

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, February 26—To all intents and purposes the purported rift between Pennsylvania's Republican Senator Ed Martin and Pennsylvania's Republican Governor Jim Duff has now been cleared up. "But you mark my words, son," piped up the irascible Grampaw Pettibone, "it all isn't as smooth as it seems."

The difference of views between the two prominent gents in Keystone State affairs was reported some time ago but almost immediately denied. Lately, both Duff and Martin have expressed opposite views in regards to support of the Marshall Plan for aiding Europe.

"Of course every one is entitled to his own opinions," admitted Grampaw Pettibone, "but party members usually stick together on such important matters as the Marshall Plan."

He thumped the snow off his left boot before entering the Rotunda of the Main Capitol Building, and as he stood on one foot like a chicken in cold weather, remarked:

"Son, there's more things a-brewing than most people realize. I've been keeping my ear pretty close to the ground—although it's been frozen—and the thumpings I hear aren't exactly conducive to unity and harmony."

"There's going to be a powder keg blow-off in the not-too-distant future, son, just you wait and see. They say things are patched up between Martin and Duff and others say there was never anything amiss in the first place."

He headed up the marble steps and as he reached the top, puffing like a whale that has been speared, he rested a gnarled hand on the shining white railing, turned around and puffed between gasps:

"I've been chatting with a few of the political wheels lately, and it seems as though the Republican Party is just going through the upheaval stage. You remember my remarking some time ago about the need for new blood in the organization? Well, that's coming to the top of the jug now."

"Leadership questions are in hot dispute. Of course Jim Duff is the nominal head of the party delegation to the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia this Summer. But the fact remains that Ed Martin wants a big voice in the affair too. In addition, there are some young squirts who are de-

manding to be heard. And you can pop your bottoms, son, and rest assured there's going to be some amusing and highly interesting developments before long."

After that long-winded session, he grabbed anew for the railing and panted as the redness receded from his exertion-filled face. He pulled his favorite red handkerchief from a pocket, mopped his brow, and with coat-tails a-flowing proceeded to the Capitol Newsroom. There, between puffs on his wheezing pipe, he chatted about matters in general with the crack reporters of the various news services and newspapers, such as Martin Brackwill, of the Associated Press; Gerson H. (Lefty) Lush, of the Philadelphia Inquirer; L. R. Lindgren, of the Pittsburgh Press, and Charlie Miller, of the Harrisburg News.

After making sure that his feet were well warmed, he picked up his cane and hat, buttoned his coat, and with a farewell wave of his hand, shuffled out of the room, muttering to himself as he left:

"Humpff—some people are certainly going to be surprised pretty soon. I'll bet my last pack of tobacco there'll be a big fight before the convention gets under way this Summer. Peace and harmony! Poooh-poo!"

Kunkle W.S.C.S. Meets At Rev. Hilbert's Home

Rev. and Mrs. James Hilbert were hosts to members of the Kunkle W.S.C.S. at their home at Alderson last Wednesday afternoon. Present were: Mrs. D. P. Honeywell, Mrs. A. C. Devens, Mrs. Stella Isaacs, Mrs. Agnes Elston, Mrs. Naomi Ashburner, Mrs. Eunice Hess, Mrs. Stella Birnstock, Mrs. Marie Rydd, Mrs. Anna Landon, Mrs. Emma Miller, Mrs. Carrie Kunkle, Mrs. Ella Brace, Mrs. Julie Kunkle, Mrs. Nellie Rydd, and the host and hostess.

The first State Farm Show was held in 1927.—PNS.

Your Health

"There's a right to the ribs, folks—now a left to the mid-section—and there's a hard smash to the jaw!"

There are also other ways of suffering a broken jaw.

Automobile accidents cause fractures of the mandible, the horse-shoe-shaped bone forming the lower jaw.

An individual with a broken jaw presents a characteristic appearance with the head carefully held and the mouth open.

The flow of saliva increases and because swallowing is painful, there is noticeable drooling.

There is also some swelling and difficulty in opening and closing the jaws.

Such fractures are almost always compounded into the mouth and infected.

An x-ray examination is routine to indicate the extent of the injury.

The chief objective of surgical treatment is to restore the teeth to their normal position.

In early days, broken jaws were tied up in splints.

An American oral surgeon, Dr. Thomas Gilmer, in 1887 devised a manner of splinting that became standard practice—he fastened the lower teeth to the upper ones with the aid of a silver wire.

This is the simplest and most satisfactory way of handling a broken jaw.

The patient is fed liquids through a feeding tube during the healing of the jaw.

The victim's conversation during treatment is limited to "MZRUHM".

DO YOU KNOW?

Infantile paralysis struck 2,181 Pennsylvanians, mostly children, in 1916, while in 1946 there were 341 affected. Last year, up to October 1, there were 317 cases reported in the state.

Lenten Speaker

Rev. Coray B. Klinetob, pastor of Luzerne Methodist Church, will be the speaker at the Mid-Week Lenten Service sponsored by WSCS at Dallas Methodist Church Wednesday evening at 7:30.

THE DALLAS POST

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Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association
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 6c 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; 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.

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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 80c per column inch.

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

Editor and Publisher

HOWARD W. RISLEY

Associate Editor

MYRA ZEISER RISLEY

Contributing Editor

MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

Approximately 2,300 miles of forest roads and 300 miles of trails have been constructed or are being maintained in Pennsylvania State Forests.—PNS.

SAFETY VALVE

Purely Personal
Dear Mr. Risley:

Lately I got out my battered scrapbook and made a nostalgic tour among the clippings of my "stuff" from the Dallas Post. All sorts of reactions hit me since it was the first occasion in a long while that I had read some of them and the view therefore of a more unprejudiced perspective. Some of those clippings made me groan with pain and I wanted to hold the loathsome things at a distance with a forked stick but others contained bright little passages that make me believe that I'm going to be a writer after all.

I consider myself pretty lucky. There's a great deal of satisfaction and encouragement in seeing one's own writings in print. It's something to warm oneself by when the Greatest Short Stories of All Time are making those round trips and the author is collecting more rejection slips than a dog does burdocks. And so few writers have been in print from the callow age of seventeen onward—through that time when it is probably easier to give up than keep trying.

These were the things I thought and one more thing I asked. Why, I asked, haven't you ever made a single attempt to thank Mr. Risley for all he's done for you?

January 30 seems a nice time to do it for it was just six years ago today when the first of this scribe's guff appeared in the Post's pages. Redolent of the novice it was too. It was the last week of January, 1942, when I first wandered through the pine bound portals of the Post bearing a grubby manuscript that certainly contained nothing so earth-shaking as I thought it did. I came at the bidding of Mr. R. E. Kuhnert who said that the Dallas Post was looking for someone to write school news. Even in those days it was noised about that I was going to be a writer.

Writing for the Dallas Post, first as a columnist and then as a "sort of a" reporter has been of immeasurable aid to me. To be brutally candid, I think that when I worked as your cub reporter in the winter of 1945-46, I was the poorest apprentice you ever had. We found out together that I was no newspaperman but I did learn to write well. I'm sorry that you helped me more than I helped you. I have often wondered why you didn't just up and fire me.

Some of the copy I sent in, frankly, was solely for the purpose of beating my drum. I used to have a sneaking feeling that I would never see another crumb of my copy in print, and I could see you all too clearly gripping my deathless manuscript while you waved one hand above your head, and, purple-faced, roared some incoherent threat . . . or only roared. But, doggone it, it was always printed, and some of it looked pretty good in print.

One of my treasures is a postal card you sent me after I wrote about an auction a way down the road. I haven't seen it in a long time but I can tell you the first line reads "Your column this week begins to ring the bell."

Well, I hope that by the time (Continued on Page Seven)

Barnyard Notes

For the past four weeks—catch as catch can—we've been reading "House Divided", the story by Ben Ames Williams of two branches of Lincoln's family during the Civil War.

Our interest in that conflict started more than forty years ago when our dad held us on his lap and read to us a romantic story of Jeb Stuart's cavalry. From that seed so early planted has grown a continued interest in the War Between the States.

One of the early tragedies in our career as a historian came—as we remember—in 1913. That was the year we were ordered sternly to return a \$100 set of the Photographic History of the Civil War by Brady to the publisher after he had obligingly shipped it to the address we had scrawled on a coupon clipped from the Review of Reviews. We weren't worried about the installment payments, but Pop was. Lincoln after the second Battle of Bull Run couldn't have been more upset than we were. Neither could Pop.

It was about that time, we recall, that some one gave us a quarter to spend as we willed. Promptly we went to the Five and Dime and chose from a wide selection of plaster statues, a replica of a bust of Lincoln. There were scores of famous men to select from, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Shakespeare. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." We chose Lincoln.

As soon as we got home and unscrambled the wrappings, Mom asked: "Why in the world did you pick such a homely man as Lincoln." We were prompt in reply, "He was the best looking man there." What, did the hand of the potter shake! Nobody ever troubled to investigate. But a lifetime has failed to shake our conviction. Lincoln was a handsome man.

And that brings to mind a story told of him. Once when a friend asked him if he would appoint a certain man to public office, Lincoln replied, "No. I don't like his face." His friend remonstrated, "A man isn't to blame for his face." Lincoln, unmoved replied, "Every man—over forty—is responsible for his face."

Throughout our boyhood the Civil War and its leaders were as real to us as Buck Rogers, The Lone Star Ranger and Superman are today to our young friends Bobby Moyer, Joe Peterson, Dougy Cooper and Bobby Coolbaugh.

And our interest in them was abetted by two old cronies, Johnny Neuer and Daddy Bogart who talked intimately of the bloody battles at Cold Harbor and Gettysburg, fighting over and over again The Union charge at Bloody Angle every Sunday from rocking chairs on Daddy's front porch shaded by his young cherry trees.

It was another tragedy of the Civil War when circumstance prevented our accompanying them at their invitation to take part in the Fiftieth Anniversary of Gettysburg. But two years ago—more than thirty years later—we made it, and read there dimly on the Pennsylvania monument near the high water mark where Pickett's gallant charge had reached its climax, the name of Sgt. John Neuer.

What cronies for a boy! "The grasses on their graves have for twenty years been blowing."

In later years, Fred Kiefer, who has one of the best Civil War libraries in the State, and Ray Shiber have continued to whet our interest in the "last romantic war." Ray has a phenomenal memory for battles and their leaders—troop movements and campaigns, and has, at one time or another, covered most of the ground.

Often now when he's mailing the Post late Thursday nights we interrupt Ray in his work to discuss some phase of a battle that we've come across in our reading. We never stump him. He's ready to discuss Longstreet and Reynolds, Early and A. P. Hill at the drop of a hat; and out of that remarkable memory of his unfolds an entire campaign with incidents and anecdotes as well as maps of the field of operations. Makes no difference how recently we've been reading it or what event we choose without warning to discuss; Ray knows the answers. We've always found them prompt and right. He knows the Civil War forwards and backwards and has forgotten more than we shall ever know.

Last winter he lugged over books and maps and a chart of Andersonville Prison, frayed and tattered; and now we've both turned our attention to Back Mountain Library and the modern Civil War books on the shelves there.

More recently, at the suggestion of Fred Reinfurt, we've become better acquainted with Dan Suckles, hero of Gettysburg and Yankee King of Spain—a biography more entertaining than fiction and more erotic than "Forever Amber."

But Grant in the wilderness never pounded away any harder than we will before we have finished "House Divided." It is an entertaining book but it will have our house ripped apart before we can wade through its 1,514 pages. It is a tale to hold old men from their chimney corners and little children from their play. But an old man would be dead and a younger one would be using blue blades before he'd finished it.

A feminine foot has been stamped firmly down against our starting another long Civil War story. Every time we settle back in the arm chair "to read another chapter" we're reminded that the hot water spigot still leaks; the dog hasn't been for his walk in a week; the garbage is never emptied and—"it's chilly in here, are you sure the fire isn't out?"

Our house is really divided. This summer when we start again for Virginia we hope Fred and Ray will go along. We want to see where Jackson fell at Chancellorsville.

Then right in the middle of the seventeenth chapter a determined voice asks "Where's that literature on Atlantic City hotels?"

House divided? Not ours. We'll stay in the Union for another summer.

Mrs. Florence Ross Is Hostess At Orange

Mrs. Florence Ross of Orange entertained members of the Orange W.S.C.S. at her home Thursday evening. Present were: Mrs. Laird Stanton, Mrs. Nora Dymond, Mrs. Mabel Gay, Mrs. Eudora Baird, Mrs. Marietta Gay, Mrs. Abbie King, Mrs. Mary Sicker, Mrs. Freda Perry, Mrs. Lydia Jones, Mrs. Myrtle Berlew, Mrs. Mabel Bell, Mrs. Gertie Perry, Mrs. Madge Snyder, Mrs. Florence Ross, Mrs. Myrtle Kunkle, Mrs. Edith Rozelle, Mrs. Ella Mathers, Mrs. Mary Emmanuel, Mrs. Guida Perry and the hostess.

Miss Bertha Fannon To Wed Sterling Meade

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fannon, 285 Popular Street, Wilkes-Barre, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Bertha, to Sterling Meade son of Delbert Meade, Sweet Valley. Miss Fannon is a senior at Myers High School. Mr. Meade served with the Army for 30 months seeing service in the ETO. He is a graduate of Lehman High School and is now attending Wilkes College, residing at 138 Hazle Street, Wilkes-Barre. No date has been set for the wedding.

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