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THE POST, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1948

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, September 9-Some of the State's leading chestthumpers are down in the dumps these days.

It seems that the requests of Democratic and Republican leaders hereabouts to the effect that they would like to have their respective national campaigns open up in Pennsylvania, with speeches by the presidential candidates, fell about

as flat as an egg dropped on concrete from an airplane 15,000 feet up.

Democrats felt confident not so long ago that Little Old Harry could be persuaded to orate for the labor bid with a soapbox affair in highly industrialized Pittsburgh this past Labor Day weekend.

But the powers-that-be in Washington decreed otherwise, and the Nation's No. 1 donkey-rider jogged off to Detroit, another labor capital for his first pitch of the current season.

With this set-back, Pennsylvania's Democratic leaders hope bespectacled Mr. Truman will stop by for a few major speeches later in the campaign; if not that, possibly one major speech; if not that, perhaps a flag-stop at some railroad station, and if not that, per-State.

But the Democrats are not alone plugging for Tom Dewey, the Re- which is about what the doctor publican standard-bearer, to open his rip-snorter in this State.

maharaja to sound off in Pittsof what was in the wind and they and then taping it to prevent swellwanted the good Governor of New ing. York State to cackle in their home-

town. However the latter proposal ing. brought numerous frowns from

party big-wigs who apparently felt gentle motion, and accurate supthat one scandal in the GOP ma- port. chine there is enough at one time.

Consequently neither Mr. Dewey regulate the circulation of the nor Mr. Truman will put their toes blood through the foot and prevent within the confines of the State at stasis, or stoppage of the flow of the outset of the campaign, but blood to the ankle. it is expected that they will ride into this 4,000,000-vote stronghold -with trumpets a-blare-later in

the campaign. "Why son, I've never seen such result of industrial accidents, with

fiddle-de-daddle," growled Gram- one worker injured every second paw Pettibone testily. "Here's one of the day. of the biggest prizes to be had

right here in Pennsylvania and

both Dewey and Truman wrangle old sage pointed a bony finger in off either as a recreation room or out of the idea. Needless to say the direction of his side-kick, an apartment. the boys who hold the reins of Throckmorton P. Twillingforde, who Officers of the company are: each party here in the Keystone was contentedly snoozing in the George Bronson, president; Wayne State aren't whipping their horses late afternoon sun, and said with Callendar, secretary; Dana Daveninto any lather over what their somewhat of a quake in his voice: port, treasurer and Sherman presidential candidate has done."

Folks call 'em sprains-scientific fellows refer to them by their anatomical structure, such as "rupture of the deltoid ligament."

By whatever name, this injury needs care and proper treatment. Many persons feel a sprain does not need the attention of a physician, that time will heal it and so they limp around, use crutches, or go to bed, and suffer.

A sprain is defined as a "wrench or strain resulting in stretching or laceration of the soft parts without external wound."

Your Health

Most of the leading professional athletic teams carry their own haps a wave of the hand as his trainers who handle this supposedly train whisks through the Keystone minor type of point or muscle injury without calling in a physician. They treat this group of injuries in their misery, GOP leaders were with massage and active motion,

would order. One of the leading advisory GOPsters in Pittsburgh wanted coaches for Olympic teams reports the black-thatched elephant-riding that trainers will work all night with an ankle sprain, icing and burgh September 11. Then the massaging it until the pain is regood folk of Philadelphia got word lieved, keeping the ankle moving

> The chief objective in treating an ankle sprain is control of swell-

> > DO YOU KNOW?

This is done by proper massage,

Active motion is continued to being constructed by Sweet Valley Volunteer Fire Company.

Last year there were 17,000 of concrete block and stucco construction. deaths and 2,000,000 injuries as a

There will be a basement and two stalls on the first floor for housing the truck and other equip-

The second floor can be finished

"My boy, there are some others Kunkle, chief. George Wesley is From this vantage point in the who are going to be caught napping chairman of the building com-

HIS FATHER WAS A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER ON THE D.L. W. ATTENDED KINGSTON SCHOOLS U WYOMING SEMINARY-STARRED IN FOOTBALL . BASKETBALL-PLAYED WITH 91 REGIMENT TEAM WHICH LATER BECAME BARON PROS MANAGED WORLD CHAMPIONS IN 1915-16.

ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO HE BEGAN WRITING POETRY. HIS POEMS ARE HEARD ON NATIONWIDE BROADCASTS & PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD WRITE TO SAY HIS POEMS HAVE AFFECTED THEIR LIVES & COMFORTED THEM SPIRITUALLY INC. WINSTON CHURCHILL & QUEEN OF ENGLAND COLLECTED WORKS ALONG LIFE'S HIGHWAYS' IS NOW IN ITS THIRD PRINTING - HE IS PLANNING ANOTHER TITLED "ALONG THE PATH OF FRIENDSHIP."

HE ONCE HELD CITY DOUBLES TENNIS TITLE WITH BUDDY FRANTZ-NOW ON GOLF TEAM AT IREM TEMPLE ... MEMBER ALL MASONIC BODIES, CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH MARRIED FORMER EDITH MERREL OF WILKES-BARRE. TWO CHILDREN- GEORGE, JR. OF DALLAS & MRS. L.H. BEERS OF HARRISBURG.

George Z.Keller

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889 Member Pennsylvania Newspaper

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C.WLAYCOCK & WORKED ONE YEAR AT THE ANTHRACITE SAVINGS BANK CAME TO MINERS BANK WHERE HE ROSE TO PRESENT POSITION OF EXECUT-IVE IN THE CASHIER DEPARTMENT.

THE LOW DOWN FROM

HICKORY GROVE

You know, our hired hands

down there on the wide and

wandering Potomac keep talk-

ing high prices and how

heaven and earth must be

moved to lower same. And all

this goes on just as though

these same agents had no

finger in the pie of bringing

on the dilemma. Queer chaps.

They been chief cooks there

for years-have helped most in

foozling the soup. And now,

instead of doing what they

ought to do-admit their er-

ror or guilt, or whatever you

choose to call it-they point

Henry. Let 'em consult, I says,

that old Virginian, Harry Byrd,

What should they do, says

elsewhere.

He praised the suit of clothes I wore, and asked me what it cost, GOT INTO BANKING FIELD THROUGH LATE But never said a word about the money he had lost.

He was with me twenty minutes, chuckling gaily while he stayed, O'er the memory of some silly little blunder he had made. He reminded me that tulips must be planted in the fall, But calamity and tragedy he mentioned not at all. I thought it rather curious, when he had come and gone,

He must have had some tales of woe, but did not pass them on, For nowadays it seems to me that every man I meet Has something new in misery and moaning to repeat.

J Barnyard Notes

AN UNUSUAL VISITOR

But he never mentioned anyone who's suddenly gone broke.

He talked of books and pictures and the play he'd been to see,

A clever quip his boy had made he passed along to me.

He talked about the weather and the college football race,

He dropped into my office with a grin upon his face,

He asked about the family and he told the latest joke,

And so I write these lines for him, who had his share of woe But still could talk of other things, and let his troubles go; I was happier for his visit—in a world that's sick with doubt, 'Twas good to meet a man who wasn't spreading gloom about. -From California Oil World.

The above verse was sent to the Barnyard this week by "Doc" Jeter of First National Bank.

We are indebted to Jack Richardson for the following verse. Jack distributed hundreds of copies last week through his regular mailings.

I SAW HIM DIE

E

I saw him die His large blue childish eyes Looked up at me from the hard street As though he knew That he could never rise

And then he spoke With just a touch of triumph in his voice Please tell my Mama that I didn't cry And as I held his hand and breathed a prayer I saw him die.

The autos still dash madly where he lay Machines of steel which crave their human toll And our lax laws are powerless to stay These demon drivers into self control Would they had knelt as I did by his side And looked into his blue eyes When he died.

Many persons look upon the police officer as a heartless creature who preys on helpless motorists and takes a fiendish delight in watching the offenders squirm when faced with the inevitable penalty for their mis-deeds.

The verses above reflect the feelings of the average traffic officer when called upon to perform one of the saddest of his manifold duties.



Pour Foundations

The building, located across the

will be thirty by thirty-seven feet

ment.

For New Fire House Foundations have been poured for the new two-story fire house

street from the Church of Christ,