

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

(Editor's Note: Excepting the names, all of which are changed to accord with censorship and propriety, the following is a true story of an Alaska incident.)

What Maureen liked about Irving was the all inclusiveness of his embrace. And no wonder, Corporal Haddy Reese made it very clear to me, the wells of his self-derision overflowing as he took his third mug of beer in a single gulping draught.

"Was I the sap?" The corporal's remark was both querulous and accusing. "I'll say I was. Bringing a superman out of the Alaska wilds to a girl like Maureen. Why, she was cut out for me. I'm an inch over six feet and she's five-eight of the smoothest stream lining on the South Side, and upholstered with good war-plant muscle too. I ought to have had my head examined. But Irv's a hero and he don't have any folks. He joined up for the Alaska trick because he was weary of the woods where he'd been working for three years, ever since he was sixteen and old enough to get out of the orphan school. I took pity on him and we furloughed together. Was I the sap?"

I called for steins on the fourth beer, rightly guessing that Haddy would slow his intake and give out more liberally. He did both. "Yes," said Corporal Haddy Reese, "Irv's a hero, and one inch more of him than there is of me. And when he hugs it's either unconditional surrender or get the hell out of there. Wait'll I tell you. I met Irv when he was made my bunkie. But I got to know him best when he drew the enemy spot when we got our first practice on a war problem. That's where fate or destiny or whatever you might call it moved in on the job. The idea was that we were to round up some straggling Japs left over from an attempted invasion or parachute landing. It was to be sort of a man to man affair, about evenly divided, our bunch on the search and the Japs on the crouch in the alders and along the glacial runs and wherever it might be that enemies would take to hiding.

"Along toward the end of the day and just about time to knock off the hunt I saw Irv. He was holding his gun high under his right arm and had his trench knife in his left hand. He was crouched over and picking his steps with his mind fixed on something and his head poked out as though he knew just what it was. I figured he must have spotted one of our side and I stayed behind a rock I'd picked out for concealment. What I ought to have done was work around and come up behind him for a take, but he seemed so sure that he had something I passed up the duty call and took over on the pleasure side.

"It was hard, looking at things to pick them out, but Irv was used to the woods and he kept going. After I got my own focus I was pretty sure I saw something dark in the alders where Irv was heading. The more I watched the more sure I was that something was moving in there.

"And then Irv got close enough to make a leap. He rose high as he could between two alder stands, his arms reaching out and coming down for a clutch as he let out a yell they must've heard around the Arctic Circle. More than that, too. He must've forgot to put his gun on safety, because when he plumped down it went off. If anything was needed to add real life to that practice problem that was it, the gun going off. He let go of it, because I heard it plunking against the scabbles, and he must've dropped his trench knife too, because I heard a clinking against stones. In other words, Irv was taking his prisoner rough-and-tumble style in a super-man hug.

"And, good Lord, just as he closed down on it his capture heaved up, and what was it but a Kodiak bear. Irv got the idea about the same time as the bear. You know about Kodiaks, I guess. They're supposed to be the most ferocious critters on the American continent. But Irv's yell, the gun shot, and the Indian

sneak act, amounted to confusion for that Kodiak and he wanted to get the hell out of there. So did Irv. They separated like two streaks of forked lightning.

"I wasn't exactly comforted myself. I thought I was wanted somewhere else, too, but as I started to run I cut off my own path, slipped and went scrambling into a glacier pot-hole. Irv rushed in after me, picked me up as though I was a barracks bag and carried me through the alders for a hundred feet before he was calm enough to set me down. And was he holding me tight! It took me about ten gasps to shake my breath back into place.

"And what the hell's the big idea?" I asked Irv. "Didn't you ever hear about Kodiak bears?"

"Hell," said Irv. "I didn't know it was a bear. I thought it was one of your side wearing a fur coat."

"Yes," said Corporal Haddy Reese, "I'll have another beer, a small one this time. Here comes Irv, and Maureen. Look at the big baboon!"

The statuesque Maureen was so full of Irv she had eyes only for the safe path to a table. She didn't see us at all.

"I let Irv take her out on a date the night I spent home with the folks, like all soldiers should do, to have things talked over, alone among ourselves," said the corporal.

"And Irv said he couldn't help himself. He hugged Maureen. When she came to she was satisfied to stay right there in his arms. Arms and the man, that's Irv," said Corporal Haddy Reese. "And the girl, too. My girl and right out of my arms. Now I'm that guy they sing about in 'This Is The Army,' and the soldier boy without a heart."

"Wasn't there any explanation?" I asked Corporal Reese.

"Sure there was," he replied. "It was fate. I told Irv to show Maureen how he captured the Kodiak bear."

OUTLET

Mrs. Rosie Milbrodt, Mrs. Esther Weaver, Bernard Milbrodt Sr., and B. Floyd Milbrodt were in New Jersey August 11 visiting their daughters, Catherine and Alberta. Catherine and Alberta are spending the remainder of the summer here.

Dominic Steiner is home after spending a week's vacation in New Jersey.

Theodore London has recovered from a recent illness.

Mary Myers, Mrs. Anna Milbrodt, Mrs. Martha Ceaser, Joseph Ceaser and Edward Milbrodt, all of Ashley, called on Mr. and Mrs. Chris Milbrodt, Sunday.

Recent callers of Mr. and Mrs. R. Keithline were Joy Evans, Clayton Sheaffer and Alfred Keithline, of Evans Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Bobby, of New Jersey, are moving into the Wayne Gordon house.

Sgt. B. Willard Crispell, of Camp Pickett, Va., spent the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Crispell, of this place.

Russell Wilcox is now employed at the Naval Supply Depot, in Mechanicsburg. He spent Sunday at his home here with his sister and his father, of Harrisburg.

Mrs. Laura Kocher visited her daughters, Mrs. Mabel Elston and Mrs. Jessie Swan, of Lehman, on Friday.

Mrs. Freeman Sorber spent Wednesday with Mrs. Russell Hoover. She spent Thursday in Wilkes-Barre and called on Mrs. Atlee Kocher, of Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Root called on Mrs. May Robbins, of Dallas, on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crispell, of Lake View Heights, had as dinner guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. William Hoover, Harold Hoover, of Binghamton; Pvt. Elwood Hoover, of Camp Lee, Va.; Mrs. Lawrence Sickler, Emily and Joan Sickler, of Beaumont; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cobleigh and son, Edward, of Outlet. Pvt. Hoover is home on his first furlough since entering the service. The Hoovers are former residents of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Crispell entertained for their daughter, Emma, on her eleventh birthday, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hoover and Roxie Hoover, Arline Crispell, Mrs. Laura Kocher and Miss Iva Hoover were callers this week at the Crispell home.

Sgt. Bruce Willard Crispell spent the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Crispell. The Crispells had as Sunday guests, Mr. Robert Hoover, Paul Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hoover and Roxie, Floyd Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Corey Hoover.

Labor Day



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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.

Raring To Go July 31, 1943

Dear Editor: It's about time "Elmer Arm" gets out and writes the fine Post staff for getting our hometown paper each week. I surely enjoy receiving it each week to read the Dallas news. I think all the fellows like to read the Outpost to see how all their pals are making out.

I've just arrived at San Antonio Pre-Flight School for Pilots after being classified at the San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center. I hope to see Jimmy Davies soon as he is here also.

Boy, I was happy to read that Frank Matukitis and Francis Kamar have reached their goal. I surely hope I make it.

Wasn't it swell about Bill, my brother, reaching Master Sergeant? We hope to meet up with each other some day.

I'm cutting this short as we're pretty busy getting organized. I'm sending you my new address and thanks loads for sending the Post. A/C Harry C. Snyder San Antonio, Texas

Sends Best Wishes August 10, 1943.

Dear Editor: Just a few lines to let you know that I am still here at Sheppard Field. I receive the Dallas Post regularly, and I sure do appreciate it very much.

Have nothing to do for today, so I thought I would write you a few lines to thank you once more for sending me the Post. I sure do enjoy reading it.

I'm sending through the Post, my best regards to Mother and Dad and to all the folks back there in good old Dallas. Tell them all I said "hello".

Well, I guess I will close this letter now because it is getting close to chow time. So as I close I will say so-long and thanks again.

I remain, Pvt. Joseph J. Polachek A. S. N. 33466050 304 Tng. Gp., B. T. C. 3 Sgdn. 13, Bks. 383 Sheppard Field, Texas

From A Wave August 17, 1943.

Dear Mr. Risley: Here I am back at the grind again. I sure was sleepy after that long train ride back, and the first day back at work was really misery. But it seems the same as always now. I'm sorry I didn't get up to see you when I was home, but you know how it is. I had such a short time and so much to do and so many people to see that it was just impossible to get around to everything. But I'll be home again

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BEAUMONT

The 4-H Club met on Thursday at the school.

Pvt. Harold Dennis, of Fort Eustis, Va., spent the week at his home. Pfc. Warren Johnson and Pfc. Fred Persival, of Quantico, Va., were guests over the weekend of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Meeker have announced the birth of a daughter at the Nesbitt Hospital, on August 27th.

Glenn Hilbert has returned home from the General Hospital.

School will open Monday, with George Robinson as principal.

The final canning class was held last Thursday at the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Nulton and son, Donald, have returned home after visiting the Nultons' son, Paul, Jr., at Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

Cpl. Walter Pigler, of Fort Bragg, N. C., is spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pigler.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward MacDougal and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith have returned home after spending a week in Canada.

Cpl. Jack Wall is home on a furlough from New River, N. C.

Cpl. Emil Beurlewski has returned to Fort Bragg, N. C., after visiting with his new son, Reed, and his wife, the former Doris Dietz.

RUGGLES

Mrs. Etta Shaw is visiting her sister, Mrs. Church, at Beach Haven.

Mrs. Ora Kocher called on Mrs. George Wilson, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson has as Sunday dinner guests, Mrs. Rhoda Kitchen and Mrs. Minnie Harrison.

Mrs. Arthur Kocher visited Mrs. Chester Bunsek and Mrs. Larry Cornell, last week.

Mrs. Verne Kitchen, of Chester, is staying at her home here, while she gets the house roof repaired.

Miss Sara Kitchen, who has been at her home here, returned Saturday, to Chester.

Miss Marion Kocher spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kocher.

Mrs. Jennie Grey had as guests this week, Mrs. Ella Jones and Mrs. Rhoda Kocher.

Corky Montross will return to Endwell, N. Y., on Saturday.

Pvt. Dean Kocher has returned to his camp in Georgia. His wife and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Honeywell and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oberst went as far as Washington with him.

Mrs. William Hillard had as dinner guests Sunday, Mrs. Harry Jones and son, Sgt. Clarence Montross, Pvt. Dean Kocher and Mrs. Kocher, Miss Sarah Kitchen, Cpl. Dean Kocher, Mrs. Clarence Oberst.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kocher, of Hayfield Farm, called on Mike Kocher, Sunday.

swamps. Saw quite a few palm trees. The first I have seen a real one.

Camp Blanding is situated among the many lakes that adorn Northern Florida. One of these so called lakes is located right in the center of Camp Blanding. This lake, by the name of Kingsley, is really beautiful—white sands, beautiful lawns, palm and pine trees. The lake is about 300 yards from our company's barracks. We have swimming time from 2:30 until 4:30 every day as part of the training schedule.

There are other things to write about, but being on guard duty this evening, I'll bring this letter to a close and I'll try to write later on.

Thanks for the welcomed paper. Sincerely, Pvt. Ed Fielding Camp Blanding, Fla.

Merry England

August 9, 1943.

Dear Editor: Just a few lines from jolly old Eng'nd and thanking you very much for the Post. Just received two today, one of July 2 and one of July 18. Boy, was I glad to get them. First I had any for about a month and a half. The rest could have gotten lost, but I hope not, for news from back home sure cheers you up.

Here it is August and everything is green. The flowers are in bloom. It sure is beautiful over here. I've seen Donnie Metzger several times now. Two days ago I was having chow when who came in but Larry Newhart from Shavertown. I almost swallowed my fork. Boy, what a surprise! Larry is only stationed five miles from where I am. The 11th and 12th of this month, which is only a couple of days away, Donnie is coming over to see me and we will go over to see Larry. I hear Raymond Pritchard, another Shavertown boy, is over here somewhere. Sure would like to find out his address. Will close now, thanking you again and saying "hello" to every one back home.

Cheerio, Pfc. Paul M. Redmond In England

in not too many months, and then I'll make a special effort to come up.

The town didn't look much different to me, but it was good to see it again. And everyone made such a fuss over me that I almost hated to come back. Needless to say, we get no special attention here, all individuality is lost for the good of all—as it should be.

We have some of the new boots with us now, the first class out of New River I believe. We have been talking the whole thing over trying to find out whether they had it any tougher than we. We haven't decided yet, but I think it might have been just a little worse—I'll probably get slugged for this. They are swell girls, as were all those at Hunter. It does seem odd, though, now that we are familiar with things, to hear them ask the very same questions we did not so long ago. We do all we can to help them, because heavens knows we appreciated it when we were lost in the "bewilderment".

Well, it should not be very long now before our new barracks are finished. I suppose we should be anxious to get in them, but somehow we feel that in comparison we have been living in Country Club style. We have been staying at WAVE barracks which I believe were originally built for civilians as duration accommodations. It has been swell having a place not too far away where we could ride and swim. Now we are all wondering what it will be like in our own "home".

I am still enjoying the Post—it is about the only thing I get time to read. Here's saying "hello" to all those I missed in Dallas last week. Carry on, Thelma Pfc. Thelma Gregory, U. S. M. C. W. R. Co. F. Hdqs. Bn., Hdq. U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Soldier's Paradise

August 13, 1943.

Dear friends of the Dallas Post: This is just one more of those change of address letters you have received so many times before. Here's hoping you, the contributors of the Post, are all in the best of health. I'm just in the pink of condition—a nice hot Florida sunburn.

My trip down here from Craft was very interesting. Traveling always was my enjoyment and more so since I'm in the army. There was a saying not so long ago about "Join the Navy and see the world". I suppose it should read now "Join the Army and see the world". We passed through many swamps. I guess Florida is made up of such

Fernbrook Scouts Guests At Luncheon

Mrs. Russell Case and Mrs. Willard Vivian entertained the Girl Scouts, of Fernbrook Troop 16, this week. Luncheon was served to the following: Daisy Bellas, Peggy Martin, Cecelia Oglan, Leona Roberts, Jerry Sebolka, Laberta Schultz, Jean Wesley, and the hostesses. The following officers were elected: President, Cecelia Oglan; Secretary, Jerry Sebolka; Treasurer, Peggy Martin. Plans were made for the fall season.

Mrs. Della Parrish Is Honored On Birthday

Mrs. Della Parrish was guest of honor at a birthday dinner party at her home last Thursday evening. She received a number of lovely gifts and cards. Present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Cadogan, Mrs. J. Gordon Hadsell, Jean Hadsell, Martha Hadsell, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Calkins and Judy, Miss Elizabeth Cooke, Paul Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. David Ide, Esther, Jean, Dick, Harold, Bruce and Glen Ide and the guest of honor.

Dinner was served in the apple orchard.

Idetown Church Choir To Present Musicale

The Idetown Church Choir will present a musicale this evening in the Church, at 8 o'clock. The program will consist of both sacred and secular music. Following the musicale, an ice cream social will be held by the W.S.C.S. in the church house. Home Made Ice Cream will be for sale.

Given Farewell Party

Rev. John Albright and family were guests of honor at a farewell party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer N. Kerr by members of the congregation and friends of the Reformation Lutheran Church, recently. Rev. Albright was presented with a War Bond as token of appreciation for his kindness while serving the congregation.

Gathering At Meeker

The Men's Bible Class of the Meeker Church will hold a corn and wiener roast and ice cream social on the church lawn Saturday evening. Everyone is invited.

Attendance Record

Dallas Rotary Club had the second highest percentage of attendance in the district during the month of July. The club meets weekly at Lundy's.

Card of Thanks

Mr. and Mrs. Obe Skelding wish to thank all those who helped while their daughter was ill and during their recent bereavement.

JACKSON

Miss Victoria Zbick has returned home after spending her vacation with friends in New York.

Mrs. Margaret Eads and Arthur Beyer, Jr., are in Jersey City, N. J.

Miss Jessie Ashton finished her three years' training course for nurses at the Nesbitt Hospital on Tuesday, August 24th. Graduating exercises will be in October.

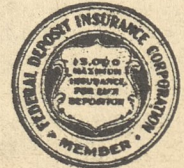
Miss Olga Swelgn is spending two weeks with her father and brothers here.

Jessie Bonning spent last Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Bonning.

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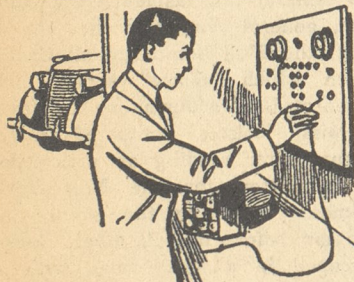
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