

## Unable to Buy an Iron, Trucksville Woman Sends Wash To White House

Unable to purchase an electric iron and rebuked by arrogant clerks for harboring the thought, Mrs. Virginia Harding of Trucksville this week solved her washday problems by forwarding her laundry direct to the White House along with the following explanatory rhyme.

Oh! where, Oh where? Can an iron be?  
That is a problem facing me.  
My clothes, unironed, rumbled too—  
The air with adjectives is blue.  
I've searched the stores, but, in vain—  
And sent out buyers by bus and train.  
It's just "no go, (they ain't got none!)  
And seem to think it's so much fun.  
I've been stared down, by lofty clerks—  
Who thought I was a "loony Jerk"  
To ask for irons when they sold rings

And a lot of other useless things. There's so many foolish things to buy—  
But, ask for irons, I Dare you try—  
"You're quite oldfashioned and naive"  
They pull that fast one from their sleeve.  
But, I think I've solved my problem—  
It was very simple too—  
For I am getting very tired—  
Of hearing, "No can do."  
I'll send my wash to the White House—  
Where there's irons by the score—  
And if they do it well enough,  
I'll just send them some more.  
Of course it makes no difference—  
If, Elenore be so kind,  
To stay at home and do my wash—  
I really would not mind.  
But, please be very careful—  
Of every frilly thing,  
And don't make runs in stockings,  
Or catch them with your rings.

## Blocked Roads Delay Mr. Stork But Sterling Farms Snow Plow Clears Path

Old man stork bucked his head into a snowdrift out at Harvey's Lake last Thursday morning and when he couldn't make a forced landing decided that "folks who want babies will have to come to Nesbitt Hospital and get 'em."  
That was the situation at 3 A. M. when Ellis Swingle, Sterling Farm manager, rolled out of a warm bed and with Charles Nicholo headed the Farm's big snowplow and bulldozer through a mile and a half of drifts to the snowbound home of Joseph Rizinko on the Lake-Beaumont Road.  
With the highway cleared, Andrew Race, a neighbor, bundled Mrs. Rizinko into his car and started for Nesbitt Hospital to meet the stork. At Idetown a chain flew off. The battery went dead and the car skidded into a snowbank. Andrew reached into a bag of cornmeal beside him, scattered it over the snow and the wheels took hold. From there to the hospital the trip was uneventful except that Mr. Stork didn't keep his appointment until a day later.  
Back at Sterling Farm, however, Mr. Swingle decided to take no more chances with crotchety storks. He kept his crews plowing the roads around Beaumont all day. "With one of these bulldozers you can make mighty pretty landing fields on any country road for a Stork," Ellis opined, "that is if he really means business".

### LEGAL

#### NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that Ruth Agnes Zimmerman has filed her Petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, to No. 241, March Term, 1945, praying for a decree to change her name to Ruth Naomi Bowman. The Court has fixed Monday April 9th, 1945, at 10:00 A. M. as the time and the Luzerne County Court House as the place of hearing, on said Petition, when and where all persons interested may attend.  
WILLIAM A. VALENTINE, Attorney  
730 Miners National Bank Bldg.  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

## THE POET'S CORNER

### "Old Man' Winter's Joke"

Old man Winter laughed with glee  
At the trouble he'd made for you and me,  
Piling the snow in heaps so high  
As it fell from out a leaden sky.

His windy breath let out a blast  
And the flakes fell thick and piled up fast,  
Painting a picture of sheer delight  
On and on through out the night.

Then in tones loud and clear  
He said, so you and I could hear,  
"Just look at the folks down there below  
Busy as bees, shoveling snow."

Traffic was snarled and tied up tight  
People were stranded half the night,  
But old man Winter went on with his job  
Heedless of all. He was playing hob.

Ho! Ho! he cried and held his sides  
As here and there a car would slide,  
While the driver got out and cursed a bit  
As he looked at the snowbank he had hit.

To old man Winter, this was amusing  
But to folks on earth, it was most confusing.  
And although a lot of trouble he'd done  
"Nevertheless," he quipped, "I've had my fun."

Florence Adams  
Kingston, Pa.

## AT COURTMARTIAL OF GI LOOTERS IN PARIS



AN OFFICER AT THE COURTMARTIAL court in Paris is shown here as he stood to read the verdicts pronounced for the 182 enlisted men and officers charged with looting military supplies and selling them in the French Black Market. Some of the sentences, recently made public, ran up to 50 years. Cigarettes from the U S supplies were sold for as much as 250 francs (about \$5 at the present exchange rate) (International)

## Wild Birds Have Hard Time To Get Food As Heavy Snows Cover Ground

By Max Dreher

The blizzard of last week which came from the northwest has made it very hard for the wild birds to get food. The snow that was on the ground before didn't bother them so much, because they are light enough to hop around on the top of the snow and pick out the wild seeds still in the pods from last summer. But this snow, especially the drifts, has covered practically all of the weed stalks.

These tiny creatures certainly are confronted with a hard problem. Can they solve it? I would say yes, but only to a certain extent. They can fit from pine tree to pine tree and pick out some of the seeds left in the pine cones. But this supply will soon be exhausted and of course another source of food will have to be found.

Many people, including my brother and I, have put out feeding shelters. It is surprising to see how

friendly the birds become in about a week's time. On Tuesday evening, I was watching to see how many different kinds of birds were at the feeding station. I counted five different species; chickadees, blue-jays, snowbirds, song sparrows and English sparrows. These birds especially like wild bird seed (It can be purchased at almost any pet, hardware or grocery store) bread crumb and pork or beef fat. If the fat is tied to a limb of a sheltering pine tree, the chickadees will contentedly sit on the fat and vigorously peck away.

After the feeding station has been out for about two weeks, the birds will make stops there regularly, usually coming early in the morning and late in the afternoon. It is very amusing and also interesting to watch them. So, let's help our little feathered friends out, and have some fun ourselves.

## Groundhog Or No Groundhog Winter Will Not End Soon

On Friday, February 2, according to tradition, the groundhog will come out of his hole and decide whether there will be six more weeks of winter.

Whatever the groundhog sees from the door of his hole, State Director of Highways Safety T. Elmer Transeau says, he could look into the garages and minds of careless motorists and predict a lot of trouble for them before the next six weeks have passed.

National Safety Councils Committee on Winter Driving Hazards has noted with alarm the sharp reversals of previous gains in Winter driving safety. Last winter's traffic deaths per 100,000 miles traveled was 53 per cent higher than corresponding summer rates and in the 36 snowbelt states, and 24 per cent higher than summer rates

in the 12 Southern states. The Committee charges this is mainly due to skidding and reduced visibility brought on by snow, ice, frost or fog.

With these facts in mind, Transeau today urged Pennsylvania motorists not only to check their cars' safety equipment for the rest of the winter weather we are sure to have, but to remember that summer weather in February and March is not something that can be bought even at the best-stocked stores.

"Put on your anti-skid chains when snow or ice prevail, and see that your windshield wipers and defrosters haven't become winter-weary," he said, "but even then go more slowly, a wheel or a foot, and you'll get there safe and sound, whatever Friday's groundhog sees."

## From Pillar To Post

(Continued from Page One)

A lady who has owned everything under the shining sun in the way of pets read the burble about goats, and was charmed with the idea. A pair of nice little goats was all she needed to complete her menagerie. Bolstered by a second article in a popular magazine, one extolling the healthfulness of goat's milk, she ordered two goats. When the goats arrived, in a high state of lactation, she put her family on a diet of goat's milk. Goat's milk is guaranteed—by the goat-dealers—to cure a variety of diseases. It has an entire alphabet of vitamins concealed in its homogenized froth. Drink goat's milk, shed your arthritis like an outworn skin, and skip like a goat.

In the course of nature, the two original goats blossomed and brought forth fragrant fruit.

I now go out of my way to elude the lady on my infrequent trips to the shores of Linkhorn Bay. She is a lady of great determination, sticking to a course of action like a pup to a root, but she may well have it in for me as the original instigator of her present plight. It is truly astonishing how brief a time is required to transform a herd of two small goats into a herd of eighteen, especially if the mama goats are given to presenting the owner with twins.

A goat, I find, is difficult to milk. You can work just as hard getting a scant cupful of milk from a goat as you can in getting a brimming bucket from a cow.

The goat-lady spends most of her time with her forehead pressed against the flank of a small and reluctant goat.

She assures me, however, that on one point in my essay on goats I am completely off the trolley. I stated that goat milk could not be made into butter, as the cream would not rise. It appears now that goat butter can be made, but that it takes a cream separator to do the trick. The cream, once separated, can be soured and churned, a bit of fact which is doubtless known to goat-raisers the country over.

I have a feeling that the goat butter might have that certain haunting fragrance peculiar to

## THE SAFETY VALVE

### In Family 55 Years

Editor:

Enclosed please find \$2.50 to continue The Post. The Post has been in my family about 55 years—including the time my parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Bulford of Lake Township were subscribers. We are so proud and so glad that The Post is being sent free to the brave boys overseas.

Mrs. Sara Moss

● We can't think of any nicer way to start the day than to receive a note like this from the grandmother of a boy who is a prisoner-of-war. By golly, if Myra buys cabbage plants from anybody else I hope the cut worms get 'em.  
—The Editor.

### From Sunny South

Dear Editor:

I am getting the paper "ok" and we enjoy it very much. You should be here. Green vegetables are plentiful in gardens here.

Oranges galore,—grapefruit. We have just come from the ocean beach where we watched the bathers.

How's your weather, as per the Post, its cold and the Lake is frozen, I see, so come down here.

Regards to all,  
M. T. Walko  
1448½ S. Highland St.  
Cor. 15th Ave.

● Nothing could entice us away from this beautiful snow and ice. Sleighbells ringing everywhere. Everybody here is delighted with the weather and hoping for more snow. First chance many of us have had in years to get out our long underwear. All in all, we're very comfortable—compared with the Eskimos.—Editor.

goats. Me, I'll stick to margarine for the duration.

Another bone of contention that the lady wishes to pick with me is the matter of the kids, both human and of goat parentage.

She complains that her own kids bring goat kids into the house, and more particularly into the living room when her back is turned. That both sets of kids leap wildly from davenport to fireside chair to upholstered window-seat and back again to davenport, completing the overhead circuit of the room in nothing flat. That this exercise, though doubtless beneficial to both sets of kids, has reduced the davenport and the fireside chair and the window-seat to a state bordering on collapse.

In short, the lady wishes me to write a column extolling the virtues of something soothing, like china-painting. And if the subject matter must be an animal, let it be something that can be readily caged and kept in one spot, like a squirrel or a canary bird or a half dozen chilly goldfish swimming languidly in a bowl.  
Definitely, no more goats.

## County Not Responsible For Shavertown Street

County highway employees were quick this week to deny an item in last week's Post stating the Center Street, Shavertown, is a county highway and always one of the last to be cleared of snow.

Roy Rogers of Outlet, speaking for all local highway employees said "Center Street is a State Highway. The charge that county highways were cleared less quickly than State, Borough and Township roads is not based on fact. County roads were opened just as rapidly as men and machines were available and it would be well for residents along any road to bear in mind that State County and local road crews are working with curtailed forces during one of the most severe winters in years."

Herman C. Kersteen, county commissioner, replying to the complaint of Center Street resident, said in a letter: "Center Street . . . is a Pennsylvania State Highway. It would therefore appear that your complaint should be made to the Superintendent of Pennsylvania De-

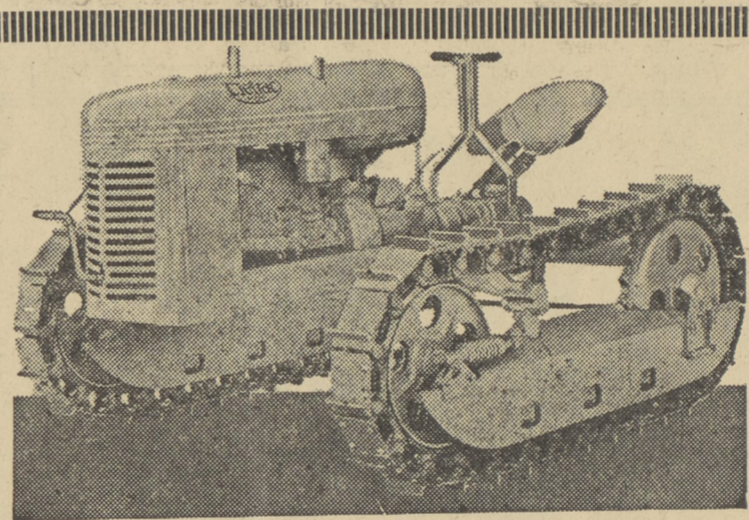
partment of Highways or the Division Engineer of the same Department in Scranton, or both. It would also be well for Center Street residents to ask their local Township Supervisors to get in touch with the above mentioned officers concerning this matter."

## Injured Coasting

Jimmy Gabel of Chase was injured last week while sleighriding. Hitting a parked truck, he ripped a gash in his head that required eight stitches to close it. He was treated at Nesbitt Memorial Hospital.

## HOSPITAL PATIENTS

Roy Casterline, Shavertown, Nesbitt.  
Emory Harris, Carverton, Nesbitt.  
Betty Hontz, Shavertown, Nesbitt.  
Mrs. Thomas Graham, Shavertown, Nesbitt.  
Mrs. Lawrence Sickler, Beaumont, General.



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War Production Board Order  
EFFECTIVE FEBRUARY 1, 1945  
**PROHIBITS THE USE OF  
ELECTRICITY**  
FOR  
**OUTDOOR ADVERTISING  
AND  
SHOW WINDOW LIGHTING**  
—AS FOLLOWS—

1. Outdoor advertising and promotional lighting.
2. Outdoor display lighting except where necessary to conduct an outdoor business.
3. Outdoor decorative and ornamental lighting.
4. Show window lighting except where necessary for interior illumination.
5. Marquee lighting in excess of 60 watts for each marquee.
6. White way street lighting in excess of the amount determined by local public authority to be necessary for public safety.
7. Outdoor sign lighting except directional or identification signs required for fire and police protection, traffic control, transportation terminals, hospitals, or similar essential public services; also for doctors, hotels and public lodging places not using more than 60 watts per establishment.

A complete copy of the order is on file for further information at 247 Wyoming Avenue, Kingston, Pa.

The Co-operation of our Consumers is earnestly solicited, so that the purpose of the Order—saving of coal—may be realized to the fullest possible extent.

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