

Europe's Underground Mobilizes for D-Day

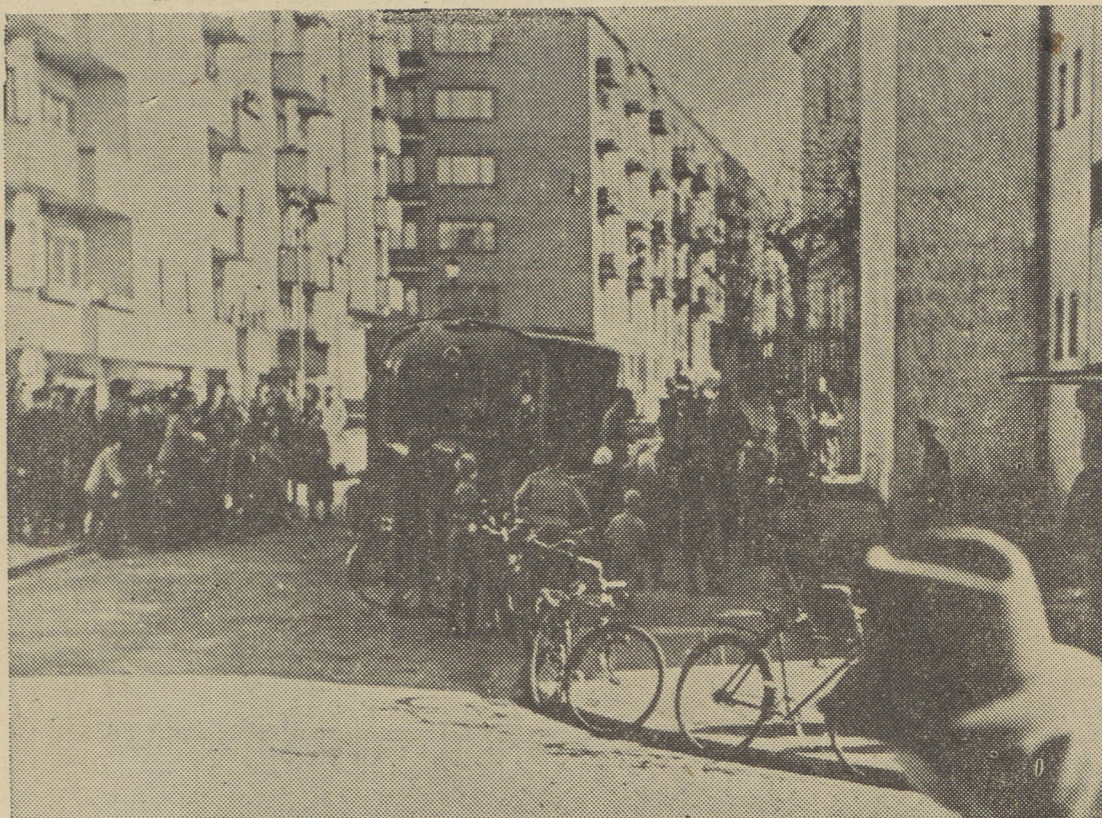


**'The Hour Approaches'
And A Secret Army
Intensifies Its Fight
Behind the Enemy Lines**

Posters like the one above which has been appearing on walls and buildings all over Belgium are striking evidence of the preparations that the underground organizations of occupied Europe are making to play their part in the coming invasion of the continent. The plans which the military leaders of the United Nations are making call for an intensification of sabotage, guerilla warfare and organized resistance to synchronize with the attack on the continent. The people of the occupied countries are experienced in this kind of secret, deadly warfare, have fought it five years. In Poland and Czechoslovakia, in Holland, Denmark and Luxembourg patriots have risked their lives to fight the invaders in their midst and put a spoke in the wheels of the Nazi war machine. Coordinated with the strongest invasion force in history and armed with smuggled weapons they will carry the Battle of Europe into every village and railroad yard, home and factory.



Somewhere in the Alps of French Savoy an underground army which has been fighting the Germans waits the call for an all-out attack. This smuggled photo shows them in training.



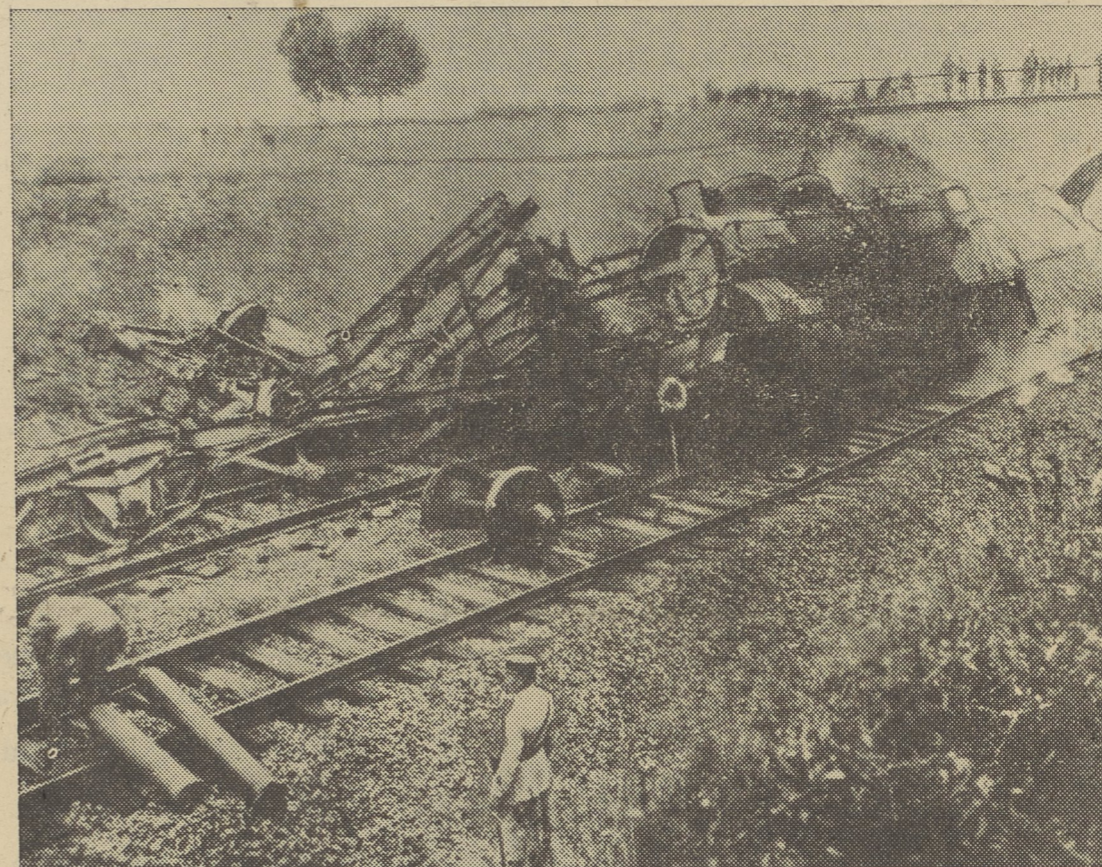
Death to traitors is the unrelenting rule of the underground fighters. Here in Oslo an eager crowd gathers in front of a house where two quisling informers have been executed by Norwegian patriots as an ambulance arrives to remove the bodies of the spies.



In the Greek mountains and the mountains of Crete hard-bitten fighters like these have harassed the Axis with many surprise raids.



The famous guerilla armies of Yugoslavia have successfully waged open warfare against the Nazis for three years, capturing ammunition, towns and immobilizing 100,000 Axis soldiers.



Sabotage is a powerful weapon, particularly when it is directed against Nazi transport and communications. Here is one of thousands of freight trains wrecked by the underground. This one, a train carrying high octane gas, was wrecked somewhere in France.

From Pillar To Post

(Continued from Page One)

afternoon train on Saturday, or possibly by bus sometime during the evening.

So I sally forth and work on the butcher, parting with sixty-five red points and bearing home in triumph a roast of beef the size of a young calf, a roast which the butcher has been saving for another customer. Nothing but beef will do for the visiting English, beef naturally accompanied by Yorkshire Pudding and buttered asparagus. Hands across the sea, the good neighborhood policy, and all that sort of tosh.

Saturday night brings no Bilgewater, and we view the ice-box with alarm. Not that we are physically incapable of dealing competently with sixty-five points worth of roast beef, but we regret such wholesale squandering unless strictly necessary in the cause of hospitality.

At midnight we get a long-distance telephone call, some what fuzzy in character because of the connection or because of the night-club. The Lord and Lady Bilgewater have been unavoidably detained, but they still hope to spend at least one night in Wikes-Barre. I reply with considerable asperity that unless they can arrive in time for Sunday dinner they may as well settle down to a steady round of night life in New York. That there's a sinfully large roast of beef waiting for the oven.

The comeback to this is that roast beef makes excellent hash and that warmed gently with a brace of dropped eggs nestled in a slight depression, a serving of hash makes a wholly desirable Sunday night supper, a Monday morning breakfast, or even a Monday noon lunch. With plenty of coffee, of course.

But I detect signs of weakening, especially when I describe a delightfully browned exterior, crusted delicately with salt and pepper, and a rare and lusciously pink interior. On Sunday at eleven A. M. I give up and philosophically shove the roast in the oven. At noon we get a telegram from Easton: "Warm fatted hash. Will arrive at one-thirty."

The guests installed, we discover that since their last visit Lord Bilgewater has taken up card tricks, bone-rolling, and legerdemain. He is a living exponent of that slogan, "The hand is quicker than the eye", and he states with pride that he has recently become an accredited member of the American Association of Magicians.

While I stir the beef gravy with one hand, I choose a card with the other. It is always the card that Lord Bilgewater expected it to be, and it is baffling, leading to lumps in the gravy.

While I remove the baked potatoes from the oven, Lord Bilgewater slips a rope around my capacious waistline, tying it securely, and inviting me to step out of it without disturbing the knot.

I tell him to go and play games somewhere else if he ever expects any dinner, and with a yearning backward glance at the roast he drifts off to astonish the baby with vanishing tricks.

After dinner he engages to make a small glass of White Horse Scotch completely disappear. Having seen Lord Bilgewater make White Horse Scotch in somewhat larger glasses completely disappear on several former occasions, I am not too surprised. But it appears that this time the White Horse will disappear entirely by magic instead of by the ordinary or garden route of down-the-hatch.

He holds the small glass in his hand, palms it adroitly, and it is gone. Nothing up the sleeve, nothing but a faint whisk of the coat-

NOXEN

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, Elwood and Eleanor Fisher of Endicott, N. Y., spent last weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Miner.

Mrs. Joseph Hackling, Jr. and daughters of Plymouth spent several days recently with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hackling, Sr.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Fritz were Mr. and Mrs. Ira Miller, Elwood Miller, Eleanor Fisher, Jack Messersmith of Endicott, Mrs. Leo Lord and son, Lee Robert and Mrs. Lewis Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Messersmith, Endicott, spent last weekend with Mrs. Alfretha Osborne.

Earl Crispell, Jr., of Hartford,

tails. Another expert pass, and here is the small glass again, empty. I sniff suspiciously, but there is no haunting fragrance, no telltale spot on the floor. The Adams Apple is quiescent, the face a mask of innocence.

Lord Bilgewater offers magnificently to perform the trick all over again. He refills the glass, once more palms it expertly, once more returns it empty. This happens six times. Lord Bilgewater's eyes are becoming somewhat glazed, but his hand never falters. The level of Scotch in the White Horse bottle is falling steadily, and Tom eyes it mournfully. It is ordinarily kept in the cupboard under the china closet for medicinal purposes only, and in case a snake should sneak into the house. I can see that Tom thinks a snake has already made the grade.

I suggest that Lord Bilgewater demonstrate some card tricks instead of palming White Horse indefinitely, and he regretfully explains his patent deck. While he explains the intricacies of the deal, I unobtrusively remove the White Horse. Playing the ponies can be carried to an extreme.

Conn., is visiting friends and relatives here.

Harold Strohl of Newark and Janice Sayre of Tunkhannock spent the weekend with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Strohl.

Mrs. Charles Meade of East Orange, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Leibenguth. Ruth and Leah Hackling of Newark, spent several days with their father, Robert Hackling, recently.

Mrs. Carl Brobst and daughter, Shirley, of Endicott, spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Edwards.

Mrs. Stanley Rybicki has returned after spending the past week with her daughter at Brooklyn.

Louella and Edward Palmer of Newark spent the weekend with relatives here.

Janet Schench of Newark spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schench.

Allie and Jennie Blizzard of Newark spent the weekend with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blizzard.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hackling and sons of Vestal spent the weekend with relatives here.

Lieut. Robert Dimmick of New York and Mrs. Dimmick and children of Atlantic City and Mrs. Bernard Dendler of Vestal spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Arba Dimmick.

SWEET VALLEY

Mrs. Philip Dodson of Muhlenburg and Rev. Joseph Fisk called on Mrs. D. G. Klinetob on Sunday. Mrs. Klinetob is somewhat improved from a recent illness.

Frank Cole is a patient in the Nanticoke Hospital.

Miss Elinor Doberstein, student nurse of General Hospital, called at the home of her parents Sunday.

William Doberstein is spending a few days with his parents before entering the Navy.

Betsy Ross and Mrs. Myrtle Ayers

of Dalton are spending some time with D. E. Davenport.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Case and children of Pearl River, N. Y., spent the weekend with Mrs. Case's parents of this place.

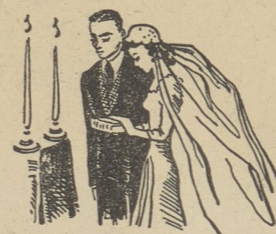
Pfc. Lewis Button has returned to his camp at Presque Isle, Maine, after spending a furlough with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Ira Button, and his wife and daughter. His wife and daughter have returned from the hospital and are at the home of her sister at Beaumont.

Sterling Mead is spending a furlough with his father, Delbert Mead, and family.

Christian Church

Church services for Sunday, June 4: Sunday School, 10 o'clock; Preaching, 11; C. E., 6:45, and at the 7:30 service there will be a special program with the Gospel Messengers in charge. There will be special music. Everybody welcome.

... fill death do us part.



But why not take the steps now to provide for her after "death do us part." A Farm Bureau life insurance contract can assure her of a future well provided with the material necessities of life after you are gone, as well as assure security for both of you in your old age.

For further information, call Ernest Gay, Dallas RFD 3, Telephone Centermoreland 62-R-3.

FARM BUREAU LIFE INSURANCE CO. Home Office—Columbus, O.

BEAUMONT

Alta Weaver, Green Castle, is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Glen Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith were weekend guests of Althea in New Hope, N. J. recently.

Raymond Denman, New Jersey, spent last weekend with his family. Mr. and Mrs. Job Dietz have moved from New York to the MacDougall apartment.

William Austin has returned from a business trip to Detroit, Mich.

Tuesday, May 23, was the last day of school in Monroe Township.

Mrs. Emory Straley is confined with pleurisy.

Pvt. William Bellas of Camp Stewart, Ga., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Herbert Bellas, a patient at General Hospital.

Mrs. Gladys Pettebone and son of Arlington, N. J., is visiting Mrs. Cora Nulton.

BACK UP YOUR BOY
Buy an Additional Bond Today

Only Quality Cleaning

is good enough for your clothes

SEND THEM TO

CIRCLE Cleaning & Dyeing Co.

To contact driver, Call Dallas 300 987 Wyoming Ave., Forty Fort Kingston 7-1645



For a real job of growing rugged pullets that will make good layers use

Ti-O-Ga Grower

It's economical to feed and you'll like the results.

DEVENS MILLING COMPANY

A. C. Devens, Owner

KUNKLE, PA. Phone 337-R-5

DALLAS, Pa. Phone: 200