

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, February 12—Throckmorton P. Twillingford, an ardent Democrat for lo these many years, threw his hat on the floor in utter disgust the other night as he listened to Grampaw Pettibone expounding on the advantages of a third party.

"Why there's nothing like it, Throck old boy," Grampaw Pettibone was saying with his gray hair a-bristle. "Think of it - three candidates to choose from instead of just two. The more the merrier and the more like our democratic way of life. Wouldn't you rather choose from three different suits of clothes than just two? Surely you can see—"

"Pettibone, I'm one of those old-line Democrats and I stand by the party line," Throckmorton P. Twillingford cut in, his face red with emotion, "and I don't have any hankering to see my party cut up this-way and that-away by any off-shoot trying to collect Democratic votes. I won't stand for it, I tell you, Pettibone."

"Well then sit down," shouted irate Grampaw Pettibone.

"I won't sit down," Twillingford retorted in a huff.

There was a pause while they glowered at each other and then Grampaw Pettibone with a shrug, turned to his contemporary and said:

"Now listen to me, Throck. I was down at Republican headquarters yesterday chatting with a few of the gents that claim they run affairs in the GOP party in Pennsylvania.

"They were chirping and gleefully slapping each other on the back like a couple of school kids who just let the air out of the tires of the principal's car. What were they glowing over? I'll tell you. "General Eisenhower has withdrawn from the possibilities of a Presidential candidate, and the chances are if he had run, the Republicans would have been in there throwing their weight behind him because they knew he was the best candidate so far.

"But now the Republicans can go their merry way and select their own gent to replace Harry. On top of that the fact that Henry Wallace had announced his candidacy for President meant that there was a good possibility he would make a bid for Democratic votes in his third party support, having been a Democrat himself at one time.

"Thus you can see where the gentry in GOP headquarters have a right to a little gloating. To them it all looks like easy and sweet sailing, which means they will have

the patronage platter well under control in Pennsylvania.

"What you Democrats need is a shot in both arms. Stop sitting down and hollering. Get on your feet and go into action."

"Pettibone, I've heard about all—", Twillingford cut in with a shake of his finger.

"Oh, stop blabbering and bend an ear for a minute," Grampaw Pettibone roared, continuing:

"As I was saying, if you'd stop yelling and do a little more work, your Democratic friends might get somewhere. Do you realize that two years ago during the last legislative election, there were more than 20 counties where you didn't even have Democratic candidates for the State House of Representatives?"

"Think that over and then do something about it. If you can't even put up candidates, you might as well give up the idea of having a Democratic Party. If I were you and your Democratic friends, I'd do less talking and more constructive action!"

Lehman Parents Hear Delet-Kanic On Alaska

Joseph Delet-Kanic, president of Dallas Township Parent-Teacher Association, was the guest speaker at the meeting of Lehman Parent-Teacher Association on Monday night. About 125 persons attended.

The speaker gave an illuminating talk on Alaska where he was stationed during the war.

Other features of the program were a cornet solo by Richard Weidner; "Calliope Capers" by a group of girls playing song flutes; and a book report by Esther Ide, third grade pupil.

The Letterman's Club held a bake sale in connection with the meeting and made a profit of \$75.

To Teach At Freeland

Rev. Harry Rundell of Noxen Tabernacle will be the guest teacher at Youth For Christ Rally at Freeland Baptist Church next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

SAFETY VALVE

OH, PROMISE ME

Dear Editor: When you wrote the editorial in last week's Post (Oh, Promise Me', January 30th issue) you should have had the attached.

It would be a good idea if every newspaper printed this in each issue with a note that all promises, if kept, will cost the taxpayers more than is gained.

Yours sincerely, C. H. Matthews, Dallas, R.F.D. 1

The quotation which Mr. Matthews encloses with his letter is as follows: —Editor

"It costs the powerful so little to bestow mere words upon us, and their power makes it so unnecessary for them to carry out the fine promises which they have made, that it is really true modesty on their part not to make even more sweeping promises"

—La Bruyere.

NICE GOING

Dear Editor: Papa says he will gladly exchange the October 24th issue which was inadvertently mailed him last week for the January 23rd issue which it replaced.

And the motto of this is, "Be sure your sins will find you out." Your mailing crew would select a time when I'd be in Charleston to pull a senarigan like this.

I want papa to get a smile out of the old timers being set back on their haunches as depicted in The Pillar To Post and Barnyard columns of that issue.

Mrs. T. M. B. H. Charleston, S. C.

FEELS CHEATED

Dear Mr. Risley: Liked your column very much this week. I have always felt cheated that I never knew any such childhood. I was unfortunate enough to have been raised in a suburb where we didn't have good snow storms and I had no relatives who lived on farms. I have always felt very much cheated, so your writeup this week fascinated me because I have never enjoyed scenes such as you write about.

This typewriter is in a crazy humor but I think you can read most of it.

Yours, Edith Blez, February 2, 1948

But you did spend a summer at that country hotel in New England. It's the same principle. —Editor.

BRAVE WRITER

Dear Editor: It has long been a puzzle to some of us why you of all people, have remained silent about the telephone service in this community. It can't have escaped your attention. This indifferent service inconveniences everybody and retards business.

As editor of the Post and president of the businessmen you can do nothing that would be appreciated more by a patient public than to agitate for decent service now.

Anon. That's the trouble with the public. It is so patient that it's even afraid to sign its name to letters asking the editor to stick his neck out. Just to prove that the "patient" public is afraid to do what it asks the editor to do, we'll publish next week every signed letter we receive from a telephone user who thinks the service isn't what it ought to be, but no more anonymous letters, thank you.—Editor.

Alcohol Never Did

To the Editor: No man ever drank lard into his tub, nor flour into his sack, nor meal into his barrel, nor happiness into his home, nor God into his soul.

No student ever drank himself into a Cum Laude Scholastic College Honor, athletic feat or skilled art record in any field, whatsoever. No person ever got his inspiration for science or art from spirits.

The Russian pianist and singer, Victor Seriff, said, "He had never known a single artist who used alcohol as a source of help in performance. The use of alcohol in any form cannot be correlated with art. That the drinking of alcoholics within 24 hours of a concert would render him unstable and uncertain in his performance."

No one ever drank himself into the "Who's Who" column. It has not been inherent with greatness to drink as most of our great men have been total abstainers, note Lincoln, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. Harrison, Gen. Pershing, Gen. Montgomery, Sergeant York, Capt. Colin Kelley, Edison, Ford, Burbanks, Dr. Mayo, Spencer Tracy, Jeanette McDonald, Lily Pons, Glenn Cummings, Annette Kellerman, Amelia Earhart, Miss Margaret Truman and the new Miss America, neither smokes or drinks.

(Continued on page three)

THE DALLAS POST

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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 50c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch.

Classified rates .8c per word. Minimum charge 30c.

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.

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

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MYRA ZEISER RISLEY

Contributing Editor

MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

Mothers' Club Elects Officers

Mrs. Cedric Griffith Is Named President

Officers for the coming year were elected at the meeting of Kingston Township Football Mothers' Club held Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Jacob Harrison.

Elected were Mrs. Cedric Griffith, president; Mrs. Leo Carey, vice president; Mrs. Fred Handley, secretary-treasurer.

Reports were given on the recent football banquet and on the sale of Booster tickets. Plans were also made for a Farmer Dance to be held in the spring.

Luncheon was served to the following: Mrs. Cedric Griffith, Mrs. Samuel Dilcer, Mrs. Lincoln Long, Mrs. Leo Carey, Mrs. Philip Mosier, Mrs. Fred Handley and the hostess, Mrs. Jacob Harrison.

Valentine Dance

Girl Scouts of Carverton District are sponsoring a Valentine Dance at Kingston Township High School Auditorium Saturday night. There will be both farmer and modern dances. Harry Waters orchestra will play. Funds obtained from the dance will be used to help send worthy girls to Scout Camp this summer.

Country Flavor

DRIED APPLE PIES

The countryman wishes to emphasize he is not fussy about his foods — merely particular. He feels he is justified in his adamant position in an era when the ladies toss parsley indiscriminately over meats and mashed potatoes; when they concoct doodadish salads and perch red cherries on the peaks. It is getting to the place where a man cannot be sure that his beef stew will have sweet potatoes in it or his bean soup have just a dash of maple syrup to bring out that subtle, bland deliciousness. One has to argue to insure a meal of crisp-fried, flour-covered salt pork, milk gravy and boiled potatoes. A bowlful of hulled corn in hot salted milk for supper is a rarity today.

The final straw is the low estate to which dried apple pies have descended in the culinary scale. Of course one wants fresh apple pies most of the time but occasionally a man gets a hankering for a quarter of a deep-dish dried apple pie made the way Mother knew how. Each fall she planned to peel, quarter, core, slice and dry two or three bushels of Northern Spies. The apples had to be prepared at just the right moment before they were too ripe, yet full of flavor and deliciousness that

Your Health

A century ago, 92 out of every 100,000 people in the United States died of typhoid fever.

What has occurred to this formerly serious health problem?

There has not been a typhoid death in Erie in twelve years.

Reading has not had a typhoid death in five years.

The number of typhoid deaths last year in 78 cities with a population of almost 36,000,000 was only 54.

Typhoid is not kept under control largely through proper sanitation, sewage disposal, water purification, pasteurization of milk, food inspection, and by means of typhoid vaccination.

Most of the cases of typhoid fever occur in the fall and in practically all cases one attack gives lifelong immunity.

Typhoid is a prolonged disease characterized by fever and considerable wasting and while deaths occur, modern treatment has improved the possibility of recovery.

Before pasteurization, many cases of typhoid fever were the result of milk-transmitted epidemics.

Oysters and lobsters were often bred in sewage-polluted waters which spread the disease.

Food-borne epidemics of typhoid fever were frequently caused by the infection being transmitted by a "carrier."

A carrier may be a person who has had the disease recently, or some time in the past, or possibly who has no knowledge of having had the disease.

"Typhoid Mary" was the most famous of carriers, and, as a cook, was responsible for more than 1300 cases of typhoid with many deaths before it was discovered that she was a carrier and had to be isolated.

In rural districts, the water supply is the chief source of possible contamination with the typhoid fever germ.

DO YOU KNOW?

In autumn and winter people retire to their rooms to indulge in reading, radio, or rummy.

The healthful recreations of summer give way to sedentary inaction. The body needs exercise at all times to give it tone and verve.

There is no better exercise for everyone than walking, not merely sauntering or strolling.

Not walking to break some record—but to get out into the open, breathe the fresh air, swing the arms freely forward and back at the sides and to have an appreciative look at one's surroundings.

Walking is a fine leg conditioner; it strengthens the stomach muscles, reduces the waistline, and straightens the back.

Start by walking, for the sake of exercise, a mile the first day and gradually increase the distance—not too rapidly—until you are not aware of how far you are walking.

Appetite will be improved and sleep will be benefited.

Many philosophers, poets, and statesmen have been ardent walkers.

The mind clears as cares of the moment are forgotten during a brisk walk.

Truly, as the Poet Pope said, one seems "to walk on wings and tread on air."

In All-State Band

Richard Glace, a senior at the Kingston Township High School, Trucksville, has won a position in the All-State Band which is playing at Elwood City, Pennsylvania on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Richard plays the clarinet. Dr. Frank Simon will be guest conductor for the concerts.

Hospital Patient

Isaac Elston is a patient at General Hospital where he is a patient of Dr. Sherman Schooley in the same room vacated by Mrs. I. L. Brace on Wednesday.

Barnyard Notes

Ralph Rood was definitely puzzled over the weekend. Flicka was off her feed. Friday night she nibbled indifferently at the oats in her iron manger. "Feeding two", Flicka has a robust pony appetite. Usually she licks the platter clean. When she refused to eat her oats again on Saturday, Ralph was worried. Maybe a thorn had lodged in her gums making eating painful. He led her from the stall and tried to examine her mouth; but Flicka shook her stubborn head and refused to open up.

Again on Sunday she backed away from her manger, pawed with her front foot and refused her oats; but on Monday she ate everything except a thin coating which she left on the inside of the bowl. "That's odd," thought Ralph, "why doesn't she eat them all?" It was the same at the next feeding, and the next, and the next. Flicka continued to leave the last of the oats in the manger. Not once did she stick out her long pink tongue, lick up the final remnants. Then it became clear why Miss Stubborn refused her oats on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Somewhere in her experience she had burned her moist tongue against the sides of the frigid iron manger. With temperatures below zero, the cruel metallic chill had trapped her tongue and torn off some of the surface skin. That was a new experience, one not usually associated with her delicious oats; and Flicka remembered it. If they had bitten her tongue once, they might do it again. She let them alone testing them out cautiously until hunger forced her to take a longer chance. She had learned her lesson well. "Never stick your tongue on metal in the winter."

The man who installed those iron mangers in our barn must have had a protected boyhood or he would never have been so thoughtless. The iron railing near Dr. Tewksbury's dental office in Tunkhannock taught us that lesson one frosty morning more than forty years ago. Part of our tongue is still there—or was—when we ran yelling home that bitter winter day. Like Flicka, it was a lesson we had to learn—the hard way.

Here we go again boys, we just ordered another twenty-five pounds of sunflower seeds. Feeding the birds costs money.

To date Burpee's have sent us twenty-five seed catalogues. We wish they'd send us fewer catalogues and cut the prices of tuberous rooted Begonia Bulbs. Seems to us that would be sense.

"Man does not live by bread alone." Bernie Williamson thinks we're nuts. Every Saturday afternoon when he delivers an extra supply of manna for the Sabbath we're listening to the opera. Like the Israelites we've been wandering in the wilderness for forty years; never listening to the opera and concentrating instead on an extra loaf for Sunday. Funny how unimportant bread becomes when it's delivered in the middle of a Lily Pons aria.

We'll admit, we know nothing of the opera and can't understand a word the artists sing; but we never will if the Saturday traffic and telephone calls continue as they have at the Barnyard.

We have a friend who every Saturday afternoon stuffs the door bell with cotton, takes the telephone off the receiver, gives his two kids a dollar a piece to go to the movies; tells his wife he'll choke her if she runs the vacuum cleaner; locks the doors to the living room and turns on the radio. It's a good system but twice, now, his wife has had to hammer the door to wake him up for supper. Culture comes high in the hinterland.

If you've grown a little tired of "Take it or Leave It"; "People are Funny" and "Soap Opera", send four bucks to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison Avenue, New York 21, for Opera News, the little magazine that will guide you through the Saturday afternoon Opera Broadcasts. Don't be like the fellow who said he didn't like bananas. He'd never tasted them.

The harder our stoker grinds through the last ton of coal Narti Berti delivered to our bin, the louder sings our family of crickets. Before our mother-in-law left for the fairer land of Florida, she gave us parting warning: "Get rid of those crickets or you won't have any clothes." She shoved the flit gun in our hands.

We don't subscribe to the philosophy that everything that sings or moves should be shot with a gun, sprayed with flit, or weighted with a brick and thrown in the river.

We're fond of those crickets, although we'll have to admit we bargained for one and now have a couple of generations.

How we got the first cricket is a story in itself. Christmas Eve when two husky New York truckers delivered a new living room chair at our house, we unpacked it in our excitement in the front room. Excelsior and bits of paper scattered all over the floor. It was our painful chore to sweep up the debris and in the process we found a half starved cricket. "Step on it!" shouted Granny. We rebelled. Showing our masculine indifference to her command, we swept him carefully on the dustpan and carried him gently to the cellar. There we put him carefully in a crack in the whitewashed wall. He took to the place quickly, brushed his feelers, and scampered away. Born and bred in New York City, he was as much at home in the country as the spring peepers in Warren Reed's swail.

Where we made our mistake was in our snap judgment of the critter's fecundity. Within two weeks there were a dozen small crickets in the cellar. Now the whole family chirps its hearts out whenever the stoker runs. We can hear them nights singing there in the coal bin while we're reading in the library. The harder the winter winds blow, the more cheery is their song.

Folks who use flit guns can spend their winters in Florida swatting mosquitos. As for us we find contentment at home listening to our family of crickets.

Ralph Sands called us out of bed Monday night. Orchard Lane Rag Apple Belle, his prize two-year-old Holstein, had given birth to a pair of twins; Sandsdale Rag Apple Jack and Sandsdale Rag Apple Jill. If Ralph, himself, had been the parent of triplets he couldn't have been happier. Rag Apple Belle's record is 14,176 pounds of milk and 529 pounds of butterfat.

Principals Meet

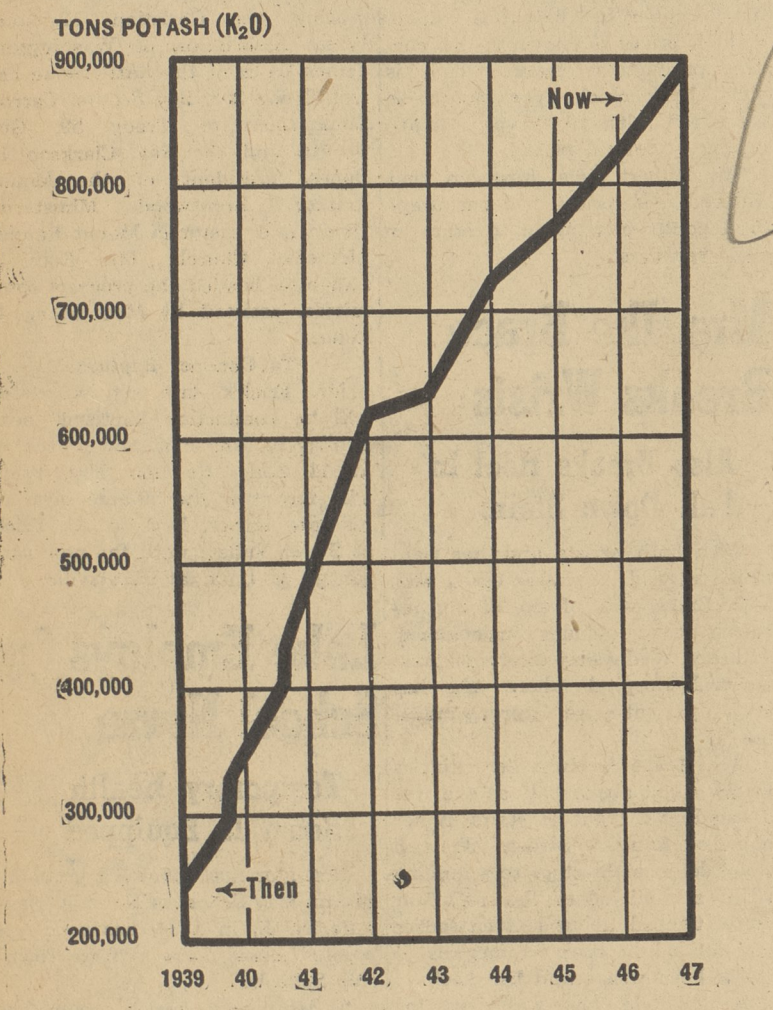
Supervising principals of Back Mountain schools and their wives were entertained for their monthly meeting at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Raymond Kuhnert, Dallas Township. Attending were: Prof. and Mrs. H. L. Hendricks of Lehman; Prof. and Mrs. George Taylor, Lake; and Prof. and Mrs. Charles James, Dallas Borough.

Entertains Card Club

Mrs. Clifford Ide of Parrish street entertained her pinochle club on Wednesday afternoon. Prize winners were Mrs. William Wilson and Mrs. Zigmund Harmon.

Attending were: Mrs. Charles Stookey, Mrs. Edwin Nelson, Mrs. Walter Davis, Mrs. Henry Welsh, Mrs. Joseph Adametz, Mrs. Sterling Mead, Mrs. Zigmund Harmon and the hostess.

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