

# "The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, July 29—The tea party in Philadelphia over the week end wherein assorted gentry, supporting the presidential candidacy of one Henry A. Wallace gathered for a clan-bake of sorts (and variously alluded to as the Third Party Convention), turned out to be a fine fizzle in most respects.

In actuality the Wallace Third Party Convention seemed more like a funeral procession than anything else. In contrast to the preceding robust and vigorous Republican and Democratic Conventions, the Wallace con-fab more resembled a sub-Committee meeting.

Grampaw Pettibone, covering the event for us, related how our gas bill is bucking inflation. And you know, when you look at chocolate bars, shaves and haircuts, white shirts and 1000 others, it is time to stop and sorta wonder if maybe our good friends are not some of the big outfits that we been kinda kickin' around. It has been the fashion to take a poke at the big guy. The big company is a sort of non-personal set-up, being more or less polite and not inclined to mixing in a brawl. And the little political guy knowing same, has felt free to throw out his chest and threaten to whip the bigger fellow, good and plenty. We been listening to too many of these sassy pint-size persons—and electing them.

Pettibone informed the young mastermind that he was merely an observer whereupon "that guy with the unshaven mug" (as the old gent phrased it), called out to all and sundry assembled nearby:

"Watch this character—he ain't one of us. He's an observer, whatever that is and which don't sound good to me."

Irked and amused at the same time, Grampaw Pettibone, with his bow tie flowing walked past the belligerent soul, saying only:

"One side, son. I've no time for prittle-prattle."

But be that as it may there are several points worth noting about this Third Party Convention and the party itself.

The selection of Wallace as the Presidential candidate and Taylor (U.S. Senator as the vice-president's running-mate was a foregone conclusion and their nomination a mere matter of form.

Pennsylvania's part in the shindig centered more around the fact that one of its citizens—J. W. Gitt, York publisher—was the first speaker on the program. Gitt has also been serving as State Chairman for the boys.

Neither Republicans nor Democrats in the Keystone State are much worried over the drawing power of this new party. GOPsters point out that it is no skin off their hide as their people wouldn't take up with such people in the first place.

Democrats are shoulder-shrugging too on the same basis, but at the same time are slightly on the fretted side for fear that some of their members may swing over to the Wallace camp—in view of the fact that Wallace himself was at one time an ardent Democrat.

While there is little likelihood of any large-scale swing-over here in Pennsylvania, the worrisome fact is that each individual vote that is lost counts seriously in view of the comparatively low Democratic registration.

Seriousness with which the Third Party Convention was not taken can be gathered from the fact that

## THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Just been reading a gas company ad, telling how our gas bill is bucking inflation. And you know, when you look at chocolate bars, shaves and haircuts, white shirts and 1000 others, it is time to stop and sorta wonder if maybe our good friends are not some of the big outfits that we been kinda kickin' around. It has been the fashion to take a poke at the big guy. The big company is a sort of non-personal set-up, being more or less polite and not inclined to mixing in a brawl. And the little political guy knowing same, has felt free to throw out his chest and threaten to whip the bigger fellow, good and plenty. We been listening to too many of these sassy pint-size persons—and electing them.

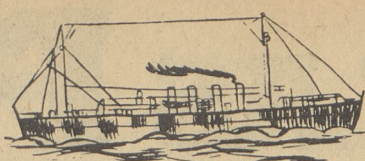
I own no big gas companies, or electric stations, or banks, or oil gushers, but sisters and brothers, I am powerful glad that there are such outfits. If it was not for a well managed and big lay-out supplying us with kilowatts, super-duper gasoline, loans at the bank, etc., we most likely would be delving deeper in our peans, like one buck now for haircuts versus the old 50 cents.

This coming November is going to be a good time to sort out the sheep from the pint-size artists. Pretty snappy epigram, says Henry. Well, I says, my word, I thank you. Yours with the low down, JO SERRA

## Recovers From Burns

Arthur C. Parrish of Main road is slowly improving at his home after receiving second and third degree burns on his arm and leg last Monday evening. Arthur was filling his gasoline lantern and inadvertently spilled some gasoline on his trousers. As he struck a match to light the lantern his trousers burst into flames.

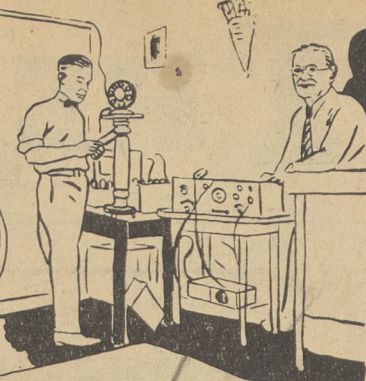
upwards of 2000 members of the press and radio covered the Republican and Democratic sessions—while the Wallace party drew only about 400 members of the "fourth estate."



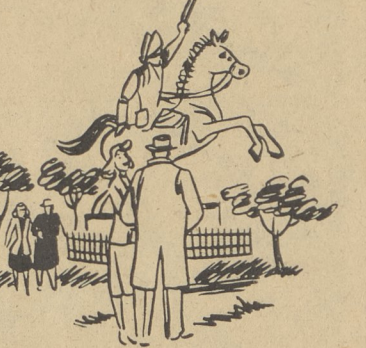
BOYHOOD AMBITION—TO BE A WIRELESS OPERATOR AT SEA...HE ATTENDED ST. NICHOLAS PAROCHIAL SCHOOL...FIRST JOB—STORE ROOM CLERK FOR W-BARRE RAILWAY CO...IN 1917 HE JOINED U.S. NAVY & SERVED ABOARD AN AMERICAN DESTROYER IN THE NORTH SEA DURING 1918.



HE ESTABLISHED RADIO STATION WBAY IN MAY, 1922, WITH POP STENGER, THE PIONEER RADIO VOICE OF WYOMING VALLEY...IN 1923 HE BROADCAST FIRST AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM FROM STAGE OF OLD SAVOY THEATRE ON PUBLIC SQUARE...TODAY IT IS DONE EXTENSIVELY...HE IS AN HONORARY LIFE MEMBER—RADIO SERVICEMEN OF WYOMING VALLEY.



EXPERIMENTED IN XRAY & WIRELESS AS EARLY AS 1910 WITH FATHER, "POP" STENGER...THE STRANGE NEW GADGETS & LANGUAGE OF RADIO LED MANY PEOPLE TO BELIEVE THEY WERE FANATICS...BUT THEIR NEWS FLASH THAT AUSTRIA HAD DECLARED WAR CHANGED MANY MINDS.



HIS HOBBY IS LISTENING TO PEOPLE ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT ANYTHING FROM RADIO TO COSMIC RAYS, ETC...MARRIED TO ANNA GORHAM OF LEAD, SOUTH DAKOTA. THEY HAVE 3 CHILDREN: NANCY, DANIEL & JOHN III.

John H. Stenger, Jr.

## Jackson Firemen Hold Fire School

Schuyler Kase of the State Department of Public Instruction is conducting a 16-week fire fighting school at the Rome School every Friday evening. New students may enroll for the next three classes.

The first class dealt with ventilation of fire to keep it confined to the smallest possible area. Second class was on the ways of forceful entrance to a burning building with the least possible damage and the third was on tying different knots from the half-hitch to the life-saving knot. This Friday's class will dwell on the use of fire extinguishers. Classes will continue each Friday evening for the next thirteen weeks.

Regular fireman's meeting will be held Monday evening, August 9, at the Rome School and every two weeks there-after.

All members are asked to start gathering articles for the fall rummage sale.

Johnstown is Cambria County's only third class city.—PNS.

## 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, 1917. 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, 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; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Leonard's Store; Idstown—Caves Store; Huntville—Barnes Store; Alderson—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 8¢ 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 Thursdays.

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. HCKS

Kansas Mineral Production Besides ranking near the top in agricultural production, Kansas boasts a mineral production consisting principally of petroleum, zinc, lead, salt, stone, cement, clay products, natural gas, gasoline, sand, gravel and gypsum.

Saint Vincent College in Latrobe, Westmoreland County, founded in 1846, is the pioneer Benedictine institution in the United States.

## Your Health

Each year, 25,000 children in the United States develop diabetes. Although the cause of diabetes in children is unknown, heredity is said to play a role in about one third of cases.

Diabetes is due to a disorder in certain cells in the pancreas, a gland located in the upper part of the abdomen.

This gland secretes a substance known as insulin directly into the blood stream which enables the starches and sugars in food to be properly burned and stored in the body.

If not enough insulin is secreted, the blood sugar increases and sugar is found in the urine.

Before 1922, diabetes meant invalidism and death, but during that year insulin was obtained from the pancreas of animals and is now injected in those who lack it.

Diabetics can live a practically normal life if they follow the necessary treatment.

Young people with diabetes now play in competitive athletics, women can safely go through childbirth, and surgical operations which used to be extremely dangerous for the diabetic, are now done.

The diabetic child has a good outlook for the future. Treatment of diabetes in the child is generally the same as in adults.

Insulin is given to all diabetic children as soon as the diagnosis is made.

Without this vital hormone, life would be impossible.

The difficulty in treating the diabetic child is to control his diet and prevent him from "cheating". The diabetic child can be made to grow up like other children and become a useful citizen.

DO YOU KNOW? It takes one ounce of crystalline insulin to provide 40 units per day for 40 years for a diabetic. To make one ounce of insulin, the pancreatic glands from 7,500 hogs or 1,500 cattle are needed.

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## Barnyard Notes

The price of an auction is two full days of weeding in the garden. There's a right and wrong approach to weeding. The rain Friday night gave the assistance we needed and made the weeds come out rather easily Saturday morning. But the proper approach is to have the right frame of mind. Never let yourself look at the whole garden. Take one row at a time and let each weed you pull assist you with the second one. The satisfaction of doing one row clean will encourage you to tackle the second one and eventually the whole garden. It's the same psychology that Alcoholics Anonymous use when the members say they won't drink for the next twenty-four hours. Each day that passes makes them stronger to finish the entire job.

The Barn is getting back to normal, except for the record player and hundred old records that are furnishing musical entertainment for those who are training their horses for the Irem Show. Lil Abner moved in Saturday night and Flicka and her colt, Thunder, are back in their stall. Ralph Rood is back on the job and both Flicka and Lil Abner will represent the Barnyard this weekend with Faith Elaine and Barry Edwards riding.

Looking at the birdbath Wednesday we saw a robin, a black bird and a goldfinch, all bathing at the same time, while a hummingbird worked over the last delphinium blossoms a few feet away. And still there are some folks who think you have to spend a lot of money to get pleasure out of life.

Red, Brokenshire's Irish Setter, paid us an unexpected visit Saturday night. He fairly smiled as he curled his lips above his teeth and bounced all over our lawn enjoying his new-found freedom. He's a beautiful dog and his reddish coat glistened above his sleek sides as he panted from so much wasted energy and exercise. He had absolutely no regard for bright begonia blossoms, gladioli spikes or tender young day lilies as he romped over the place. But we were glad to see him and glad that he was glad to be back. The only sour note was when Stripes our brood cat, resented his intrusion and chased him out of the yard. That's the kind of dog he is—big enough to kill a dozen cats, but as harmless as a rabbit. His pride was hurt when we left him on the back stoop for the night; but he refused to leave, and intermittently protested all night long with periods of barking between excursions to the front porch door, the cellar door, the side door and the back door in an effort to find a way into the house. It didn't bother us, but the neighbors weren't too pleased; so Sunday morning after he had given us a robust greeting, we loaded him in the car and took him back up on the hill. The folks were glad to see him. It was his first lapse in good behavior since he stopped following the kids to school.

There are still a lot of thoughtless people who drive too fast over village streets—good neighbors in all respects except that they forget that forty miles is too fast on streets where children play and are apt to dart from behind parked cars or out of patches of weeds where they are playing cops and robbers. The Borough has posted twenty-five mile an hour warning signs but only the conscience and good sense of the driver can enforce the law.

We'd like to know the name of the person who supplied the Library Auction with a hand wrought, iron shoe scraper. We bought it and it has done more to raise us in the esteem of our mother-in-law than anything we have done since we cleaned the trap under the kitchen sink. Some of our weed pulling and gardening friends who are not so popular with those who wax the kitchen linoleum would also like to make the acquaintance of the person who donated that scraper to the auction.

We never thought we'd admit it in public print, but we miss Joe Peterson and Dougie Cooper. Joe's on vacation at his grandmother's in Quincy, Mass., and Doug's at the shore in Jersey. They must be the king pins on our street for all the other youngsters have disappeared, too.

Dick Phillips is the envy of the neighborhood. His block of corn waves arrogantly in the breeze, already in tassel and almost ready to harvest while we enviously watch it up there on the hill as we pull weeds from the rows of our two foot crop. The neighbors may not like it but we gave ours a shot in the arm with a little chicken manure Saturday.

We wouldn't know just what goes on in Ogden, Utah, but the Standard-Examiner there recently published a headline reading: FATHER OF 10 SHOT; MISTAKEN FOR RABBIT

## Country Flavor

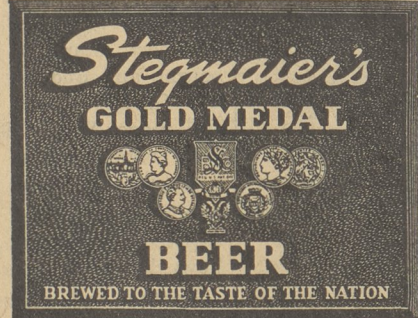
PICNIC

There is nothing flamboyantly wrong with Mr. Webster's definition. He defines the word tersely and succinctly: a pleasure party the food for which is usually provided by the members of the group and is eaten in the open air. That seems to cover the technicalities and to a slight degree describes the operations of what has come to be a standardized, warm weather, family expedition in pioneering.

A man with a growing family learns to recognize realities early. If on a Tuesday evening Sister or Junior proposes a picnic for the following Saturday afternoon, one had best face frankly that he is in for a rough week. It is a quixotic but valid observation that if a woman knows she has a picnic coming up she feels she has to go through a certain circuitous routine. There is something about a picnic in the offing that generates peculiar off-balance mental slants. Mother decides to wash and iron the curtains of the bedrooms; she is likely to clean the attic and reorganize the jungle in the hall closet. Usually Father catches the insidious fever. He prunes the hedge; cleans out the accumulated debris in the garage and puts new screening on the cellar door.

By Saturday morning everything is in a tangled dither. Mother packs food enough for twice the number of people; Father loads in a few cantankerous-acting folding chairs that no one uses. The dog is constantly underfoot and by eleven o'clock the two weary adults fervently wish picnics had never been invented. However, the ride to the country pond is reasonably pleasant and the program proceeds according to time-tested schedule. The children have a wild, rambunctious time; the dog thoroughly enjoys himself. The luncheon is good and Mother's triple layer chocolate cake seems even better than usual. By four o'clock the young life is satisfactorily worn out for a quiet ride home. When a man reaches his domicile, cleans out the car, takes a shower and is comfortably settled in his wicker rocker on the porch, life is serene and comfortable again. After all, he thinks, there is nothing like a picnic to make one appreciate the comforts of home.

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