

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

I was about to tell you the story of Tim Williams when Archie Learch came in. The puff of his chest, his stout stride, the fire of zeal in his eyes, all made clear that Archie was a man with a mission. So I put away the letter from Tim Williams, of whom it will be sufficient for the time being to say that, since leaving Laurel Run Borough and going to New York, he has become president of Williams Associates with nation-wide trafficking in the modern essentials to journalistic speed-up, on the mechanical side, of course. Tim Williams was on the night trick for me back in 1915 when I had a publishing operation moving out of Mutler Alley, in Wilkes-Barre. All else that matters at the present is that he said he read two stories about me in the September 2 and 11 issues of Editor & Publisher, and I wish to thank whomever was responsible for them. I didn't see them and have no idea of what they contained, good or bad. Anyhow, to somebody, thanks.

"How busy is your mimeograph department?" Archie Learch asked me.

The mimeograph department wasn't busy at all, but I hedged a bit.

"Why?" I asked Archie.

"I'd like to get a letter out to every editor in this country," said Archie Learch. "There's a matter that should be called to attention, not for editors alone but for the good of every man who gets his hair cut."

"Tell me about it," I suggested. "You may not believe it on the testimony of my shining plate, but I get a hair-cut. I even take my hat off while getting it, although it is an unnecessary concession to the operation. The fact, Archie, is that practically every man and boy in America submits to a hair-cut occasionally, some of them even regularly. What's that got to do with addressing a letter to all the editors?"

"I want to put a stop to a practice of the barbers," said Archie. "I'm a little late in getting started, too. Before I realized what it meant I let Ben Cook shave my ears."

"Ben's a very good barber, but he only clips the hair on the lobes of my ears," I told Archie.

"Yes, and what happens?" Archie was becoming fiery in mood. "You discover that with even one clipping or shaving of the ears the hairs begin to get lusty and grow faster. I've seen them as stiff as pig bristles, but I didn't realize until now what causes them. For the first time, today, Ben Cook shaved the hairs on my ear lobes."

"Well, it's a common practice, why bother about it?" I asked Archie.

"Do the men and boys realize what this practice will bring about?" Look, said Archie, "if this thing goes on we are going to have a race of hairy-eared men in this country. Each clipping or shaving of ear hairs will cause them to grow stronger. After a while the barbers will have us looking like a new version of the missing link. It ought to be stopped right now. I propose to have every newspaper in this country print a letter to that effect, to warn men and boys against barbers. If they do not permit the first clipping or shaving of the ear hairs there will be no need of a second operation," said Archie. "I want to act right now. Lend me your mimeograph, will you?"

As this is being written, Archie is busy on the stencil typewriter, punctiliously punching out his letter to the editors, wholly untroubled by the emotions of the gigantic reform he is going to bring about in the practice of barbers who give meretricious over-attentiveness to the hairs that grow on men's ears. Archie figures that we can devote twenty-five dollars of postage stamps to his evangelism and reach 832 of the country's editorial rooms, with 2 stamps left over for letters in the two-cent zone. He is quite welcome to the facilities of the mimeograph room.

And why not? Isn't it a healthful commentary on the soundness of America that Archie Learch, precariously poised between Congress and the Draft and waiting for one or the other to tilt him toward his future, can have left an all-encompassing enthusiasm for saving men from becoming hairy-eared as the simian? Archie is sound as a new silver dollar, prime for service; the question of whether he should continue civil life or enter the military he is glad to leave to the ponderous thinking of the war-makers. I would have supposed that with three young children, very young children, he might have waited until the war sopped up the dodgers on the federal payrolls.

If it should be that Archie's mail crusade for ears inviolate to the barber's razor and clippers should fail to touch in at Dallas, well, Mr. Editor, I will append a copy of the rough-draft of the Learch letter. Here it is:

"To The Editor: Men become bald, from worry or functional causes. That can't be helped. Other men



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 16, 1943

Dear Howard:

Just a few more lines to let you know that I am still receiving the Post and very happy. Everything is going fine over here. Wash Machine Charlie comes over and throws a good scare into us for he lets go his bombs anywhere. He is a very poor shot when he gets a target. The only part is that you think a million different things when you hear his bombs coming down so nice and sweet. Your best friend at a time like that is your fox hole and, of course, when two men go for one fox hole, the man on the bottom takes a good beating.

Well, Howard, I like this island I am on, but not like Oahu, for this place is bare. Nothing here but birds and natives, but we hope to see more and nicer and better islands in the near future. We have not seen civilization now for ten months and that sure is one heck of a long time. On top of that, I haven't seen home since October 12, 1940, and that's another long time. But as long as this war carries on and I am alive and capable of carrying on, I am going to be in it. I have been in it since December 7, 1941, and I hope to be in it when it ends—at least, I hope I am that lucky.

So far, I have enjoyed myself all the time on this island, for you see some very interesting things when you get out and around. One thing is the native people and the way they live. Their villages are something worth seeing and you can trade with them. They'll give you almost anything for a pipe or a knife.

I was in one village and saw everything there was. Here are some of the things I saw: One native woman, with a baby that could not have been over two weeks old and she had no clothes on it, was smoking a nice new pipe and enjoying it very much.

In another hut we were talking to a native man whose wife was there with him. There was a baby girl in the hut he claimed to be only four months old and she was running around better than any two-year-old baby back home. She was having quite a time with a little pig that was running around in the hut. One old lady was making some kind of beads and laughing at somebody in the crowd.

The natives here are very friendly with us all and have been ever since the first American soldier landed on the island, which was some time ago. Most all of the natives are Christians for there are a few missionaries on the island. Before the war there were quite a few and they were taught to speak English and read the Holy Bible and many natives ask you if you will give them a Bible. There is a native boy who works around our camp cutting bamboo who can speak really good English. He can read a Bible very well and also sing many church songs by heart. I gave him some Upper Room books that I had been saving and he read different verses out of them. I was surprised, for he read them very well, and thanked me for the books. They're very polite that way. You give them anything and they always thank you for it. They will not take anything that does not belong to them. They will ask you for it instead.

I know that a good many of you people at home would love to see just what we boys are seeing and I only wish you could, for it is very interesting and worthwhile. Before we get back we will see still more interesting sights and the most interesting of all is going to be when we get back there to the ones who have missed us so and loved us so. It is no fun being away for two or three years. I know, I have already experienced it.

In closing this letter I wish to say "hello" to you back there and I wish you all the best of luck and good health. You all back there are doing a very good job, and I know you will keep it up.

Thank you all very much,
Sincerely,
Pfc. Gilbert F. Huey,
Somewhere in South Pacific.

Meets Old Friend

September 19, 1943

Dear Sirs:

Just a few lines enclosing my address. I have been here only a few days and so far it isn't so bad.

I had a long trip over here, flying all the way. It was rather lonesome traveling by myself.

Just before I left the States, I visited Daytona Beach and was surprised to see an old friend of mine, Ethel Bertram. She was walking down the boardwalk and I called

to her. She turned and stared for a few minutes before she recognized me. I hope, through the Post, I can thank her for the enjoyable evening we had.

I visited Algiers several times since I have been here and found it a very interesting city. Boy, if I could only speak a little French.

I made my first flight last night and I'm still sweating it out.

F/O Glenn Loveland,
N.F.S.

Somewhere in North Africa P. S. The F/O stands for Flight Officer.

• And the N. F. S. stands for Night Fighter Squadron. Before entering service, Glenn was an electrician at the Boston Store and his old friend Ethel Bertram, both of them in the Class of '40 at K.T.H.S., was a switch board operator. Ethel's with the WACS. Swell to hear from you, Glenn.—Editor.

From An Old Friend

October 8, 1943

Dear Editor:

Another move, another camp, and keeping in mind the compliments I've paid my other stops (not including Nashville), I will say none were as beautiful as this one. The surroundings are just as you would want them.

Just imagine, a primary school on a lake shore surrounded on the other two sides with orange groves and long rows of grapefruit trees. Now to complete the picture add a town of approximately 40,000 people and very nice hotels and theatres. Oh, yes, I must not forget to mention the planes. They are in excellent condition and there are enough of them for all.

Now that I've given you my conception of this wonderful camp, I want to express my appreciation for the Post. I really do enjoy reading it and I've found many boys here who enjoy the items that are in it. They ask such questions as: "What sort of a guy is this editor that

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

THE DALLAS POST

ESTABLISHED 1889

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Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally Ho Grille, Hialo's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Leonard's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntville—Hontz'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.

We will not be responsible for the return of unaddressed manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

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.

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everyone writes to him?" and a few of them usually say, "here comes Garry's Locator", taking into consideration the Contact for Servicemen. So I explained to them the setup and all they can say is, "Boy, that editor sure is doing his share in keeping up morale." I usually add a few words in that line, but as the boys say here, "Not too much Browning, soldier". So I will stop here and leave you with my new address.

Sincerely,
A/C Thomas P. Garrity,
60th F. T. D.,
Lodwick School of Aero,
Lakeland, Florida.

• Sgt. Larry Yeager, Venice, Florida, was in to see us the other day, and he agrees that Lakeland is just about perfect. Also your picture post card confirmed it. Larry sent a lot of time hanging around the Ration Board. I'll just have to ask Anna May what it was he wanted that is rationed.—Editor.

He's A Combat Engineer

October 5, 1943

Dear Editor:

I have received the Post here in the desert and I also received it in Tennessee on maneuvers, so I thought I had better notify you about the change in address. It sure is swell to pick up a paper from the home town and see what is going on.

I've read in your Outpost where fellows say it is hot in many different parts of the states. Well, they should just take a shoot at this desert. Yesterday we took a nine-mile hike and they wouldn't give us any water until we had finished the hike. Well, I guess that's why they call us Combat Engineers. We hike like the Infantry, but when it comes to building bridges we sort of out point them there.

I would like the Post sent to my correct address.

Pvt. Chet Dropchinski,
c/o Postmaster,
Los Angeles, California.

P. S. The scenery is beautiful—sand and more sand.

• Chet, where is Tommy? Haven't heard from him for months. Is he still boxing? Mr. Snyder told me he was turned down by the army because of deafness. Tell Tommy to write. It was swell to hear from you. Mr. Snyder's Clark Summit team trounced Dallas Township last Saturday.—Editor.

He's Right—We're Wrong

Dear Mr. Risley:

Kindly note my slight change of address. It isn't much—in fact, it is only a difference of 150 feet, but still it might keep me from getting the Post. Believe me when I say that if everyone looks forward to the Post like I do, they are really more than welcoming it. Of course, my girl friend's mail comes first.

Enclosed you'll find one of those blanks, as I never did send any in and I sure don't want the paper to stop coming.

Another factor I wish to call your attention to is the birthday of a Joseph S. Wyant on September 20th. At least that is what I noticed. Mr. Risley, my birthday is on that date and you didn't have it listed, so if by chance it is an error, kindly correct it. If there is another Wyant whose birthday is then, kindly get me in touch with him.

So, closing now and looking forward to another Post, I remain

Your friends,
Pvt. Elmer Wyant,
Fort Eustis, Va.

• Gosh, I'm sorry. The birthday was yours, but somewhere between my list and the paper the name got mixed up. It won't happen again. Belated birthday greetings to you.—Martha.

• • • Our good friend Martha was probably a little nervous that day. Three handsome soldiers dropped in to see her at the same time.—Editor.

Easy Does It

October 4, 1943

Dear Martha:

Here is the Free Posts for Soldiers' coupon that you asked me to fill out twice. In case you can't read what is written on it, I will rewrite it in my letter.

I seem to have missed a few copies of the Post. I was very glad to get it today though. I don't think there is a better paper being sent free to the fellows in the service. I think I am speaking for all the fellows in the service when I say that and also when I say thanks again. We are still kept very busy here in college. I get a chance to write once in a while. When I write again it will probably be to tell you I have changed my address again, or rath-

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Do you ever stop to think how much you will remember about all the things that happened while we were at war? Will you ever forget our dear old points—God bless them! Will you ever forget the women who went to the store determined they would get a roast at any cost and when the butcher asked for the points, they just looked worried and said they didn't

have that many! Women in 1943 have learned to count all over again. Women, who for years have insisted that they knew little or nothing about mathematics, have learned to count and correctly or they have gone without food.

Ten years from now, will you have forgotten how precious butter was in 1943? It seems almost impossible that we could forget what we went through to get a quarter pound of butter. I suppose there will be many women who would rather forget how they went from store to store getting more than their rightful share of butter. I sincerely hope their consciences keep them awake at night! We have learned how good butter really is, haven't we? Several years ago we didn't have to look at our share of butter and wonder if it would possibly do for the evening meal, for the vegetables we had planned to serve and for the morning toast. We didn't have to figure butter by inches. Now we look on butter as something very very precious. Will you remember how you suspected your best friends of using the black market when they served butter in more than the usual quantity?

Will you ever forget how utterly beautiful a leg of lamb or a roast of beef looked in the butcher's case? Will you ever forget that the butcher always said the same thing when you asked for just a few pounds? "No, we didn't get any this week, but we have ham." We all try to be patriotic and most of us wouldn't take what rightfully belongs to someone else, but there have been times in 1943 when we could have cheerfully murdered the butcher and not been sorry.

After this war is ended will we forget how we made our shoes last? Will we remember that we shopped and shopped and shopped to get shoes that would last a long time because we only had one ration point and we couldn't waste its value?

Then years from now when the roads are black with fast moving automobiles will you remember how we complained because we couldn't get enough gas to go places? Will you remember the black markets and how we suspected everybody else of using them? Will you remember how precious gas stamps were and what a tragedy it was if we lost one? Will you remember how much we walked and how we worried if our shoes would last? Will you remember how difficult it was to get work done at the shoe-maker's and how long it took to get any kind of work done? Will you ever forget how you called and called the plumber or the heater man or any workman and how you kept right on calling. They never arrived because there weren't any workmen. They were all at war in the shipyards!

Will you remember all the boys in uniform? Will you remember what a stir they created when they came home on furlough? Will you remember ten years from now that they fought our war for us. Will you?

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ENSLAVED EUROPE