

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Today the new young lady in our house is having a birthday! The new young lady who took the place of the baby we used to have has reached the ripe old age of seventeen. She is a Senior in High School and it won't be very long before she will be on her way to college! We hope you will forgive us for being just a little sentimental on the seventeenth birthday of the young person who has become an adult all too quickly to suit us.

For seventeen years we have watched this child who was first a helpless baby, then a noisy, rowdy little girl, then a self-conscious adolescent, grow into a real young lady. We have known her as we know no other person in the world. We have been closer to her than any other person we have ever known. We seem to have lived a second life with her.

We have never felt that we have been a good mother because there are so many qualities a good mother possesses which we seem to lack but even though we have made mistakes we feel that it has been a rare privilege to raise a daughter. We like to remember the fat cuddly baby who seemed to climb all over us. It is but yesterday that she smelled so sweet after her bath. Her fat cheeks were so pink and she thought her toes so amusing. Then we went through the stage when the baby became a general nuisance, everything had to be put out of her reach, and her favorite indoor sport was to get all the pots and pans out of the kitchen closet and scatter them where someone was sure to fall over them; then for the last four years we have struggled with an adolescent who had a difficult time in what she considered a hostile world.

We know we have fussed and fumed when silence would have been much wiser. We know we have found fault too many times but nevertheless the new young lady and I have always been good friends; and even though we are reluctant to leave the baby and the adolescent so far behind it is good to see that our new young lady is fast becoming a fine adult.

We like this seventeen-year-old daughter of ours because she appears to have both feet very firmly on the ground. Above everything else she is fearless. She has learned at an early age to "take it." She dares to be herself and yet she isn't rude and inconsiderate of others. She loves the out-of-doors and she has learned to appreciate good music and good literature. We suspect we are just a little partial to our new young lady, but we think she is one of the nicest, if not the nicest, persons we have ever known!

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

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THE DALLAS POST

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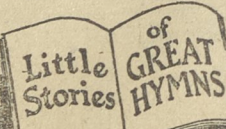
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SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

I wish I had, as a certain woman I know of has, the flair for the fire-side. It would please me no end to go back over the dear dead days and pick out the joys and thrills no longer apparent, all of them probably dated and impossible of collaboration with the confused world of today.

What would be enthralling to me would be to know the aura of satiety, scintillant as a mantle of star-dust, that settled about a certain little fellow when the days had drawn to that juncture where the sun in descent back of the blue hills left no twilight and made compulsory the lighting of the big hanging lamp over the dining room table.

What there was about that transition from natural light to artificial illumination I couldn't say, not having the penetrative psychology of Mrs. Hicks, but the suffusion that became an intangible cocoon of contentment lasted right up to the new diversion, which was the first snow-fall.

I should like to know again the planning of a bob-sled, the building of it, the testing of it on the foot-hills that reached to the top of Center street cobbles and then plunged a full load at devil-may-care speed all the day down to Main street. Why, when the snow does come the cleaners leave scarcely a vestige of it, and what they leave is so crushed by the wheels of traffic and so adulterated by oil and dropping waste it wouldn't be of much use to a bob-sled. And, what's more, who makes a bob at home anymore?

The facts, of course, are that the lighting of the lamps belongs to a primeval conception of home. There are any number of days now, even in the summer, when the clouds come and the sunshine fades. You turn a switch and there you are. And how fast did a bob-sled go? For the clumsy kind we had and for the pitch of the hills that only seemed steep, the speed probably was never more than thirty-five miles an hour. How sorry in comparison with the pace of fifty miles legally allowed to the motorcar, and the seventy miles an hour the cheapest of cars will roll off when chance offers to be free of the eyes and tickets of the law.

Once in a while I meet a miner with a dinner bucket. I meet no one at all with a lunch box. The oddity of the occasional miner and the freedom from food preparedness evidenced by the majority of toilers far from home combine to suggest what children have lost in not being able at the end of day to meet the old man on his way back from his shift, to grab his pail and forage for fodder, purposely left by him in anticipation of the search. He got as much fun out of it as the kids did.

And I want to know if anyone goes hunting for mushrooms. Does anyone ever gather the luscious cups and miniature umbrellas of fungi, salt them down on the lid of the coal stove and then sip the nectar of the gods? No one of whom I know. Indeed, few whom I know have the hot stove-lids. The homes

have gone electric or have recourse to the fretted gas lid.

Last time I met a mushroom party it was made up of a group of Polish-American citizens. They had baskets of pickings, but when I looked at them the varieties were what I mistakenly would call toad-stools. To convince me I was wrong they made me take a basket home. Only to please them, I did, and then I threw the whole consignment into the garbage can.

I'm getting in line with the Post's editorial columns and their arraignment of the dangerous streets, the torn town highways, the menacers of speeding motors. Maybe community celebrations hold the answer, such as the one for Halloween; but, all too often I wonder: How in the world do kids have fun anymore?

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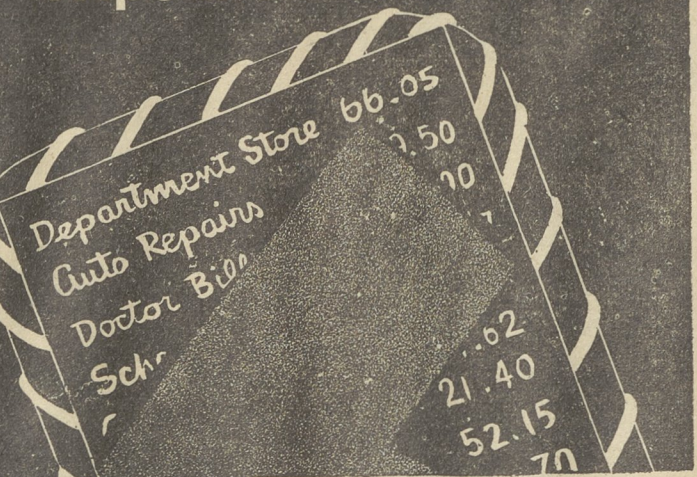
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WHAT THOMAS M. LEWIS THOUGHT AND SAID OF GOVERNOR JAMES AND ANDREW HOURIGAN A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO:

(From a public address by Thomas M. Lewis on September 2, 1941, when he was fighting Andrew Hourigan for the Republican nomination for Orphans' Court Judge—a post to which Governor James refused to appoint Mr. Lewis.)

James is for my opponent, Judge Hourigan. I am not surprised. However, what was disappointing to me is the fact that State employes who, in the past, were ordered to stay out of politics are now ordered to go up and down the County, together with County employes, during working hours, to campaign for the Governor's appointee (Judge Hourigan) and to campaign against me. Last year, during the Presidential campaign, Governor James directed State employes to keep out of politics yet, only a few weeks ago he fired William Hamilton, Jr., Secretary of Revenue and a member of his cabinet, because of political activity in Philadelphia, his own County.

"Now, the Governor, himself, is taking an active part in Judge Hourigan's campaign and is ordering State employes to go down the line for Judge Hourigan. State employes are used in State-owned buildings with light and janitor service paid for by you, the taxpayers, for political meetings on behalf of my opponent (Judge Hourigan.)

Further, in his public attacks on Governor James and Judge Hourigan, Mr. Lewis charged, and we quote Mr. Lewis;

"State employes, during working hours, and at the expense of the taxpayers are tearing down and destroying my cards along the public highways and at the same time they are posting cards of my opponent (Judge Hourigan) on State owned property as well as on the poles along the highway.

"Highway employes, on your time, are smearing my cards with tar and oil purchased by you taxpayers for the State roads. Are such tactics American? If you travel the highways you can daily see State highway employes working against me and for my opponent (Judge Hourigan).

"I AM NOT BLAMING THESE EMPLOYES. THEIR HEARTS MUST BE WITH ME BUT THEY ARE DIRECTED BY THEIR SUPERIORS IN AN UN-AMERICAN CAMPAIGN!"

The above are but a few of the thoughts publicly and only recently expressed by Mr. Lewis against Governor James and Andrew Hourigan.

The private, personal and off-record pleasantries and acrimonies that have been exchanged between Mr. Lewis and Judge Hourigan would make interesting but not delightful reading.

HAS MR. LEWIS SINCE CHANGED HIS OPINION OF GOVERNOR JAMES, ANDREW HOURIGAN, HIS PRESENT RUNNING MATE, AND THE REPUBLICAN COUNTY LEADERS?

WILL MR. LEWIS NOW REPEAT OR RETRACT THE CHARGE HE MADE PUBLICLY ON SEPTEMBER 2nd OF THIS YEAR THAT... "THE REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION OF LUZERNE COUNTY HAS SOLD PRINCIPLE AND PARTY DOWN THE RIVER."

LUZERNE COUNTY CITIZENS OF ALL PARTIES WHO BELIEVE IN ELECTING TO THE LUZERNE COUNTY BENCH MEN WHOSE PRIVATE LIVES AND PUBLIC RECORDS ARE ABOVE REPROACH OR SUSPICION WILL VOTE THE STRAIGHT DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

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