

## "The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, June 17—The difference in viewpoints between Governor James H. Duff and former Governor Edward Martin may break into the open sooner than expected.

Pennsylvania's red-haired Governor is not one to lounge in his leather back chair and dreamily let others talk him into a line of strategy or action.

Instead he has very definite ideas of his own and when he wishes to, can crack the whip with the best of them.

This is something that is expected to happen when the GOP National Convention gets underway next week in Philadelphia, where Pennsylvania's powerful delegation will have considerable to say in the nomination of a Republican presidential candidate.

Many of these aims and ideals conflict with those of former Governor Martin—much to the latter's disgruntlement. When Duff was only State Attorney General and Martin was Governor, the latter ruled the political roost. It has been a hard dose for him to swallow to realize that he no longer holds the whip-lash over the political bench-sitters in the Keystone State.

"Why, I've seen the day when Ed Martin could yell 'jump' from his office on Capitol Hill and even the squirrels in Capitol Park scrambled for their trees," grunted Grampaw Pettibone in mild amusement.

He thought for a moment and then added, "Yes, and I've heard Jim Duff yell 'jump' and seen the squirrels scramble twice as fast for these trees. There's the difference son. Duff has more power and more command over his followers than most of his predecessors. That's hard for some people to take."

And that is also what many are fearing today—that Jim Duff may run the Republican Party in Pennsylvania into the ground. A boner at the convention next week in the swaying of the Keystone State delegation can do more harm than a packed house of Democrats.

Grampaw Pettibone testily nudged a squirrel off his park bench, and adjusting his flowing bow tie over his Adams apple, observed:

"My boy, I've seen these politics work year in and year out. Half

the time they never seem to know who's carrying the ball—and yet they all want to do it.

"On the surface and for public consumption all is rosy and peaceful and little but smiles. But," he paused to remove a shoe for the purpose of toe-wiggling, "here's the important thing to remember: when all is said and done, the final result has been accomplished over much wrangling, baring of teeth and rolled sleeves in the back room—smoke-filled, that is."

He nursed a little finger which had been bruised in a tiff with a fat pigeon over a bag of peanuts, and then recalled warningly that Governor Duff himself had admitted not so long ago that the presidential candidate Pennsylvania would support would probably be decided in a "smoke-filled room" during the convention.

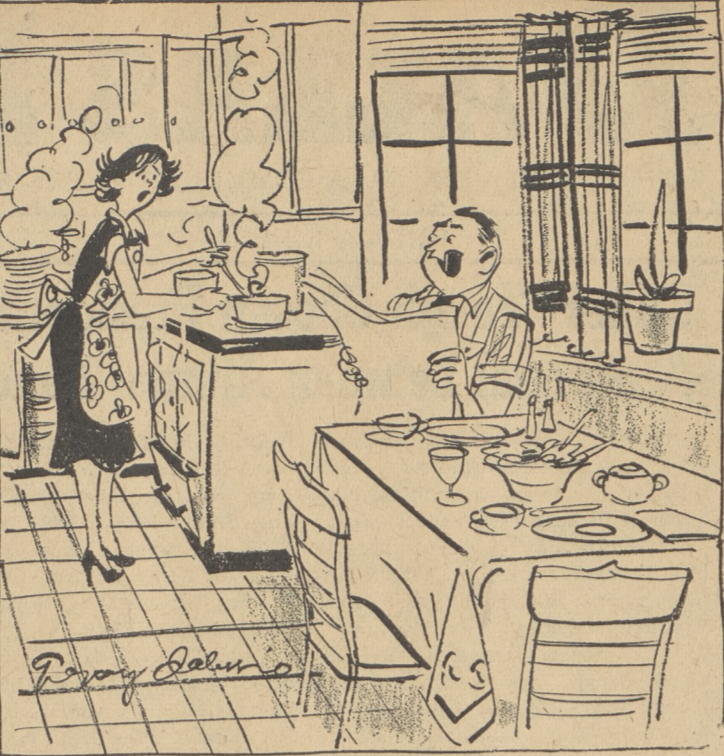
"That's what I prophesied long ago," he said in a self-satisfied manner. "Wait until I see those boys at the village pump! That'll teach them not to tish-tosh a Pettibone prediction. Harrump! Move over, squirrel!"

### Demunds Harmony Club Meets At Rozelle Home

Mrs. George Evans and Mrs. Raymond Rozelle entertained members of the Harmony Club at the home of Mrs. William Rozelle recently. Present were: Mrs. Gordon Austin, Mrs. Dennis Austin, Mrs. George Berlew, Mrs. Carl Smith, Mrs. Carol Mae Smith, Mrs. Russell Race, Mrs. Coray E. Ransom, Mrs. F. M. Drake, Virginia and Ricky, Mrs. J. J. Voittek, Joseph, Mrs. Harry Sweppenheiser, Sr., Joyce and Harry Jr., Mrs. Howard James, Bonnie Lee James, David James, Mrs. Louis Evans, Mrs. William Rozelle, Wanda and Thais, Gerald Evans and the hostesses.

## THESE WOMEN!

By d'Alessio



"Let's have dinner at a nice, greasy hot dog stand tomorrow night. I'm sick and tired of home-cooked meals!"

### THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889  
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; \$1.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out of state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10¢ single copies, at a rate of 5¢ each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant, sister-towns, Evans Drug Store; Truckville—Leonard's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntville—Barnes Store; Alder Co.—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese'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.

National display advertising rates 50¢ per column inch; specified position 60¢ per inch.  
Local display advertising rates 50¢ per column inch; specified position 60¢ per inch.  
Classified rates 5¢ per word. Minimum charge 50¢.

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 Thursday.

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

### Your Health

From the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania and the Luzerne County Medical Society.

Death due to delayed action. That is the explanation for the daily killing and maiming of many people in the United States from deadly war weapons.

Hundreds of thousands of dangerous war weapons were brought home by American soldiers, sailors and marines during World War II. The majority were pistols or revolvers, although some were machine guns, submachine guns, machine pistols, carbines, mortar shells, artillery shells, land mines, hand grenades and small aerial bombs.

Possessors of battlefield souvenirs may be violating the National Firearms Act of 1934 without realizing it.

This law requires any person owning a firearm as defined by the law to register it with the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

The danger of war souvenirs cannot be too generally stressed, for they result in a high death and accident toll.

Several agencies, both private and governmental, have carried on a nation-wide safety campaign.

Owners of pistols, revolvers, ordinary rifles and shotguns are urged to have them examined by experts to see if they are safe to fire.

Owners of such material are cautioned to keep them away from children and thoughtless adults.

Grenades, mines and bombs should be examined and the National War Safety Trophies Committee offers to pick up such weapons, have them unloaded and deactivated and returned to their owners.

The last shot of the war should be over.

#### DO YOU KNOW?

An American doctor, Dr. Claude H. Barlow of Trumansburg, N. Y., was awarded the Medal of Merit for his service in research on bilharziasis, a parasitic disease affecting the bladder, which was contracted by many American soldiers. Dr. Barlow infected himself in order to act as his own guinea pig in the research.

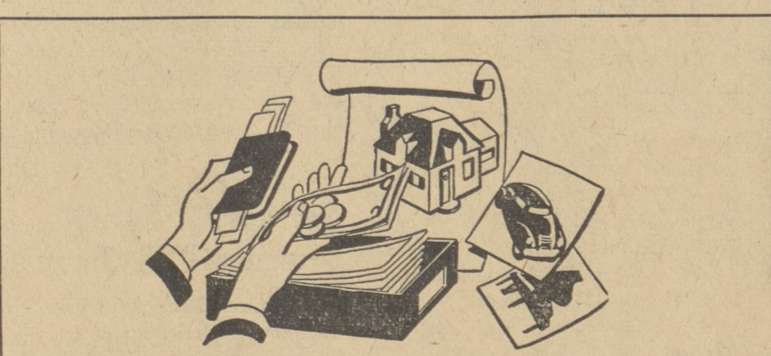
### To Award War Bonds

Two War Bonds, one for \$50 and the other for \$25 will be awarded at the meeting of Jackson Volunteer Fire Company Monday evening at 8 at Rome School.

### "The Red Hot Minstrel" To Be presented Tonight

The Jackson W.S.C.S. will present "The Red Hot Minstrel" in the Lehman High School auditorium this evening, Friday, June 18 at 8 o'clock. The show, a lively and entertaining one, is put on by members of the Carverton Mountain Grange.

Endmen are James Sands, Steve Kitchen, Charles Houck, Herman Coon, Bert Coon and Kermit Sickler. Ralph Sands is interlocutor.



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## Country Flavor

EATING PIE CORRECTLY

The countryman has written his senators and congressmen. He has crusaded in the General Store, blacksmith shop, feed mill, harness shop and village depot. He has discussed it in the family circle and even tried to convince definite-minded Aunt Mabel, Mother's spinster sister who studied art and painted the purple petunias on the lamp shades. One cannot expect the level of civilization to rise and the unstable, uncooked wish-washy surface of the contemporary scene to consolidate into a hopeful foundation for future progress until the pie situation is solved in an intelligent manner.

It's bad enough that a man cannot depend upon a piece of pie for breakfast to anchor his baked apple, hot cereal, slices of toast and currant jelly, fried eggs, fried potatoes and bacon. In general, contemporary pies are too emaciated looking. The women folks don't make the bottom crusts double thick so a man can lift a wedge without danger of mid-air catastrophe. They neglect to put a few drops of peppermint in their chocolate pies. Webster is as unsatisfactorily terse and impersonal as usual. Perhaps he was fearful of controversy but all he says is: an article of food consisting of a pastry crust with any of various kinds of fillings.

The heart-breaking, sky-shadowing, progress-detering climax to the current pie situation is the nonsensical, unthinking, back-end-forwards technique of the average person when confronted with a wedge of the pastry crust that encloses a filling. Most citizens start operations with the point of the pie toward them. This is a colossal mistake and an excellent example of the octopus-hold of unthinking tradition on our accepted mores and our atomistic reactions to familiar stimuli. There is only one civilized, intelligent way to consume a wedge of pie. Comprehensive observation and exhaustive research indicates that only three per cent of one's peers understand this efficacious and salubrious process. To eat pie correctly, one starts with the point of the wedge directly away from the consumer. Then after the outside crust has been disposed of, a bit of canny calculation assures one that the last bite will be a big mouthful of delicious, satisfying filling.

### Mrs. A. A. Neely Is Hostess To Local WCTU

Mrs. A. A. Neely of Idetown entertained members of the Dallas District W.C.T.U. at her home on Tuesday. After the usual routine business, entertainment in the form of a puppet show was provided by Shirley Welsh, Ruth Williams, Eleanor McKenna, Janice Boice and Rita Rogers. Mrs. Homer Middleton and Shirley Welsh played a piano duet and Homer Middleton gave several readings. Mrs. Archie Major and Mrs. J. A. Hildebrand were welcomed as new members.

The July meeting will be held in Zel Garinger's Butternut Grove with Mrs. Earl Weidner in charge of the program.

Present were: Mesdames W. A. Higgins, Carlton Reed, Wilbert Hoover, Arch Major, Z. E. Garinger, C. J. LaBar, C. S. Hildebrand, Ernest Fritz, Asenath Davis, H. L. Klnetob, Homer Middleton, H. B. Allen, Wesley Hilbert, Harry Brod-hun, W. S. Kitchen, Emory Hadsel, Ralph Welsh, Ruth Williams, Eleanor McKenna, Janice Boice, Rita Rogers, A. A. Neely, H. F. Riley, M. A. Scott, J. A. Hildebrand, Rose Anderson, E. R. Parrish, Earl Weidner, Dorey Rogers, Earl Lamoreaux; Misses Ivy Pethick, Shirley Welsh, Elizabeth Parks, Letha Wolfe; Homer Middleton.

### Mrs. Hulda Bloomburg Buried Last Tuesday

Funeral services were held last Tuesday for Mrs. Hulda Bloomburg, mother of Mrs. Ralph Paul of Main Road and sister of John Hanson of Harvey's Lake, from the family home in Kingston. Rev. W. R. Bergh of New Jersey, former pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church of Wilkes-Barre officiated. Burial was in Mt. Greenwood Cemetery.

Born in Parsons, Mrs. Bloomburg had made her home in Kingston for the past twenty-two years. She was an active member of Trinity Church where she served as president of the Ladies' Society for several years.

She died at her home in Kingston Saturday.

## Barnyard Notes

Rev. Charles Gilbert writes in the current issue of his church paper, "Together":

"College students are drifting back home. Shouldn't say 'drifting.' They really come piling home. You should have seen the goods we packed into our car at Drew University. Then we put all four of us into it besides.

"Stuff didn't rattle around.  
"We went into New York City for what is coming to be our annual glance at the city at night.

"Some folks think it is wicked to go to a theatre. All I have to say is I hope heaven is fully as beautiful as Radio City Music Hall. Believe it or not I thought a lot about heaven when I saw that place and heard the music of organ and orchestra, with a harp at one end and kettle drums at the other—and I'm not intending to die very soon either.

"Heaven is a state of affairs in your own heart. You can think about it anytime between ages 1 and 101; and live in it as much as you determine to."

Here's another item:  
"Your pastor officiated at the funeral of George Newberry at the Kirkwood Methodist Church Sunday. George and son, Arthur ran a truck business for a time. In 1925 after I had been preaching for awhile I was appointed to the Kirkwood church. Funny, isn't it, how people get white haired just as soon as you move away from them oh, just a few years!"

And another:  
"I was on the afternoon devotions over WINR Binghamton. Was just getting over a cold, and had to ward off coughing into the mike.  
"The announcer showed me their 'cough button.' Ever heard of such a thing? I hadn't. All you have to do when you have a cough that just has to explode during your broadcast is to press that little lever down. That shuts you off the air, sends the cough into the control room instead. Let go of it and it snaps you back on the air.  
"Wish I had one in my pulpit.  
"Might be a good idea when we get some bad ideas right out on the tip of our tongue to push down that button and not let our bad ideas go out over the air. Next time you feel like swearing or saying an unkind word, press down the button and keep it off the air."

My neighbor Murray Scureman was upset about rabbit damage until raking among his shrubs he uncovered a nest with four new born rabbits in it. Murray gently replaced the mat of rabbit hair that concealed the hole in the ground where the young lay in their warm nest.

Rabbit damage no longer concerns him; he is now worried that some dog, especially his canny Scotch terrier Sandy, will scent out the nest. Paul Shaver, an old rabbit man himself, has told Murray not to worry. Nature has provided for just such an emergency. Young rabbits are born without scent.  
Like a criminal who returns to the scene of his crime, Murray searched for the nest a couple of days later but found it difficult to find. The mother rabbit noting that some intruder had disturbed the protective covering of matted hair had replaced it with a screen of broken twigs. The former Princeton center, breeder of great Danes, and German Police Dogs, is now godfather to four timid young rabbits that he plans to raise for the—Library Auction.

If the leaves of your hollyhocks are covered with little brown postules, wither and die, it is almost too late to save them for good blooms this summer. But you can dust them thoroughly with sulphur. The disease is rust, and dusting should have started as soon as the young leaves appeared. Apply the sulphur now; you may still save the oncoming leaves.  
Dot Huston called from the Lake a few weeks ago to tell us that her sweet peas were coming along beautifully. She nearly bowed us over when she told us she had followed our instructions on their culture. We amateurs learn the hard way, but we think we've got the low down on sweet peas. Ours are unusually thrifty. Early, deep planting and plenty of lime are the secrets. But you must continually keep drawing mellow earth up around the base of the plants as the vines continue to flourish. Keeping giving them a snow of lime and if the weather turns dry—plenty of deep watering. Incidentally if you use chicken wire as a support the hot summer sun may scorch the vines. Burpee's have woven nets made of heavy cord called Trainettes. They are inexpensive and you might try them next year.

Frank Jackson has delphinium spires six and one half feet tall in his garden at the Lake. He hasn't been bothered by the cyclamen mite that distorts the leaves, blackens the flower heads and generally stunts the plants. This insect invisible to the eye is one of the worst enemies of these stately perennials. Old timers know that regular spraying with nicotine (Black Leaf 40) or dusting with rotenone will keep the mite under control.  
Hybrid tea roses will be at the peak of their June bloom within the week in the Back Mountain area. Those who bought Better Times from Tom Kingston this spring and have never yet had them in bloom have a thrill in store for them. For beauty of bloom and length of life after cutting no rose is superior to the one that has won so many flower show prizes for Tom and Anna Kingston.

Monday night was the first perfect evening in weeks to cultivate the garden. As between an invitation to the Lake Theatre with Clyde and Gladys Cooper and an opportunity to cultivate, we chose the latter. It was a lucky decision. Rain the following morning made the ground unsuitable for cultivation.  
After we had worked the whole garden Myra dreamed that night, that she went out the next morning to look over her handiwork. There in the middle of her strawberry patch was a steam shovel busily at work. "What are you doing here?" she asked the burly operator. "Steam shovels stop for nothin', lady" was the brutal reply. Then she woke up.

Add life's little tragedies: Several years ago Joe and Charlotte MacVeigh gave Harry and Clara Ohlman a number of tree roses. Joe didn't like the work involved—digging them up every fall and storing under the ground to prevent frost damage. Under Clara's care the roses thrived. They were not too much bother for her. Last fall Nort Bertel helped her take them out of the ground and bury them. This season neither Nort or Clara can find them. They have both forgotten where they were buried.  
Turned the radio on at the head of our beds Saturday morning and heard a pleasant, soothing voice explaining gardening and farming problems. "I like that guy. Sounds friendly so early in the morning" we said to Myra. Then we tumbled. It was Jim Hutchison doing his morning broadcast between 7:30 and 8. As soon as it was over we ran downstairs to the telephone. We'd tell Jim how we enjoyed his program, and had made our decision that it was good before we had learned the identity of the speaker. There was no answer at the Hutchisons. Emily sleeps soundly Saturdays mornings. Like all dutiful wives she's probably heard Jim's talk a dozen times before he gives his broadcasts. We suspected it might have been a recording at that early hour, but we learned later that Jim will have none of that monkey business; he broadcasts from the station in person. Well, anyway, Jim gives a darn good talk and grows the largest and handsomest lupins we've seen in any garden this spring.



Have your car checked now at your nearest official State Inspection Station. Be sure it is in safe mechanical condition for your summer trip . . . that your brakes will hold if a child darts into your path . . . your tires won't skid on wet roads . . . your horn will warn others who can't see you . . . your headlights won't blind the motorist coming toward you . . . your steering wheel will keep you on the right side of the road—  
... and that all your other equipment and safety devices are in dependable working order.

State inspection is for *your protection*. Its enforcement has reduced Pennsylvania's rate of accidents caused by defective cars to 14% lower than the national average.

The current inspection period opened May 1.  
You cannot drive legally unless you have an official inspection sticker by July 31. There will be no extension of this period.

**TAKE CARE OF YOUR CAR!**  
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