

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, January 29—Politics are having a hey-day bustling importantly hither and yon over the land, cigars firmly clenched and hat in hand—and some in the ring.

For a time there was considerable hoop-de-la and rumpus over the question of State Treasurer and Auditor General. In fact in the Democratic ranks, the question is still among the moot items, in view of the fact that the State Committee plans no action on the matter, maintaining instead a "hands off" policy.

In Republican ranks the picture is entirely different. In fact, the GOP picture has been very well framed.

"It must be remembered," quoth Grampaw Pettibone assuming his Napoleonic stance with hand tucked in his ash-covered vest, "that these are two juicy political plums, the plucking of which cannot and must not be overlooked."

He recalled as he brushed from his vest the heavy load of cigar ashes that the two gents who now occupy these pews here on Capitol Hill - State Treasurer Ramsey S. Black and Auditor General G. Harold Wagner - are staunch Democrats.

"If the Republicans are successful in having their candidates elected to these offices, the GOP machine in Pennsylvania will have complete domination of our State Government," he warned with a bent and quaking finger.

We asked him what was wrong with that, whereupon he clamped his false teeth firmly together, and then peering over his bifocals at us in abject pity, said:

"Son, we've got a two-party system in this State. We ought to use it. The elephant-riders now in control of the administration also control the legislative branch, which means there isn't much left for the donkey-backers.

"It's high time young whipper-snappers like yourself take an interest in what's happening. The State Treasurer and Auditor General act as a 'check' on operations of the State's fiscal affairs, and no Democrat is going to let a Republican get away with red cent if he

Your Health

When a young person graduates from high school and college, he is on his own in more ways than one.

At this time of his life he assumes the responsibility not only for his choice of work and method of living, but also for his continued good health.

By "continued good health," it is denoted that during school years it has been possible to eliminate by education, vaccination and periodic examination such diseases as tuberculosis, typhoid, smallpox and diphtheria.

After leaving school or college, a large majority of people fail to apply the available method of preventing disease and prolonging life.

The adult group should be educated to voluntarily carry out measures which prolong life and maintain good health.

Many diseases are recognizable in their early stages at a time when their progress may be curtailed, proper treatment instituted, and deaths prevented.

Ovid, the Roman poet, more than 1900 years ago said, "Too late is the medicine prepared when the disease has gained strength by long delay."

A periodic physical examination by the family doctor is good preventive medicine.

Such examination may reveal the presence of an irritable appendix, stones in the gall bladder or an ulcer in the stomach.

Once these conditions are evident, treatment should be started immediately in order to avoid serious consequences due to delay.

A periodic physical examination is good insurance for prolonging life.

More persons who know how to swim are drowned each year than non-swimmers, due to the fact that the non-swimmer doesn't go near the water, while the swimmer indulges and is exposed to drowning.

The agriculture of the state of Oklahoma is varied, combining the production of both the north and south. Corn, cotton and wheat are the largest among the many products of the farms of the state.

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ESTABLISHED 1889

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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 each. Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tully-Ho Grille, LeGrand's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Leonard's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—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.

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Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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State Wide News

Gathered through the facilities of Pennsylvania News Service

Philadelphia, (PNS)—46-year-old Michael Papaneri, former professional boxer, has been convicted by a jury of second-degree murder in connection with the slaying of his 87-year-old mother, Anna Papaneri.

Chester, (PNS)—An investigation is under way into the cause of a spectacular \$750,000 fire which swept through a bus company garage, destroying 33 buses each valued at around \$18,000.

Pittsburgh, (PNS)—William Moore, 17, and Mario Del Masto, 28, were seriously injured in a gasoline explosion in a three-story garage last week caused by an acetylene torch being lighted too near a gasoline tank.

Chester, (PNS)—City Council here dropped a plan to levy a tax on newspapers and radio stations within the city limits, which would have cost these public services two per cent tax on gross receipts. The city has only one newspaper.

Lewisburg, (PNS)—Peter Janowicz, 18-year-old prisoner who escaped from the Federal Penitentiary "to go home for the Christmas holidays" has been sentenced to serve an additional two-and one-half years for his action by the United States District Court.

Scranton, (PNS)—A new one per cent income tax for Scranton has been voted into effect by City Council on a three-to-one vote. The tax becomes law after February 20.

Pittsburgh, (PNS)—Thanks to the alertness of two Pennsylvania Railroad employees, nine-year-old Matthew Cavanaugh is still walking around like any other normal lad these days. Last week he and his brothers were sledding along thin ice along a stream when suddenly little Matthew disappeared. The railroad workers, hearing the screams of the brothers, rushed downstream about 100 feet, waded through the thin ice and grabbed the tot as he emerged from his under-ice trip.

Erie, (PNS)—While playing the ordinarily innocent and harmless game of "cops and robbers" near her home last week, seven-year-old Betty E. Miles was accidentally shot in the eye by a small bore rifle held by her brother. She died shortly after being taken to a hospital.

Middleburg, (PNS)—Firemen from Middleburg and two nearby communities fought desperately a fire for four-and-a-half hours in an effort to save the building housing a large chain store. Only the brick walls remained standing as officials estimated damage to be in the neighborhood of \$40,000.

Philadelphia, (PNS)—George W. Rookstool, 32-year-old butcher believes in helping his customers beat the high price of living. By selling membership in a "club" at \$1.25 per person he is able to sell meat wholesale. He now has 360 members.

Barnyard Notes

We're looking for the fellow who says, "We don't have winters like we did when I was a boy."

Of course science has proved the fallacy of that remark; but there are still plenty of old-timers who persist that winters are not so cold, and drifts are never so deep, as they were thirty, forty, or fifty odd years ago . . . and they might be right, too. There were no motorized snow-plows in those blustery days; few central heating plants, no stokers and no oil burners. Few farm homes had modern plumbing or running water. Transportation for most folks was confined to trains, horses and Shank's Mare. There were no smooth highways; few closed cars; no heaters; and those who were fortunate enough to own automobiles jacked them up in the garage for the winter. But snow wasn't any deeper then and the mercury dropped no lower than it does today.

It's the point of view that makes the difference. But on the surface we can see that fellow's point. Girls today wear sheer nylons instead of heavy cotton stockings, and kids wear none. Men have discarded long woollens in favor of year-round shorts and shirts. High button and lace shoes have given way to oxfords. Ear-flap caps and the buffalo robe are as dead as the dodo. Maybe we're getting tougher and can stand more cold. Could be.

Our memories of real winters — and a glance at the calendar convinces us that we are not so young — center around our grandfather's farm on the banks of State's Pond in Susquehanna County, not far from where our great-grandfather, wearing a tall beaver hat, migrated from Connecticut to become one of the first settlers on the Meshoppen Creek.

The approach of a winter storm was the signal for me and my cousin to fill the woodbox on the back stoop of that farm home from the neatly corded woodpile outnear the henhouse. Then the water pails were filled in preparation for the night and day ahead, and lined in a row on the bench where the washbasins always stood.

After my uncle had fed and bedded the stock, we'd close the henhouse windows and pull for the house where over a hot wood fire in the kitchen range my grandmother and aunt would have the evening meal prepared.

Dusting the snow from damp clothing, we'd line our rubber boots and two smaller pairs of felt tops in the long dark closet off the kitchen — a closet that always smelled of boots, stable, guns and men. It was there that the bootjack that now holds the door open at the Barnyard once reposed. Cast in the iron form of a naked colored mammy it brought protests from a demure grandmother whenever two small boys were allowed by an indulgent uncle to use the "vulgar thing". Clothing changed, we were ready for supper.

There was always crumbled maple sugar in the blue milk glass dish on my grandmother's table, sugar cookies from the iron stoneware jar in the cellarway, and thick cream skimmed from the flat milk pans that rested on high racks in the damp earth-bottomed cellar; spare-ribs from home-killed pork and maybe pancakes of the kind that required butter-milk and a night to rise, in the batter crock, before they could be poured on the sizzling griddle.

. . . and all the while the snow piled deeper out in the yard, down in the orchard, and out toward the barn, while the snarling wind swept drifts over pasture and meadow.

Sometimes the oil lamp on the supper table (the same kind Myra collects—circa 1900) would flicker and gasp from a sudden draft and almost die.

After the meal, while the women folk cleared the table and washed the dishes (men folk didn't wash dishes in those days) the men would retire to the living room to talk about the weather and other big storms — storms that really were something when they were boys — and my cousin and I would listen in awe to tales of the winter when black diphtheria killed a neighbor down the road; Ben Johnson's boy over the hill; the miller's daughter and a score of others about the countryside. There was hardly a home without its dead, and the snow piled the roads so high that Dr. Lathrop couldn't get through and several days elapsed before those who remained could bury the dead.

Then my grandmother would come in — none too soon for the wide-eyed pair of us — and the conversation would change to more pleasant things. From her rocker beside the paisley covered living room table, her book aglow from the rays of an Alladin lamp, she'd read history and tales of the north woods aloud to all of us until her voice became hoarse or her eyes tired, even though she wore reading glasses over her regular spectacles.

After an hour or two, my uncle would coal up the hopper-type room heater, resplendent with its glowing inslaglass sides and ornate nickel trimming. Then swinging the lantern that rested, always lighted, on the back porch, he'd start out to take another look at the stock; to see how deep the snow had fallen and to predict the weather for tomorrow. There were no radioed weather forecasts — only the fallen snow, the hidden stars, the howl of the wind and a man's intuition to foretell what the morrow would bring.

Of course snows were deeper then, drifts higher and weather colder. Then we'd pile up to bed in the unheated second floor; change into flannel nightgowns and burrow into the straw tick on the cord bed while the snow made little drifts inside the window sill. That straw tick — was there ever a bed like it—crisp, cold and picky; but it soon warmed up under the heat of two small bodies and a hot soapstone wrapped in flannel at the foot.

Heads covered with blankets we sank into the cold pillows with a final prayer, "Gee, it would be awful if we 'had to go' tonight." And all the while the snow piled higher against the frosted windowpane. It was a great storm for youngsters but it had its drawbacks.

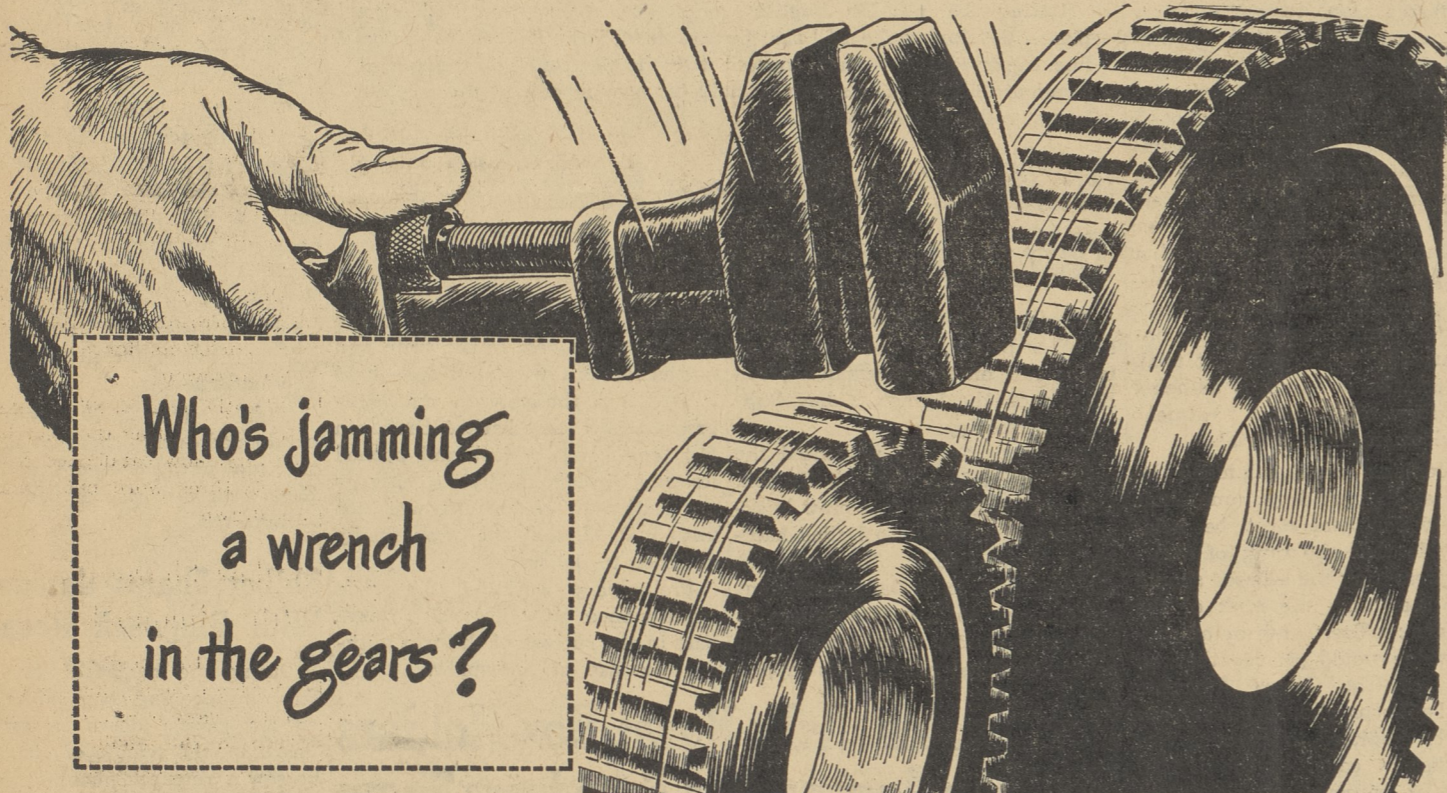
Maybe in the middle of the night one of us would awaken with a fearful pain, akin to Cholera Morbus. Stoically, the awakened one would bear it for ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes. But the persistent pain would seldom be suppressed. Then one or the other would nudge his sleeping companion. A grunt from the dark and the two of us would jump gingerly out of bed. Sleepily we'd loosely button on our garments. "You 'fraid'?" "Nope", both of us remembering unburied dead from black diphtheria and that ghosts recognize no weather. Tiptoeing down the creaking stairs, we'd make our way past the room heater, through the darkened kitchen onto the back stoop. Sometimes we could persuade the hound to leave his warm berth from behind the stove and come with us for protection. Then from the back stoop where the welcome lantern threw its warm beams over the invading snow, we'd plunge waist deep, where the path should have been. Out past the pump which was bedecked like a white scarecrow, down the hill beyond the grape arbor and my grandmother's flower garden where in summer goldenglow concealed the little white building that at all hours welcomed the rugged, the sedate and the frivolous — and on this cold winter night, two young cousins and an unwilling dog.

Yes, we're looking for the fellow who said winters were colder then, — and how about seats, brother, do you remember them?

STATE POLICE SAY:

It is both dangerous and unlawful to overtake or pass another vehicle traveling in the same direction when approaching the crest of a grade or traveling on a curve where there may be oncoming traffic approaching. The law requires that you have a clear and unobstructed view of the highway ahead and free of oncoming traffic for a distance of 500 feet before passing.

PNS
The hemlock tree is the official tree of Pennsylvania.



Who's jamming a wrench in the gears?

3 Unions Block Labor Peace—Refuse Wage Boost Already Accepted by 19 Other Railroad Unions!

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers and the Switchmen's Union of North America, representing 125,000 railroad employees, have refused to accept the offer of the Railroads of a wage increase of 15½ cents an hour.

This is the same increase awarded 1,000,000 non-operating employees by an arbitration board in September, 1947.

This is the same increase accepted by 175,000 conductors, trainmen and switchmen by agreement on November 14, 1947.

Agreements have been made with 1,175,000 employees, represented by nineteen unions. But these three unions, representing only 125,000 men, are trying to get more. They are demanding also many new working rules not embraced in the settlement with the conductors and trainmen.

Incidentally, the Switchmen's Union of North America represents only about 7% of all railroad switchmen, the other 93% being represented by the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and covered by the settlement with that union.

Strike Threat

The leaders of these three unions spread a strike ballot, while negotiations were still in progress. This is not a secret vote but is taken by union leaders and votes are signed by the employees in the presence of union representatives.

When direct negotiations failed, the leaders of these three unions refused to join the railroads in asking the National Mediation Board to attempt to settle the dispute, but the Board took jurisdiction at the request of the carriers and has been earnestly attempting since November 24, 1947, to bring about a settlement. The Board on January 15, 1948, announced its inability to reach a mediation settlement. The leaders of the unions rejected the request of the Mediation Board to arbitrate. The railroads accepted.

What Now?

The Unions having refused to arbitrate, the Railway Labor Act provides for the appointment of a fact-finding board by the President.

The railroads feel it is due shippers, passengers, employees, stockholders, and the general public to know that throughout these negotiations and in mediation, they have not only exerted every effort to reach a fair and reasonable settlement, but they have also met every requirement of the Railway Labor Act respecting the negotiation, mediation, and arbitration of labor disputes.

It seems unthinkable that these three unions, representing less than 10 per cent of railroad

employees, and those among the highest paid, can successfully maintain the threat of a paralyzing strike against the interest of the entire country—and against 90 per cent of their fellow employees.

The threat of a strike cannot justify granting more favorable conditions to 125,000 employees than have already been put in effect for 1,175,000, nor will it alter the opposition of the railroads to unwarranted wage increases or to changes in working rules which are not justified.

A glance at the box shows what employees represented by the Engineers and Firemen make. They are among the highest paid in the ranks of labor in the United States, if not the highest.

Compare these wages with what you make!

Here is a comparison of average annual earnings of engineers and firemen for 1939 (pre-war) and 1947. Also shown is what 1947 earnings would have been if the 15½ cents per hour increase, offered by the railroads and rejected by the union leaders, had been in effect throughout the entire year 1947.	Type of Employee	1939 Average Annual Earnings	1947 Average Annual Earnings	1947 Average Annual Earnings with 15½ Cents per Hour Added
	ENGINEERS			
	Road Freight	\$3,966	\$6,126	\$6,757
	(Local and Way)			
	Road Passenger	3,632	5,399	6,025
	Road Freight (Through)	3,147	4,684	5,169
	Yard	2,749	4,081	4,539
	FIREMEN			
	Road Freight	2,738	4,683	5,268
	(Local and Way)			
	Road Passenger	2,732	4,544	5,165
	Road Freight (Through)	2,069	3,460	3,891
	Yard	1,962	3,136	3,553

Railroad wages computed from Interstate Commerce Commission Statement M-300. Full year 1947 estimated on basis of actual figures for first eight months.

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