

# THE POET'S CORNER

This poem was sent in to us by "Fritz" Chamberlain, Huntsville Marine, stationed at Parris Island, and offers some good advice to future brides of the Back Mountain.

### A MARINE

You can have your Army Khaki,  
You can have your Navy Blue;  
But here's another uniform  
I'll introduce to you.

This uniform is different . . .  
The best I've ever seen . . .  
The Hienies call him "devildog"  
But we call him "Marine".

He trained at Parris Island,  
The land that God forgot,  
Where the sand is 14 inches deep  
And the sun is scorching hot.

He's prepared many tables  
And many dishes he's dried,  
He's even learned to make a bed  
And shine his shoes beside.

He's peeled a million onions  
And twice as many spuds  
And spent a lot of leisure time  
Washing up his duds.

Girls! Take a little hint from me  
And get yourself a good Marine,  
For there's nothing he can't do  
On this earth's sordid scene.

And when he gets to Heaven  
To St. Pete he will tell,  
"Just another Marine reporting, Sir,  
I've served my hitch in Hell."

### Overseas Mail

YOUR LETTER came and I could swear I smelled  
The apple pie set cooling on the shelf.  
And even while the thundering cannon shelled  
I heard the music box I made myself  
And gave to you one birthday long ago,  
When our small world was bounded by a hedge  
Of holly trees and scrub pine in the snow  
Beneath the guardian granite of the ledge.

The boys all tell me this is IT, and I,  
Not feeling battle lust nor hero bold,  
Join with their laughter so I will not cry.  
Remember how I joked when you would scold,  
And how, when woodshed bound, I conquered tears  
And managed still to keep a saucy face,  
Although the licking realized all my fears  
And kept me eating from the mantelpiece?

Your letter came in answer to my last,  
And though I cannot say I'm afraid,  
The simple words, of how the week has past  
For you and how the elm tree's shade  
Is reaching to the garden now, have made me know  
A feeling of your closeness, fanned the flame  
That war and mud and weariness brought low.  
So now I must believe I will return. Your letter came.  
—Carra Matthews, in Somerset (Md.) News.

### Ain't It Nice?

Ain't it nice in the spring, to get up with the sun,  
To hear the birds sing and watch the lambs run,  
Ain't it nice?

Ain't it nice in the spring to watch the birds wing,  
Their way to their home in the tree by the spring,  
Ain't it nice?

In the spring to see the green sheen of the grain as it grows  
In long serrated rows,  
Ain't it nice?

Ain't it nice to watch crows as they circle the rows,  
Of your corn as it grows,  
Knowing that you must re-plant,  
Because you can't shoe

The crows from the rows of your corn as it grows,  
Ain't it nice, or ain't it?  
—H. B. Allen

## From Pillar To Post

(Continued from Page One)

bureau, swapping moulting canaries for Belgian Hares, gas stoves for folding baby-carriages, a load of well-rotted manure for a flock of pullets.

Personally, we never miss the classified ads. Reading that section is equivalent to taking a mental and emotional journey into the hazy reaches of childhood.

That oval drop-leaf kitchen table which figured in last week's issue, for instance, I had dashed to the phone and looked up the proper number before cold common sense reminded me sternly that the gasoline shortage would prevent me from driving to Dallas and bringing that table home in triumph, even supposing that it turned out to be the kind of a table that imagination conjured up.

Was it a walnut table with folding wings, and did it wear on its feet the white china casters of fifty years ago? Did it have extra leaves

that could be inserted when the occasion demanded?

So far as I know, modern drop-leaf tables are never oval, while black walnut tables dating from the eighteen-sixties are quite apt to be. There are two drop-leaf black walnut tables in my own family connections, one in Virginia and one in Williamsport, but there are other members of the family who have priority rights and who are fully capable of exercising them. Both tables are equipped with white china casters, and both are built sturdily of the blackest of black walnut. Both are good for at least another hundred years of constant service.

Next to the drop-leaf kitchen table there was the item advertising for sale complete lot of household furniture, including a Victorian sofa, walnut frame. Once more the mad rush for the phone, and once more the stern warning of the gas ration card. No pleasure driving, and what could be construed as more in the nature of a pleasure excursion than a jaunt to Dallas to inspect a Victorian sofa, walnut frame?

Did the frame have lovely curves and swells, with hand-carved roses and graceful legs? Was it once upholstered in the prickliest of black horsehair?

How many times, as a child, have I slid blissfully on a slippery horsehair sofa, the cool surface striking a chill to the bones on the hottest of summer days? Those horsehair covers have long since been outmoded, but those graceful old frames lend themselves to a variety of modern upholstery fabrics. And those high-curved ends, with their comfortable support for the back, how delightfully different from the rigid and uncompromising Colonial antique that dared a prospective customer to relax on its narrow rock-bound ledge.

Such was the lure of the walnut frame that I not only looked up the phone number, I actually called it and got the lady who lives downstairs. The owner of the Victorian sofa, walnut frame, had stepped out, and the day was saved. By morning, a morning dampened by the classic Wyoming Valley drizzle, the madness for a Victorian sofa had worn off a bit, and the money saved

by not investing in it was diverted to something more essential, though far less interesting, such as the payment of the milk-bill and the purchase of a bolt of white voile for the making of sheer summer curtains.

An advertisement for the sale or rental of an eighty-acre creek-bottom farm appears with regularity. Does the creek flood its banks in the spring, with the swollen freshet racing through the kitchen and swirling around the barn? Does the silt thus deposited render the bottom-land rich and productive for the remainder of the twelve months? What does one grow on an eighty-acre creek-bottom farm?

Does the house that goes with the eighty acres of creek bottom have modern conveniences, such as electric lights and perhaps even a spot of plumbing, or does it hark back to the days of the pioneers and the rustic outhouse, festooned with morning-glories and embellished by a cut-out cypress placed modestly high in the door?

The most beautiful view in Pennsylvania is at present hiding itself under a bushel, probably because of

the gas situation. You can't very well deplore the gas crisis with one hand, and with the other sell a view that can be reached only by the burning of three gallons of life-blood.

It looks now as if everybody would stay put for the duration, without a view, without a drop-leaf table, and without even a walnut Victorian sofa.

## BEAUMONT

Mrs. E. F. Johnson visited her sister at Dover, New Jersey, who is a patient in the Dover Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis DeRemer are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter last Sunday.

Mrs. Parris Callender and infant son, Frederick John, have returned from the Nesbitt Hospital and are staying with Mrs. Callender's sister, Mr. Louisa Neiman.

Mr. Wayne Brace and son, of Harris Hill, spent a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gale Clark.

Class night was held at the school house on Tuesday night.

# "YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT NOW DO YOUR BEST!"



**DURING** the first year of our toughest war, we—

Trained millions of fighting men—made millions of dollars worth of fighting tools—built millions of tons of shipping to carry these men and tools to the fighting fronts.

And to help pay for it all, we bought War Bonds. Altogether, 50 millions of us bought War Bonds. And nearly 30 millions of us started putting, on the average, 10 percent of our pay into War Bonds every pay day through the Payroll Savings Plan.

That was a good start—a whale of a good start. But, every American knows that it was only a start. Nobody would contend for a single instant that what we did in '42 is enough for '43!

Did we make 48,000 planes last year? Believe it or not—we did. But we've got to make 100,000 this year! Sure! We broke every record in the world last year, building 8 million tons of shipping. But everybody knows that the 18 million tons we're building this year isn't enough!

We've got to do more fighting this year. We've got to do more building, more training, more shipping—and more saving.

We've got to buy more War Bonds.

Is that too much to ask? Many of us are making more money than we have made for

years. The things we'd like to buy with that money have either disappeared or are as "scarce as hen's teeth." So, why not put that money into War Bonds at good interest—\$4 for every \$3 when the Bonds mature? Money to help pay for the war—keep prices down—provide peacetime jobs and peacetime goods and a generally decent world for all of us when the war is won.

Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—buying War Bonds—doing your bit. But don't stop there. See if you can't boost your ante! Do your best!

**How millions of Americans have done their bit—and how they can do better:**

Of the 34 million Americans on plant payrolls, nearly 30 millions of them have joined

the Payroll Savings Plan. (If you aren't in yet—sign up tomorrow!)

Those Americans who have joined the Plan are investing, on the average, 10 percent of their earnings in War Bonds. (If you haven't reached 10 percent yet—keep trying!)

### BUT...

America's income this year will be the highest in history; about 125 BILLION dollars! In spite of all taxes and price rises, the average worker will have more money than last year—more than ever before!

That is why Uncle Sam has a right to ask us, individually, to invest more money in War Bonds, through the Payroll Savings Plan. He asks us to invest not 10 percent or 15 percent or 20 percent, but all we can!

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This advertisement is sponsored by the following Back Mountain citizens and business firms who believe that its message is highly important to the furtherance of the all-out war effort in their home community.

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