

"The Totem Pole"

By M. William Denison
Editor, Pennsylvania News Service

Harrisburg, January 21—Well, Pennsylvania has another new Governor and the passing parade of Governors during the past three weeks has become so monotonous that at times we become confused as to just who is Governor at the moment.

But today, Pennsylvania's real, honest-to-goodness truly elected Governor—James H. Duff that is—moved into office for a four-year period following his formal inauguration today and matters in general should be able to settle down now to the peace and quiet found in remote corners of a roaring battlefield.

Grampaw Pettibone, dressed in his best flowing bow tie and moth-eaten alpaca coat, greeted the new Governor with a moment of embarrassment, which Governor Duff in a manner becoming a gentleman and a Governor passed off with a smile and a nod.

The scene, which later caused Grampaw Pettibone to drown his mortification in a glass of fizzing ginger ale, occurred as the elderly gent was about to shake the new Governor's hand and offer his congratulations.

The long line of well-wishers was moving ahead at a moderate pace when Grampaw Pettibone, three handshakes from the Governor, stumbled over a carpet, his fall being stopped at the mid-point by the simple expedient of grabbing the coat-tails of the gentleman in front. By the time he reached the Governor, his leathery face was flushed with embarrassment, and in his confusion, Grampaw Pettibone stuttered as he shook Governor Duff's hand:

"Congratulations Senator Martin—I mean Governor Martin, that is Governor Bell—I mean of course Sena—no, Governor Duff."

Disconsolate over his floundering, Grampaw Pettibone was heard muttering later something to the effect that "we've got to stop having so many Governors—it's too confusing."

Regardless of how Grampaw Pettibone feels about the matter, the succession of Governorship is taken care of in the Constitution, and the spectacle of having three Governors in three weeks only happens once in 265 years.

But what's in the offing now with a new Governor in the seat? In the first place, Governor Duff has already named his cabinet—those who will comprise his official family and who will to a great extent have a voice in guiding the destiny of the people of Pennsylvania for the next four years.

Governor Duff has—by and large—chosen well those men who will head the various departments of the State Government. In most cases the selections have not been primarily based on political dictates, but rather on individual qualifications.

Virtually all cabinet posts go to men who have served in fields allied to their new work. For example, the Department of Banking will be handled by a professional banker, the Department of Commerce by a businessman, Department of Health by a physician, etc. The important post of Attorney General will be run by a man little concerned with politics—Thomas McK. Chidsey, of Easton—a classmate 40

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Up to recent-like to make the front page, you sounded-off against "Business." Business is a horse-thief, you would say—and the votes were a cinch. But lately, lotsa folks have been finding that when they get down to brass tacks, they are in business, too. You can have a one-chair barber shop—and be in business. You don't have to be big to be in business. If you have 2 cows you are in business—if you sell a quart now and then to a neighbor.

Folks showed how they leaned, back there on November 5th. So to campaigners who still crave publicity and how to get same, I am dedicating this essay. Do something new and novel. You don't have to bite a dog—just say something nice about how it is pretty sick to buy good gas to 20 cents versus around 50 in Europe, etc. Talk about how in this land-of-the-free, everybody can have an education, and free. Give a pat on the back and 3 cheers to the folks who pulled in their belts so as to have some cash to finance the outfits who drill oil wells, and build the refineries, etc. Stockholders are people—thrifty people. They have helped make America, America.

Next to the greatest sight that could be imagined by a private in the rear rank, which he said would be a boat-load of Seargeants gettin' sunk, it would be a boat-load of folks who make a nice living via abusing business.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

years ago of the new Governor at the University of Pennsylvania.

But one of the departments it will be well to keep an eye glued upon is the Department of Forests and Waters. Vital and drastic changes will be found taking place here. Governor Duff's selection of Rear Admiral Milo F. Draemel to head department is significant. It means in essence that the Commonwealth conservation and stream clearance program, dear to the heart of Governor Duff, will suddenly be pushed to the forefront under the forceful and able direction of this retired Naval officer. The appointment of Draemel is strictly a non-political appointment—and that means business.

Auxiliary Party
American Legion Auxiliary will hold a card party at the Legion Home on Saturday, February 15. Mrs. Wilson Garinger is chairman.

YOUR HEALTH

From the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania and the Luzerne County Medical Society.

If a woman is frightened before her baby is born, will the child bear a birthmark?

Birthmarks are not caused by prenatal influence.

Birthmarks are malformations of the skin or mucous membrane.

Most birthmarks appear at birth or shortly thereafter.

Birthmarks vary in size from that of a pinhead to areas covering half or more of the body.

Small ones are amenable to treatment.

Large ones may be strikingly disfiguring.

Many of the side-show freaks are victims of extensive birthmarks.

Moles may appear in different forms.

The most common are the fleshy, brown moles, which may be present on any part of the body.

Moles may be flat or raised, flesh-colored or in various shades of brown.

Some of these growths have an abundance of coarse and fine hairs, while others are free of hair.

Most birthmarks, unless they are extensive, are not dangerous to health.

Treatment of small birthmarks should be given during the early years.

Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy in the circus, was a victim of birthmark.

But his mother was not frightened by a dog.

DO YOU KNOW?

One American dies of cancer every three minutes. Of the 135,000,000 Americans now living, 500,000 have cancer and 17,000,000 eventually will die of it. One out of every 8 Americans now living will die of this disease.

Apologies To Mrs. Moss

We stand corrected—and sorry—that we made Mrs. Sarah Moss sound like an old lady. For she really isn't. She did not read the Post from her Dad, Foster Bulford's ceiling seventy years ago but fifty-five. The Bulford family have been reading the Post for the past sixty-five years.

Also Lester and not Foster Moss has purchased the Moss homestead on Star Route.

Game Birds Win

Modern game bantams owned by John Fowler, Justice of the Peace of Orange, received three first prizes and one second prize at the Morris County Poultry Show held January 17th to 19th at Dover, New Jersey.

Some of these birds won at Rochester Poultry Show in November, and at Madison Square Garden Poultry Show in December. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler attended the Show.

Entertain At Supper

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Bennett and Mrs. Charles Palmer entertained at Sunday night supper honoring Mr. and Mrs. James D. Hutchison, who have since left for California.

Those present were the guests of honor; Dr. and Mrs. John H. Doane, daughter Sylvia; Mrs. Myra

THE DALLAS POST

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Mrs. Frances Quail Is Guest On Birthday

Mrs. Frances Quail was guest of honor at a birthday dinner party, given by friends at her home on Church street recently. Present were: Mrs. M. J. Brown of Plymouth, Mrs. Louise Colwell, Mrs. Robert Hayes, Mrs. Albert Weid, Mrs. Even London, Mrs. Fred Welsh, Mrs. Henry Welsh, Mrs. LaVern Race, Mrs. Ray Knecht, and the guest of honor. A beautiful lace dinner cloth was given Mrs. Quail for a gift.

Miss Bess Cooke Is Hostess To S. S. Class

Bess Cooke was hostess to members of the Confidence Class of Idetown Methodist Church last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Alfred Hadsel, the president, opened the meeting. Mrs. Kenneth Calkins and Mrs. Hadsel had charge of devotions.

The following social committee members were appointed for the next three months. Chairlady, Mrs. Francis Kreidler, her aids, Mrs. Edward Parrish, Mrs. Kenneth Calkins, Mrs. Lloyd Jennings, Mrs. Russell Rogers, Mrs. Howard Boice, Mrs. John Garinger. Sick committee, Bess Cooke, Mrs. Albert London, Mrs. Howard Moore.

Games were played and lunch was served to: Mrs. Warren Rogers, Mrs. Francis Kreidler, Mrs. David Ide, Mrs. Charles Barnum, Mrs. Ralph Welsh, Mrs. Alfred London, Mrs. Edward Heck, Mrs. Glenn Spencer, Mrs. Edward Parrish, Mrs.

The Spiders Trap

By ROLLAND BELL SHOEMAKER
Truckville, Pa.

Digger the Wasp had flown straight into the spider's web sheerly by accident; but now his frantic efforts to loosen himself had tangled all but three legs and a powerful wing. Digger spun and twisted. His one wing buzzed angrily as he made a desperate struggle to free himself and be gone again to his mud home in the house-roof peak.

Tango, the small trap-door spider, had roused from his lair at the first violent jars at his web. He rushed forth, ready to seize his prey and devour it; but he paused in awe as he beheld Digger partly tangled in his web, for the wasp was ten times his size and armed with a formidable stinger in his tail. This he pointed straight at Tango by twisting his supple body from side to side. Here was food in plenty for the hungry spider, if only he could subdue the angry wasp.

Moving in a trifle closer (but not too close) Tango built a small spiral of web from the sacks in his wiry body. He cast the line warily at Digger's thrashing feet. The wasp promptly snapped it off. Nothing daunted, Tango tried again and this time tangled a foot in his cord. Swiftly he secured his end to the web and cast again. After many patient attempts, he secured all Digger's black legs. Still there was that one free wing, so sharp his web was cut by the edge and so powerful it swung Digger round and round, trussed as he was, doing much damage to the entangling web.

The little spider hastily repaired this as best he could and continued to try to snare that destructive wing. Slowly Digger weakened as he spent his strength in his frantic task of pointing his dagger-shaped stinger at the enemy and keeping his one wing free.

Once it seemed he might spin loose and be away, but Tango kept up his patient job of trying to lasso that buzzing wing. He was rewarded by seeing the wasp so tangled he could no longer struggle.

Tango moved in for the kill, cunning having triumphed over brute strength once more.

Kenneth Calkins, Mrs. Alfred Hadsel, Mrs. Howard Moore, Mrs. Helen Bonning, Mrs. Sheldon Cave, Mrs. Bruce Williams, Mrs. Russell Dodd, Mrs. Dean Shaver, Mrs. Thomas Kreidler, Mrs. Della Parrish, Judy and Kim Calkins, Dick Lewis, Ted Parrish, Bess Cooke.

Co-chairmen with Miss Cooke were Mrs. Hadsel, Mrs. Parrish, Mrs. Calkins.

Mrs. John Hildebrand Is Hostess to Class

Mrs. John Hildebrand entertained members of the Meeker Woman's Bible Class at a holiday party last Tuesday night. Present were: Mrs. Arthur Hoover, Mrs. Wayne King, Dale Hoover, Mrs. John King, Mrs. Elmer Soovell, Mrs. James Davenport, Mrs. Michael Stark, Mrs. William Drabick, Mrs. John Rebenack, Mrs. Carl Rebenack, Mrs. Lawrence Wolfe, Mrs. Lloyd Rogers, Mrs. Walter Wolfe, Miss Letha Wolfe, Miss Virginia King and the hostess.

Mrs. John Roberts Is Hostess To S. S. Class

Mrs. John Roberts entertained members of her Intermediate Sunday School Class of Dallas Church at her home on Claude street during the holidays. A lovely afternoon was spent playing games and singing carols. Prizes were won by Mary Brown and Billy Wolfe. Others present were: Jessie Carey, Ann Booth, Don Weidner, Lewis Kitchen, Tom Rogers and Nicholas VanHorn.

Barnyard Notes

Any person who loves birds—and who doesn't—should have a set of the four beautifully colored bird charts that have just been issued by the State Game Commission.

A set arrived in our mail Monday morning and we were thrilled with them, although a bit disappointed that our old friends, the flickers and swallows, are missing from the charts. We can understand how the Commission might have forgotten the swallows, but we'll never forgive them for slighting the flickers. Who—if he has watched a flicker family in spring—could ever forget their comic antics or their incessant drumming on a tin roof.

The four charts are each 26 inches by 30 inches, bound with metal strips top and bottom, and a wall fastener. Divided into Pennsylvania Game Birds, Summer Birds, Winter Birds and Birds of Prey, they sell for 50c each or \$1.50 for the set of four and may be obtained by writing to the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

The nice thing about them is their simplicity, since they show only birds common to Pennsylvania or birds that are winter visitors. We still can't forgive them for forgetting the flickers.

As far as is known no other State has ever undertaken a project of this kind. Every sportsman's club, school and library should have a set. Although it might be difficult in most homes to find space to hang them, the charts come in a convenient container and can be rolled up and stored neatly out of the way. Most boys would probably want to hang them on their bedroom walls in place of the pin-up girls from their dads' discarded Esquire calendars. If folks had more bird charts and fewer Esquire pictures they'd probably have better boys.

Show me the boy who loves animals and nature—puppies, kittens, colts and baby birds—and I'll show you a boy who is no problem to his parents, teachers, or friends.

Mary Weir informs us that she knows where there is a fine four-months-old mongrel shepherd that has plenty of love and loyalty to divide with some boy or family. We'd find a home for him in a minute if Buck weren't ruling our roost. We can't forget that the most loyal dog we ever owned was old "Tyke," a mongrel shepherd.

Millie Kear is also having puppy problems, four of them born the day before Christmas on Sally's bed. The whole episode was a complete surprise to Millie so she doesn't know anything about their daddy, but they are "cute as Christmas," as Myra would say, and full of the old Nick when it comes to beating the stuffing out of a pillow or chewing an old shoe. Millie would like to keep them all. Lloyd has to work for a living and four extra mouths to feed is something these days. Anybody want a playful pup? Call Millie Kear.

"Never fall in love with a traveling man," is Mims Baltzel's advice to girls. Mind you, Mims didn't tell us that in so many words, but she did call us up one morning last week with tears in her voice and asked if we'd seen a stray Siamese cat that looked as though he might have been away from home for several nights. We hadn't, but we'd keep our eyes open for such a fellow.

A day or so later Digby called us back. "He's back. He just walked in." We couldn't make the connection. "Who's back?" we countered. "Sissy, Sissy—the cat" crowed Dig. "Mims is so happy she's got him in her arms and crying. He just walked in a minute or two ago." Firmly, we replied, "Sissy—nothing! He's just a traveling man. We turned back to our typewriter wondering if we'd done right not to tell Dig how our brother-in-law fixed Ginger who was also once a traveling man.

The hot-house and THE POST are running about the same these days. Three weeks behind schedule on the news and four weeks behind on the flowers. The poinsettias that should have bloomed at Christmas add a cheerful note to our house on these sombre days. We're delighted with them. We kept them alive and we brought them into bloom—four weeks late—but that's more than we did last year. Only one sour note, our mother-in-law says she doesn't like poinsettias after the holidays. I told her the Russians are still celebrating Christmas and I grew these for a Russian friend. I don't think she believes it.

Dug up four pots of tulips that have been buried in the garden since the middle of November. Against Myra's advice, tipped them over and examined the mass of roots that now fill the pots. It was another victory for the amateur gardener. We're going to have plenty of tulips in a couple of months, but I'd never have been sure if I hadn't tipped the pots over. You've got to be scientific when you're learning to be a gardener even if it upsets the rest of the household and goes counter to that intuition that causes Myra to pinch off every carnation bud before it has a chance to bloom. What I'd like to see is a few buds left. Then we'd know who's right in this gardening business. It's like the peas. We never have them. She says it's the way I dig the trench and string the wire.

THE MOO-COW-MOO

My Pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
So close I could almost touch;
An' I fed him a couple of times or two
An' I wasn't a 'fraid-cat much.

But, ef my Pa goes into the house
An' ef my mamma goes too,
I jest keep still like a little mouse
'Cause the moo-cow might moo!

The moo-cow-moo has a tail like a rope
An' it's ravelled down where it grows,
An' it's just like feelin' a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.

The moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Jest swingin' its tail about
But ef he opens his mouth I run
'Cause that's where the moo comes out.

The moo-cow-moo has deers on its head
An' his eyes bog out of their place;
An' the nose of the moo-cow-moo is spread
All over the end of his face.

An' his feet is nothing but fingernails
An' his mamma don't keep them cut
An' he gives folks milk in water pails
Ef he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you or me pulls them handles, why
The moo-cow-moo says it hurts
But our hired man he sets close by
An' squirts an' squirts an' squirts.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

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