

THE LISTENING POST

By THE VETERAN

Pots go right on calling the kettles black. The latest materialization of this absurd political habit was widely publicized after District Attorney Leon Schwartz had addressed the first rally of the Luzerne County Republicans. Schwartz denounced, and asked Republicans to destroy, the implication of the Democratic county ticket posters. Done in a beautiful array of the national colors and with a plea for support of Defense, the slate cards are really splendid in design. They must be good, or they would not be denounced by the opposition.

Take it for granted that the Democrats were alive to the possibility of trading-in on the national impulse to join the international suicide. But, what did the Republicans do? They borrowed the "V" campaign for their county posters. Liberty Magazine borrowed it too. Liberty published in its latest issue, a cover with the arms of Adolph Hitler spread up from his picaresque head, so that the arms perfectly formed the "V" of victory. But, in the six weeks that must elapse between acceptance of a cover design and the actual appearance in the hands of the public, the "V" page had come to represent the Hitler conquest in Russia, which was exactly what Liberty didn't want it to suggest.

The Republican cards with the "V" design also are an attempt to trade-in on American pressure toward war and all it connotes. So, it is simply another case of name-calling. Both parties would be very silly, indeed, if they failed to note the trends and take advantage of them. If there is differentiation at all between the Unterrified and the G. O. P. it is on the side of the New Dealers; because, after all, they are making the war, aren't they? And with all the help that a majority of Republicans can give them, too.

Fear Light Vote

If there is consensus in the minds of politicians, in Luzerne County, it is on the side of fear, and what to do about it. Politicians big and little are afraid that there is going to be a very light vote, even though the people face a judicial test that may change the party majority of the Bench, and choice of officers who deal with all the court business of the people and with the stop-watch on the race to county default and bankruptcy.

Fear of a light vote is tinged by hope. The Republicans to large degree have remote consolation in the possibility that a light vote may mean a G. O. P. conquest, since on the side of the Republicans there are more jobs, better organization, more direct means of inducing favor. The Republicans build from the bottom up, when organization is to be constructed. The Democrats nominate the very finest tickets, then forget that county battles are won by the boys and girls who get out in the townships, boroughs and cities to elect burgesses, tax collectors and school directors.

So, a light vote ought to favor the Republicans. Any trend toward a heavy vote should be motivated from belief in President Roosevelt, and in the necessity of arming the provinces with sympathetic small governments, whether of the home community or the collective county. One would suppose, then, that the Republicans would seek to keep down the vote; but, that would be against the forensics, the frenetics, the enthusiasms. Political speakers must make speeches, they must tour, they must coax and cajole. All of which will help to get out the vote.

A layman looking at the scene without undue expectations either way will tell you that it is going to be hard to get out the vote, unless something happens. All the glory-burners have done so far is to leave the public stubbornly apathetic to what's coming. Even when it comes, there will need to be a weight of happening back of it to get the average citizen sentimentally embroiled. The average citizen feels as though something is being pulled and that the great likelihood is that it is his leg.

Wallis Speaks Up

The Junior John B. Wallis, County Treasurer by grace of Republican choice, went all the way out as a critic of his party this week. In private conversation the genial and highly religious Mr. Wallis had said that the people of Luzerne County would be frantically silly if they permitted his party to get control of all the county business offices. In particular he mentioned the Controller's office, because there is where budgets are scanned, recommendations made, audits performed against possible extravagance.

Then Wallis made his opinion wholly public. In a letter to the County Commissioners he cited their own resolutions as carried in the minutes of their own secretaries, to prove that on the one hand they were plunging Old Luzerne into default and bankruptcy, and on the other hand were resolving two orders so opposite to each other as to be impossible for him to obey. One resolution recited the borrowing of a million dollars on tax anticipation to be paid back December first. The other resolution ordered the Treasurer to transfer tax funds to meet the due dates of bonded debts and interest charges.

In his letter received at this week's business meeting of the Commissioners, the Treasurer cited the pledge by which Penn Mutual Insurance Company extended a loan of one million dollars. The pledge a million dollars on tax anticipation, was that all incoming 1941 taxes

would be deposited in Miners National and Second National banks to pay off the loan on December first, with whatever interest charges were thereto appended. The second resolution sought diversion of the same taxes to meet the bonded debts and interest coupons. To do both, said Wallis, is impossible.

So, he informed the County Commissioners that he will default on the bonds and coupons and pay off the loan. If necessary, he said, he also will default on the November and December payrolls of county officers and employers. He fixed the blame directly on the Commissioners for failing to provide a sinking fund against the due dates of bonds and coupons.

No Word From Fredna

No one hereabouts seems to know just when Fred and Edna Kiefer are to get home from Alaska. What brought the matter to this veteran's mind was that no less than three judicial candidates want to meet Fred and his Dallas friends before election day. The hunting Kieifers ran a foul of War Defense on their way in; then they ran plumb into Aid to Russia on the way out. A trip that should have been consummated in early October gives promise of indeterminate extension.

A whole week the Kieifers were held back in Seattle, awaiting a boat to Seward in Alaska. Then, when they had spent five weeks garnering white mountain sheep and Kodiak bear from the thumb-out of our far northwestern possession they discovered there was no assurance as yet of a passage back to the States. Alaska waters and the Pacific Coast were bristling with cargo boats carrying all manner of munitions and material of warfare.

Abandons Politics?

As a stormy petrel of politics, Paul Winter of Trucksville keeps on making the news. Years have passed since Paul led the legions of the Klan down Wyoming avenue, in a grand car implemented by uniformed servitors. From then forward Paul Winter alternated as a New Deal field man on State pay or as a county servant attached to the Republican payroll. He resigned his latest job, tax clerk to the Luzerne County Commissioners. It is understood he has made a better connection with a national advertising firm.

In The Sixth

You can get a bet on two radically different surmises as to what this Sixth District is going to do in the forthcoming elections. Men who gamble on the people's whims have one construction of thought along the line of a split result, with Flannery breaking through to carry the top vote from a Republican stronghold. There is a tendency also to favor the chances of Controller Robert Bierly and Prothonotary Peter Margie, both of whom have done fine jobs.

But, you also may gamble on the proposition that the Sixth will carry a straight Republican majority, for all hands, including Thomas M. Lewis to succeed Judge B. R. Jones and Judge Andrew Hourigan to remain where Governor James put him, as President Judge of the Eleventh District Orphans Court. One thing to be said for Flannery is that he is striving with might and main to go up with his running-mate, John Hilary Bonin.

Birth Certificate

No one is applauding the decision of Director Tom Williams of the State Bureau of Vital Statistics, to prevent professional messengers getting birth certificates for clients at a charge above the legal fee. The legal fee is one dollar for certification of birth in 1906 or later; with \$2.50 for entering and certifying a birth in the years earlier than 1906. But citizens should remember that they can get birth certificates in their own county courts and Register's office if they were born earlier than 1906.

Tom Williams was a Wilkes-Barre councilman, a bad one as politics goes. His nemesis was John Nobel, honest man. The Bureau of Vital Statistics is a thumb in the eye of the James Administration. This old man of the prints wrote a letter to that bureau seven and one-half months ago and is still waiting for an answer. Men whose jobs depend on their birth records have lost the jobs for weeks and months while waiting to prove their American birthright. Tom Williams might have done worse than to let the professional messengers stay in business. They were cutting down delays.

Dorothy James

Gossip ran wild about Wyoming Valley at week-end when it was discovered that Miss Dorothy James had been spending an unscheduled vacation at the home of her secretary, Miss Jean Griffin, in Ashely. The tongue-wagging lashed on the proposition that, displaced as First Lady by a second marriage of the Governor, her father, Miss James was not exactly thrilled by the demotion.

If there have been better statements in support of stepmothers, better than the one Dorothy James made at the time of the ceremony, and after at the reception, this old

hack never has read it. The charming young lady who saw her father through almost three years of his administration was composed in acceptance of her new mama and even elegant in her praises of the fine traits of the new First Lady.

What Miss James was doing in Wyoming Valley on her unannounced vacation was a matter of personal relationship and sympathy. The nurse who had looked after her mother, and cared for other members of her family, Miss Jean Ichter, was ill. And Miss James was staying close at hand to see to it that she was on the road to recovery. She sought no attention. Fact is, Miss James traveled about in the car of her secretary, with Miss Griffin at the wheel. Miss Griffin said that she would put the car in storage and both she and Miss James would be back in Harrisburg this week.

HUNTSVILLE

Miss Betty Rood and Miss Gene Weiss spent last Sunday visiting Miss Rood's parents in Muhlenburg.

Rummage Sale

W. S. C. S. will conduct a rummage sale in the Lord Building, Main street, Luzerne, October 30, 31 and November 3.

Antique Show

Jackson Grange will sponsor an antique show in the Grange Hall, Saturday evening, October 25. The show will be open to any exhibitor who has old relics to display. Special awards and a program will be presented. Refreshments will be sold.

Give Wiener Roast

Miss Mary Mekeel, Mrs. Richard Owens and Mrs. Richard Rice entertained recently at a wiener roast honoring their brother, Charles of Pittsburgh, who left for Camp Lee, Monday. Present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harlos, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Case, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Kunkle, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Coolbaugh, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mekeel, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rice, Mrs. Russell Case, Mrs. Elmer Labaugh, Rhoda Thomas, May Smith, Jane Owens, Lois Jean Taylor, Miss Stark, Glen Case, Paul Walters, Harold Rice, Howard Rice, Jack Tribler, Harold Coolbaugh and Bobby Rice.

SWEET VALLEY

Misses Thelma Updyke and Bess Klinebent spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Smith at Pottery Mills.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Natt has returned from Moses Taylor Hospital.

Larue, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Sutliff, submitted to an operation at the Nesbitt Hospital last week.

Miss Neva Hagenbaugh R. N., has left for Flint, Michigan to visit her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ross have purchased a home at Bloomingdale. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Naugle of Harrisburg recently spent a few days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hoover and Mr. and Mrs. Torrence Naugle.

Drop-In Party

Mrs. Parris Callender was hostess at a drop-in party last Tuesday evening. Present were: Mrs. Lucy Keller, Mrs. Hattie Edwards, Mrs. Leon Dodson, Naomi Dodson, Mrs. Charles Long, Mrs. Loren Cragle, Rev. Ira Button and Mr. and Mrs. Parris Callender.

Dallas Alumni

Twenty-six members of the Dallas Borough Alumni Association met at the high school Tuesday evening to make plans for a Halloween party. Thursday, October 30. Committee: Rhoda Thomas, Rhoda Veitch, Gertrude Kintz, Bill Baker, Dick Major and Roy Verfaillie. Next meeting will be held at 8 o'clock, November 11th.

City Dweller Thrills To Fall Beauty Along Highway

Route From Tunkhannock To Dallas Without Equal In State

By Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks Jr.

Each October, when the foliage begins to turn, I take a trip along Route Six, straight across the state of Pennsylvania, turn north at Warren and pay a visit to Chautauqua County, New York State. Until this year I have always felt that the most rewarding scenery and the best and most vivid coloring lay at the far end of the road, and crossing the High Alleghenies; but since taking the new route from Kingston to Tunkhannock instead of the older one along the river, I am beginning to be doubtful.

Each curve in the new road shows a more beautiful picture than the last. There is a stone barn with a stone silo, situated high on a hill about a mile and a half east of Beaumont. Somebody with an eye to a view ought to buy that barn and revamp it into a summer home. It would be hard to find a better location, near enough to town and to a main-travelled highway to make it easily accessible, far enough from town to be away from the crowd, high enough to insure sparkling days and cool nights.

There is a truly remarkable view of the surrounding country to be had from the jumping-off-place at the top of the steep and rocky road which connects Beaumont with the road running between Noxen and Harvey's Lake. The last time I drove over the road, some two or three days ago, it resembled nothing so much as the dry bed of a mountain torrent, but it was worth the climb. The car hiccupped and spit, the springs protested and the passengers hit the roof going over one boulder, but the view from the top compensated. It pays to get this particular view just before sunset, when the coloring is changing fast and the blue shadows begin to march across the hills to the West.

Going down the other side of the hill is just as bad as coming up, but by this time any driver ought to know what to expect. There is a steep pitch toward the bottom, a narrow bridge, and then a sudden upturn to meet the Noxen road. The thing to do is to lean on the horn and shoot up the incline as fast as possible, hoping that nobody will collide with you at the top. This road would give a flat-country driver from Delaware or Tide-Water Virginia acute heart-failure, but people who are accustomed to taking their scenery on the perpendicular think nothing of it.

On the stretch of road leading from Dallas to Huntsville Dam there is a succession of the best-looking and best-kept stone fences in the district. High and wide and solidly constructed, they have doubtless stood for many years and look equal to a couple hundred more. In Chautauqua County there are very few stone fences, though stone abounds in some of the hillside pastures. There was another and handier way of making a fence in the days when the land was being cleared. Instead of having the little boys of the household carry stones on aching arms, the farmer hitched a team of oxen to a stump, tore it out with a mighty heave, and set it out edgewise with the dirt still clinging to it, its roots enlaced with that of the next stump in line. Those old stump fences are growing scarce and are being replaced by modern barbed wire, but numbers of them in a fairly good state of preservation are still to be seen in the more remote districts of western New York. Their grotesquely twisted roots silhouetted against vivid red sun make as telling a contrast as a

gray stone wall against the same background.

If you have ever lived in a section of the country where water is at a premium you can better appreciate the lovely little brooks and streams hereabouts. I notice that some enterprising folks are even having themselves a lake where no lake grows before.

The only thing I really miss in this scenery is the somber backdrop of white pine to bring out the pastels. There seems to be comparatively little dark evergreen growth to provide contrast to the flaming hardwoods. Out in the Pacific Northwest, the situation is reversed. There is plenty of pine and Douglas-fir and redwood, but no maples and brilliant hickories. You don't realize what it is that you miss until all of a sudden it dawns on you—no autumn coloring. Nothing but dense forests, lofty and remote, where no sun filters through, a fitting footnote to the glacier-crowned Cascades, but too silent and withdrawn to seem homelike.

Scenery around here is much easier to live with. The hills are not too high, the woods are nice gentle woods, the streams run more quietly. Cleared fields look as if they had been cut out of the mass of colors with a pair of sharp scissors. Comfortable red barns, well-kept houses, stone fences, familiar little brooks.

A gracious place to live.

The Dearest Thing

A woman is the dearest thing That nature gave to man. She's mothered him and babied him Since first the world began.

She mends his clothes and cooks his meals And caters to each whim. Yes, woman is the dearest thing That ever came to him.

She never misses at a sale; She wants her own coupe. She never likes to wear again The dress she wears today.

She "charges" things, he pays for them On some extended plan. Ah, truly she's the dearest thing That ever came to man.

R. B.

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Best Center Cuts
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Eat Pork for Health.

Lean Rib End
Pork Loins lb **21^c**
Cut in chops if you wish.

Meaty Tasty **Scrapple** lb **12c** Philadelphia style.
Fresh Breakfast **Sausage** lb **31c** Pan style.

Swift's Premium Bologna Long, Ring or Minced lb **25c**
Swift's Premium Meat Loaves 1/2 lb **13c**
Baked, Pickle and Pimento, Macaroni and Cheese.

Boneless Skinned Cod Fillets or Ocean Perch Fillets lb **17c**
Fancy Steaming Oysters pt can **29c**
Large Round Whiting lb **5c**

Large Variety—Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
CABBAGE Solid Heads lb **2^c**
YAMS or Sweet Potatoes 4 lbs **17^c**
GRAPES Fancy Tokay 2 lbs **15^c**
Large Juicy Calif. Oranges dozen **35c**
U. S. No. 1 Yellow Onions 5 lbs **16c**
Fancy Washed Carrots 2 lbs **5c**
Crisp Celery Hearts 2 large bunches **15c**

"THE BUY OF THE WEEK"
ASCO Fancy Hand Packed
TOMATOES
dozen \$1.29 No. 2 can **11^c**

Case of 24 cans \$2.58
1941 New Pack—Fresh From The Fields
Specially selected, vine-ripened, thoroughly washed, peeled and carefully packed by hand immediately after picking to retain their garden-fresh flavor. A really special buy at this price.

Del Maiz Niblets Corn can **10c**
Phillips Beans With Pork and Tomato Sauce 4 1-lb cans **19c**
Kleen Kut Spaghetti 2 lb **10c**
Domestic Tomato Paste 4 cans **23c**
Clapp's Strained Foods 3 cans **19c**
E-Z Serve Liver Loaf 12-oz can **25c**

Fancy Woodside Roll or Fine Quality Tub
BUTTER 2 lbs **73^c**
Fine Quality Pure Lard 2 lbs **23c**

Gold Seal "All-Purpose" Family
FLOUR 24-lb bag **85^c**
Gold Medal Flour "Kitchen Tested" 24-lb bag **\$1.08**

Rockwood Chocolate Bits 2 7-oz pkgs **25c**
Duff's Ginger Bread Mix 14-oz pkg **19c**
Gold Seal Cake Flour large pkg **14c**
Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce 17-oz can **12c**
NBC Ritz Butter Crackers lb **20c**
NBC Shredded Wheat 2 pkgs **21c**
Maxwell House Coffee lb **31c**
Bonnie Oak Evaporated Milk 10 tall cans **79c**
Puss 'N Boots Cat Food 4 cans **19c**
Sunbrite Cleanser Safe and Speedy 3 cans **13c**
Woodbury's Facial Soap bar **1c**
when you buy 3 bars at the regular price—or 4 bars for 24c.

Fresh Baked, Assorted
DONUTS dozen **12^c**
Very delicious—low price.

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