

## Contact For Service Men

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The American Theatre of Operations Ribbon, the Good Conduct Medal, and the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Ribbon with four bronze stars for his participation in the East Indies, Papuan, New Guinea, and the Bismarck Archipelago campaigns. He was also a member of the Red Raiders when this organization was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for extraordinary achievement in the Papuan campaign.

Sergeant Simpson is material Inspector for the Red Raiders.

In civilian life he was employed as a grower for J.N. Connyngnam of Lehman.

Private First Class J. Russell Bertram has arrived somewhere in England, according to word received recently by relatives in Chase Russell is with an Anti-Aircraft outfit and was stationed at Camp Stewart, Georgia. He is one of many anti-aircraft men from the Back Mountain Region who were sent overseas a few weeks ago in a great exodus to help stem the robot bomb menace. During one week The Dallas Post received more than thirty address changes of anti-aircraft who were being transferred to England.

Cpl. George P. Johnson Jr. writes from France that he is receiving the Post quite regularly. He has been in France since the invasion and forgot to change his address but the Post followed him just the same.

## Arrives in India

Word has been received that PFC. Loren Fiske, son of Mrs. Edith Fiske of Davenport street has arrived safely in India with an Air Transport Command. Loren entered the service April 19, 1943 and for the past year and a half had been stationed at several air bases in the Southern states, also in Michigan and New York.

Pfc. Fiske is a graduate of Dallas Borough High School in the class of 1940. Before entering the service he was engaged in general hauling.

Sgt. Madera "Soap" Krieger of Trucksville, is still in an army hospital overseas. He recently sent his mother the Purple Heart Medal. "Although it is very pretty and we are proud of it," she says, "we realize it cost him a lot of suffering". A few days before "Soap" was wounded he sent a package containing a German helmet, cap and leggings and a German flag.

## Receives Special Training

Camp Rucker, Ala.—Captain Ellen E. Piatt, ANC, daughter of E. W. Piatt of Trucksville, has successfully completed her basic military training and was recently graduated from the Basic Training Center for Army Nurses, an Army Service Force facility, at Camp Rucker, Alabama.

The four week's course Lt. Piatt completed was designed to supplement her professional civilian nurse's training with specialized Army study and practice. It familiarized her with Army hospital

methods and taught her how to take care of herself and her patients in the field.

Lt. Piatt is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. She enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps on November 1, 1940.

As a graduate of the military Training Center, she is eligible for assignment to an Army general or station hospital in this country or to an organization slated for overseas duty.

## Another Battle Star

At A 12th AAF B-25 Base—Award of a bronze battle star for his units participation in the French campaign has been made to Sergeant Gordon Sweppenheiser, of Dallas. It was announced at 12th Air Force Headquarters in Italy recently.

The B-25 Mitchell bomb group to which he is assigned played a major role in softening up southern France for invasion by launching an aerial assault against communications and defenses 11 days prior to D-Day.

Sergeant Sweppenheiser is serving as Chemical Warfare Specialist with the battle-seasoned Mitchell group.

## Completes 51 Missions

Miami Beach, Fla.—1st Lt. Wiloam Watlock, 21 of Dallas, Pa. has arrived at Army Air Forces Redistribution Station No. 2 in Miami Beach for reassignment processing after completing a tour of duty outside the continental United States.

Medical examinations and classification interviews at this post, one of three redistribution stations operated by the AAF Personal Distribution Command for AAF returned officers and enlisted men, will determine his new assignment. He will remain here about two weeks, much of which will be devoted to rest and recreation.

Lieutenant Watlock, son of Nick Watlock, 15 Blackman St., Luzerne, Pa., was a Flying Fortress pilot in the European theater for eight months and flew on 51 missions. He holds the Air Medal with three oak leaf clusters. His wife, Mrs. Ethel Watlock, resides at Dallas.

## Back In U.S.A.

Sgt. Harry P. Beck who has been with the 1st Evacuation Hospital on New Guinea has returned to the United States after thirty months over seas. He is at present a patient at the Woodrow Wilson Hospital in Staunton, Va. Sgt. Beck is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Beck of East Center Street, Shavertown, and was employed by the Kraft Cheese Company before his enlistment.

## Made Squadron Leader

Maxwell Field, Ala.—William J. Snyder son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Snyder, 45 Claude St., Dallas, Pa. has been appointed a Squadron Leader in the corps of cadets with the rank of Aviation Cadet Sergeant at the Army Air Forces Pre-Flight School at Maxwell Field, Ala. where he is completing an intensive course in military, academic and physical training.

## From Pillar To Post

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maps with cunningly shaded areas with X marking the spot.

But it was a nice earthquake while it lasted. A giant hand grasped the footboard of the bed and drew it compellingly from north to south for perhaps eight seconds, while the pitifully thin and superficial crust of earth stretched tightly over the vast inner turmoil of the globe trembled and shuddered.

People who have lived on the Pacific Coast are accustomed to such tremors. The newspapers mention them on an inner page, playing down their own local quakes and playing up those of their rivals. An earthquake in Los Angeles is described in the Los Angeles press as having occurred four hundred miles south of San Francisco.

People from the Lesser Antilles think of earthquakes as the norm, like dog-days or weather-breeders, or a full moon or high tide.

Boston experienced an earthquake some twenty years ago when earthquakes on the Atlantic Coast were practically unknown except as a wavering line on the seismograph. The same tremor or series of tremors was doubtless felt the entire length of the Seaboard, but Boston took the earthquake to its chilly heart and spoke of it tenderly as its own. Boston had not had a quake for years and years, and

this one was front-page news.

People gathered on Boston Common and compared notes for days. Folks located on the upper floors of tall apartment buildings had experienced a real thrill. The roller-coaster effect had knocked pictures from the walls, china from the shelves, and had stopped grandfather clocks in their outraged tracks.

One elderly woman, somewhat crippled with arthritis and perennially low in her mind in consequence, had been bewailing her lot and praying for deliverance. Life, she felt, was not worth living. Her son, who had listened patiently to all of this before, made soothing sounds.

Came the earthquake. The tall apartment house took its place in a stately dance. It dipped, it swayed, it curtsied to its partner. The foundations gave forth a hollow groan as each successive wave passed under them.

The elderly woman once more took a keen and active interest in

life, just any kind of life. It seemed to her that this time she had tempted fate too far and that she might be about to get her wish. She grasped her son's arm in a firm and healthy grip, and announced that she had changed her mind. She said that she had found that she did not care half so much about dying as she had supposed she did.

I have often wondered about earthquakes. Do people create them, dreaming them up out of the circumambient ether or evolving them from the inner consciousness?

Certain it is that the Boston earthquake followed closely upon the heels of two ex-tropical damsels who had moved their Lares and Penates into our house, setting up a modest little apartment in two rooms on the second floor.

Their first concern, it appeared, was the lay of the land. The less enderly of the two fished a small compass from an overflowing handbag and laid it on the floor. North and South established, the ladies pulled and hauled on their beds un-

til the beds were in alignment.

I was overcome with curiosity. Boston and its environs blossoms with peculiar ideas, but this seemed to be the payoff.

"Would you mind telling me," I ventured, "just why you want your feet pointing toward the South and your head toward the North?"

"Oh, just in case of earthquakes," replied the younger nonchalantly.

"Earthquakes?" I echoed faintly.

"Why yes, of course," elaborated the senior member of the firm, "you know how earthquakes are. If you are lying North and South, you don't roll out of bed. You just wave up and down."

And the very next day we had that earthquake.

It came in the daytime, so that the earth-wave was clearly visible.

It passed like a series of ripples on a pond down the length of the front lawn with its enormous central oak tree, across Kirkland street with its scurrying traffic, and under the apartment house on the far side. The apartment house rose ponder-

## Trucksville Mothers To Meet October 11

Service Mothers will meet in the Trucksville Hose House all day and in the evening if necessary Wednesday, October 11 to pack Christmas boxes. Come at 9 o'clock and bring shredded cellophane or white paper for packing and several comic books. Over 70 men and women of Trucksville are now overseas and the mother of each is asked to come and pack her son's box. If your son or daughter's correct address has not been given to the secretary bring it with you. Also addresses of your neighbor boys or girls serving overseas.

ously but with dignity into the air, subsided, and the wave passed on.

The ex-tropical ladies watched with academic interest from the front steps.

"See? Just in case of earthquakes," they announced placidly and in perfect unison.

When's the next time  
you'll be broke?

Hard to say, isn't it?

In fact, you haven't given it much thought. Things are going well now. The job pays fine, and it looks as if it will last forever.

But suppose it doesn't? Suppose, in the years after the war, you find things slowing up. What then?

Sure... maybe a good man can always get a job. But isn't it a great thing to have a nice soft cushion to fall back on if and when things don't go right?

And right now, if you're in the Payroll Plan and tucking money away regularly, week after week, you're fashioning the best kind of cushion you can possibly have, a big wad of money invested in War Bonds.

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Think that over. And when you get your check... chuck a good portion of it into Bonds... even though you're buying them already. Buy War Bonds—and hang onto them.

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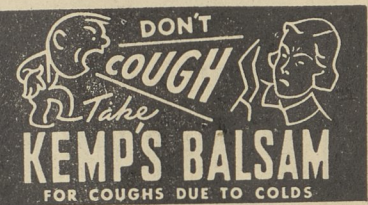


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