

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, September 2—Although there are no violent blasts of the battered and dented political trumpets heralding it, this is the time of year the local Republican organizations in the various counties of the State take time out to frolic with Mother Nature, gorge themselves with choice victuals and listen to the oratory of their chosen candidates.

The occasion for all this hip-doodle is the annual out-door picnic sponsored by the county Republican organization in each of the 67 counties.

This sort of thing has been going on for more than the past quarter century. Grampaw Pettibone tells us, and has now become a GOP institution.

At these affairs, which usually get under way in late July and continue through August into early September, the boys and girls of the county organizations hold what they call their annual picnic.

A nice comfortable spot is selected where an outdoor affair of this nature can be held, such as in parks, etc. The heavy food, (i.e., meat, potatoes and sundry delicacies) are paid for by the county organization. Covered boxes of choice items are furnished by the ladies.

All in all a jolly gathering is held by the local politicians. And then after every one is so stuffed or exhausted himself that he or she can barely move, all and sundry settle down to listen to brief talks by the GOP candidates—State-wide, Congressional Legislative and local.

This is what is known by the candidates as "riding the circuit". In doing this the regular Republican workers in the local organizations become acquainted with the candidates.

"These annual picnics have become quite an affair with the county organizations—and its mighty smart politics," the old Pettibone bureaucrat mumbled between bites of his apple. "Why I remember not so long ago, son, when the people in Snyder County had their annual affair, known as the McClure Bean Soup Supper, a gent by the name of Ira T. Fiss got up and made a speech. Brother Fiss was then Speaker of The House of Representatives and in a rash moment made a remark that brought much powerful frowning and deep beetling on the part of the GOP hierarchy. That time the beans were truly spilled."

The old political sage, battling with a worm over his apple, pointed out however that the local meetings are usually interesting and constructive. Among those he has attended, the number of people in attendance varied from 500 to 5,000.

The annual shin-digs are the prologue to the campaign before it officially gets under way. Right now, Grampaw Pettibone informs us, both Charlie R. Barber, Secretary of Welfare and candidate for State Treasurer, and Sen. Weldon B. Heyburn, candidate for Auditor

Your Health

We have some spy information that's mighty good.

Known by the name of Northern Spy, our spy belongs to the Communist Party along with Stayman Winesap, Grimes Golden, Jonathan, and Baldwin, all of Pennsylvania.

Good comrades around anybody's table, they are as succulent, tasty, sweet, and juicy apples as are grown anywhere.

Many varieties of apples are grown in the United States—and this state has some of the best.

Ever gaze at a Maiden Blush at twilight, when its satin-smooth skin is reflecting the changing colors in the sky?

It's a good year for wheat and corn, and it promises to be a bumper year for apples—somewhat over 50 million barrels.

Doctors recommend apples. They contain, among other things, vitamin C which prevents scurvy.

Apples contain sugar which replenishes the sugar lost within the body through work and exercise.

Apples contain only about 50 to 75 calories and the sugar content does not tend to increase one's weight.

Apples are easily digested and to obtain the maximum amount of vitamin C, they should be eaten raw.

Apples also lend themselves to cooking.

"Oh, we can eat oodles and oodles of mom's apple strudels!"

DO YOU KNOW? The smaller the animal, the higher the heart beat rate. A canary has a heart beat of 1,000 per minute—an elephant's heart beats about 25 times a minute.

'Route of Black Diamond'

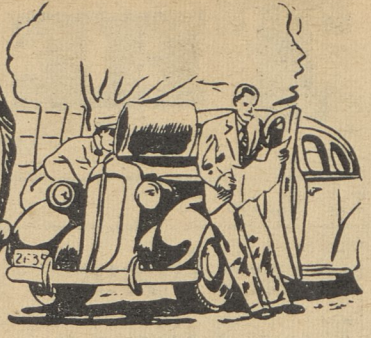
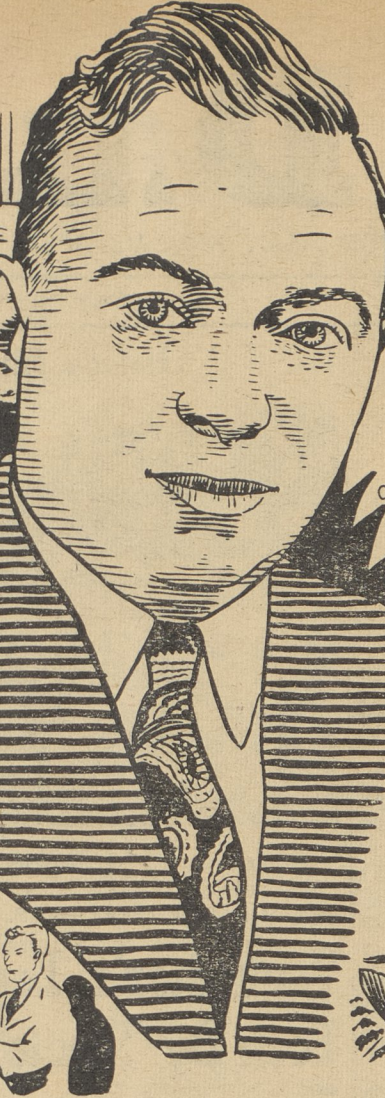
A sign bearing the slogan "Route of the Black Diamond" appearing on the rear end of a modern caboose attached to the local freight caused a ripple of merriment among spectators on Main street Tuesday afternoon.

General, are batting madly about the State attending as many of said functions as possible.

Four and five of these picnics a week are nothing to these gents. Where it is impossible for them to attend, the Governor or other GOP big-wigs substitute. The pace is terrific—but it pays off in the end.



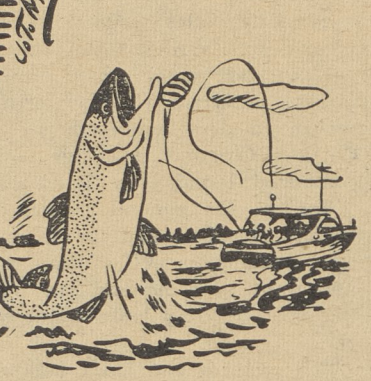
A TRUCKSVILLE NATIVE, HIS FIRST JOB WAS CLERKING IN A GROCERY STORE.... AFTER GRADUATING FROM KINGSTON TWR. HIGH SCHOOL, HE SOLD HOUSEHOLD MERCHANDISE & EVENTUALLY BEGAN TO SELL AUTOMOBILES.



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HIS HOBBIES ARE FISHING, HUNTING & GOLF.... HE IS ALSO IN SHAVERTOWN & TRUCKSVILLE VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPTS.... AND HAS A GENERAL ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCE STORE, LUNDY BLDG. DALLAS.

Howard Isaacs.

Dallas D. of A. Members Lunch At Skinners Eddy

Past Councilor's Club, Mount Vale Council 224 D. of A. and their friends enjoyed a bus ride to Skinners Eddy and Silvara last Wednesday where dinner was served by the women of Silvara Methodist Church, one of the churches of which Rev. Joseph Fiske, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugen Fiske of King street is the pastor.

After the song fest and dinner, the group enjoyed a program, "Hearts' Desire" conducted by Mrs. Alice Fiske.

Present were: Mesdames R. J. W. Templin, Goldie Ide, Alice Fiske, Sarah Schmerer, Hope Smith, Faye Parrish, Dorothy Perrego, Ann Alt, Emily Parrish, Maude Lewis, Mabel Mitchell, Bert Stitzer, John Layou, Betty Ockenhouse, William Ockenhouse, Ann Kingston, Marian McCarty, Helen Veitch, Della Bellas, Edna Denmon, Audrey Ide, Allen Ockenhouse, Morris Harris, Lena Misson, Nick Dourand, Richard Robbins, Maude Eipper; Misses Stella McKinnis, Ruth Stockey, Ruth Fiske, Ruth Ann Alt; Marian Louise and Allen Ockenhouse and Andy Bittenbender.

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; \$1.50 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 Canteen, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville - Leonard's Store; Shaver's Store; Idletown - Eaves 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. Local display advertising rates 60¢ per column inch; specified position 60¢ per inch.

Classified rates 3¢ 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. HICKS

The Bookworm

New children's books added to the shelves of Back Mountain Memorial Library are:

Legion Tourney, baseball story, McCormick; Bat Boy of the Giants, baseball, Garreau; The Babe Ruth Story; Bramble Bush, Girl's story, Dickson; Muddy Paws, Smith; Gay, a Shetland Sheepdog, Johnson; Nancy Naylor, Captain of Flight Nurses, Lansing; Penny Goes to Camp, Haywood; Cathy Carlisle, Johnson; Lucy Ellen's Heyday, Wright; Teaching the Young to Ride, Self; Bill and the Circus, Tousey; Paul Revere, Stevenson; Robert Fulton, Boy Craftsman, Henry; Daughter of the Mountains, Rankin; Dusty of the Double Seven, Dean, The Scarlet Bird, Anderson; True Zoo Stories, Bridges; Tracks and Trailcraft, Jaeger; The Betty Betz Party Book; Beany Malone, Weber, Canadian Summer, Van Stockum; Everglade Gold, Sackett.

SAFETY VALVE

THE TOWN FLAG

Editor The Post:

May I through the courtesy of your column call the attention of this community to the tattered and faded American flag that floats over the neglected Honor Roll in the heart of Dallas.

For a long time there was no flag on the pole—not even on patriotic holidays. Now the flag that flies there is a disgrace and must look much like the one the Japs tore down over Bataan.

Some of the names of the boys who fought for that flag are on the Honor Roll. They will never return. It seems to me that the least we can do is keep a decent flag flying, and keep the names bright on that Honor Roll.

I don't think it is up to the American Legion alone to look after this matter. They did the fighting. I think it is up to all of the people of the community to see to it that we have a clean flag. Maybe Dallas Borough Council will take over the responsibility of seeing to it that the flag is put up and taken down daily as it should be.

I will be glad to buy the new flag.

Gertrude Wilson

Barnyard Notes

There's seldom a dull moment this side of Norton Avenue. We had just nicely settled back into normal routine after the Scureman robbery when we had a flurry of excitement of our own—right in the kitchen—but we caught the intruder red handed.

While Myra was clearing away the dishes Monday noon and the two mothers-in-law were engaged in lively after-dinner conversation on how to get around the high cost of living, we heard a faint flutter from the vicinity of the kitchen where an unused brick chimney runs up one side of the wall beyond the electric stove.

Gabrial might have blown his trumpet without being heard above the commotion of rattling dishes and continuous conversation. We asked Myra to quit scraping the flowers off the dishes and after what seemed like a half hour throttled the conversation at the dining room table.

In the silence that followed we could hear scraping sounds from within the chimney. It might be a rat or some other vermin building a nest behind the wall. But then the sound was that of fluttering wings. Maybe a bat or big moth had fallen down the chimney and was imprisoned there. The beating wings continued at intervals.

In the chimney above our heads was a thimble placed there to block the hole where the stovepipe entered before we bought the electric stove. With a screwdriver we pried the thimble out and peered into the dark recesses of the sooty brick. There we saw the cause of the disturbance. Frightened, panting and looking directly at us was a purple finch. We shoved a hand in and grasped it firmly in our fingers; then took the frightened bird to the window and placed it on the bird feeder. It was gone in an instant in strong flight through the trees and out of the orchard. It might have been scared but it was apparently unharmed by its experience. "Do you know," said Granny, when it was all over. "I've heard that noise in the chimney for the past two days."

MOUNTAIN FLAVOR

I have been fed on mountains;
On valleys softly green;
On small white houses roofed with slate
In towns well kept and clean.
I have been drunk on sparkling air,
On sunshine hot and bright;
I have wrapped peace around me
Night after restful night,
And dreamed of birches lighting
Their silver spires between
The dark of sugar maples,
Of glossy evergreen.
I have sat long with silence;
Untied the knot of care—
No closer place to Paradise
Was ever anywhere.

ABIGAIL CRESSON.
In the New York Harold-Tribune.

Country Flavor

BLUEBERRY PIE

First of all this matter of blueberries versus huckleberries had best be settled. The controversy has been raging for years. Huckleberries have a place; one would not deny that. The huckleberry is a member of the Gaylussacia family; it is usually a whortleberry. It has 10 large seeds or nutlets whereas the delicious blueberry with its more subtle and delicious flavor has many minute seeds and is a member of the genus Vaccinium, family Vaccinaceae.

hand and strips the waiting fruits with the other.

A man likes blueberries and cream. Blueberry muffins and blueberry cake have a place. Blueberry cobbler is delicious and one wants to see a couple dozen glasses of jewel-like blueberry jelly on the window sill reflecting the August sun. When all factors are considered, however, there is nothing to equal blueberry pie if it is correctly made. Be sure the bottom crust is thick enough so a wedge can be lifted without disaster. Put some flour and sugar on the bottom crust so it will be chewy and crunchy. Use a deep pie plate; a thin blueberry pie is one reason why the contemporary social order is so cantankerous. Just before you tuck on the top crust toss a dozen bits of butter the size of a chipping sparrows' eggs over the berries. That is genuine blueberry pie, compounded of spring rain and summer sunshine, starry nights and cool breezes. If Jupiter had had blueberries on Mount Olympus we would not hear so much about nectar and ambrosia.

The countryman looks forward to two or three blueberry expeditions each season. If necessary he is willing to kneel and pick the low-brush berries; but if the year has been favorable he likes to go to the swamp where the high brush variety grows taller than his head. In rubber boots and a shirt thick enough to ward off some of the shorter-billed mosquitos he pushes among the thick-growing bushes whose branches are heavy-laden with the blue-black berries covered with a purplish bloom. With a five-quart lard pail on an arm, one pulls down a branch with one

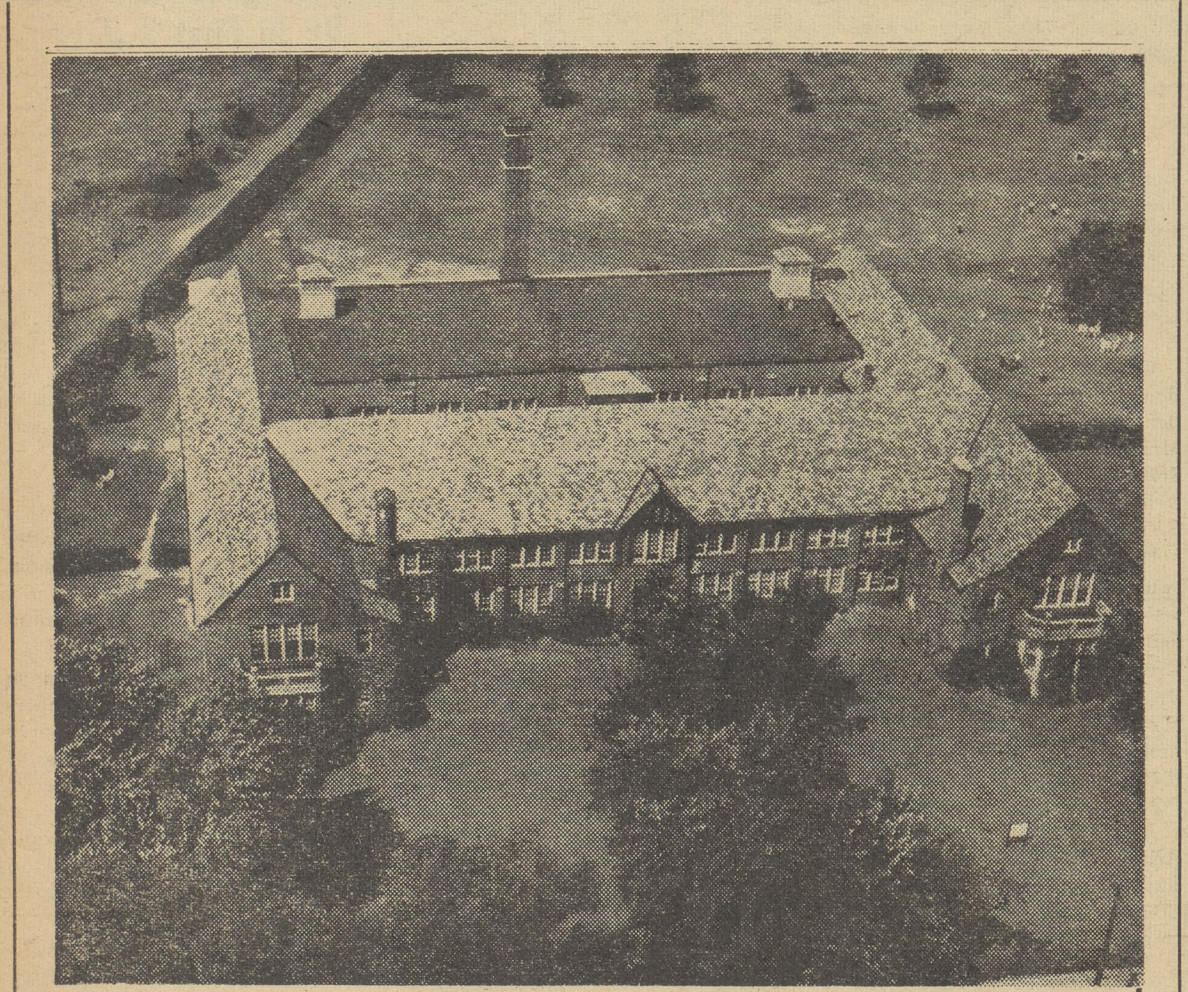
Alfred D. Bronson

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