

## SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Heigh, ho! The year is at its ending  
And who is loath to see it go?  
It brought a modicum of mending,  
A maximum of wrath and woe.  
What, ho! A year is just beginning,  
And hope achieves a twelve-month lease  
On resolution steeled to winning  
A global war, a global peace.

The car that served my vagrant notions  
Is put away. How long? Well, guess.  
My friends are far across the oceans  
In desert, jungle, wilderness,  
On treeless plains of arctic rigor,  
On coral seas and ice-rimed waves;  
Good year, afford them health and vigor  
To find the peace that truly saves.

Once on a time the old year passing  
Would find me with the merry crowd  
In song and wassail gaily mashing;  
Ah, then the world was free and proud!  
For gloom there was the mirth that leaves  
And men upheld the common weal,  
No bombers raked the vaulted heavens,  
None crouched beneath the tyrant's heel.

Now woe betides the little peoples  
Whose simple wants 'twere right to give;  
Their blasted homes and leveled steeples  
Are symbols of their fate who live.  
As tokens of man's faith undying  
Against the cruelties of greed;  
Oh, let us keep our banners flying  
Until we serve their utmost need.

Civilian life is getting harder,  
I walk who once would only ride,  
I fare a-field to fill my larder,  
The heat is low where I abide;  
I dread the questionnaire and snooper,  
I'm fearful of the income tax;  
But, say, I know a paratrooper,  
Who'd laugh at mention of such lacks.

I know a doctor in New Guinea,  
Whose station is a slot of hell—  
His name? Grohowski—call him Benny  
And he will think you called him well.  
On leave he wrote of how he sickened  
Of jungle stink and blood and guts,  
Of drink distilled from water thickened  
By slime, and how he lived on nuts.

I do not pine for days called olden,  
In search of joy I do not roam,  
I look upon my lot as golden  
With what is left of being home.  
I pledge the boys who bear the burden  
Of sacrifice on Moloch's rack:  
May each one win his fighter's guerdon  
And oh, please God, may all come back.

The year of yearning now is waning;  
Well, speed it. It was much the cheat  
With indecision and with feigning  
That brought disaster and defeat.  
Heigh, ho! A year is just beginning!  
Our forthright sons with flags unfurled  
Go on, nor stop until the winning  
Of victory across the world.

## Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

### Tuberculosis

Tuberculosis is the most difficult contagious disease to control. It leaves most of its victims with little or no immunity, and their bodies remain infected with living tubercle germs. It is an infectious, communicable disease. It is spread almost entirely by persons with pulmonary or lung tuberculosis who are coughing up sputum containing the tubercle germs. Tubercle germs when expelled from the lungs, are contained in albuminous material which tends to stick to whatever object it strikes and are not stirred up again into the atmosphere. Prompt isolation and treatment of these cases prevents spread of the infection to the family and community. Informative health education is essential so that the public may realize that tuberculosis is their problem and cooperation with health authorities is necessary for detection and control of the disease. The New Jersey law is in advance of most states, and public reaction to this legislation has been favorable. It requires periodic examination for tuberculosis among pupils, teachers and school employees. A pupil found by examination to have tuberculosis in a communicable stage is excluded from school and his case is reported to the board of health of his home municipality. Readmission to school is granted after proper medical treatment and on satisfactory proof that the pupil is free from tuberculosis, is physically able to engage in school activities and is not a menace to the health of other pupils.

Tuberculosis of the lungs has a marked tendency to relapse and necessitates vigilant care of persons with arrested cases after their return to work. The appearance of symptoms is unreliable for the early detection of relapse. Early diagnosis and prompt treatment are essential. The routine X-ray examination of the chest is a valuable procedure.

determine the presence of active lung disease or the extent of healed lesions. The breakdown from active tuberculosis is most likely to come at the time of greatest stress of environment. The interval between infection and first appearance of symptoms is indefinite and irregular. Tuberculosis, as a cause of illness and death, is widely recognized as a family disease.

Woman's life from onset of puberty to climacterium, is conditioned by her menstrual cycle, and the years of sexual fertility show increased susceptibility to tuberculosis.

## POET'S CORNER

### Christmas Legends

Christmas morn, the legends say,  
Even the cattle kneel to pray,  
Even the beasts of wood and field  
Homage to Christ the Saviour yield.

Horse and cow and woolly sheep  
Wake themselves from their heavy sleep,  
Bending heads and knees to Him,  
Who came to earth in a stable dim.

Far away in the forest dark  
Creatures timidly wake and hark,  
Feathered bird and furry beast  
Turn their eyes to the mystic east.

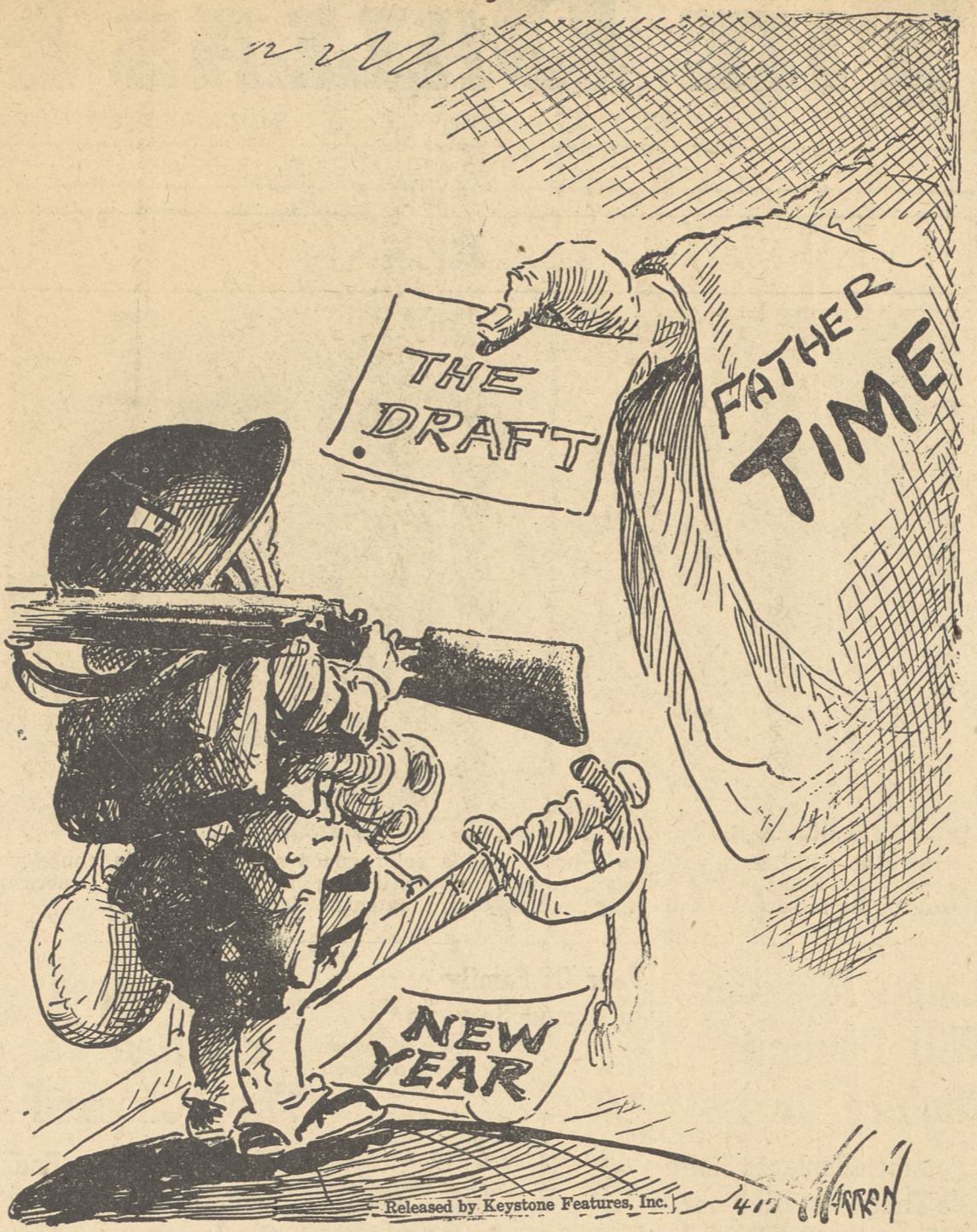
Christmas morn, the legends say,  
Even the cattle kneel to pray,  
Even the wildest beast afar  
Knows the light of the Saviour's star.

And shall we, for whom He came,  
Be by the cattle put to shame?  
Shall we not do so much at least  
As the patient ox or the forest beast?

Christmas morn, oh, let us sing  
Honor and praise to Christ the King,  
Sheltered first in a lowly shed,  
And cradled there where the cattle fed.

—D. A. McCarthy.

## It's A Young Man's War



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.

### Wolf In The Outpost

Dear Editor:  
Thought I'd write a few lines to let you know how much I appreciate your sending me the Post, and to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Everytime I get a Post, I wolf through the Outpost first, to see if anyone I know has been writing in. I've found out where quite a few are at from it. It's also a pleasure to read a paper from back home where all the names and places are familiar.

I've covered a lot of territory since I've been in the army. I'm in the Hawaiian Islands now, but no place can compare with the Back Mountain region as far as I'm concerned.

I'll have to sign off now, so thanks again and I think you are doing a swell job for the boys in the service.

Gratefully yours,  
Pvt. Frank Bennallack  
Co. B, 724th M. P. Bn.  
A.P.O. 958, c-o Postmaster  
San Francisco, California

### Marine Musician Writes

Dear Editor:  
I have been receiving the Post weekly and I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for sending it. I have spent many pleasant evenings reading the news from back home and find it enjoyable to be able to be posted on the current events in the Back Mountain.

As you know, I am now stationed at Parris Island and am a member of the Marine Post Band. My work is very interesting as we do quite a bit of traveling throughout the South. We have a swell group of fellows here from all parts of the country, and I have made many new acquaintances.

I enjoy reading the Outpost Column as it helps me to learn where many of my friends in the service are stationed.

I will close now thanking you again for the paper. As you know, "The Marines have the situation well in hand," and by reading the swell letters of appreciation your paper has received from the men in service, I see that you also have "the situation well in hand." Thanks

again and keep up the good work.  
Pvt. Marvin "Jiggs" Elston  
Post Band, Box 548  
Marine Barracks  
Parris Island, S. C.

That's a neat ending to your letter, "Jiggs." Sometimes I think we need a couple of marines right here in the office to put the "situation well in hand." What with a woman truckdriver, a woman press operator, my wife and Martha all in the same office, it's pretty hard for any man to voice the

opinion that he "has the situation well in hand" . . . and I don't have to tell that to the marines.  
—Editor.

### From The West Indies?

Dear Editor:  
From the bottom of my heart I thank you for sending me the Dallas Post. Also to the person or persons who submitted my name to the Post. I just received the paper the other day and already I have read it through many times like a book, from the first page to the very last word on the last page.

Since all the mail that leaves the island is censored, it is hard to tell you of what we do. But when a soldier receives a home-town paper, it makes him think of the times he had back home in the states. Yes, the home-town paper is really appreciated where there are no U.S.O. or recreation halls to help a soldier from thinking of the hardships he went through that day.

I have filled out the coupon and am returning it to you.

I wish the best of luck to all the other Back Mountain boys who are doing their bit for their country.

Sgt. Paul Taylor  
A. S. N. 13099989  
3rd Squadron  
c-o Postmaster  
New Orleans, La.  
A.P.O. 662

It was nice to receive your air mail letter the day before Christmas. I imagine you had pleasant weather for Christmas in the islands. Here the day was dull and overcast with melting snow and slushy streets—not half so pleasant as a week earlier when we had plenty of white snow and freezing weather.  
—Editor.

### From The Heart Of Texas

Dear Editor:  
Here is Foster Field calling the Dallas Post, deep from the heart of Texas. Just a few lines to let you know that I am fine and hoping this letter finds you the same.

Well, a little bit about myself. I am in the armament department. We install machine guns in the planes here at Foster Field. I am also in the Tow Target Attachment. We also do plenty of flying. I am having a swell time here in the Air Corps.

I thank you for the paper and will close for now.

Yours truly,  
Evt. Karl J. Borkowski  
515 F. G. T. Sqd.  
Foster Field, Texas

P. S.—I want to thank the War Mothers of Truckville for that wonderful Christmas package they sent. The articles came in handy—things

## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Mrs. Blez's column arrived too late for inclusion in our Christmas issue so we are printing it this week.—Editor.

For my Christmas column this year I am going to use a letter which was written to me several years back. I sincerely hope the author of the letter will forgive me for using his letter without his permission. I asked permission but he never answered. It begins as follows:

"I guess everything's been said about Christmas. It's had the shini-ness worn off. It's been buried under tons of cheap tinsel and silver Christmas cards. Every year, I rack my brains for something fresh. I don't like machine-age Christmases. I think I would have liked to drag in a Yule log or drink toasts in buttered rum around a roast pig with an apple in it's mouth. I even shudder at the sight of mysterious packages dressed in slithery, transparent paper and fastened impressively with colored tape, twisted into decorative and impractical bows. I stopped sending Christmas cards a long time ago although I feel ashamed every year when other people send cards to me. It isn't thoughtlessness. It just seems so artificial, as it would be, say if you bought kisses at the drug store at so much a dozen, and delivered them in sanitary cellophane. And yet I can't say I don't enjoy what lies under Christmas. I like the drama of the story of Jesus' birth. I admire Him greatly, I like to think of Him as a young zealot, an idealist, a rebel, an intellectual who walked with common men and talked their language. I see Him, blond-haired, clean-limbed, proud, lost in His thoughts, tramping dusty roads and preaching His inspiring philosophy wherever He could find an audience. If His teachings had not been trapped in stuffy ritual and spectacular superstition, His teachings would have saved the world long before this.

### A War Eagle

Dear Editor:  
Some time ago I wrote you from pre-flight school at Santa Ana. Since then I have done a little changing.

I went to Rankin Aeronautical Academy for primary flying. It was a great place, full of P. T. T's. We lived in swell rooms which were air-conditioned. Things looked mighty blue at times because fellows, some my pals, were washing out right and left. But I finished, and feel proud of it. Some of the cadets who hadn't previous time bounced the planes when landing the first time. However, they caught on fast. After competing my flights at Rankin, I came to War Eagle Field.

The Air Corps basic school is swell. A few British pilots are completing their advance course before being sent to combat. They get rather rough at times, too.

I am flying BT 13 A's (basic trainers.) They are speedy and no play thing. You'd be surprised at the maneuvers they can do. But with an instrument panel full of dials and controls, you really have to do precision work at all times.

In this training, we do night, instrument, formation, cross-country, and precision flying. It is the only civilian owned basic flying school in the country, and the instructors have thousands of hours to their credit. Hope I can "Keep 'em flying."

Best regards,  
A/C Stewart C. Yorks  
Polaris Flight Academy  
War Eagle Field  
Lancaster, California

Thoroughly enjoyed your interesting letter and I know all the folks at home will, too. Wish you'd fill out one of those Free Posts For Soldiers coupons so that we can have a complete record in our files. I don't want to lose contact with a good letter writer. We'll be interested to hear more of your experiences when you get your wings. That reminds me, we haven't heard from Bob Fleming in a long time.  
—Editor.

### From A Lake Boy

Dallas Post  
Dallas, Pa.  
Dear Sirs:

I live at Harvey's Lake and would like to subscribe to the Dallas Post. Would you please send me the price of the paper for six months? Send it to the following address:  
PFC. James E. Murphy (13099954)  
Co. F, 304th Inf.  
76 Division, A.P.O. Unit 2  
Fort George Meade, Md.

Thank you,  
James E. Murphy  
Doggone. That's the matter with the folks at the Lake that they didn't know about this before. We've got a sort of fraternity. All you've got to do is join the greatest club in the world and the Post comes free with the membership until you're shot, discharged, or promoted to general, or until I'm drafted or have to leave town. Put Jim Murphy on the list, Martha.  
—Editor.

(Continued on Page Six)

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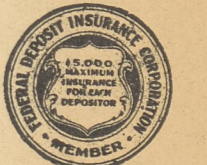


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