue orders to correct these matters." "There is one more place to which I wish to conduct you," said the Ghost.

With the speed of the wind, the apparition had transported Scrooge to a tiny house on the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

"This, my dear Scrooge," said the phantom, "is the home of the proverbial Cratchits."

However, the house appeared deserted, and Scrooge strode to the doorway and looked out on the street. It was obvious that the population here was starving. Bodies of the dead were being shoveled by the carload into wagons. Mere skeletons of people were poking through garbage cans lining the streets. Tiny, starved babies cried weakly. There certainly were no "Cratchits" to be seen. They were all out foraging for food, or dead long since. Occasionally an arrogant, well fed "Aryan" would walk through the streets and jeer at the famished populace. Scrooge stared at the scene scornfully, unemotionally.

'Starvation," said the Ghost, "makes brothers of all beings. But you.

His voice trailed off, and Scrooge once more found (Continued on Page Seven)