

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Root and branch of what Wyoming Valley thought were un-social growths prepared the ground for the victories the United Nations have won in Sicily. It is interesting to regard the disclosures, as brought to the American Press Congress in Chicago these past several days. Of course, Wyoming Valley was not mentioned, but the Black Hand and Mafia definitely were. And it was in the mining communities of Luzerne County, especially those in sections of Wyoming Valley, the Pittston area for instance, that the Mafia and Black Hand reached their most fulsome flower. That is, before they came into effulgent bloom in wartime Sicily.

Without the Sicilian members of secret societies the story of Sicily and the invasion might not have been told. It certainly would not have been told in terms of quick assault and rapid conquest, nor in the figures of negligible casualties. So I am informed by men who were aware of what had been going on since long before the African landings that were only the prelude to the sweep across the Mediterranean. These men came to the American Press Congress with experience gained from birth and long residence and attachments in such places as New Zealand, Egypt, London, Mesopotamia. All are members of the International Press Congress of which the Chicago meeting was a part.

I had to put two and two together. As a news writer in Pennsylvania, then in side-line ventures into the courts of Luzerne County, I had learned the dread of the Black Hand and Mafia. From such men as Sam Locchina of Pittston I had known that the groundwork of the secret bodies was in democracy, an inborn consciousness of the importance of liberty, inherited down the centuries from Sicily's exposure to Greece, to Rome, to Carthage, the Phoenicians and all others of the adventuring traders and warriors of the years deep in history. But, as far as Luzerne County was concerned, the results were tragic. In seeking their democratic bases the secret societies were guilty of terrible crimes.

You know all about that. But, did you know that of eight million so-called Italians who emigrated to the United States over a century of time slightly more than six million were Sicilians? Did you know that among those six millions at least two millions had returned to Sicily after accumulating what they believed to be sufficient wealth to live the idyllic life that the most favored terrain in all the world affords? Sicily is what California or Florida would like to be, as to climate. As to existence it is the nearest approach to Heaven, when it is not in war.

These editors and diplomats who have lived in the far places of civilization told me at Chicago that for every family that had contributed Sicilian population to the United States there had been a household to which had returned at least one of the adventurers. At least one of every household returned with a competence, with the means to enjoy the perfect Sicilian climate and land's bounty. With them they had brought back to Black Hand and Mafia the story of American democracy, the equal chance to survive and thrive, the equality of races, the freedom of action and the unbounded realm afforded progressive thought. They planted seeds of love for America. Those seeds sprouted and grew to a peculiar shading of Sicilian thought, and finally they became umbrageous in shelter of American ideals when the United States entered the war.

Long before Casablanca the secret societies of Sicily were preparing the avenues by which the United Nations, as long as America was part of those United Nations, could have access to the footstool of Mussolini's Italy. United States gold had its part in the preparations of course, but the sagacity of the Sicilians returned from the United States had an even greater part. In possession of the strategists under General Eisenhower were maps covering

Wanta sell that old car, or sofa, or even a piano? POST Classified Ads can do it.

every landing, figures covering every defense. Best of all, in Sicily there were hundreds of thousands of secret society members who were leading communal determination to welcome and not fight the invaders.

A tragedy was turned into a comic failure of Fascism. In topographical content Sicily was a perfect bastion of defense. If the people were as determined to resist as Hitler's Germany might be expected to be determined, the invasion of Sicily would have been a matter of repeated assault before a beach-head could be achieved. From there on it would have been a battle of all the resources of United Nations forces against a Gibraltar of immunity. The reasonable expectation would have been for more than a year of assault and at least a million deaths among United Nations soldiers.

It is good after all these years, and so far from home, to learn that the ordeal suffered from the Mafia and Black Hand in Luzerne County was only tribulation on the way to world salvation. When I knew Sam Locchina, Peter Riley and others of the secret operatives in Pittston, either by their own names or by assumed aliases, I never supposed that any good could come of the vengeful tactics and plottings of the Sicilian emigres. We paid a dreadful cost back there for the sheltering of them. The records are written over and over again in the criminal courts of the county. We didn't know the contests were between democracy and fascism then, with fascism represented by the coal barons.

Now it seems that the Black Hand and Mafia must be saluted. The democracy they had consolidated here from inheritance out of Sicily's history of contacts with Greece and ancient Rome and ancient Carthage has been justified. We apparently owe to Sicilian love of freedom the lives of the men who did not have to die to gain a springboard in Sicily for whatever cataclysmic attacks shall come later on the way to Berlin.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Chronic Colitis

Chronic colitis is a chronic inflammation of the large bowel or colon, with the production of excess mucus in the colon. It is a common condition. Constipation is usually present, but this may alternate with short periods of diarrhea with abdominal colic. The appetite is poor and abdominal distention is often found. Chronic colitis seldom develops unless there is stasis or constipation of the colon.

The use of drastic purgatives or cathartics predisposes to the development of colitis. Other conditions may be associated with this, as chronic appendicitis, stomach ulcer, intestinal parasites, adhesions of the bowel, and focal infections of the teeth, sinuses and gall-bladder. A ptosis or prolapse of the bowel may be a contributing factor. Cancer of the bowel may be present in older persons. An x-ray examination should be made when a thorough physical examination fails to reveal the cause.

The symptoms vary from those of a mild intestinal toxemia to a severe toxic state. They may show loss of weight or there may be little external evidence of this condition. Headache, backache and lassitude are common complaints. They lack stamina and are easily upset. They are frequently mentally submerged, and are irritable, depressed and generally miserable. A person with ptosis or falling of the bowel usually stands with drooped shoulders and protruding abdomen, and is inclined to slouch when sitting. Nervous symptoms are prominent. The most characteristic complaints are those of constipation and the passage from the bowel of excess amounts of mucus. The duration may be several months or years. Abdominal unrest and distention may be the only signs in early cases.

General hygiene and diet are important. Regularity in all things is essential. The diet should be corrected so that a minimum of irritating substances will reach the large bowel. The restoration of a normal action of the bowels is necessary to obtain a permanent cure. Drastic cathartics should be avoided. Congenial environment and relief from nagging worries are helpful. Proper treatment of associated diseases is necessary to prevent recurrences.

Beware the Sting



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.

Team Work Needed
July 11, 1943.

Dear Editor:
Well, here goes. I am almost ashamed to write this letter. I have been receiving the Dallas Post for the last three months and this is the first that I have written in to thank you all for it. I sure do enjoy the Dallas Post very much. I know you people back home are doing more than your part in this vital war effort. Keep the good work up. It won't take long with all of you people working together with the Army, Navy and the Marine Corps. That is all a nation needs to be powerful—team work. Well, I guess I will close this letter with lots of thanks.
Pfc. L. E. Williams,
Norfolk, Va.

• Don't fuss about not writing. Holy Smoke we folks at home know you fellows have plenty of work to do and letters to parents and sweethearts come first. Haven't seen your dad this summer. So he must be pretty busy.—Editor.

Likes Honor Roll
July 9, 1943.

Dear Editor:
Thank you very much for sending me the Dallas Post. I appreciate the Post very much and wait with anxiety to read the news from the best part of the country. My parents sent me a picture of the Shavertown Honor Roll. The people of Shavertown have done a swell job in erecting such a nice Honor Roll.

I received my basic training at Miami Beach, Florida. I was fortunate in being sent to such a beautiful place. There were one hundred boys in our hotel from Pennsylvania. When we marched through the streets to our drill field, the people knew from our singing that we were from the Keystone State.

At the present time I am taking a course in Aircraft Mechanics. When I am finished here I expect to go to aerial gunner's school.

Well, it is about time for morning exercise and a run over the obstacle course, so I'll say "so-long" and keep the Posts coming.

Yours truly,
Pfc. Francis G. Youngblood, Jr.,
Keesler Field, Mississippi.
• Noxen, Lake Township and Trucksville provided us with cuts of their Honor Rolls so that we could publish them for all the boys to see. Don't know why we didn't get one from Shavertown because it really is a beautiful board and setting.—Editor.

Seeking No Glory
July 8, 1943.

Dear Editor:
My first copy of the Post came

"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, Hislop's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Leonard's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—Hont's Store; Harvey's Lake—Edwards' Restaurant; Alderson—Deater's Store.

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

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch.

Local display advertising rates 40c per column inch.

Classified rates 2c per word. Minimum charge 25c.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

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
MRS. T. M. B. HICKS
EDITH BLEZ
DR. F. B. SCHOOLEY
MARTHA HADSEL

War-Time Correspondents
MRS. J. GORDON 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.
★ Pvt. Joseph Riehl, U.S.A.
★ In Armed Service.

Sunday, June 27, and it sure was a treat. About the first thing that came to my mind was "Why didn't I get around to getting the Post before?" because I know now what I have been missing. I was fortunate in having my first copy to be the one about the Honor Roll at Lake Township High School, with the enlarged picture. I think the whole idea is really swell, but I also think that if the truth were known, there are few fellows from back there looking for any of the "glory of heroism." They're too regular for that.

Some of us have been fortunate enough to have a buddy of ours stationed with us at the same post. Such is my case. Pvt. Peter Shiner from back at Harvey's Lake is here at Fort Bragg, with the Field Artillery, which is about four miles from my station at Pope Field. Pete is an old friend and many are the good times we had last summer. We try to get together about once a month. Duty prevents more frequent visits than this. Several weeks ago we spent the weekend in Raleigh, N. C., with our good friend, Air Cadet Charles Kern. We thought it was a pretty good break to have even three of the old crowd together once more.

But next to actually seeing the fellows from home, I really enjoy reading about them, and I know they all feel the same way. So I'm waiting now for my next copy of the Post.

Sincerely,
Cpl. Howard Enders,
Pope Field, Fort Bragg,
North Carolina.

• From Fort Benning, Ga., to San Francisco and now to Fort Bragg. You are certainly covering the country, Howard. Nice to hear about Pete and Charles.—Editor.

Another Radio Man
July 6, 1943.

Dear Mr. Risley:
I am really ashamed of myself in not thanking you long ago for the copies of the Post. It is hard to put in words just how much I appreciate the sight and contents of it, but the least I can do is let you know that I appreciate it immensely.

I am almost finished with my nine weeks' course in Radio Operating. Yes, they made me a radio operator just like they did my two brothers, Dick and Tom. I am supposed to get a thirteen weeks' course in Radio Mechanics when I finish my operating course. I expect to get shipped out of this camp for my mechanics course and nothing could please me more than to be shipped up North. The heat is pretty bad here, but I suppose some of the other fellows are being sub-

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

This week I have had news of my Three Musketeers. Bob wrote for the first time in many months. Bob, you will remember, is the quiet one and he isn't much of a letter writer. He doesn't write often but when he does he usually has something to talk about. The letter was dated July 7. Bob sent pictures, pictures

THE LOW DOWN

from HICKORY GROVE

I get sorta in a lather about a sales tax every time I see people spending money like it might grow on a tree. A sales tax would cost me some mazzuma but in the long run it will cost me and everybody else more, if we don't have a tax now. If Uncle Samuel don't get this surplus dinero, somebody else will. The night spots, or any place that will open up a door, gets business.

A thirsty gent making 100 per week don't give a hoot whether a bottle of hooch is 3 dollars or 4 dollars. Or a dinner at 85 cents, if it was 95 cents by tacking on a 10 per cent tax, would not slow down anybody. You could set up a roulette wheel, and if the police did not get you, you would go to town.

But I am hopeful. Congress has its tail over the dashboard and is showing a touch of ginger and gumption. They are starting to trim off a few Government frills and fancy notions—maybe a sales tax will be next.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

of himself taken with several very ragged Arab boys. He has caught up with his brother again. Bob's brother was a captain and every now and then they meet. They met in England, now in Africa they have met again. This time they managed to get a day's leave together and do you know what they did? They found an abandoned fishing smack, spent a little time getting it into shape and then had a few hours' fishing in the Mediterranean. They didn't have much luck but think how wonderful it must have been for two brothers thousands of miles from their own familiar haunts to be able to go fishing together.

As usual Pappy's letter was the most amusing. War or no war, Pappy never seems to lose his delightful sense of humor. We have always kidded Pappy about being a cornfed boy from Iowa. He has always boasted about the corn in his home state but now he breaks down and confesses that he knows absolutely nothing about corn. But he doesn't want us to mention that to the Chamber of Commerce! Pappy is still having language trouble. One day he wandered into a shop in Tunis. He stuttered and stammered around trying to tell the shopkeeper what he wanted. Imagine Pappy's surprise when the shopkeeper said in perfect English, "What do you desire?" I imagine Pappy "blew his cork."

Pappy went to the dentist. Let him tell you about it: "I went over to have my teeth checked. You know the way we all do, have them checked, then just let them go regardless of whether they need attention or not. Well, this Army doctor was on the ball, for he checked my teeth, grabbed his tools and had half of them in my mouth before I could escape. When I left I was a little heavier because he had filled three of them. On the way back to camp I was really very happy when I thought how brave I had been."

Leo says he has been to Carthage and seen the ruins. Every evening he takes a long swim in the Mediterranean. He says he and Bob and Pappy have been separated for the present. He only sees Pappy once a day when Pappy drives up with the mail and Bob he sees even less.

It has been just a year since the boys sailed from New York. Will I ever forget the night they sailed? It was hot and sticky and they had been waiting for days for the time to come when they would shove off on what they termed their summer cruise. I'll never forget their faces as we said "Goodbye" to them. They were smiling but I know they were frightened. Now after a year they have been through many experiences they never dreamed might happen to them. They are still cheerful, still glad to do what is expected of them but as Pappy says, "We are all looking forward to seeing the Statue of Liberty lit up again."

If you haven't gotten around to buying a Second War Loan Bond, stop and think what it would mean to you if our soldiers hadn't gotten round to the fight.

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

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.

ALL TYPES-ALL MAKES

MAGNETO REPAIRS

RUDOLPHS'
ELECTRIC SERVICE
33-35 E. JACKSON ST.
Phone 25868 • Wilkes-Barre, Pa.