

# THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I have just finished reading a book which I feel sure many of you would enjoy if you had access to it. I found "With The West In Her Eyes" on the shelf of a local library, and I know nothing about its author, Kathleen Strange, until I began reading about her life as a rancher's wife, a rancher's wife who had never spent a day on a farm until she and her husband began farming in Alberta, Canada, shortly after the end of the War of 1914-17.

Kathleen Strange lived in London and during the War she was employed in one of the various war departments. One afternoon at tea-time with a group of her associates she found herself talking to a stranger who had taken the only vacant chair at the table. Before she had finished talking to the stranger she had found a friend. At the end of the war she married the stranger who she had met so casually one busy afternoon over a cup of tea. Major Strange had been born in England, too, but he had traveled far afield. He was an engineer who had served in Africa during the Boer War. He had been in the Klondike region during the gold-rush and had spent some time in Australia, and twelve years before the author of "With The West In Her Eyes" had met him he had settled in Hawaii. He was the father of three boys, his wife was dead and the children were staying with their grandmother until the war was over. Major Strange never did get back to Hawaii because his doctor advised him to live as much as possible out in the open, so Kathleen Strange found herself married to a man who had three sons and a ranch in Canada.

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Mrs. Strange knew absolutely nothing about farming and if anyone had told her she would make a good farmer's wife she would have told them they were insane! She couldn't even cook and she had never lived anywhere but London. When she walked into what was to be her home for the next ten years she was dismayed to discover that it was nothing but a shack and she was to be cook, housemaid, and laundress, not only for her husband and the three boys but for the hired help as well! Every night she was ready to quit and right after night she cried herself to sleep but slowly she worked out her problems because Kathleen Strange was an unusual woman. There never had been any pioneer women in her family but she seemed to be made of the stuff which gives people endless courage to tackle anything. She was strong and probably because her husband was patient and believed in her ability, she soon became one of the best ranch wives in the surrounding community.

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The ranch was far removed from the nearest neighbor and Kathleen Strange had much to learn from her neighbors. One morning she decided she would go visiting on horseback. She wore her riding breeches just as she did when she rode in London. She was surprised that the first woman she called on treated her so coolly. Later a delegation of women came to the ranch to inform Major Strange that his wife must dress more appropriately if she expected to take part in community affairs. But little those women knew about their new neighbor. She kept right on wearing her riding breeches and it wasn't very long before her neighbors were glad to welcome her to their community affairs.

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The family didn't get to church as often as they would have liked. Sunday on the ranch, although a day of rest from work in the fields, was still a busy day because the usual chores had to be done, and getting breakfast for everybody at a later hour than usual, involved plenty of extra work and confusion. One morning the family did get off to church. When they arrived a few minutes late the services hadn't even started. Evidently the minister didn't always get around to this particular parish so one of the Deacons conducted the services. When it came time for the sermon he looked the congregation over very carefully and much to Kathleen's astonishment, the deacon called on her husband to make the morning address. She looked at her husband and was amazed to find him getting out of his seat. He walked briskly up to the pulpit, and while his wife stared at a man she didn't seem to know, Major Strange delivered one of the finest sermons the little church had ever heard!

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Mrs. Strange tells story after story of her years on the ranch. It wasn't very long before they built a house to replace the shack they had been living in. The first Christmas they enjoyed in their new home sounds like something out of Dickens. Mrs. Strange was afraid her plum pudding wouldn't be perfect and she worried over roasting her first turkey but everything turned out to perfection, and in the evening the neighbors for miles around came to their housewarming. Mrs. Strange invited about 30, and four times that many came!  
Mrs. Strange had always wanted to go back to London for a visit and when she had been on the ranch about eight years she did go to England. When she reached London she wondered why she had ever left home! She longed for her home in the wide open spaces. She kept remembering how lovely the Spring was in Canada. She didn't tarry long, because she soon realized that her heart was with her family in Canada, and she was no longer happy anywhere else.

## THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

If the truth about what this country needs were dragged out into the open and we could view it from all sides, it would not be anything very complicated. It would be quite simple. Our country needs a rest.

We need a rest from argument and debate—and self-anointed shepherds. We have developed sit-down-and-listen-it-is.

We been going through an era where all the simple things of life and our successes of the past are debated and questioned. You don't tune-in or read much except where somebody is venturing an opinion on what is wrong and guaranteeing to fix it—if elected. But on top of it all, we keep on getting more threadbare.

But listening to grand argument and soothing, sweet words is like it is with ice-cream and fruit-cake and pie—you get fed up—and you are hungry for some cornbread and spareribs.

I guess we will be alright now, pretty soon—but we had quite a session.

Yours, with the low down,  
JO SERRA.

## RICOCHETS

By RIVES MATTHEWS

I agree with Walter Lippman, and regret that nothing of importance will be done, or decided upon, until after the elections next Fall. And I join him, and other serious thinkers, in a prayer for the safety of this nation while it allows itself to be distracted by the side-show of politics at such a serious time in the history of the world.

Until recently I felt that Mr. Roosevelt was wise in keeping mum on the Third Term Issue. I felt that as soon as he opened his mouth on the subject—especially if he announced that he would not run again—he would be shorn of all power, and that this country would then be virtually without a president until a new one was named next November.

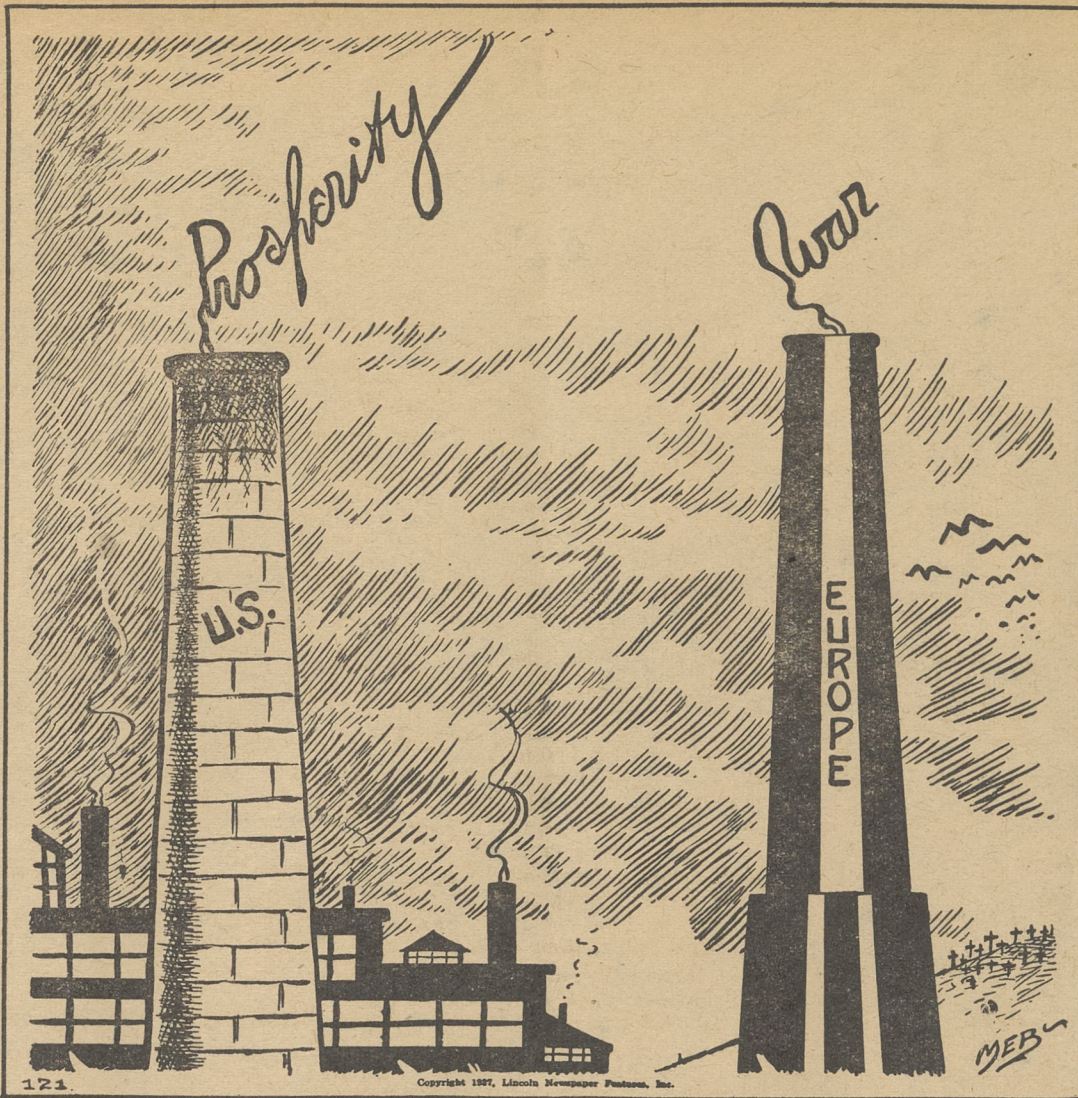
But now I think the time has arrived for Mr. Roosevelt to speak his piece and give the boys the hottest piece of news they're going to put on the wires this year. There is now no doubt in my mind that Mr. Roosevelt intends to run again. And there is no doubt in the minds of his official opponents, as well as his unofficial ones within the ranks of the Democratic Party, that he intends to run again. All that is left for him is to pick the time to say that he will do so, and from that moment on, this country will again have a leader, because everyone, except a few wishful thinking Roosevelt-haters, believes that Mr. Roosevelt can have a third term if he wants it.

I am not ready to suggest, and I will never be, that we forget the side-show of a national election. But if there ever was an inconvenient time for one, it's going to be next summer and fall when the rest of the world will be shooting itself to bits and threatening to destroy the order of things as we know them.

Therefore, as everyone admits Mr. Roosevelt can win hands down, his announcement of his willingness to run again will take a lot of interest out of the election and will, possibly, give the people of this country more time to think how we shall adjust ourselves to a world that is changing so rapidly about us, and which may, if we're too occupied with party politics, involve us in an avalanche far worse than four more years of Mr. Roosevelt in the White House could ever be, the New York Herald-Tribune and Mr. Herbert Hoover and "Charley McCarthy" Dewey notwithstanding!

The average one-ounce slice of bread actually is less fattening than a cup of lemon juice. A slice of bread contains 65 calories; a cup of lemon juice has 80.

## CONSTRUCTION AND DESTRUCTION!



"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

## THE DALLAS POST

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Howard W. Risley.....Manager  
Howell E. Rees.....Editor  
Harold J. Price.....Mech. Supt.

## FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

For the past eighteen years my hair has been a constant source of trouble to me. The first time it irritated me was when it was first cut. I am under the impression that I bit the barber. Since then it has either been hanging in my eyes or giving a remarkable imitation of a brand new scrubbing brush. Right now it is hanging in my eyes, but I am going to wait a while before having it cut due to the present weather conditions.

Lately I have noticed something strange about my hair; it has turned about three shades darker since I arrived in this world, which, I am told, can be accredited to the lack of exposure and salt water.

I don't like to seem jealous but I do wish my hair had a little wave or something in it to make it look more like a head of hair, and less like a mop. In the past few years all my friends have acquired very fancy waves, while my hair has kept right on growing straight up only to fall straight down again.

In the summer I let my locks grow longer because it always felt so good to come up from a dive, toss my head and feel the strands slap against the back of my neck. I'll admit that, though this was fun, my head did look a little ratty when dry. One summer Bill Jensen, a pilot who lived near me, got tired of seeing the "walking dustmop," lurched me into his car on the pretense of taking me to the airport for a free flight, and drove me to the nearest barber, where he had it trimmed to a neat three-quarters of an inch. He threatened to repeat the performance if he ever caught me with my ears overgrown again.

I believe that I am quite accurate in saying that ninety percent of the boys my age want at least one wave in their hair. I was quite pleased when I discovered a well-curved lock at the base of my skull about two inches over from my spinal cord, but my joy was short lived for I traced the cause by patient poking, and found that it was just making a detour around my ear. I guess I do need a haircut!

## FREEDOM

The columnists and contributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance with those of The Post.

## THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is open to everyone. Letters should be plainly written and signed.

Dear Editor:

Please permit me space in your popular paper to outline a few facts which have misled the public in the Back Mountain Section. There are rumors afloat that might lead the public to believe the American Progressive League, Inc., is a Democratic organization. This rumor is absolutely untrue.

As a member of the Kingston Township Branch, No. 22, I can testify that there are no politics talked during our meetings. We have a few members, but we are proud of those we do have. Anyone can come to our meetings now without being afraid of being insulted.

Members of Branch No. 22 are requesting every good citizen in the Back Mountain Section to come to our meetings to get acquainted with our members and the kind of work we are endeavoring to do. There is no discrimination. We are eager to help the down and out. We are appealing to the general public for its moral support.

We consider it a great victory for the A. F. of L. to have the rural WPA wage increased from \$48 to \$52 a month. Such acts as this are the objectives of the league from start to finish.

Paul Hughey,  
Chairman, Branch 22.

## HARRISBURG WHIRLIGIG

Harrisburg, February 15 (Special to The Post)—When Secretary of Welfare, E. Arthur Sweeney and Major Henry C. Hill visited the new \$3,600,000 Industrial School for Boys at White Hill, near here, they found 150 windowless cells which experts say would not be permitted "even at Alcatraz." Other defects in guard tower construction will have to be corrected. The alterations will cost the State thousands of dollars.

Pedestrians again were the principal victims of motor vehicle accidents in Pennsylvania in 1939, according to a report issued by Revenue Secretary William J. Hamilton, Jr. Of the 1871 deaths attributable to motor vehicles last year, 915 were pedestrians. Total fatalities for last year were 1871, compared to 1882 in 1938. There were 107,310 more Pennsylvania-owned cars on the highways in 1939 than during the previous year, and 70,000 more gallons of gasoline consumed during 1939 than in 1938.

In opening a State-wide "Renovize Campaign," Governor Arthur H. James said: "Everyone profits when a man gets a job. New wage dollars spring immediately into wide circulation. They work harder and longer than any other dollars. \*\*\* We suggest that every property owner look at his home, store factory or farm with the critical eye of the buyer. We suggest that each determine the extent of repair, remodeling and repainting that will be required to modernize that real property and to have the necessary work started at once." \*\*\*

The balance in the State general fund at the close of business on January 31, 1940 was \$13,348,245, as compared to a general fund balance of \$3,870,659 for the comparative date a year ago.

## SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Back in late 1932 and early 1933, when Prosperity was tobogganing faster than a bobsled on Olympic sluce ice, the average experience of your scrivener's household was to be called nine times a day to the back door, there to be greeted by applicants for a meal.

It got so that it became an absolute necessity that a cupful of nickels and dimes be kept in the kitchen cupboard. Fifteen cents was equal to a fairly ample meal of reasonably good food at a modest lunch-room around the corner and it was worth that much to evade the possibility of contact with the American unwashed.

Well, sir, just as 1933 was wriggling out of the ashes of collapsed banks and demolished business, along about the period of introduction of wide-spread Relief and WPA the door-knocking stopped. If colored gentlemen from the South were still finding reason and route to get northward on a search for survival this man's habitat was getting no calls from them. Inquiry among the neighbors elicited information that the strays were missing around their premises, too, and there was nothing to do other than convince oneself that somebody (maybe it was that man in the White House) had achieved a stop-gap for pregratinating poverty.

A welcome relief it was, mind you. And at no-matter-what cost to the national debt.

But things have changed. Callers are coming again. The average hasn't gotten up to the pre-Roosevelt nine. Not yet. But it has reached seven. Worse yet, the petitioners for pottage are older than their predecessors, some of them so very old that when you see the hopeless countenances you are ready to believe that old Doc Townsend has a cause about which somebody or a lot of somebodies have got to do something sometime—and maybe very soon.

The smart boys and girls down Washington way insist that the course of war in Europe is what will determine the outcome of the draft-Roosevelt movement. But your correspondent has at least the ghost of an idea that if aggrieved age and the jehus of joblessness are as plentiful elsewhere as they are hereabouts, then they and the effect they have upon the people might be a factor in the fracas.

Like it or not (and we don't) those with whom speech is had are laying the blame on our own neighbor and the State's Governor. It's a bad time to be blaming him, in the wake of his nation-cracking address to the Lincolnians of Michigan and in advance of the seeming certainty that he is going to roll into the Republican National Convention with all the Vandenberg delegates trailing his own Pennsylvania's and those from the South of Colonel Carl

## ONLY YESTERDAY

Items from the columns of The Post ten years ago this week.

The arrest of eight youths by Capt. John T. Ruth of Harvey's Lake this week solved a series of petty robberies in this section over the last several months.

Lawrence W. Bevan of Dallas has left the Hazard Wire Rope Co. to become assistant to the President of the American Electrical Works of Providence, R. I.

Ziba R. Howell, who was injured in an automobile accident several weeks ago, died on Saturday afternoon at Mary Packer Hospital in Sunbury. Mr. Howell, who was supervising principal of Kingston Township schools, had shown marked improvement in his condition, but took a sudden turn for the worse at the week's end.

Two planes from the airport and that of Ralph Grey landed on Harvey's Lake last Sunday, taxied around and finally stopped at the Laketon corner. Several persons went up, among them Ben Root, Carl Swanson, Loren Crispell and Bill Lopasky.

Lewis Estes.

Right now there are good gamblers who will lay a decent bet that the national contest is going to be between Arthur James and Frank Roosevelt. Who can doubt the meaning of Senator Joe Guffey's demand for renomination? It's impossible that he bases his chance of re-election on any assurance other than getting a hold on the President's coat-tails.

If the Plymouth boy who made good for the G. O. P. is nominated it's a matter of patriotism in Luzerne County at least that he shall be supported to the limit of vote powers. But no one is going to be able to explain away the sudden human reverses under his administration. That story is bound to get out.

Its circulators are its virtue.

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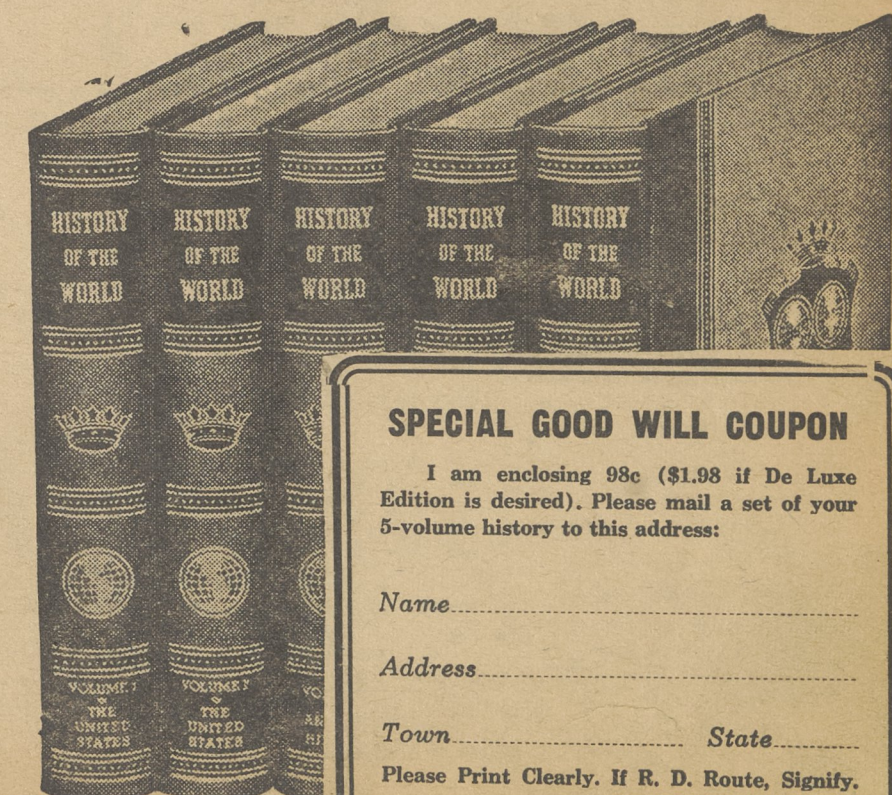
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