

"The Totem Pole"

By M. William Denson
Editor, Pennsylvania News Service

Democratic leaders in Pennsylvania have been raising a great rumpus and commotion over the meeting in Philadelphia Tuesday of Republican leaders with chieftains of the powerful and moneyed Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association.

"The great tumult"—as it might be called, reached a high pitch in the Legislature last week when Grampaw Pettibone's snores were drowned out by the loud moanings of the Democratic minority in both the Senate and House. But what's it all about? Here it is in a nutshell:

The Democrats have been chanting for these many years that the Republican party in Pennsylvania is dominated by the financial interests of Pennsylvania manufacturers rather than the dictates of the people as a whole.

The Democrats claim further that the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association wields a heavy hand over the Republican party. Two of the big names in the association which Democrats have been prone to pick upon as the more or less invisible guides of the GOP party are Joseph R. Grundy and G. Mason Owlett—two former Republican State Senators and both officials of the association.

And 'twas Tuesday in Philadelphia that the association held its "annual meeting"—with the list of "guests" including none other than Governor Duff, U.S. Senator Edward Martin and the Republican leaders of both the House and Senate.

Democratic State Chairman, J. Warren Mickle, roaring at startled Grampaw Pettibone over the week end, declared that "the bold frontistry with which the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association has taken over and apparently appropriated for its own uses the General Assembly would be an alarming development anywhere except in Pennsylvania."

"But Warren, I didn't have anything to do with it," Grampaw Pettibone spluttered after he had recovered his adam's apple, only to be interrupted by the Democratic State Chairman, who commented with considerable heat: "Apparently the hour of decision is near at hand. The entire Republican membership of the General Assembly has been commanded to adjourn to Philadelphia where an extraordinary session will be held on Tuesday under Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association auspices."

Budget May Come Now

Warily Grampaw Pettibone recalled that Senator John H. Dent, Democratic floor leader, remarked slyly on the floor of the Senate last week that it may even be possible for a State budget to be drawn up after the meeting, and addressing his Republican colleagues in the upper house, Senator Dent commented with amusement:

"We'd like you to write us (the Democrats) a letter after the meeting with Mr. Grundy so we can find out just what the problems are here in Harrisburg."

Recalling that he was a member of the Joint Legislative Finance Committee asked for by Governor Duff to scan the financial picture for Pennsylvania, the dark-haired Senator from Westmoreland County continued with a glint in his eye:

"Maybe I could come in to the dinner-meeting on the side—not to eat—but after all I am a member of the finance committee and I'm supposed to know about finances."

And in the House, aging Rep. Hiram G. Andrews, Democratic floor leader in that body, picked up the cudgel and told his colleagues that he would like to apologize to the House for his suggestion the week before that the Legislature recess until after the legislative program had been mapped, asserting that after yesterday's meeting no such recess would be necessary because a program and budget would probably be forthcoming without delay.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Well folks, the topic today is, "Should we make the Govt. better versus just bigger and showier like we been doing for a dog's age." If folks were getting happier and more contented under Big Govt., I would say, okay. But as it is, with more murders, more taxes, more divorcees, more delinquency, less tranquility, fewer Kansas City steaks—it is time to look under the covers. And that item of K.C. steaks, I hark back to when the Santa Fe served a 6-bit dinner at its scrumptious eating houses. The hotel manager himself, with a platter of sizzling steaks on the crook of his elbow, asked you which one—a big one or a smaller one.

Govt. is now so big that it is stumbling over its own feet. Take housing. One Top Kick says rents should come down 10 per cent. Uncle Harry says, tut-tut, 'tain't so. And right here at Hickory there are two weather outfits. One says, tonight it will rain and be warmer. The other gent says for the fruit and vegetable folks to get their heaters going—it will frost. And next day we find neither rain nor frost—and both gents are in the weather dog-house.

And in your own affairs, there is some Govt. guy watching you or telling you what is best to do or vice versa, and you know for sure that he is just guessing—or reading out of some book. My proposal is, cut 50% off all budgets—see what happens then to the Govt. and us. Steaks might even get bigger. And the weather does as it pleases anyway. Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

The Bookworm

Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill, one of America's best known authors, and one loved by young and old, died Monday at her home in Swarthmore, after an illness of six months. She was 81.

Mrs. Hill, who had lived in Swarthmore since 1902 had suffered a general breakdown due to her advanced years and to hard work according to her daughter, Mrs. Wendell H. Walker, who was at her bedside when she died.

She was however, able to give lectures before religious groups, and to conduct a Sunday School Class near her home up until last year.

Most popular of her books was "The Enchanted Bar," published in 1937. Other best-sellers included "Crimson Roses," "Tomorrow About This Time," "Recreation," and "The Tryat."

Mrs. Hill's 79th novel, "Where Ways Met," was published only last January 8, by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, for whom she guaranteed to write two or three books a year. She had written two books a year recently.

The company reported nearly 4,000,000 copies of her works had been sold in the United States and thousands more abroad. Her novels were transplanted into almost every modern language.

Religion and writing were mingled in her heritage. Her aunt, Isabella Alden, was a popular novelist.

When she was ten, young Grace wrote "The Esseltynes or Marguerite and Alphonse," a tale of two forlorn orphans adopted by a wealthy lady.

She wanted to be an artist and studied at the Cincinnati Art School and Elmira College, N. Y., for such a career. Later in life she recalled that she never did consciously prepare for the writing profession.

In 1892 she was married to Rev. Thomas G. F. Hill of Pittsburgh, a Presbyterian minister. Mrs. Hill explained she found her plots in "little incidents at home or in the street."

Mrs. Hill's books have been called "sugar coated tracts," a description she never disputed. She had been asked to tone down her evangelistic messages. She had been known to vent her disapproval of a person by writing a book about him.

She never lived a cloistered life. In her youth she played tennis and rode horseback expertly. And in later years she kept a busy schedule of lecture engagements, for which she declined a fee.

YOUR HEALTH

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

It is viands—not glands—that cause obesity.

Overeating, not some endocrine abnormality, causes overweight.

Strange that an individual when told that his overweight will shorten his life, keeps right on eating more food than he needs.

What is this great urge to eat, eat, eat?

Psychiatrists tell us that eating is an emotional outlet, and may be under the influence of the subconscious mind.

Various psychological factors intensify the individual's appetite for food.

Some of these he may recognize and control, but the unconscious tensions make it difficult for the person to restrict his intake of food.

Unconscious drives are sometimes so powerful that even the threat of early death cannot induce the patient to refrain from overeating.

Obese patients have been heard to remark, "I would rather die than starve!"

The repentant alcoholic addict who realizes he is a social disgrace, but who cannot control his appetite for alcohol, displays a similar attitude.

Treatment of the fat patient is based on an understanding of the psychological reasons for his overeating.

Certain drugs are at times prescribed by the physician to suppress the desire to overeat.

Education of parents in proper eating habits for their children is an ideal approach to the problem.

Psychological training can be of benefit to the individual who sincerely desires to control his intake of food.

DO YOU KNOW?

The 1945 production of sleep-producing barbiturate drugs was 582,000 pounds—enough to put every man, woman and child in this country to sleep for each night for two weeks. A move is on to place barbiturate drugs under the Federal Narcotics Act.

From Pillar To Post

(Continued from Page One)

the land and the direction of the wind, complicated by a devilish ingenuity in searching out the most undesirable spots for the depositing of snow. My guess at the beginning of winter was that the snow would race horizontally across the open prairie at the back and plaster itself silt-deep against the house, insulating it against draft while blocking entrance by the storm door. But no such thing happened. The area around the back is scoured as thoroughly as if a broom had been applied to the situation, and the snow that should have acted as insulation funneled itself into the driveway, packing itself as solidly as any iceberg. Good for the muscles, but tough on the disposition.

What does an evening grosbeak look like? Common sense suggests buying a bird-book and boning up on local wildlife, but native inertia, combined with a lack of three dollars and ninety-eight cents, is against it. Besides, it is more fun to visualize birds from their names. An evening grosbeak sounds like a bird with an iridescent breast and neck, softly rosy and as beautiful as a quiet sunset, with a muted song like that of the mourning dove. And anybody who takes pen in hand to disillusion me will reap nothing in the way of a reward for such statistical information but a Bronx cheer.

Nobody can fool me on a robin, nor on a swallow, nor on a crow. On those three species I am letter perfect. Robins hop around on the lawn in search of elastic and reluctant worms, swallows teach their young to fly from the telephone wires just outside my window, and crows caw. A chickadee is probably that globular little party who descends in force upon the barberry hedge to gobble the red berries, while the black cats sit hopefully and with slavering jaws just beyond the prickles, praying for a miscalculation and singing softly for their supper. There is another round little bird with a striped cap and a dirty tail, whose identity the birdbook would clear up in a minute.

I'm thinking of starting an Association to Buy Mrs. Hicks A Bird-book, a volume profusely illustrated in color. A thin dime per person would entitle all and sundry to membership, all extra dimes to be donated to some Worthy Cause, such as the purchase of red flannel

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution" ESTABLISHED 1889

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally Ho Grille, LeGrand's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Leonard's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch.

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Classified rates 3c per word. Minimum charge 80c.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

Editor and Publisher
HOWARD W. RISLEY

Associate Editor
MYRA ZEISER RISLEY

Contributing Editor
MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

undershirts for the moral uplift of the Fiji Islanders.

Come to think of it, there would be points about expanding the association to cover the purchase of fifty strawberry plants and a few roots of asparagus, as on the whole more edible, and a hopeful foreshadowing of the coming of spring.

P.S. There is a small shoot pricking through the ground in the sheltered area to the south. We planted crocus bulbs in that spot late last fall, and the black cats may have overlooked a few. Perhaps we, too, may report a crocus in Barnyard Notes, given a few sunny days and a little less snow.

Red Cross Workers Named For Truckville

Mrs. A. C. Baltimore, captain, and Mrs. Edward V. Hartman, co-captain, have announced the following list of workers for the Red Cross drive in the Truckville area: Mesdames C. F. Kresge, Albert Blase, Burdette Crane, Jacob Beline, Albert Williams, Edgar Sutton, Dana Sickler, William Gregory, Samuel Miller, Alfred Webster, A. S. James, Leon W. Beisel, Ben Post, Neual Kester, S. D. Finney, Cedric Griffith, Joseph Cannon, Donald Miller, Lloyd Evans, Wilbur Nichols, Verna Isaacs and Esther Saxe.

When Killers Meet

By ROLAND BELL SHOEMAKER
Truckville, Pa.

Tartu, the big reddish-brown spider, stretched his hairy legs and admired himself. Each leg the length of a man's finger, these eight members held up a fuzzy body the size of a thumb. Tartu was a powerful fellow and quite sure of himself as he ambled forth from his deep lair to blink in the bright sunlight. He was a bird-eater and frequently roamed the trees or hid in the banana bunches, ready to spring like a tiger on his prey.

Tartu's bright eyes suddenly focused; he tensed with a swift gathering in of his powerful legs. Directly in his path stood Skull, the whip-tailed scorpion who was his most deadly enemy. His eight walking legs were firmly planted on Tartu's pathway, while his two claws waved menacingly. His tail, with its poison barb in which the black drops plainly showed, quivered and danced in anticipation of Tartu's next move.

It was not slow in coming, for Tartu was noted as a speedy mover. He flashed quickly to the left and moved straight in to seize Skull, wrapping his many legs around him in an enveloping tangle. His venomous-looking mouth tore at Skull's unprotected underparts with skill and precision, leaving several gaping wounds.

Meanwhile, Skull had not been idle. His poison barb struck again and again into Tartu's body. Now the poison drops were no longer visible. Tartu released his hold and staggered back.

Skull never moved. Then slowly he settled down where he was, quivered and lay still. His limp form relaxed as death came to claim him.

Tartu looked on uncertainly, for Skull's powerful poison was doing its deadly work. Then slowly his many legs closed round him in a ball. As they folded, his bright, beady eyes glazed over. Tartu rolled forward a little—dead like his enemy.

The fight was over and won—by the unseen third presence. Death had conquered them both.

Rotarians Hear Talk On Natural Resources

Rotary Club held its regular weekly meeting at the Irem Temple Club. Guest speaker of the evening was Steven Emanuel, principal of Dobson School Wilkes-Barre, and president of the United Sportsman. Mr. Emanuel talked on "America the Beautiful," and "Conservation of our Natural Resources." Movies were shown on game and wild life. President John Corliss presided. Present: Don Evans, Oswald Griffith, Charles Lee, Doc Rutherford, Mead MacMillan, Dan Richards, Harry Ohlman, Jim Beseker, Sheldon Mosier, Don Ide, Nes Garinger, Ralph Hallow, Floyd Chamberlain, David Jenkins, Dan Robinson, Warren Taylor, L. L. Richardson, Dr. Bud Schooley, Harold Payne, Jim Huston, James Lacey, L. F. Kingsley, George Metz, Warren Yeisley.

Expresses Gratitude

Members of the family of Baby Keith Wagner wish to express their gratitude to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted them in their recent bereavement.

Barnyard Notes

February thins away. The days lengthen. A new moon hangs low in the western skies. In the cold, frosty winter evenings, the constellations march across the early evening heavens in their greatest glory. The great hunter, Orion, sweeps to the kill midway on the horizon beyond Huntsville Dam, while high above College Misericordia and over Chestnut Ridge the Great Bear and the Little Bear chase each others tails. The Twins—Castor and Pollux—first magnitude stars in the constellation, Gemini, ride almost overhead. Far to the southwest The Seven Sisters dimly carry their lights toward North Mountain.

The seasons turn as do the stars, before another new moon in the western sky March will be nearing its end, and spring peepers will be calling from the lowlands. February, shortest of months, passes on leaving its trail of beauty on the brown hillsides, among the pine thickets and over all the land. The blanketed meadows, the frozen ponds await the roar of March to release them from their chains, and the refreshing rains of April to awaken them from their sleep. Beneath the frost of February the forsythia and maple buds await the touch of Spring.

Do It Now

This is the time to prune grape vines and to study plans for improving spring lawns. Brush up on the subject by consulting Luzerne County Agricultural Association or reading a couple of good books on the subjects at Memorial Library.

Tuberous begonias, barely covered in flats of damp peat-moss, will soon spring into life indoors to brighten many a shaded spot this summer with their colorful camelia and carnation-shaped blooms.

Catalogues Pile High

After studying those great works of the printer's art—the seed catalogues—especially those of the Wayside Nurseries, Flowerfield Bulb Farm and the old standard, Burpees, Myra and I have bought enough flower and vegetable seeds to plant the state of Texas, or if not the Lone Star state, then Rhode Island, at least.

A hundred catalogues pile on our library table. Funny how the seed companies get you on their mailing list just as soon as you order a package of zinnia seed or Russian sunflowers from one of those bargain ads in the Rural New Yorker. And now comes a big folder from a fellow named Robinson in Connecticut who will send his plan on how to become independent on an acre for a dollar.

Red-winged Blackbirds

Let the evening grosbeaks look to their laurels. Mrs. Robert Scott has had two red-winged blackbirds at her feeding station on Mt. Greenwood Road for the past week. That's one for Frank Jackson to explain. Mrs. Scott says the reason no grosbeaks have stopped in our orchard is because we've failed to provide sunflower seed. Two quarts a day is the allotment she provides at 30c per pound. The grosbeaks are hearty eaters and so far have consumed 125 pounds. We remember George Dean told us last spring that the Shrine View grosbeaks kept him busy hauling feed and sunflower seeds. The grosbeaks also love hot cakes. Mrs. Scott says that's one reason she and Bob have so many of them these winter mornings; but there is no sugar or syrup on them when the birds tear them to ribbons.

Red-winged blackbirds in February! We could hardly believe it. No bird guide gives a clue to their premature arrival on the dry hillsides of Mt. Greenwood but Bliss Carmen's poem below gives a hint that they are among the first to awaken the swamps and lowlands in April.

THE REDWING

I hear you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp!

First of the moving vanguard
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sybil,
Dancing in green and gold.

—Bliss Carmen.

Sister Miriam

Received a lovely little book of verse "Woven Of The Sky," written by Sister Miriam of College Misericordia. Done by Mosher Press, Boston, Mass., it is a beautiful volume in its simplicity. We liked especially her poem:

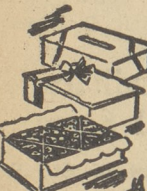
GIVE ME THE SUN

Give me the sun, a bird, a flower
And I shall spin you a song
That will live an hour.

Give me a heart, a joy, a tear,
And I shall weave you a song
That will live a year.

But give me a love death cannot sever,
And I will build you a song
To live forever.

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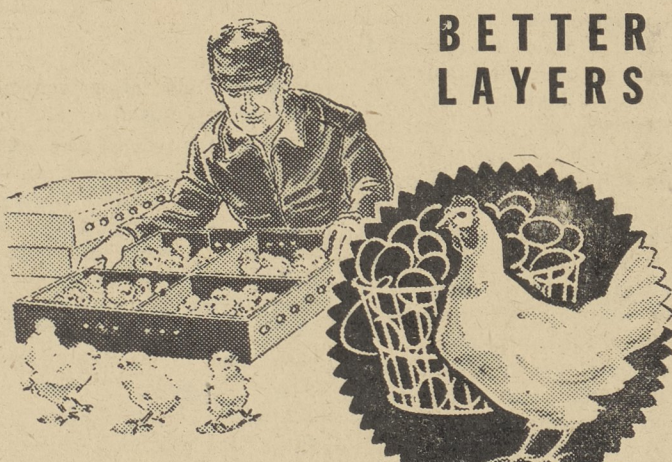
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