

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Mother's Day Communion

We who have known the Bread of life eternal,
 We who have shared the gift of food divine,
 Whose eyes have glimpsed a-far the scene supernal
 Beyond the mortal scope of man's design
 Are gathered now as brother unto brother
 Renewed by faith as Spring renews the sod,
 To Pledge the universal name of Mother
 Within the sacred Fatherhood of God.

We shall not draw a line of demarcation
 For mothers gone from earth to journeys far.
 Look to the skies: Does any constellation
 Disclose to sight its every ageless star?
 Though all are there and dutifully gleaming
 The Milky Way obscures the deeper blue;
 So through our daily toil and nightly dreaming
 The mother lodestar reaches out to you.

No mother can be dead. Death cannot sever
 The everlasting kinship of our souls.
 Her love lives on forever and forever
 To guide us homeward past the evil shoals.
 To mothers living, then, our hearts' reunion;
 To mothers now eternal with the blest
 We blend our souls in sanctified communion
 With Christ, and at the Perfect Son's behest.

Letter From Mother

Hello, son! Well, it's Mother's Day back home
 And life is as you wish it for us—calm.
 The green is showing on the meadow loam
 And in my heart I hear you "Hello, Mom!"
 Of course we miss you, son. On days like this
 The dinner table doesn't seem the same
 And I would know a lot of Heaven's bliss
 To hear you answer when I call your name.

If you were home you wouldn't want to stay
 If that meant shirking things that must be done;
 It's hard, I know, to be so far away
 But that's where duty is. You know it, son.
 We know it, too. I wish it were not true,
 But you chide me, saying: "Mom, be glad"
 That you and other mothers' sons like you
 Can hold, with distance, tribes of men gone mad.

I saw—now, need I tell you what I mean?
 She asked for you, but with a knowing smile;
 She's serving at the U. S. O. canteen
 And doing many other things worth while.
 The fact is, son, that few have idle hands
 With all the boys away. While you are gone
 The calls for service are not like commands,
 They're really pleasures, son; we'll carry on.

At church today there was a Mother's Prayer
 Led by the pastor. All the people knelt
 To Him who walks beside you far out there.
 That Perfect Son! What wounds His Mother felt!
 But oh what hopes their sufferings confer
 On us who grope today on pathways dim!
 Your Mom, dear son, is thinking now of Her;
 All will be well if you will follow Him.

Your Post Reporter interviews Farmer Drake from Harvey's Lake on the subject of

"DAYLIGHT SAVIN' TIME"

The old fellow said in part, quote:

"We American farmers, (as everyone knows),
 Git up in th' morn, before th' cock crows,
 We milk our cows with nairy a peep,
 While th' rest of th' world is still asleep.

We work many long hours (th' rest 'nigh eight),
 An' you can't show us in any sane way,
 But watch our face redden an' see our jaw lock,
 When you monkey around with th' hands of our clock.

There are twenty four hours in each legal day,
 An' you can't show us in any sane way,
 How you gain a thing or save one kilowatt,
 By foolin' around with th' hands of our clock.

When we need more time down on th' farm,
 We have enough guts to set th' alarm,
 We don't fool ourselves an' of time make a mock,
 By shovin' ahead th' hands of our clock.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Diverticula

Diverticula are pouchlike protrusions of the intestinal wall. They may occur at any point in the digestive tract but are found most commonly in the large bowel. They collect and retain fecal masses, with a tendency to inflammation, ulceration and perforation. The pouches communicate with the bowel by a narrow opening so that they empty themselves with difficulty and are exposed to irritation.

A majority of cases occur in persons who are over forty years of age. Twice as many males as females are affected. Constipation and obesity predispose to pouching of the intestinal wall. Constipation is an important factor in causation by the pressure of retained feces and gas distention.

In many cases the inflammation is of a chronic character, lasting months or years. This condition is found in routine X-ray examinations of the intestinal tract. Early symptoms may not be characteristic and include constipation, intestinal intoxication, mental depression, lethargy and headache. The symptoms of acute inflammation are similar to those of appendicitis. The local signs are usually in the left, lower abdomen. Pain, tenderness, rigidity of the abdominal muscles and fever are present. A tender mass may be felt in the left lower abdomen. An acute attack may follow the use of harsh cathartics, straining at stool, and enemas given with excessive pressure. Foods which irritate the bowel or increase its bacterial content may be contributory factors.

Diverticula, like the appendix, are a potential source of danger. Inflammation may lead to other complications. Perforation, abscess formation and peritonitis are more likely to occur in older persons. This is the most common cause of pain in the lower left abdomen in persons who are over forty years of age. The menace of malignancy is constantly present. About forty per cent result in cancer in the older age groups. The X-ray examination is the most valuable single aid in establishing the diagnosis of diverticula of the intestines.

DO YOU SQUINT?

Perhaps your eyes need attention. Wide vision lenses will help you. See

Dr. Abe Finkelstein
OPTOMETRIST
Main Street, Luzerne

Time Out To Pick A Flower



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 Swell Letter
 Dear Mr. Risley:
 I have only received two copies of the Post here and I am moving already so I guess I better send my change of address. We are only moving about 25 miles to North Camp Hood. It's just been finished up so I guess we'll do some work the remainder of this week.

What confusion we have in our barracks today. All the bunks are being moved out. That's about all we have to do all day. It's even better than Sunday because we expected to work today.
 Next week we start our 4th week of basic training. So far all we've had is close order drill, calisthenics, rifle instruction and instruction on the use of our gas mask. Of course, we've had lots of shorter classes in such stuff as military courtesy, aircraft identification, dismounted reconnaissance and numerous other things. On top of that put quite a bit of extra detail and you can see we manage to keep fairly busy.

Next Monday and Tuesday we go out on the firing range to fire our rifles. Monday is for practice, but Tuesday we fire for record. I'm hoping to turn in a good score.
 Bob Hope broadcast from here last Tuesday and I was lucky enough to get into the show without a ticket. After his broadcast he put on about a half hour show. It did these fellows down here a lot of good. I really think the stage, screen and radio celebrities are doing a dandy job with their camp shows. The soldiers appreciate it more than the people on the outside can realize.

I saw several of the fellows of my acquaintance had letters in this issue of the Post. This was the first word I had of Leo Yascur since we graduated. You know, our class is 100% in war work. (The boys I mean.) We only had five fellows, but now have four in uniform and one running a farm. I wonder if any other class can boast of an average like that?

Lots of the boys I know here are from Pennsylvania and some are from Wilkes-Barre. I haven't run into anybody from the Back Mountain in my company. Several of the boys I came into the army with are down here but located in different companies. I see one or two occasionally at the Service Club or P. X.

I'll try to clear you up on that matter of Texas. You seem to be confused. The simplest way I can put it is like this. Texans like Texas; Pennsylvanians like Pennsylvania; and people from Florida like Florida. It's not bad though. Here in camp it's pretty desolate,

but up at North Camp Hood there is grass and trees both. That will seem like paradise. While out on detail during my first week here, I saw some nice country. Despite all that I still haven't seen any place to beat that big white house back in Meeker, Pa.
 That other letter I was writing was most definitely to a Pennsylvanian. Nicest girl in the Back

"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 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: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c each.
 Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille; Shavertown, Evans' Drug store; Trucksville—Leonard's Store; Idetown—Caves Store.
 When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their 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
 Editors
 ★ S/Sgt. Howell E. Rees, U.S.A.
 ★ Lieut. 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
 Advertising Department
HELEN BOOTH
 ★ Harry Lee Smith
 American Red Cross Foreign Ser.
 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.

Mountain region. (That excludes my Sis, of course.)
 I'll have to close this up pretty soon or there won't be room in the Outpost for the other fellows to tell you how much they appreciate the Post. It's rather difficult to express our thanks, because it seems everybody ahead of us has used and reused all available methods. It's really a God-send to get the news from home though. Please accept my humble thanks. There's lots of unexpressable meaning behind it.
 Tell Martha "hello" for me. I hear she was "cover girl" for a national magazine recently. Congratulations, Martha!

Well, that's about all I can think of this time, so I'll sign off now. I'll write again when I get the opportunity. That is if this letter doesn't drive you to lunacy.
 Yours truly,
 Larry Drabick
 Camp Hood, Texas

P. S.—Could you put me in touch with Chet Rusiloski? I'd like to find him again.

• Larry: You never met Glenn Loveland from Trucksville, did you? Good. Stay away from him. He's a swell guy, but bad medicine for the newspaper business. We've thoroughly enjoyed your long letter. The class of 1941, Dallas Borough High School is 100% in Service. We're sorry that we can't publish Chet Rusiloski's naval address, but Martha is forwarding it to you by letter. Write often. Your letter reminds me of Tommy Templen's. Wherever he went he found interesting things to write about. What a whale of a letter we'll be getting from him one of these days, you see Tommy's left the country.
 —Editor.

Wants Recruits for Paratroops

Dear Mr. Risley:
 I received the Post today and have read it from cover to cover. I also received the preceding issue from my mother. There is nothing a fellow in the service appreciates more than a copy of his home-town newspaper.

I've been reading the Outpost, trying to find the addresses of some of my pals. I'd like to drop them a line.
 It's probably getting warmer around Dallas and every one is busy with a Victory Garden. It's quite warm down here, especially in the afternoon when we have "Physical Hardening (?)" for two hours.
 I think all of the boys and girls in the service realize there's no place in the world like the Back Mountain area. I know I miss Dallas and all the people in it.
 Some of my friends may be leav-

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

On this Mother's Day I would like to devote my column to all the mothers of all the boys who have gone to the wars—all the mothers who have given their sons to a cause which they hope is a right and just one. On this Mother's Day boys all over the world will be thinking of their mother, and all over the world mothers will be thinking of their sons.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Some of the contests I been sponsoring have been running so long, you might think they would fold up. This one about "what country needs less of versus more of" keeps going. Answers keep coming in, but nobody has said lately that we need less meat—not even a dietician trying to slenderize mama, has said so.
 But up toward the top in the contest, answers keep drifting in on "indispensable men" and how we need fewer of same. One duck writes that no one ever approached George Washington as being indispensable, but when Washington stepped down, along came Mr. Adams, and he was okay, too. And, also, the same gent says that one time when he was kinda young and chesty, he quit his job himself, thinking he was indispensable, but the boss didn't close down the factory—he later enlarged it.
 Yours, with the low down,
 —JO SERRA.

I could tell you about many mothers who have given up their sons. All around me I see the faces of mothers who live each day with the hope that war will soon be over. I watch them go about their daily tasks hoping that each day will bring them closer to the time when their sons will come home again. I have seen the eyes of the women who don't talk very much about giving up their sons. Many times I have looked into the faces of women whose anxiety and despair is almost too much for those who have no sons. You and I who have no sons can sympathize, but we can't quite understand—can we?

On this Mother's Day I like to think of a mother on the island of Martinique. I don't know her, but I know her son. He is very young, just nineteen and his mother does not know where her son is. He left Martinique to join the Free French so that he, too, could do his part in this fight for freedom. The boy left a comfortable home where he had always known the good things of life and a family who loved him. He was in his second year in college preparing for a career as a government official. His mother cannot communicate with him and he cannot write to her. I hope on this Mother's Day that mother learns that her son is where men are free. I hope by some means she knows that her son is happy and that he, too, is wishing for the day when he can come back home again.

I like to think of Leo's mother on this Mother's Day. Leo's mother has given two sons to the service. I remember last summer when she came to Fort Dix to see him before he went overseas. When she reached camp after driving most of the day—and it was mid-August—she couldn't locate him. She came here. We finally located Leo. He came from camp. His mother didn't say very much when Leo came into the house but I shall always remember how she took him into her arms. I shall remember, too, that some one in the room whispered: "Mother, behold Thy son."

I like to think of Wally's English mother on this Mother's Day. Wally's mother lost her first husband in the first World War. Her second husband has been in Africa with the English forces since 1939. She has seen her son grow up in the war. He has been in most of the major naval encounters. Just a few months ago his ship was torpedoed. Wally's mother runs a small business with no help at all. She is waiting for the day when her husband and her son come home again. She has been waiting since 1939. I have never liked Mother's Day. It has been commercialized and publicized until it has lost its original significance—but this year it takes on new meaning. It helps to remind us that there are women all over the world who are fighting their own battle. They don't fight with guns and bullets—they fight with courage and hope. Let us pray that another Mother's Day will bring the peace the mothers of the world have been praying for!

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 SO. WASHINGTON ST.,
 Dial 3-9459 Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 DALLAS, PENNA.
 MEMBERS AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

INSURANCE
 FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT
 MEMBER

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.

(Continued on Page 3)