

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, October 23—Poor old Grampaw Pettibone — breathlessly wading out from the tons and tons of propaganda put out last week to help boost the observance of "Pennsylvania Week" — began to wonder whether it was actually a boost Pennsylvania occasion or boost the Republican Party.

It is worth noting that the "Pennsylvania Week" campaign was "put on" by none other than the State Department of Commerce — official praise agent of the Commonwealth.

The boys in Commerce were in quite a lather before the deal ended during the past weekend, fearful that if they didn't do a decent job that there would be some cracking of the political whip.

It is interesting to note that the Department of Commerce has been referred to on more than one occasion as the "party political dumping grounds." In other words, if some worthy party worker has put forth a decent effort and is eligible for consideration by the party chiefs — and no one knows quite what to do with him — then a job is found in the good old Department of Commerce.

For example within the department is what is known as "the clipping bureau". Primary purpose, apparently, is to clip praise stories of the various departments as they appear in the various and sundry newspapers throughout the State. This "strategic" bureau is in charge of a Philadelphian, who — although supposed to be one of those great public servants, supported by public funds — apparently feels that her position places her above acceding to requests by a member of the great army of taxpayers.

Grampaw Pettibone reports the case of a taxpayer who wandered into the clipping bureau with the innocent thought of glancing through one or two of the periodicals to look up a story, whereupon she was told in no uncertain words by this "public servant" that it would interfere too much with the

operation of the bureau! About half dozen girls are employed in this one bureau alone. Day in and day out they clip and clip and clip — stories of the various departments of the State Government as they are carried by the Pennsylvania press. After the stories are clipped, what happens? They are sent around to the respective departments — where few executives take the bother or time to read them.

"If this is an example of efficient operation of the State Government, then the Republican leadership in the State certainly has good cause for the worrying it is going through right now," Grampaw Pettibone growled between puffs on his pipe.

Indications are mounting daily that matters are not now moving any too smoothly for the GOP boys. Originally the plan was for the State Chairman and a few of the other big boys within the party to take time off this Fall and trot about the State, helping the Republican organizations in their local fights.

But, lo and behold, many of these GOP "wheels" are finding plenty

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If trouble in their home balwick, squiring their presence on the home front." Gone are the thoughts of happy days of touring the countryside with the local political aspirants, beaming and smiling graciously in the Fall sunshine of the rank and file voter.

The smiles have turned to frowns of worryment and the sunshine has become clouded.

Firemen Wet Down Field

On Monday Shavertown Fire company, represented by president, John Butler, Fire Chief, William Morol, and assistant Fire Chief, Edward Woolbert brought their pumping equipment to the high school athletic field and pumped water from Toby's Creek to down the heavy layer of dust that has seriously interfered with all physical education classes, band practice, and football practice. The students are taking this opportunity to thank the firemen. The field is now in good condition for all school work.

Texas proclaimed its independence from Mexico in 1838, when it was recognized by the United States.

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BACK MOUNTAIN IMPRESSIONS

By Mary Elizabeth Eder

Upon learning of the newly organized YWCA Bride's Club composed of thirty members from England, France and Australia, we scuttled up for an interview with the gals. One Australian Miss surprised us with the statement that prawn is used in Australia instead of shrimp and that she misses beef sausage which is reported to be much better tasting than our pork variety. She was amazed at the number of flours — self-raising, bleached, pancake, cake, etc., and it has taken her some time to find the kind she is accustomed to using.

Mrs. Leon Austin, an English bride, now living on Main Street, Shavertown, is still a bit wide-eyed at our prepared mixes — puddings, cake mixtures, etc. that require so little time and effort. England even at the time of non-rationing, did not have so many canned foods. All the girls registered surprise at the thickness of our slice of bread. Theirs is crustier and sliced much thinner. Incidentally, they only have butter for tea and special occasions!

Now, for a bit of English slang as supplied by another adopted English lass, Mrs. Olin Vossler of Star Route, Dallas. When an Englishman wants to say "No" and be rude about it, he frequently resorts to the pithy, "The answer is a lemon." "Good show" is a term of approval in the style of our "Nice going." "Next door but one" is the English manner of describing a place two houses away. A "Turf accountant" is the polite English way of speaking of a bookie.

As a group, they agreed that there was nothing in their home countries that corresponded with a wiener roast, though the Australian girls are fond of midnight picnics on the beach on warm, summery nights. The French brides think our hats are too alike, that we choose the mode rather than a really becoming bonnet. Australian shoe styles are more advanced than ours or even those of Paris and, our Australian cousins prefer to make their own hats!

You need not be an avid reader to enjoy the gracious informality of Back Mountain library. People drop in to kill time before an appointment, leaf through a magazine and usually leave with a novel. A brief encounter with the subject Library Science left us with an awed knowledge of the work behind the orderly shelves everyone takes for granted. There is an unending round of cataloguing, repairing books, indexing and so on ad infinitum but Miss Miriam Lathrop found time for a discussion of the late books with us.

The library has the inimitable "Miracle of the Bells," and Miss Lathrop says the demand for it is rising again especially since the movie has gone into production with more than a score of scenes photographed in Glen Lyon. There is the much discussed "Gentleman's Agreement" which, you know, is the story of a staff writer for a liberal weekly who was given the assignment of writing a series of articles on anti-semitism. This book is well written and packs a terrific wallop!

We spotted the familiar jacket of "Mrs. Mike" which most of you probably read in its Reader's Digest condensation and paused to read a review of Mary O'Hara's latest, "Green Grass of Wyoming." This is the third volume of the McLaughlin family. Ken, the dreamy little boy who wanted his own colt in "My Friend Flicka," has grown into a sturdy, self-reliant youngster. His brother Howard is a West Point Cadet, and a rollicking baby sister has arrived to give new interest and piquancy to life on Goose Bar Ranch.

Every one who remembers his own first long automobile trip will enjoy "A Long Way Home" written with charm and humor; it is a record of a time when hearts were young and gay, and adventure lay just around the next turn in the road.

Yes, our visit to the library was delightful and telling you about it even more so!



Barnyard Notes

"Ach, that Barnyard, sometimes it's in the paper and sometimes it isn't," says Henry Blank of Truckville, authority on ducks and varied other livestock. But Henry hasn't much time for livestock now, he is helping thirteen European families who are destitute and facing the prospect of a long and difficult winter. Some of them are members of his family and some are older friends of his relatives. Practically all of them have had all of their sons killed in the war and one woman lost five sons. All of them are undernourished. None of the women weighs over ninety-two pounds.

What does Henry send these people? All of his feed bags. They make underwear from the cloth. Dried beans, dried peas, rice; he seldom sends canned things because the cans add to the weight. Also included are sugar, coffee and a little candy. For a time he sent cigarettes. These have been banned because they are used as money in the black market and will buy anything.

Henry keeps a little note book with an account for each person, showing the list of items and dates of shipments. Some of the accounts run over five pages in his book.

Jack Andres, the stone mason, is another who is helping ten families in Germany. Either of these men will be glad to have contributions of warm clothing, turkish towels or any thing servicable that will help to keep an old woman warm or a child from going through the winter cold and hungry.

Neither Henry nor Jack asked us to put this appeal in the Barnyard. We learned of what they are doing through casual conversation while Jack was repairing our warehouse wall and when Henry was in to ask why the Barnyard isn't in the Post every week.

But the picture of suffering they left in our mind lingered as we scuffed through the fallen apples in our orchard to plant daffodil bulbs. Bushels of apples going to waste on the ground. Not the best apples in the world, to be sure, but apples that would be gathered and stored like treasures if they were in some parts of Germany.

We thought, too, of those people as we emptied the garbage and as we fed the chickens crusts of bread and stale biscuits. Whether Mr. Truman is right or wrong, we know now that we can go one day a week without meat, and poultry. We waste too much. We complain about high prices but we never hesitate to pay the price when its something we want; and we want most everything—or think we do. I have never known hunger—gnawing terrible hunger. In my own home I have never really been cold.

I have no doubt that dozens of other local families are helping relatives in Europe. All of the churches have contacts with organizations that will forward packages and parcels. Contact them if you feel that you, too, would like to help.

"Give light to them that sit in darkness." Fold a large bath towel double, end to end, and stitch the sides together forming a bag. Cram this bag full, selecting the contents so that a boy or girl, old man or old woman can use them all. Remember boys and girls over fifteen in European countries are counted as adults. All articles should be new or in excellent condition, as they are personal gifts from you to a friend you have never seen. Stitch or tie the top of your bag securely shut and take it to church with you. Your church will see to it that it reaches the proper destination. Or if you don't want to take it to the church, take it to your school or bring it to The Dallas Post.

As a suggestion of contents: for boys, underwear, pajamas, stockings, socks, shirts, shorts, trousers, sweaters, gloves, mittens, caps, shoes, and scarfs; for girls, underwear, panties, nightclothes, slips, dresses, warm stockings or socks, skirts, blouses, sweaters, gloves, mittens, slippers, shoes.

You can also include soap, washcloths, toothbrush, toothpowder, hair brush, comb, talcum powder, baby powder, hairpins, vaseline, shoe strings, handkerchiefs, pencils, writing paper, safety pins, straight pins, or any small durable toys. Don't send military toys. These children have seen enough war.

Bulbs From Holland

This week while the people of Europe are wondering how they will get through the winter, I received a shipment of 4,000 crocus bulbs from Holland. Included were hyacinth bulbs, red William Pit tulips and a dozen of the wonderful new red Olaf tulip bulbs for forcing. A number of friends, Harry Ohlman, Hayden Richards, Doc Rutherford, Harry Smith, Lettie Culver, Mrs. Neual Kestor and Bob Currie are going to share the crocus bulbs with me. I hope they are as beautiful as the ones we planted last year. My Dutch friends assure me that they will be even better.

Two weeks ago Myra and I planted 1,000 daffodil bulbs. I dug the holes and threw in each a handful of bonemeal mixed with sand. Myra planted and covered the bulbs. A fourth of them were well covered when I discovered that the real gardener in the household was putting the bulbs in the holes, little end down. Though she has planted hundreds of onions, she insisted that red beets, horse radish, parsnips and turnips all grow small end down, so why not daffodils? And she still thinks she was right.

Try This On Your Furnace

Sunday night we had another demonstration of the practicality of a woman. Thinking to instruct her in the mysteries of a furnace, we pointed out the water gauge. "See the water is low. If you are ever at home alone and the fire is burning but the house is cold, look at this gauge. Turn this valve until the water level is half way up in the gauge. Then turn the valve. Now see if you can do it while I store away the gladioli bulbs."

We left her standing there by the furnace—a willing if meek little pupil.

With the bulbs stored and our day's work done, we took the coaxing Buck for his evening jaunt around the block. We had hardly reached the barn when Myra came running after us. "Come, quickly, water is dripping through every room in the house. The kitchen floor is flooded."

What a way to end the day. The pupil had turned off the valve—any valve. They all looked alike, but water had continued its slow course through all the furnace. Filling that it had filled the pipes and then all the radiators and now it was filling the house.

Nobody could ask for a better wife than Myra—she puts up with a lot—but as a daffodil planter and furnace tender—she doesn't read the right books.

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