

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, Nov. 24—Unfortunately or fortunately as the case may be, Brother Duff, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is about to have his ears boxed.

Now such goings on as boxing ears in the brass offices atop Capitol Hill is something that will make the average avid supporter of Republicanism in the fair State blush with mortification.

By the same token, Democrats on occasions when their ranking officials have had their ears trimmed, flushed and blushed in a similar manner.

But the essence of the current ear session boils around the simple fact that Duff himself is the "ram-rod" type. He believes in doing things his own way - and to thunder with the opinions or wishes of others, namely the party leaders who were instrumental in putting him there.

Many claim that this is a forthright and upright spirit of rugged individualism, typical of our blood-thirsty pioneers who not so long ago fought off droves of savages with little more than a blunderbus.

This may or may not be the case but it does not alter the fact that ear-boxing is soon to be the order of the day.

For example the good govern-

nor, in one of his eloquent moments appointed an agent from the mid-west to serve as chief praise agent for Pennsylvania at the paltry fee of something like \$10,400 per annum.

"That's a lot of apples to pay for a publicity man in any country, quoth Grampaw Pettibone who remembers the day when the good work alone that the government did, brought about better publicity than all the forced reports of the half dozen years.

The rosy cheeked lad who is going to handle publicity for Pennsylvania isn't from this fair and great state at all - but instead hails from some mid-western village where corn is said to be green the year round.

Many are asking why when everyone now is supposed to talk of the greatness that is Pennsylvania, that a \$10,400 a year Penn-

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YOUR HEALTH

The last census showed there were 4,951,207 males and 4,948,973 females in Pennsylvania.

This proportion of males to females prevails at about the same ratio throughout the world.

How does nature maintain such a nice balance?

There are a few more women in the world than men, and this is good, for men are prone to get themselves killed in wars and work.

Every year there are more boys born than girls.

In the United States, in 1945, there were 1,404,587 males born to 1,330,869 females.

In the same year, 788,063 males died to 613,656 females.

Balances up.

Following wars, when many males are killed, nature somehow increases the number of boy babies born.

Then, too, women live longer than men.

Males suffer a higher death rate from accidents, homicide, and suicide.

The degenerative diseases kill males earlier than females.

It is often claimed that women are more closely associated with health protective practices due to the influence of their children.

This influence is said to give them better opportunity to profit by the newer procedures for health conservation than men—and thus to lengthen their lives.

DO YOU KNOW?

Only three families out of every eight families in the United States are contributing to the growth of the population by having three or more children.

Mrs. Rose Anderson Is Buried Tuesday

Funeral services for Mrs. Rose Anderson 76, of West Dallas, who died Sunday morning at General Hospital one day after admission, were held Tuesday from the late home. Rev. Frank K. Abbott officiated.

The widow of the late Carl Anderson, she was a lifelong resident of West Dallas, and the daughter of the late John and Irene Spencer. Deceased was a member of Idetown Methodist Church and Servng and Waiting Sunday School Class. W SCS and WCTU. She held offices

THE DALLAS POST

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MYRA ZEISER RISLEY

Contributing Editor

MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

in the church and was active in community affairs.

Surviving are a sister, Mrs. E. B. Worthington, Forty Fort; brothers, W. M. Spencer, Lewis Spencer, and Horace Spencer, all of West Dallas; several nieces and nephews.

Interment was in Warden Cemetery, Dallas.

Arrangements by Alfred D. Bronson.

Express Appreciation

Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Kropa and family of Dallas R.D.3 wish to express their appreciation to all their friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted them at the time of the death of their baby, David Burton.

Lancaster County derives its name from Lancashire, England.

The Book Worm



OUR FAMILY AND THE LIBRARY

by Kathleen Evans Brooks

We number five in our family, and we all read with a fine disregard for time that scientists display when absorbed in some important experiment. Obviously the money involved in the purchase of books for such a large group would outbalance any other item in the budget—heavens knows the budget is a beat-up thing at best in our family!

Our interests cover the waterfront of reading. One child sashays between raising various animals which he catches wild, lures from nests, buys with his allowance or just plain begs for and gets—to early American history, English and Irish folklore, or Indians. I asked him once what kind of Indians, "Oh Mother, don't be dumb," he said "the Sioux, of course." "Jeepers", thinks I, "I thought there were several kinds of Indians."

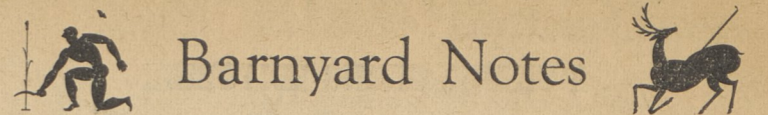
When faced with raising small animals, we were all stumped by the rabbits, Victoria and Albert by name. In desperation one night as I sat at a board meeting in the library, I let my anguished eye roam over the shelves and guess what? You are so right, RABBITS! I lunged out of my seat, upsetting Hank Peterson's meticulous treasurers' report, grabbed the book, and immediately lost track of the rest of the meeting while I learned what the little brutes really did like to eat and how they looked when ill, etc. That book went home to our eldest son and now he tells us how to raise his rabbits.

Our middle child, another son, likes what his buck-teeth force him to call "Exhiting Thrtories." Obviously no sane parent wants to own a whole children's collection of such tales. One or two are enough in one age group. An English woman named Enid Blyton has written a series of adventure tales for the young that are perfect; "Castle of Adventure," "Valley of Adventure," "Mystery Island," and "The Sea of Adventure." The library has them all. These books tell the story of the adventures that four English children have. They are well-written, simple and slip in bits of useful knowledge along the way. The answer to a mother's prayer.

The smallest child, a girl, wants to be read to, anything and everything. She differs from most children in that she doesn't want re-

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Barnyard Notes



SUBURBAN BONFIRES

With half-reluctant rake and broom, Foregoing respites and reprieves, Gather the saddest harvest home— The last November leaves.

From gravelled drive, from lawn still green, From paths habitually neat, Collect the beauty that has been And burn it in the street.

Let these rich pyres that blessed men's sight, The scarlet leaves, the brown and gold, Propitiate by ancient rite The dark, the dreaded cold!

FRANCES HIGGINSON SAVAGE, in the Herald-Tribune

Many of us this week are knee-deep in the Seminary's Drive for \$300,000 to renovate the old dormitories. Before it is over many of us will be in it up to our necks; but there are still others who haven't yet got their toes wet in the enthusiasm that is flooding Wyoming Valley, extending west to Los Angeles and east to the Atlantic's shores.

If there be any old Seminary student who isn't proud of his school, we've failed to find him in our years as a newspaperman. There is never the young bride who does not mention that she attended Wyoming Seminary and would like to have the fact displayed prominently in the story under her wedding picture. The school is always mentioned fondly in obituaries and in stories of success. All are proud to have been associated with the venerable institution in Kingston.

And yet, Wyoming Seminary is one of the most democratic of institutions. There Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Negro, Chinese, German and Jap associate and live together—not with tolerance for one another—but as fellow Seminarians.

And what about these new dormitories that Wyoming needs after one hundred years? Will Carpenter Hall, which incidentally is one of the most beautiful buildings in Wyoming Valley, be subdivided into expensive suites setting its occupants apart from those who will dwell in more humble rooms? Not a bit of it. The Seminary student watchman and the boy who pays for his schooling by waiting on table will live in the same sort of rooms as his classmate who comes from a home of wealth.

That's what we like about Wyoming Seminary. And that is what in large measure sets it apart from some of the better known eastern secondary schools and colleges, whose academic standing can't hold a candle to Wyoming.

Wyoming Seminary is essentially a local school with a national reputation. Not a reputation that draws students from every State in the Union but a reputation that prompts college instructors to remark to the incoming Freshman, "Wyoming Seminary! You come from a fine school."

Because it is a local institution, mellowed by 100 years of association with the youth of Northeastern Pennsylvania it deserves the united support of its neighbors as well as its alumni.

Those of us who will stop to chat with you in the next few days about the future of this great school will do so proudly and encouraged by incidents such as the one Dr. Fleck recounted at a luncheon meeting earlier this week.

Twelve years after the campaign closed for funds for Sprague Memorial Hall, the Seminary was confronted with a number of unpaid notes on pledges. The Board of Directors instructed Dr. Fleck to write letters to the makers exonerating them from their obligations which had remained unpaid because of unforeseen obstacles. Many of those who received Dr. Fleck's letters, thanked the school for its thoughtfulness.

But there was one who never replied.

Last week an elderly gentleman visited Dr. Fleck's office. He had come to Kingston by bus from a community north of Scranton. "I don't believe you know me?" was his salutation to the good Doctor. "You wrote me a letter several years ago." Dr. Fleck smiled, "I'd hardly remember what I might have written several years ago." "Well," replied the other, "it was a letter to release me from meeting an obligation I owed Wyoming Seminary; I have never answered your letter because I have never released myself from that obligation which was for \$1,000. Now you are having a drive to raise funds for better dormitories and I have come to make a \$500 payment on that obligation. Before the closing date, I will pay the balance." Dr. Fleck engaged his visitor in further conversation. "What class were you in?" Quick was the reply, "The class of 1877." "And how old are you?" Doctor Fleck asked. "Eighty-nine" was the ready response. "Eighty-nine", repeated the Doctor, smiling broadly, "you look good for another twenty years and let's hope you have them." The older man shook his head. "That wouldn't be so good. You see, I've made my will; and everything is to go to Wyoming Seminary. If I should live another twenty years, I'm afraid there wouldn't be much left in the estate."

Alfred D. Bronson

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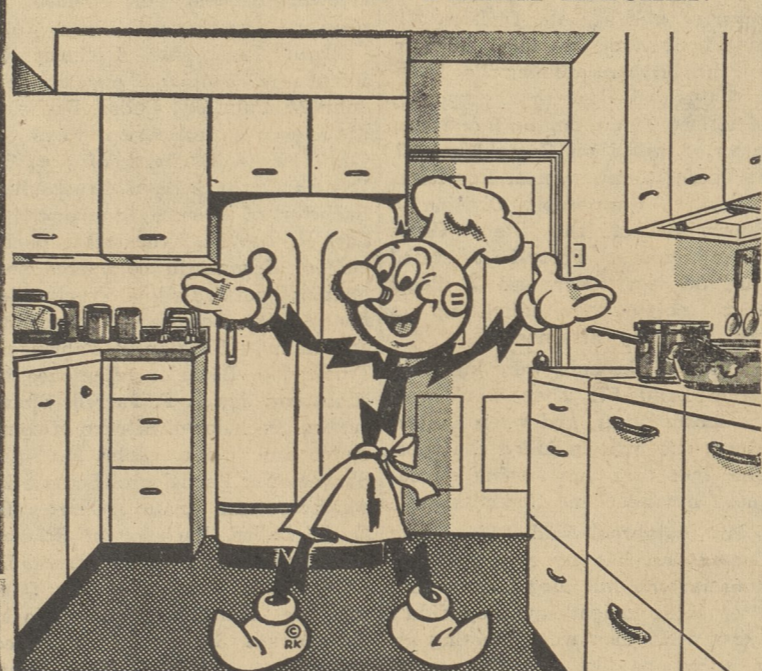
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