

## SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

For the more than four hundred persons who became visitors to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln last Sunday the gods of chance had in store both an abundant surprise and a beneficence of peculiar appropriateness. You may mark that figure of "more than four hundred" as having a world of meaning. Oak Ridge Cemetery in the city of Springfield, Illinois, were repose the mortal remains of the Emancipator, solidly encased in a six-ton block of concrete, is far off the beaten path of war-time travel. Only one bus line reaches it. The contiguous city itself has limited train service, and travel is further complicated by troop movements, freight priorities, gasoline and car rationing and wide separation from all other centers of population.

The surprise element of a day wholly distasteful in the matter of weather was in the number of Chinese paying spiritual tribute to the President martyred to the cause of liberty. When H. W. Fay, chief custodian of the tomb, closed the guest-book for the day it was apparent that the men and women, mostly men, of Oriental genesis had composed more than one-fourth of the total list. The names of William D. Wong, John Sing, Wang S. Shing, Yen Sen, Thom Chin, Lee B. Yon and others, had beside them residential designations that crossed America from Fresno to Brooklyn, all indicative of the fact that these were at least second generation Chinese, natural-born American citizens.

The beneficence was one of discovery. Custodian Fay, aware of the Chinese influence among his guests, decided to look through the chest of tributes, the depository of statements in relation to the Lincoln career, his search especially being in the hope that he might find something that would have reference to the friendship between China and the United States. He had no doubt that the new interest in Lincoln must be associated with recognition of this country as the one hope of China for redemption from Japanese invasion. The China "file" was not bulky. It had not been under examination for a long time. The fact is that when it was composed and put away to safe keeping there had not been recognition of any importance attaching to it. But, Mr. Fay found a group of photographs, each one autographed, and each containing a line of tribute to Mr. Lincoln.

And much to his surprise, almost at the bottom of the file, there was a specially posed studio portrait, eight inches by ten inches in size, and very definitely the likeness of an important Oriental. Time and the dry heat of the file chest had taken toll, so that it was with some difficulty the inscription was deciphered. Under a line of script was the autograph of "Chiang Kai-Shek" and the date 1928. For most observers the surprise was tintured by amazement. You could read the questions in the eyes of all but the Chinese: Why had this valuable memento of one of the world's greatest men been left so long without recognition? Why had it not long ago been taken to its proper receptacle with the most priceless evidences of universal esteem for Honest Abe?

The Chinese asked no questions. On their faces were smiles that made them appear for the moment the most pleased individuals of all present. With politeness and patience they sought only to hold the photograph and read what had been written there by the man who typifies to them the courage and new hope of their beleaguered and long-suffering people. They spoke in modulated voices, in respect for the almost religious mood generally observed by visitors to the Lincoln Tomb. When they read the inscription, it was as though they were reciting a prayer. What Chiang Kai-Shek had written long before the crisis of his homeland's greatest travail, back in the year 1928, was this:

"In the spiritual presence of Abraham Lincoln I bow in great humility as before one who must be to all the free peoples of the world a sainted ancestor."

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## Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

### Sulfonamides

About one third of the cases treated with sulfonamides develop sensitivity to these drugs sufficient to interfere with their subsequent use. Fever is the most common symptom of reaction caused by these drugs. The incidence of this reaction is increased by an interval between courses rather than continuous use of the drug. Toxic reactions are less frequent with sulfadiazine than with sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole. Intermittent use of one of these drugs or successive use of different sulfonamides seems to predispose to the development of toxic symptoms.

Skin eruptions may be produced by these drugs. Drug fever usually occurs with the skin rashes, although fever may develop without other signs of intoxicity. The potential danger of drug dermatitis should be kept in mind with the first appearance of skin lesions. They are almost always controlled by immediately discontinuing the drug and increasing fluid intake.

Nervous and mental effects may follow use of any of the sulfonamides. Mental confusion and impaired judgment sometimes occur. Headache, neuritis, mental depression and impaired vision have been noted. The drugs appear to be more toxic in persons who have had more previous disease of the nervous system. The possibility of serious mental confusion must be borne in mind especially for those whose activities under conditions of impaired judgment would be a hazard to themselves and to others.

The kidneys may show signs of irritation. Sulfathiazole and sulfadiazine are more prone to cause these reactions. The drugs or their products in the course of excretion by the kidneys and urinary tract form crystals which cause irritation and obstruction. Pain and blood in the urine are the usual symptoms when kidney irritation occurs. Discontinuing the drug and increasing the intake of fluids will check this and prevent any serious damage.

Restrictions have been placed on the sale of these drugs because of the usual tendency to self-medication. Among the contraindications are a history of previous toxic reaction, severe anemia, debility, advanced malnutrition and signs of liver or kidney damage.

## THE SAFETY VALVE

### Defends Defense Workers

Dear Editor:

I am glad to see that you have stopped your editorial abuse of the defense worker and the wage he or she is getting, and hope it is partly the realization that they are 27 million strong, and that they are paying a good share of the income tax and will keep on paying and buying bonds to back their many friends in the armed forces. They also are paying off many of their old bills. Also many are former W. P. A. workers who are able to hold up their heads and pay their debt to the people that helped them during their hard times.

I have heard many of them say that all of their wages do not go for the luxuries of life by a great deal. This is written after two years spent among them and I think it is a fair statement of facts.

I think that you are doing a great job of it. You have a lot of news that I never appreciated until I got away from home so that I could not hear the daily gossip as it happened. The Post gets here on time and I spend an hour in Dallas and the surrounding country . . . will close with best wishes.

A Connecticut Reader  
Withersfield, Conn.

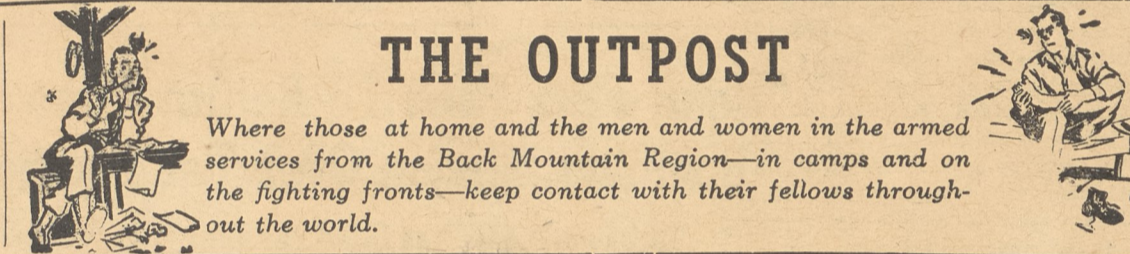
• Couldn't resist the opportunity to publish your letter, even though you asked us not to do so. We want to clear up a couple of points. First, we are not against the defense worker as such and never have been. We are opposed to the high-paid defense worker who strikes at the slightest provocation and who allows himself to be shoved and bullied around by certain types of labor leaders whom he wouldn't associate with at any other time or permit his family to

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## Something To Think About



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.

Dear Mr. Risley:

I am sorry that I don't write more often, but you can only do certain things and that's all.

I have read in the Post that Willard Shaver and a few more of the boys are on the same island as me, but I haven't met any of them and feel kind of hurt for I would enjoy seeing them, as they left home after me and could tell me how the town was when they left.

I missed seeing John Garbutt by two days. I went to the Air Field where he was stationed and they told me he had left two days before that, so I was out of luck.

Bill Price is still on the island with me and I see him every once in a while to talk to. I have also seen Woolferd Moore once, and that is all. He passed me in a truck.

I am still driving for the B. C. and I enjoy it, but on these roads over here in a Jeep it is just like riding a bucking bronco. They really can bounce, and they will pull a good load also. The person that takes the most beating is the one in the back seat, for there isn't much to hold on to. One thing you can't do is find a hill they won't climb for they will climb if you stick with them to the top.

I see that quite a few young people are getting married now to service men and civilians. Well, I hope they have good luck, for I was always told that married life was very hard or what you made it.

There is quite a variety of parrots on the island here. Some are small and pure red, others all white, some are red, green and amber like, and then there is the Cockatoo. They are very pretty.

There is an animal on this island that is a puzzler. It looks a possum in all ways, has a long white tail and the female is white and the male is chocolate brown color. They smell like a skunk. Does anybody know what it is? If so, let me know. They tame very easily. We have had two in the Battery so far and the woods or jungle seems full of them at night.

Well, that's all for now, so I'll close wishing you all the best of luck and happiness.

Pfc. Gilbert H. Huey  
c-o Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

• Gib: You've rung the bell with this letter. It's swell. Just the kind a real war correspondent writes. If you ever run across Paul Scott, U. S. Marines, tell him to write home. His mother hasn't heard from him since before Christmas. I know that Willard Shaver ran across him one time, so maybe he also is on the same island with you.

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## THE DALLAS POST

ESTABLISHED 1889

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

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All the youngsters at the Tally Ho have been looking forward to a letter from you. They'll certainly enjoy this one. Good Luck to you.

—Editor.

### Wants Addresses

Mr. Risley:  
Well, I finally found time to write you and let you know how much we fellows in the service really appreciate the home town paper. We read it from cover to back a couple of times so we don't miss anything.

I am still at Fort Bragg and we are kept pretty busy. Sorry, I didn't write sooner.

I'll bet Dallas Township wins the baseball pennant this year. Good old D. T!

Mr. Risley, could you give me any information about a fellow by the name of Thomas Casterline? He used to be in the 109th. I would appreciate it if you could give me his address. What is Warren Johnson's and Bud Kern's full address.

I'll have to sign off for tonight. It is 2240, almost time for taps.

So long,  
Bud Mitchell  
Fort Bragg, N. C.

• We've lost contact with Tommy Casterline. Warren Johnson's address is Post Garage, M. B. United States Marine Corps, Quantico, Va. Bud's is Hqs. 59th College Trn. Detach. (Anrew) North Carolina State College, Box 5366, Sqd. B. Raleigh, N. C.

### Georgia Peach Spoils

Dear Sirs:  
It has been some time since I last wrote to you. I have been here in the beautiful hills of Tennessee. They sure look nice from the bottom, but when you have to climb to the top it takes all visual beauty from them.

There are a lot of Pennsylvania boys here. The only one I know in my division is Bill Stritzinger. I have only seen him a few times since he first came into the army. I also met Alvin Jones from Shavertown by luck on the street in Nashville. If there are any more Back Mountain boys here I would appreciate your letting me know about it.

A lot of things have happened since I last wrote to you. The thing that pleases me most was my promotion to First Sergeant. Being a top kick isn't any fun, but I like the work a lot.

I want to thank you for sending me the Post each week, as it sure keeps me in line with things happening at home. Since my Georgia Peach has spoiled, I look for the home town news to keep my morale up.

## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Little did I think I would be opening my eyes at five-thirty in the morning. The only time I ever got up at five-thirty was to go on a picnic or on the excursion train to the seashore—this time it wasn't exactly a picnic! I was going to work on a farm. It is amazing how different a town

can look in the early morning. People I have never seen before stared at me as I pedaled along on my bicycle. My bicycle isn't what it used to be—perhaps I looked as if I was having a hard time.

I looked at the people waiting for buses and I felt very sorry for them. They had to go into a stuffy noisy city and I was going out into the open country where everything seemed washed and clean, at least it looked that way early in the morning. It didn't look so washed and clean at high noon when the sun was warm. The first day on the farm I didn't get out in the fields. My particular job is that of supervising the High School youngsters who have been recruited to do farm work.

The youngsters didn't come the first day so I helped in the packing house. I helped to bunch asparagus. I know I wasn't much good at it, but the farmer needed help and I suppose he thought anybody with fair intelligence could bunch asparagus. I doubt if he had much respect for my intelligence after the bunches of asparagus I turned out—but I learned about asparagus after bunching it for eight hours. I learned, too, that it isn't particularly easy to stand on one's feet for eight hours. That day working in Barton's packing house did me a lot of good. It taught me that I had been living an awfully lazy life. I have been wasting a lot of time doing nothing. I had a lot of respect for the women I worked with in that packing house. They all had large families, they had homes to look after and they were willing to stand on their feet packing asparagus for eight hours without a complaint. I hope they didn't realize how tired I was. I wish they knew how much I admired them!

The second day the girls came out to pick radishes. They came early and the field wasn't exactly dry or pleasant to work in. It was cold and wet and before we had worked very long we were being pelted by a driving rain, but those youngsters didn't complain too much—not any more than I did. The farmer decided it was silly for us to catch cold, radishes or no radishes. The next morning dawned bright and warm. I met the girls early and we went over to the farm in a small truck with our lunches under our arms ready for a good day's work. I was really more of an amateur than the girls were. I was astounded the way they worked. They were wonderful. They were paid twenty-five cents for fifty bunches of radishes and most of them made two dollars and fifty cents and a few made three dollars.

It was a long hard day in the sun, but the girls took it like real soldiers. There was very little complaining and if that group of girls is a fair example of what our school children are going to do to help the farmer, we have nothing to worry about. They want to help. They seem to realize that they have a real job to do and they are going to do it, if it kills them. Don't tell me anything about High School children. I am all for them. They are going to do a real job this summer!

• I see we have a music director in the U. S. Treasury. Also a psychologist for the Forestry Department. I can't tell you what these gents are doing, except one thing—the paper says they were at a banquet.

I been wracking my head to figure what a psychologist would deduct by looking at trees, or squirrels, or something in a forest. But, a music director in the Treasury, that has me stumped, too. This is quite an era.

"What you going to do about it?" says Henry. "Plenty," I says. "It is to start a campaign for a system of badges to be worn by all Govt. employes. Put a badge on each person showing his or her name, also their job. We pay their salary, so we should have a right to see what they look like—and if they are handsome or pulchritudinous, or vice versa."

Most folks have some kind of ambition or desire—some crave to play the guitar, some wish they could speak Spanish, etc. I have a great urge. It is to see a top flight U.S.A. psychologist, and watch him work, or deduct, or do whatever it is he does. He surely must do some kind of a trick or other.

I am intrigued.  
Yours with the low  
down,  
JO SERRA.

Well, this is about all the news I have for you, so will close for this time and hope to be able to write another letter some time soon. Would like to hear from some of the folks back home.

As ever,  
1st Sgt. Bill Dierolf  
c-o Postmaster,  
Nashville, Tenn.

P. S. Spent a lovely birthday May 7 with a fifteen mile hike.

• Forget about Georgia peaches. Our Northern fall pippins have 'em beaten anyway.

### Back At Fort Eustis

Dear Editor:  
Here I am again for at least two more months. I missed so much training being in the hospital that I have to take my training over. I've been receiving my Post every week and I certainly enjoy it. I'm now in a battery that is composed mostly of boys 18 to 20 years of age. A lot of them are from Luzerne and Wilkes-Barre, but I haven't had a chance yet to get acquainted with them. Sorry, I can't think of anything else to write about. I can tell you that it is awful hot here. I enjoyed Glenn Kitchen's letter in the Post very much, as I write to him and he writes me some very interesting letters.

Sincerely yours,  
Pvt. Lloyd T. Garinger  
Fort Eustis, Virginia.

• Lloyd: If there ever was a gang that appeared anxious to enter the army, it's the eighteen year olds. It's all the home folks can do to hold them in school until after graduation. They really want to get in and fight.

### Enjoys Culp's Letter

He'll, friends:  
I'm writing this letter in regard to another change in address. I'm feeling fine and wish the best of health to those outside the Army personnel. We in the Army are well taken care of by Uncle Sam's Army doctors and nurses. We get plenty of exercise, regular meals, good food, too, (not rationed) and plenty of rest—Lights out at 10 P. M.—and that's what makes our fighting soldiers healthy and strong.

For a small town paper, I think the Post carries a better assortment of written material than found in most any paper. We soldier boys in the service appreciate the great service that you members of the Dallas Post are doing for us.

(Continued on Page 3)

**DO YOU SQUINT?**  
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