

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

There is a new story about Abraham Lincoln, one documented in the records of the Clerk of Sessions of the Presbytery in Washington, and for that reason accepted as true. According to Frank Dickson, recently relieved of work as Adjutant General in Illinois and more lately attached to the military in the national capital, the story also is in the Book of Records of the Third Avenue Presbyterian Church and attested there by no less than Honest Abe himself. For what it is worth and for what newness it may have I shall relate it, because it seems to me that in it is something prognosis for a rapidly nearing schism in motion picture audiences, something of analogy and something of connotation for the future of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Breakfasting late in a booth of a Walgreen Drug Store, where everything may be bought excepting drugs, we simultaneously found interest in a tasseled banner that proclaimed the rich chain-store corporation as mighty proud of its 1,747 men in the armed services. I wondered, out loud, whether the Walgreen management would be so proud that when an appreciable majority of the 1,747 returned from the wars they would be able to get back their jobs. "What I'd like to see a year from now," I said, "are just as many boastful service flags in commercial institutions, but all of them with this message: 'We are glad to announce that all our returned service men are back on the payroll.' It wasn't the way I heard it after the first World War."

Talk switched over to the motion pictures, and especially to the promulgation of the Fourth Term by all the producing companies of Hollywood, Long Island and related points beyond. The following quotes had been taken from pictures current in Chicago, Washington and New York, and therefore current in Wyoming Valley and elsewhere:

A Commando captain speaking: "I believe in God, and President Roosevelt."

Song by a vocalist in Freddy Martin's band: "We'll keep the flag on the White House dome and we'll tell the world where'er we roam, we're proud of Roosevelt as President and to keep him there is our firm intent."

Robert Young in "Reunion in France": "We'll wait for the Roosevelt peace."

And so on, ad infinitum. If the moguls of the movies have their way, President Roosevelt will be tied so tight to war's duration and the emergence of peace that the Army, Navy and theatre-goers alone will factor the Fourth Term. An earlier phase of selling the president into perpetuity flopped. Producers had noticed that the people no longer were applauding any political leader. So, even in "The Human Comedy" they showed the Roosevelt picture with the American flag, to the extent of making it an insert within the folds of the grand old banner. And everybody cheers the flag.

The reaction to all that is that Americans who do not believe in a Fourth Term, and did not believe in a Third Term, and are confident that the republic might even gain by a change of leadership, are telling the box-office to have the producers desist. Or else. They make it plain that their next recourse will be to walking out of the shows, and

thereafter keeping away from making the shows profitable. There's where Frank Dickson's story has appropriate suggestion:

At the height of the War Between the States, President Lincoln had attached himself to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was a church of pretensions to only humility, not fashionable, and its pastor was the Reverend Phineas D. Gurvey. After a time, Lincoln noticed that his boys no longer cared to accompany him to the Gurvey services but had become regular in attendance upon the Sabbath exercises of a congregation whose membership was derived from the more prosperous elements of population and especially from groups that had come to Washington from many sections of the country.

One Sunday, at dinner, President Lincoln put to his sons the question of why they no longer attended the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and he qualified his question with inquiry as to whether they thought the more pretentious church more suited than a humble one to the Lincoln family status.

"Oh, no," said the spokesman son. "That isn't it at all. We like to attend this other church. It's really lots of fun."

"Fun at church?" Lincoln was somewhat annoyed. "What of all possible kinds of fun are to be had at church?"

"Why," said the answering son. "We think it's very funny to see the Secessionists get up and walk out of the church as soon as the preacher starts praying for the President."

THE LOW-DOWN

HICKORY GROVE

If you lived elsewhere than in the U. S. A., and you picked up a 1943 U. S. A. paper, you would sure be perplexed. "What kind of an outfit is this here America anyway?" you would say. "Here is this paper reporting on the palaver taking place about freedom—the four freedoms. How about the freedom they been having there, ever since the Mayflower. And the Constitution, how about it, the one they been living under—and bragging about, and making progress under."

I will answer these queries—trying not to let my blood pressure rise and zoom. The four freedoms, folks, is just a slogan—something to get our minds off of something else. Instead of some new freedom and something we never had before, it gives us less. Private enterprise and initiative go by the board—are washed up. The new four freedoms is our present and original Declaration of Independence dehorned and boiled down to one-dose size—for the gullible. It is something like a 10 cent edition of an original. Sounds great, if you just listen but don't ponder.

But, you folks in foreign lands, you should not take us too serious, anyway coming election year. We have some odd and unique ways of trying to intrigue our voters. Yours with the low down, JO SERRA.

An Attack From the Rear



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.

At Maxwell Field July 20, 1943.

Dear Sir: I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for sending me your paper. I really think it is swell to read about the home town, especially the Outpost. It is about the only way I can keep track of my friends.

I have jumped around quite a bit in the short time I have been a Cadet. I first went to Miami Beach, Fla. for my basic training. Then I went to Xavier University at Cincinnati. There I studied math, physics, navigation and other subjects pertaining to aviation. Xavier is a swell college and I had it very nice there. I received ten hours' flying time at Cincinnati and found that flying is not as easy as it looks. After four months there I was sent to Nashville classification center. After a week of difficult tests to determine what I was best fitted for, including a stiff physical check, I was classified as a pilot and sent here to beautiful Maxwell Field, Ala. "Look proud, Mister! You are at Maxwell."

When I got here we were met by the upper class, white gloves, and sabres. The class system was in effect, but has now discontinued. The upper class showed us all over for a week and kept plaguing us with silly questions. It was run much like West Point. We were called "Zombies." I will be upper class in one more week, "thank God."

I am studying radio and visual code, maps and charts, math, physics, aircraft identification and a few military subjects. It's a tough course and leaves us little extra time. I will be here for nine weeks and then go to primary for real flying. If I go through the cadets on schedule, I will receive my wings and commission as a lieutenant some time in March. It seems like a long time to go, but eventually I'll make it.

I like Maxwell very much. It is a beautiful place, yellow stucco and green grass. The only drawback is this heat. We exercise in the hot Alabama sun and many guys just keel over. They say Maxwell separates the men from the boys and so far I haven't cracked under the strain.

The bugle just blew for chow, so until I find another opportunity to write, I remain,

Sincerely,
A/C Jack Reese,
U. S. Army Air Corps,
Maxwell Field, Ala.

T/Sgt. Donald Brandon, A/C Joe Garrity, A/C William Johnson, A/C Charles Kern, and A/C Francis Sidorek are some of the other local

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

All summer long my friends and neighbors have been feeling very sorry for me. They shake their heads and say they simply cannot understand how I can be an ordinary field hand. War or no war they refuse to understand why I have stuck to this business of helping the farmer when there are so many other things I could do.

I refuse to do too much explaining. I am weary of telling people that I really love working on the farm. They don't seem to understand what I am talking about. I admit it is hard work. After a day of it one doesn't feel like doing much of anything. There is no real desire to spend an evening out. Many times even a movie is a little too much but it doesn't matter. There is something so satisfying about working on a farm, other things seem forgotten—at least for the time being. Then, too, there are lots of rainy days when there is nothing to do. Rainy days give me a chance to get caught up with things I seem to be missing or my friends seem to believe I am missing.

POET'S CORNER

Things To Remember

A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.

A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.
—William Blake.

Working on a farm is so different from working in an office or in any other job in the city. There isn't the terrific bus ride into town with people hanging all over you. Instead, there is a lovely ride in the farmer's large red truck. We ride in the early morning along a winding road under an open sky with nothing but wide fields on all sides of the landscape.

The truck takes me and the high school girls and two women who have been working with us all summer right into the field. We all pile out, put our lunches in a bushel basket under a tree, and the day's work has begun. It doesn't matter how warm the sun or how muddy the earth, the fields are always lovely in the early morning. Take for instance, just this past week when we picked beans. On one side of the field there was a lovely stretch of woods, on the other a peach orchard just about ready to be picked. The rows of green beans stretched ahead of us. Off in the distance was a field of cabbage of the loveliest hue imaginable. The farmer had turned on the irrigation pipes and from where we were working it looked as though fountains were playing on the cabbages.

The girls are always eager to begin to work and for a little while there is silence with nothing to break it but the sound of the beans falling into the empty baskets. Over in the next field a farm hand is spraying fruit trees and right near us another group is picking apples. We can't see them but we hear their conversation as they go about their work.

Noon comes before we realize it. If we are close enough to the packing house and the barn we walk down there and have our lunch. If we are too far away we eat in the nearby woods. There is something very refreshing about washing your sun-drenched face in water that has been pumped from the ground by a windmill. There is always something exciting happening on the farm. Have you ever been in an open field and watched a storm coming up? The air is filled with excitement. You can see the rain coming and you know you must make it to the barn. All the time you keep hoping the rain will hold off long enough for the hired man to come out with the horse and wagon so that you can get a ride back to the barn. There is nothing quite like a ride in a farmer's pickup racing against a storm and there is nothing like rain on the roof of a big barn.

I'll take my job any day. It is hard on clothes and there is plenty of mud and hot sun and bugs but it is filled with growing things and green fields and the sweet smell of freshly picked fruit. Have you ever eaten strawberries in the field and peaches right off the tree? Don't tell me I am foolish to be a farmer. Just envy me!

In Old Virginia
July 19, 1943.

Dear Editor: On Saturday, the 17th, I changed my address again. I'm still at Fort Eustis, but I've finished my basic training, and I am stationed here permanently, maybe for the duration. I'm now working at the Officers' Mess as a butcher. The work isn't hard and the hours aren't long. I'm expecting a furlough in three weeks and I'll come in and see you while I'm home.

I had a long letter from Joe Garrity of Alderson last week. He is at Keesler Field, Miss. I haven't heard from any of the other boys in a long time.

We had two weeks of rain, but it stopped last Friday and has been very hot since then.

Will write again soon.
Sincerely,
Lloyd T. Garinger,
Hq. & Hq. Btry,
A. A. R. T. Co.,
Fort Eustis, Virginia.

Lloyd: Speaking of easy jobs, a butcher has a snap on the home front, too. That's about all he's got today. What about Joe Garrity? We have him at Maxwell Field.—Editor.

Dear Louisiana
July 20, 1943.

Dear Sir: I want to take these few moments to thank you for sending the Dallas Post to me. I have always enjoyed it although I don't believe I fully appreciated it until after our Division "took off for the woods."

We are on maneuvers and are really away from civilization; however, not too far away that I can't receive my Post, so would greatly appreciate your changing the address as I will be looking forward to my next copy.

Sincerely,
Cpl. H. V. Lyne, "Joe,"
Shreveport, La.

Everybody seems to be just crazy about Louisiana. Must be the girls, Joe.—Editor.

An Army Nurse
July 20, 1943.

Dear Editor: Yes, it's about time I was writing to thank you for sending the Post. But I have been busy—the hospital is full and we are short of nurses. I blame the Mississippi weather for all the sickness, it's so hot and damp.

However, I like the Army and will never regret having joined. I am looking forward to overseas duty, but would like to see Pennsylvania once more before I leave.

Remember the picture you asked for? Well, here it is. The other nurse is Lt. Frances Brea from Wyoming, Pa. She and I were

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