

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, April 8—The two of them were sitting contentedly on a bench in Capitol Park, basking in the late afternoon sun and munching peanuts along with the scampering gray squirrels that twitched and chuffed about their feet.

Grampaw Pettibone and Throckmorton P. Twillingforde.

The pair made a comfortable picture to the hurrying passerby. Grampaw Pettibone had his big feet outstretched and crossed in front of him. His battered felt hat was pulled low over his eyes to shut off the rays of the skidding sun.

Throckmorton's feet were nervously crossed under the green bench, his somewhat-battered black derby perched atop his egg-shaped head. Throckmorton shucked a few more peanuts, testily tossing them to a nervous squirrel, saying:

"What about the women, Petti-bone?"

Grampaw Pettibone roused himself from his thoughts long enough to ask, after a moment:

"Well, what about the women? Did someone stumble and fall?"

"No, no—what about the women in connection with these elections coming up?" Throckmorton testily informed the old political sage.

"Oh—I see. Well, speak up son. Don't sit there with your jaws rattling and nothing constructive happening." Grampaw Pettibone growled. "Be more specific. Say what you mean. Humphf!"

He sat there on the park bench pondering the question for a moment before answering, and then pushing his hat back from his aged forehead and squinting hard at the departing sun, said:

"Why it seems to me that the women are becoming more and more a factor to be considered—'good afternoon, Governor'—in our various and sundry activities these days. Ever since woman suffrage came into being, they've been pushing some of our big boys pretty hard."

He pondered this for a moment, meanwhile chomping briskly on a mouthful of peanuts (much to the dismay of the tail-twitching gray squirrels at his feet), before observing:

"Almost everybody is taking the woman a little more seriously today than ever before—including husbands. They're beginning to have a voice in important matters and

the politicians know that their vote is an ever-present threat to a happy and well-oiled political machine.

As a result, today you'll find many a political leader going out of his way to woo the female support and vote. But perhaps more important, the women themselves are stepping into the administrative picture."

He paused long enough to nod a "good afternoon, General" to Lieutenant Governor Daniel B. Strickler as he strolled down the park sidewalk. Then briskly brushing a load of peanut shells from his lap, turned to Throckmorton saying:

"Son, the women can't be overlooked these days. It's too dangerous a thing to do. Why do you realize that there are at the present time, 15 female candidates for the State House of Representatives—four Republicans and 11 Democrats? There's your answer."

STATE POLICE SAY:

You boys and girls who are thinking about bicycling again—now that warmer days are ahead—remember to check up on the mechanical condition of your vehicle before you start riding. Brush up on your safety rules. Keep in mind that you are subject to the traffic laws just as much as drivers of automobiles. Keep to the right of the road. Yield to pedestrians at intersections. Stop for all stop signs. Give hand signals for turning. Let's keep 1948 safe.

Made Notary Public

(Special to The Dallas Post)
Harrisburg, April 8—(PNS)—The appointment of Howard Isaacs of Trucksville, Kingston Township, as a Notary Public, has been made by Governor Duff.

Your Health

The following is known as "sweet talk".

It has to do with sugar, a recognized indispensable ingredient in medicine long before it became an important food.

The ancient Egyptians, three thousand years B.C., mentioned the use of bee's honey as a laxative and for healing wounds.

Hippocrates, The Father of Medicine, referred to "the sweet as the healthiest" and the Chinese medical men used sugar in their concoctions for centuries.

The common expression "sugar coated" owes its origin to the well-known use of sugar in making pills. Sugar is classified with alcohol and glycerine as a pharmaceutical necessity.

It appears in preparations as a preservative, solvent, stabilizer, demulcent, and food.

It is used to give consistency or body, to mask bitter or unpleasant tasting drugs, as a replacement for glycerine, and as a binder for tablets.

Thus does sugar find its way into hundreds of prescriptions listed in the United States Pharmacopoeia and the National Formulary, including elixirs, trochies, tinctures, emulsions, mixtures, syrups, pills, powders, and tablets.

Chemical words ending in -ose refer to the more than 300 sugars that have been found in nature or in the laboratory, such as sucrose, lactose, dextrin-maltose, and xylose.

DO YOU KNOW?

It is reported that before the last World War Americans consumed an average of 117 pounds of sugar per year, until rationing cut this down to 73 pounds.

Lost Articles at Theatre

A number of articles of clothing including caps, scarves, gloves, sweaters have been left during the past several weeks at Himmler Theatre. Owners may have same by calling at the Theatre and identifying.

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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.

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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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The first president of the United States - George Washington - was inaugurated in Pennsylvania, while the Nation's Capital was in Philadelphia.—PNS.

Country Flavor

FRIED MUSH

It is possible, of course, that if radio announcers did not wax so vehemently enthusiastic over their wares and if hall closets were organized so Father could find his rubbers without pawing through a gargantuan heap of miscellaneous materials the day would start on a reasonably even keel. There are perspicacious citizens who believe they could face the goings-on in Washington with more equanimity if they could have a breakfast that gave due recognition to the heart-warming qualities of fried mush.

It is difficult to say which product of the tall grass with its long cobs of kernels is the best. Boiled mush with plenty of heavy cream and a dash of maple syrup is wonderfully tasty. Crisp-crust Johnnycake with plenty of butter and wild grape jelly hits the spot. Indian Pudding, if made correctly—not so granular it resembles baked sawdust nor so watery it's a first cousin to jiggly custard—is excellent eating. But for the ultimate quintessence of nostril-tickling, mouth-watering, saliva-starting deliciousness, nothing yet devised quite approaches the superbly satisfying chewiness of correctly-concocted fried mush.

It must be cooked the evening previous. Let it simmer contentedly on the second cover of the kitchen range over an ash and white oak fire. At bedtime the mush should be poured into bread pans and allowed to solidify overnight. In the morning it is moderately firm and easy to handle. The slices should be exactly five-sixteenths of an inch thick and fried in an old fashioned iron spider. Nothing equals bacon grease as a frying medium. The first few minutes the heat should be low. Just before it's time for the countryman to come in from morning chores, increase the heat so the outside of the slices will be a crisp, chewy, crunchy golden-brown. The inside should be soft, mellow, and piping hot. A half dozen or more slices of fried mush with plenty of molasses, corn syrup or maple syrup gives a man renewed faith in the ultimate future of the human race.

Barnyard Notes

Myra sent a check to CARE, Inc., and said as she sealed the envelope, "Now I can sleep better." Whether it is hungry children in Europe, a sick chicken, a stray dog, or Golden Tom, battered after an all-night bout with a better cat, Myra is happiest when she is binding the wounds of the weakest of the flock. It's an instinct born in women that every mother's son appreciates.

One of our best little White Leghorns has come down with the misery. Her beautiful red comb is dull and listless and the frail little hen mopes on the roost. There's nothing much anybody can do for a sick chicken as we learned during the war when we raised 5,000 of them; but Myra never gives up. She tries all of the home remedies from vinegar in the drinking water to sulphur in the feed, segregates them from the flock and nurses them under a potato crate—but they die. There's a simpler cure for broken wings, legs and backs. They're the ones we usually get in pot-pie.

The illness of one of Myra's twelve White Leghorns is a blow. All winter they have been laying a daily dozen to pay for the feed for an aging rooster and twenty-five fat old hens going through the menopause.

Myra gathered her up, put her under the potato crate in the sunshine where she can nibble the green grass and runs over to see if she is improving hourly. The chicken woman has no patience with our resigned, "She'll die anyway," and retorts hotly, "I'll do all I can; then if she dies, I won't feel bad." It wasn't sleep Myra was thinking about when she sent that check to CARE. It was the hungry kids, and the sick White Leghorn and the conscience that won't let her stop until she's "done something about it."

WHO CAN SLEEP?

Now with spring here, the fellow in the bed next to ours, crawls from under the covers at 6 A.M. How can anybody sleep when the birds make such a racket in the crab apple tree?

Two pairs of purple finches arrived at our feeding station during the week and a pair of downy woodpeckers stop now and then to feast on suet while excavating a home in a hollow limb in our Baldwin tree; but the Chickadees still rule the roost and hammer the daylight out of the sunflower seed. This year's crop of robins is the fattest we've ever seen. The earthworms must be abundant, for they never touch the sunflower seed.

Wednesday afternoon a crane winged over Paul Shaver's house, on its way from Huntsville Dam to Goeringer's pond, no doubt.

ROSES, DELPHINIUM and ROSES

Friday morning we raked the straw mulch off the roses and found a hundred hyacinths we'd planted there last fall popping through the ground.

Most of the roses froze back further than we had expected under their heavy blanket of winter snow. We had to trim them severely to find an outside bud on live wood.

In the bed at the edge of the chicken yard, delphinium are growing faster than the red-tipped rhubarb. The seedlings we raised ourselves two years ago are doing better and are stronger than most of the nursery stock. They like soil composed mostly of ash. Howard Ide told us how to grow the fine ones we had last summer. We used a crowbar and poked four holes around each plant, then filled the holes with bone meal. The ashes protect the plants from crown rot and the bone meal starts the spire toward heaven.

A delphinium has always seemed to us to be a man's flower. Their four and five-foot spikes in all shades of blue are doubly beautiful when ruby-throated humming birds work on them by the hour during the warm days of June.

Out along the line where neighbor Murray Scureman ponders whether to build a terrace or rebuild his sump, the lupins have put forth their first starry, reddish-green leaves. This is their year. If they bloom, they will be the first we have ever had. Many of them we started from seeds two years ago. Others came from Wayside Gardens at plenty per plant.

John Spiel first introduced us to the beauty of lupins several years ago in Tom Kehoe's back yard at Shrine View. They were breath-taking in their array of multi-colored pea-like blossoms. John proudly told how he had helped the Mannings plant them there.

Several days later we saw Tom after he had ridden horseback over the hills to Harvey's Lake. "My, those are beautiful lupins in your yard," we remarked by way of making conversation. "Hell, what are lupins?" Tom asked. His mind was on horses and aeroplanes. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

All around our yard, under the apple trees and crowding the barberry hedge are the daffodils Myra and I planted last spring in the rain. "You're crazy, paddling around in the mud. To think I worked to put a daughter through Smith only to have her look like a coal picker," stormed Granny. "You'll die of pneumonia!" But neither Myra nor the daffodils have died.

The grape hyacinths are sprouting once again under the Spy tree in the lower part of the orchard. They were the gift several years ago of a gentle, cultured woman whose full life found room for wild flowers, birds and poetry—Dr. Sara Wyckoff. Early every spring with her aging mother she came to Center Hill to see how the birds were and to enjoy the ageless marvel of rebirth coming over the land. The grape hyacinths are awake, while she sleeps—I wonder—in Woodlawn Cemetery.

One busy morning she left the bulbs on my desk while I was out, and a few days later I found a check in the mail for \$50 from her and her mother to help start the library. Hyacinths, and a library—what costly monument of granite could mark better the character of such a noble woman?

VIRGINIA CORNED-BEEF HASH

Buck, the wire-haired "terror", has lost his appetite for Pard. His stomach rumbles and he is restless. We took him to Dr. Flack, the new veterinarian at Trucksville, for a check-up. The doctor looked him over. "He's still a good dog for all his eleven years," was the verdict. Myra was relieved.

When we got home, Bucky got a cooked dinner of Old Virginia corned beef hash over Granny's protests. "Buck can eat what we eat," said Myra, firmly.

"Why, when the war was on and you couldn't buy meat or salmon, Mike Rood got sick and wouldn't eat. Mrs. Rood tempted him with special dishes; but the setter was indifferent and walked away from his plate."

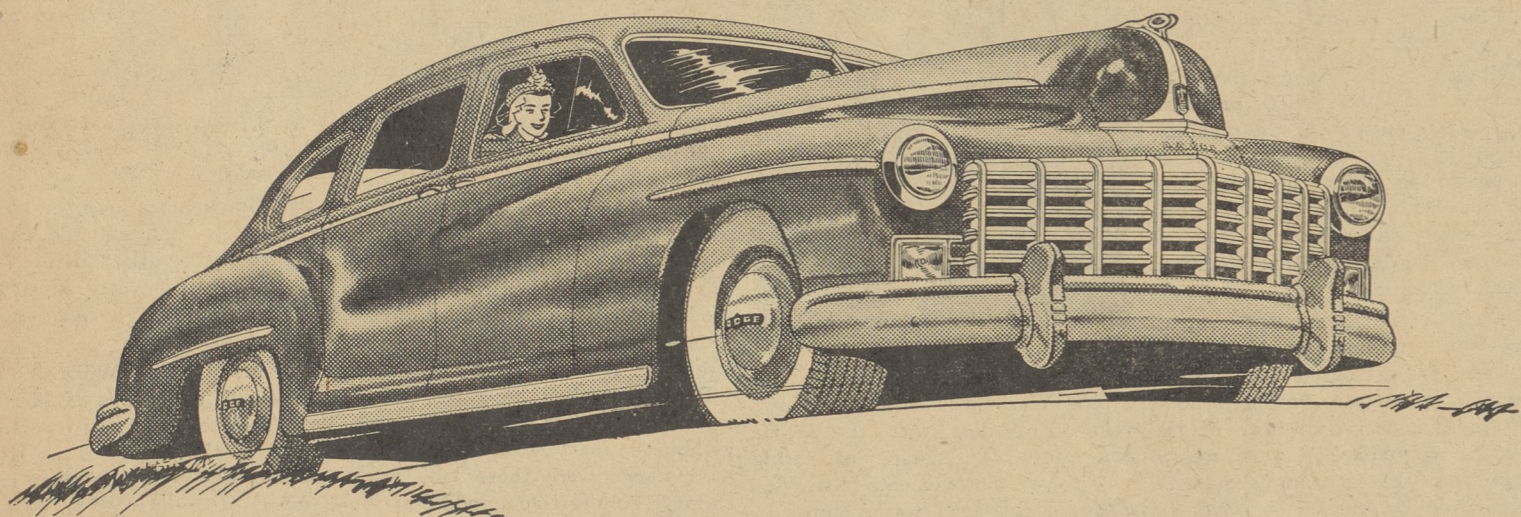
"Then Arlene and Mother Rood got their heads together. They had saved a can of choice red salmon for some special occasion. Ralph was called in for a family consultation. They opened the can, dumped it on the plate, and Mike ate with gusto.

"That's what some folks think of a dog," said Myra triumphantly. Now, Buck eats cold cuts and Old Virginia corned beef hash; and will, we guess as long as Ord Trumbower continues to stock it.

A BIG JOB

The more we see of the bees, the birds, and the butterflies in the spring—the more we're convinced that the artificial insemination boys in Tunkhannock have an uphill pull on their hands.

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