

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Characters out of Damon Runyon, horse handlers, had most of the chairs and tables in that noisy Saint Nicholas Hotel at DuQuoin probably calls its sidewalk cafe. Call it an over-size hot-plate and you are nearer the truth. But, inside the hostelry the heat was at an estimated 135 degrees, rooms were at a premium due to the State Fair, electric fans were beating the hot air into a Vulcan's brew, and even to lie feckless and frockless a-bed was only to expose consciousness to the thump of fists on a baize table somewhere below, and to hear the shouts of "snake eyes" and "Little Joe" and all else that makes verbal the southern game of craps.

I made it my business to get acquainted with the horse handlers, particularly with Jack Lystra, who says his name is right out of Dublin, Ireland; and Joe Grinnel, who traces his birth to Minnesota; and Rusty O'Brien, with Tennessee as his cradle. For so long a time as they have known horses, and it has been for very long, they have claimed Lexington, in Kentucky, as their home, and very proud of it, they are. All are attached to the fine animals that make the rounds of the Grand Circuit. They travel in express cars, for which they admit there is a war priority they will not discuss, but it is of sufficiency and it permits them to cross and re-cross the country in what they call the perfect comfort of modern convenience.

In five days there had been impressed upon me a new realization of how far you must go to approximate the beauties of Pennsylvania. Deep in southern Illinois there was at Steelville a suggestion of Dallas, but it was offset by the worst of Hazleton and Shenandoah when Merissa loomed in the perspective beyond the windshield and the earth rose in convulsions that marked the purgative paths of steam shovels in search of the earth's treasures. But, where the Ozarks leap the Mississippi and make a last stand of their eastern advance there is simulation of the foothills of back home, so that this Pennsylvania pilgrim really opened up to appreciation of an undulant country teeming with harvest and symphonic with birdcalls.

The big Buick, deftly handled by Alabama's Spud White, was no loiterer. It dared not be. Seven contacts, Midwest and South, were necessary to the accomplishment of a mission in behalf of a new concept of Americanism, and in the fag-end of the journey there must be stops at Murphysboro for a speech and at the State Fair for another, both on the way home. Take the prairies at ninety miles an hour for hours on end; then stand before a microphone on a Fair Ground platform and talk for forty minutes against the wind. It's quite an experience. I was glad to be at the dirty town of DuQuoin, dirty and noisy, hot and smelly, because there was where the horse handlers had laid up their express cars and they were talking about Pennsylvania.

"You gonna make the Horse Show at Devon?"

"Sure am; and from what I hear from the boss, I'll be at Reading, and Allentown and Bloomsburg. Ever hear of those places?"

"Sure. I've been at 'em all. Except that you remember there's no place like Kentucky you get to like those towns."

That was the trend of conversation that persuaded me to join up

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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.



September 26, 1943
Dear Editor:
No, I'm not a Gypsy, although I have been moving every few weeks. The Navy just teaches you things fast and so must move us on.

I finished Air Gunners' School and we are now back on the main station at Jacksonville. I have now started flying after months of school, but looking back on it, I can say it was not time wasted. On the contrary it was well worth waiting and studying for.

This is our last leg in the process of becoming Air Crewman and Combat material—what everyone here has been waiting for.

In closing I would like to wish a few of the fellows I played football with and against, good luck.

A "Lehmanite",
Loren E. McCarty,
A. R. M. 3/C
Box 35, Radio
Naval Air Station
Jacksonville, Fla.

P. S. Thanks for the many Posts and keep the good news coming.

September 25, 1943.

Dear Editor:
Writing a few lines to let you know that I am well and doing fine. I still receive the Post and I sure do enjoy reading it. The reason why I am writing is to let you know that I have been transferred to another camp. I am still in Texas and four hundred miles farther from home. I like this part of the country much better than the part I just left.

Tell all the folks I said "hello" and I sure miss good old Dallas. Thanking you once more for the Post. As I said before, I really do enjoy reading it. I will close now, because it is getting pretty late and the lights will be going out soon. So 'till the next time, I will say "so—long".

Pvt. Joseph J. Polachek
A. S. N. 33466050
884 P. T. S., Flight B
S. A. A. C. C.
San Antonio, Texas

September 26, 1943.

Dear Editor:
Just a few lines letting you know that I am receiving the Post and enjoying it very much.

We have been pretty busy going on bivouacs and every time we went it rained and you sure can get wet. The best part is they take you out on a truck and let you walk when coming back—and you don't come back by the road, you go through the woods.

I met quite a few fellows from back home up here, Sgt. Robert Pritchard, S/Sgt. Robert Covey and Pvt. Robert Beck.

Well, I guess that is all for this time and thanks a lot for the Post. Also wish Kingston Township football team lots of luck this season.

Yours truly,
Pvt. Robert D. Considine
Camp Edwards, Mass.

P. S. It's getting quite chilly up here now.

September 28, 1943.

Dear Editor:
I am sorry I haven't written sooner. Last month my father died and I was home for a few days. Sorry I didn't get to see you.

Everything here in Virginia is about the same as usual, although it isn't as hot as it was a few weeks ago. Wish I was back in Pennsylvania to spend the winter. We never have any snow down here for Christmas or hardly any to talk about at all, so you know how I feel after being away for three years.

Well, Editor, I don't know how to thank you for sending me the Dallas Post. It's more than a true friend.

As that's about all the news from here, I remain,
Sgt. W. E. DeRemer
Sub. Mine Depot Det.
Fort Monroe, Virginia

September 28, 1943.

Dear Sir:
When receiving your paper last night, I saw my name among the list of those who had incomplete files, so I will now send you mine. I had no idea that I was so far behind in it or would have done so sooner. It is a great thing to have a paper at home where people can find out where the men and women in service are and other important information.

Well, I have been out here on the desert almost two months and can't say that I like it, although it is not quite as hot in the morning as it was. I was told that it will

cool down here in a few weeks. I sure hope so.

I had my first visit to a country other than our own when I went to Tijuana, Mexico. It is some place, I must say. Went to the races at Caliente, but it was so crowded that you could hardly move. I don't think I would like to stay very long in Mexico, but it sure is a swell place to see.

I will close now and hope that you will be able to get the information needed from the other boys.

As ever, yours,
1st Sgt. Bill Dierolf
c/o Postmaster
Los Angeles, Calif.

September 27, 1943.

Dear Editor:
I've been putting this off for a long time. I guess it took this transfer to get me to write to you. I wish you would transfer the Post to me at this address. I've been getting the paper regularly and have enjoyed it very much. It sure is good to hear from all the boys I used to run around with.

I just finished Parachute School at Chanute Field, Illinois, I am now taking my overseas training and receiving my equipment. The school there was advance training for me as I worked for the Air Corps rigging parachutes about a year before I came into the Army.

Sincerely,
Pfc. Russell Transue
716 T. G., O. R. T. C.
Seymour Johnson Field,
N. C.

September 8, 1943.

Dear Editor:
Just a few lines to let you know I'm fine and hope this letter finds you all the same. I want to thank you very much for the paper. Received his address about two weeks ago from his mother and have had a couple letters from him so far, but haven't seen him as yet.

I'm having a swell time. Everything is going along swell. Thank

September 28, 1943.

Dear Mr. Risley:
I haven't purposely been neglectful, you can be sure. The Army has certainly kept me stepping and quite busy. It has been thoughtless of me, though, not to write you again and thank you most sincerely for my editions of the Post. I have been receiving them regularly and get quite a kick out of keeping in touch with the home town.

I have been moving around quite a bit at Camp here, from one company to another, but I think I'm settled now for a while. I hope so anyway.

At present I am working temporarily on special duty with the Signal Corps. The work is interesting and fun for a change but I do miss working with troops and hope to get back with them in time.

We're still having quite warm weather down here and I've about given up hope that winter and cool weather will ever come to Daytona. I'd much prefer a good Northern winter if the Army doesn't mind. They do, though, so I'll be contented to stay down South.

In my six months stay down here, I've seen many recruits trained and sent out to take over men's jobs. The training is hard but certainly worthwhile. I'm very proud to be a member of this Corps.

I'm sending my greetings to everybody at home and thank you once again for sending me the Post.

Yours sincerely,
Pfc. Ethel M. Bertram
WAC Tng. Center
Daytona Beach, Fla.

P. S. Perhaps I'll hear about this, but I have a suspicious notion that the poem "Don't Do It" in the Post's Corner of the September 24 Post was written by my mother. Am I right?

E. M. B.

September 28, 1943

Dear Editor:
I wish to apologize for not having written to you before this, but just didn't get to it. But now that I have finally gotten to it, I want to first thank you with all my heart for sending me the Dallas Post. I enjoy reading it very much, especially the letters from the other boys in the service. Through the Post I have found out where quite a few of my school chums are located. I have had quite a few changes in address in the last six weeks and today was the first Post I received in some time. The date of this Post was September 10th, but it was still interesting.

My first seven months in the Army was spent in an anti-aircraft outfit at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. It was a good outfit but I had a great ambition to fly so I undertook the examinations for an

you again for everything. Tell everyone I said "hello". Will write again soon. Cheerio.

As ever,
Pfc. Paul Redmond
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

October 1, 1943.

Dear Editor:
I guess it is about time I drop you a few lines thanking you for the Post. It seems to bring the news which is occurring five hundred or more miles away right up to my doorstep.

As you no doubt have noticed, I am in the V-12 program. I dare say it is about one of the largest tasks that the Navy has ever undertaken. It is established for the purpose of making future officers for the U. S. Navy and Marine Corps.

Very few of the students here have seen active duty before entering this program. I can say my twenty-seven months in the Marine Corps is helping me a great deal here. After obtaining the necessary amount of courses prescribed by the Navy Department we (Marines) leave for New River (I hate to go back there) where we get more military training. Then after completion of this we leave for Quantico, Virginia, where, after eighteen weeks, we are commissioned and ready to go wherever the Navy Department sees fit for us.

Well, so much for that. I'm just taking up space in our paper.

Would it be possible to bring us the Back Mountain football scores, etc., as I believe not only I, but all the men from the Back Mountain region would enjoy these?

Well, I guess I'll close and thank you for the paper again.

Very truly,
Robert J. Lahr
Vance—Box 3
U. S. Marine Tng. Unit
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

September 28, 1943.

Most important in treatment is absolute rest in bed for the duration of the disease, and for several weeks after the temperature has become normal. Exposure to cold and dampness, and chilling of the body when fatigued should be avoided. Infected teeth and tonsils should be removed. The use of sulfanilamide as a preventive measure during the rheumatic season is apparently of little or no value, and there is danger of drug toxicity after continued medication. Children who have had an attack of rheumatic fever should be watched carefully to prevent over-exertion and to avoid any strain of the heart.

aviation cadet and had success. I then spent four weeks in a Casual Detachment at Edwards while waiting shipment. Finally, the day came and I arrived a day later at Greensboro, North Carolina, where I am at the present undergoing my basic training.

The training is much tougher than the anti-aircraft, especially the physical training. My training is 28 days and then I'll go to college if I'm accepted (and I thought I was finished with school work).

Army life is all right when one knows he has to continue, but I'd dare the fellow to say truthfully that he would rather army life before civilian life.

Well, I believe I'll close now by asking you if you would kindly forward the Dallas Post to my new address. Thanks again for the best of papers. Also give all my friends my best regards.

Respectfully,
Robert Beck, 33460682,
Greensboro, N. C.

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THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

You know, of course, by this time how partial I am to life in the ordinary American small town. This weekend I had more proof that life in a small town can't be beat. To prove my point let me take you to greet two of my townspeople who celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary this past week.

Health Topics

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Rheumatic Fever

Rheumatic fever is an infectious disease, affecting the joints and the heart, with a tendency to recurrent attacks. It occurs chiefly in children and young adults. The joint inflammation is more evident in adults, and in children, the heart disease is more characteristic. The heart disease arises when the victims should be economic assets rather than liabilities. The mortality records show heart disease as one of the chief causes of death.

The attacks of rheumatic fever show a higher incidence of the disease among the families with rheumatic parents, and after association with a person with active rheumatism. Active acute cases are usually febrile, although some cases of rheumatic heart disease progress insidiously in the absence of fever. Slight fever may continue for months, and may be the only sign of disease activity. A previous attack of rheumatic fever probably confers no immunity and predisposes to subsequent attacks. There is no constant relation between the severity of the illness or number of recurrences and the development of heart damage.

Prognosis depends on whether or not the disease continues to be active and whether recurrences cause further damage to the heart. Signs of activity are joint pains, fever, fatigue, chorea, nosebleeds, nodules or lumps under the skin, and frequent colds and sore throats. Further damage to the heart is shown by an increase in heart size and an increase in valve lesions as indicated by physical examination. In both children and adults, the larger the heart, the shorter will be the span of life.

Most important in treatment is absolute rest in bed for the duration of the disease, and for several weeks after the temperature has become normal. Exposure to cold and dampness, and chilling of the body when fatigued should be avoided. Infected teeth and tonsils should be removed. The use of sulfanilamide as a preventive measure during the rheumatic season is apparently of little or no value, and there is danger of drug toxicity after continued medication. Children who have had an attack of rheumatic fever should be watched carefully to prevent over-exertion and to avoid any strain of the heart.

The children and the grandchildren were taking care of the refreshments and one member of the family was busy trying to give everybody a piece of the great wedding cake. The house wasn't large enough to hold the people. The ministers came, not only their own, but those of other churches, too. That is the way they do things in our town.

There was entertainment at the Ritchie wedding anniversary. It wasn't planned entertainment but people who sang happened to come and they didn't need any urging to sing. One young man gave a beautiful rendition of Bless Our Home and Mrs. Ritchie recited one of her favorite poems. The evening ended with a prayer by one of the ministers because Mrs. Ritchie felt that such a perfect evening should end with a prayer.

I am glad I live in a town where people can enjoy such simple pleasures. A fiftieth wedding anniversary might seem a great occasion to others but to the people in my town it was something worthwhile celebrating and I feel sure we all enjoyed it just as much as the Ritchies did.

I have, known the Ritchies all my life. They have been as important a part of my home town as the post office or Station Avenue or the drug store. The Ritchies are good people and I can remember how cheerful they have always been.

Last Saturday they invited the members of their church and any others who would like to come to stop in at their home to help them celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Little did they suspect how many people would accept that invitation. At seven o'clock the crowd began to gather and before nine o'clock had arrived there were two hundred people who had come to greet the Ritchies. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie stood in the flower-banked living room to receive their guests and on either side of them stood the man and the woman who had been their best man and bridesmaid when they had been married in 1893. It must have been difficult for the Ritchies and their attendants to stand so long, but they seemed to be enjoying every minute. They greeted all of us as if we were their very best friends. They had a little word for everybody.

You never saw such gifts. One room on the second floor was filled with them. It was just as exciting as the first time they had been married. There were hundreds of cards. Mr. Ritchie told me that ninety-one had arrived in one mail alone. He couldn't get over it: ninety-one cards at one time.

It seemed as if everybody in the town was there. The flower banked rooms—the flowers were gifts too—were jammed with my own townspeople, people who had come to pay their respect to a couple who had become a real part of the town. They all came to greet the Ritchies but they stayed to greet each other. You never heard such talking and such handshaking. There was plenty of noise but it was good noise, the kind that fills your heart and makes you choke back the tears that insist on coming.

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