

"The Totem Pole"

Although Santa Claus was scheduled to make his annual debut in the dark of night last weekend with the usual clatter and commotion of reindeer and sleighbells—there were some few souls who doubted he would actually appear.

And those few lads and lassies who have failed to be good little boys and girls were the ones who were afraid old Saint Nick would overlook them.

There are some such gents among the charmed political circles that squat daily here in the State's Capital. They are the ones who well fear that the political Santa Claus will overlook them.

All of which brings to mind the reports lately that U. S. Senator Edward Martin, the Keystone State's junior Senator, is rolling his eyes in the direction of the Governor's pew a few years hence when Jim Duff steps down from the mighty throne.

Martin's lieutenants, captains and Pfc's all pooh-pooh such talk as much "tish-tosh" but Grampaw Pettibone warns tactfully that most of those who today hold public office can usually be recalled as some of the greatest tish-toshers there ever were.

Jim Duff cannot succeed himself to the Governorship—thanks to a few words sneaked into the law when the Democrats weren't looking some many years ago.

But reports are firm that Governor Duff is in no mood to see Ed Martin do another stint atop Capitol Hill. In fact as far as Duff is concerned, he'd just as soon Martin didn't do any "stinting" at all. In fact Duff and Martin just don't see eye to eye.

The two gents decided to pack their guns, so to speak, just before the past Spring Primary, and the guns were hitched a little tighter before, during and after the GOP nominating convention in Philadelphia during the summer when the two backed different presidential candidates.

Ed Martin never has been really happy in the mad whirl of Washington politics where a speech on the floor of the Senate can be stopped just as the speaker's mouth opens for the first word.

Back here in Harrisburg the story is somewhat different. When Martin was Governor he could utter a few words and every department atop Capitol Hill suffered tremors.

Down in Washington a loud roar is drowned in the confusion before it even emerges as sound.

Thus Ed Martin has come to the conclusion that it is far better to be a big fish in a little pond than a little fish in a big pond.

Consequently it is not hard to understand his yearning for a return engagement on the roost atop Capitol Hill here in the fair State of Pennsylvania where he can rule the destinies of many.

However to come back as Governor he will have a tough row to hoe, as matters stand at the present time. The organization Duff now controls could well mean defeat for an outsider, and Santa Claus or no Santa Claus, right now Duff is it.

Mother of Mrs. Schwartz Dies In Collingswood

Mrs. David Estes of Huntsville road received word last week that Mrs. Charles H. Miller of Collingswood, N. J., mother of Mrs. George Schwartz, former Dallas resident, had died suddenly, December 18 of a heart attack.

She had sold her home and expected to leave the day of her death for Battle Creek, Michigan to live with the Schwartzes.

Mrs. Miller had been a visitor in Dallas a good many times and had a host of friends Back of the Mountain.

Dr. Schwartz is associated with the Sanitarium at Battle Creek.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Well folks—time for 1949 resolutions. Even if last year's resolutions went where the woodbine twined—and you smoked even more versus less—didn't get a nickel more tucked away in the bank—didn't get to bed any earlier—and all the other fine ideas misfired is no reason for no resolves for 1949.

As a sample of some newer resolutions—or a hint—the day is gonna happen when there are 19 jobs and 20 men. Say you are a plumber and you been keeping an eye peeled on the clock and an ear bent toward the whistle, you are a marked number 20 man.

And there are ducks like King John—John L. for short—who is making coal mining and coal so expensive that more and more people will keep warm via oil and gas. There will be a number 20 man in the coal fields—in due time.

Who will be number 20 man? There is a resolution on how to avoid being same.

And for everybody—bronze, black—white—18 to 80—keep your hand off the horn at the red traffic light, and also beware that double "no cross-over" line on the highway. In short—courtesy. Make 1949 more pleasant—and safer. Be a lady. Be a gentleman. Yours with the low down, JO SERRA

Sweet Valley Ladies Hold Christmas Party

Ladies' Bible Class and Ladies Aid of Sweet Valley Christian Church enjoyed a joint Christmas party during the holidays. Present were: Mesdames Ira Button Arline Dennis, Sally Hutchinson, Beatrice Stook, Ruby Hutchinson, Arline Adams, Alice Wallace, Lillian Oliver, Elizabeth Smith, Rena Adams, Della Hann, Maude Moore, Gertrude Jaquish, Elmira Long, Lucille Laning, Caroline Irving, Lillian Rastin, Mae Cochick, Thelma Twarek, Doris Ferry, Marion Stroud, Sadie Dodson.

Mrs. Jennie Scattergood Dies At Germantown

Friends and neighbors will be grieved to learn of the death Tuesday night of Mrs. Jennie Welsh Scattergood, mother of Alan Scattergood of Crescent Park. Mrs. Scattergood, though an invalid for some years, died suddenly at her home at Germantown of a heart attack. Funeral services will be held from a Germantown funeral home on Saturday.

Alan, husband of the former Lois Mosier, has a good many friends Back of the Mountain.

Christmas Party

Mr. and Mrs. David S. Williams, Overbrook Avenue, Huntsville, entertained at a Christmas party at their home recently. Present were: Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Griffiths, Nevile Shea, and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

The Book Worm



GOOD BOOKS DELIGHT YOUNG CHILDREN

by Janet P. Smith

This is the Saturday morning Story Hour at the Back Mountain Memorial Library and I have just started to read "Snippy and Snappy Were Two Little Field Mice." No need to say, "Hear ye, hear ye" because the opening sentence of this clever book SNIPPY and SNAPPY, by Wanda Gag attracts the attention of the children as a magnet attracts a needle.

The ages of the listeners range from four to eight or nine years. Sometimes we find it necessary to ask two tiny tots to sit on the same chair, but this works out since they often sit on the tippy edge anyway and two seem to keep a better balance than a lone sifter.

I glance up to make sure that all are comfortable and I see forty-eight pairs of eyes staring at me—so we are off for an hour of fun. We take Snippy and Snappy through one adventure after another, chasing Mother Mouse's big blue knitting ball all over creation. The children love the surprises of the field mice in finally recapturing the ball of yarn.

It has taken practice on my part to develop the art of showing the pictures in a book and reading the story at the same time. The skill comes in not missing anyone. If a listener doesn't get his "look", there is always an interruption; either a booming voice saying, "I didn't see", or a child jumping up and flinging himself over my shoulder so as to get a close range view. I don't mind two or three little arms flung around my neck but when they get five and six deep I have to shake them off and promise to be more accurate in showing the pictures.

Our next story is THE BLOW AWAY HAT, by Leone Adelson. David and his Mummy and his Daddy go for a walk on a particularly windy day. The wind blows Mummy's hat away, but David is a hero who outwits the wind in a long chase that ends comically. We must take a little time out and listen as several children tell of similar experiences.

Now we read the gay little story FLUFF AND THE FIREMEN, by Genevieve Cross. The children chuckle over the kitten who runs away. The excitement grows as we read about racing fire engines and the rescue of Fluff, who promises never to run away again.

The next story is so humorous that the children sound a bit hilarious but it is only spontaneous laughter rolling out of them. JASPER AND THE WATERMELONS, by George Pal is about a little colored boy who was told to stay away from the ripe, luscious watermelons that grew just outside of his house. Poor Jasper! There was one melon that was just too much for him. He forgot his Mammy Lou's warnings and "ate that melon all up". Then strange things happen and Jasper has surprises beyond anyone's expectation.

For variety we now read some poems and verse. The ever popular books NOW WE ARE SIX and WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. Milne are always on hand. Also EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING, by Dorothy Aldis, and several anthologies of children's verse. Little voices chime in when we begin some of the irresistible rhymes such as:

"Christopher Robin goes Hoppity, hoppity, Hoppity, hoppity hop."

or
"Jonathan Jo Has a mouth like an 'O' And a wheelbarrow full of surprises."

or
"Hear that crickley, crackley static. Perhaps it's fairies in our attic." "There was a little turtle, He lived in a box. He swam in a puddle, He climbed on the rocks."

We just have time to read BOBBY BUNNYFLY, by Kay Roberts. Bobby is a lovable little bunny who wants to fly like a butterfly. He decides to use his ears for wings, so he 'flips them' and 'flaps them' and 'zoom' he is off. It is fun until a big storm begins to blow, then Bobby wants to go home. On the last page we find it is all a dream, but Bobby has learned that ears are for hearing, not for flying.

I look at the clock and see that our hour is over. As the boys and

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, Texas.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.50 six months; \$5.00 a year. 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; DALLAS NEWS, Evans' Drug Store; Trucks—Leonard's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—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 60¢ per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50¢ per column inch; specified position 60¢ per inch.

Classified rates 30¢ 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

YOUR HEALTH

The stomach is a fine piece of mechanism and functions well if treated fairly.

This muscular sac or pouch is lined with a complex membrane which secretes a powerful digestive fluid.

Waves of contractions run over the stomach every twenty seconds or so, breaking the food down into a pulp and mixing it with gastric juices.

At intervals, a small amount of the mixture is squirted into the duodenum, the first portion of the small intestine.

Here it is met by bile from the liver and gallbladder and by a powerful digestant fluid from the pancreas.

As the material is moved onward through the many coils of small intestine, it is broken down into more and more simple substances.

All along this intricate digestive tract is an involved system of nerves which, like telephone wires, connect one part of the intestine with the other and all parts, with the brain.

Nervous persons find that this network of communication between the brain and the digestive tract sometimes interferes with the normal process of digestion.

Financial worry, fear, and other abnormal mental states may easily bring on an upset of the digestive process.

Every day doctors see patients who have nervous indigestion and who do not need medicine.

What they need is a steady income, a loyal spouse, and a peaceful homelife.

DO YOU KNOW?

A man of fifty may expect to live to the age of 70, according to tables of life expectancy, and for each year that he has lived beyond 50, one-half year can be added to 70; for instance, at 60 the life expectancy would be 75, at 70 the expectancy is 80.

Jane LeGrand, Engaged To Charles C. Cuccio

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis LeGrand Sr. of Baldwin street have announced the engagement of their daughter, Henrietta Jane, to Charles C. Cuccio, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Cuccio of Queens, N. Y. No date has been set for the wedding.

Miss LeGrand is a graduate of Dallas Borough High School, attended College Misericordia and University of Nebraska, was graduated from Wilkes-Barre General Hospital School of Nurses and Columbia University. She served for two years as first lieutenant with the Army Nurse Corps in the South Pacific. She is now doing public health work in Westchester County with headquarters at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mr. Cuccio is a graduate of Queen's College and received his Master's Degree at Columbia. He served for three years as first lieutenant with the infantry in Europe. He is now taking his interne year in Clinical Psychology in New York State.

Both Miss LeGrand and Mr. Cuccio spent Christmas at the LeGrand home.

John E. Evans, 56, Buried At Wyoming

Funerals services were held Wednesday, December 29 for John Elias Evans Sr., fifty-six, Back Mountain plumber, from his home at 183 E. Center Street, Shavertown. Mr. Evans died Friday night, December 24 in the office of Dr. C. G. Perkins following a heart attack suffered on the way to see his son, T. Emerson Evans at Trucksville.

Born in Edwardsville, he had spent the past twenty-six years in Shavertown where he took an active part in George M. Dallas Lodge and Shavertown Methodist Church.

Besides his wife he is survived by the following children: T. Emerson, Trucksville; Mrs. Clara E. Powell of Elmira, N. Y.; John E. Jr., Iowa Falls, Iowa, and Robert E. at home, also the following brothers and sisters: Charles Bankus and Mrs. Fred Nogle of Kingston; Lewis Evans of Shavertown and Mrs. John Hislop of Dallas and four grandchildren.

Officiating at the services were Rev. Howard Harrison with Mrs. Benjamin Jenkins as soloist.

Pallbearers were Harry Beck, Norman Ringstrom, Ike Brace, Ross Williams, Granville Sowden and Fred Eck.

Burial was in Wyoming Cemetery, Wyoming, where George M. Dallas Lodge 531 Masons were in charge of the services.



Barnyard Notes

"You are old, Father William," the young man said. "And your hair has become very white. And yet you incessantly stand on your head. Do you think at your age, it is right?"

Lewis Carroll

Usually we publish every letter that is sent to us. They fill gaping white space; but for obvious reasons we'll be unable to publish all of the following letter from Al Kistler of Harvey's Lake which started out like this:

Dear Sir:

What the heck has become of your "Barnyard column"? Any one can write a column about barnyards in the spring, summer and fall when the robins come around and the sweet peas bloom, and the corn starts to ripen, and the roses open, the carnations are too wonderful for proper expression, the pumpkins get mellow, the chickadees chirp; but it takes a real man to write about a barnyard when it's crusted with snow and ice . . .

If we published all of Al's letter there would be no room for the rest of the Barnyard which he obviously is anxious to read even during the busy harvest when the Post sprouts a fine crop of holiday ads. An editor has to eat; and he can eat better from a fat newspaper than he can from the green beans and asparagus tips his wife grows in the garden.

It's great to have your public that wants to read the Barnyard. We were unaware that it had so many readers until it was crowded out.

Al implies that it takes a real man to write a barnyard when it's crusted with snow and ice. Well, he's talking to a guy who kept up the old barnyard tradition by drinking a quart of milk on New Year's Eve, and who woke up the following morning with a powerful headache.

The idea wasn't exactly ours, but it was a condition the other gardener laid down. No milk, no New Year's party. You takes your choice and likes it. We took our choice; but we didn't like it.

Country Flavor

APPLE PIE

Grandmother has always claimed that the older apple varieties made the best pies. "These fancy apples are all right to eat," she would say, "but Grandfather wanted his pies made of Northern Spies, Baldwins, Blue Pearmain, Kings or Snow Apples." The list of pies in this nation is one tangible reason why this is a good country in which to live. With the exception of wish-washy, flabby, unpredictable custard all pies are excellent. They have a soothing influence at all three meals; a quarter of a flavorful juicy pie and a glass of cold creamy milk constitute top-flight fodder. They have a beneficial influence at all three meals; a quarter of a flavorful juicy pie and a glass of cold creamy milk constitute an excellent mental conditioner before one seeks unconsciousness for a few hours.

Occasionally one comes upon an item that shows fundamental, encouraging good sense in the human race. Such is the case with apples. It is the most popular fruit of the planet; there are over 2,500 named varieties. Early pioneers carried apple whips and seeds with them as they climbed mountain passes, floated down rivers on flatboats and crossed grassy plains in lurching schooners and solid conestogas. Many a hard-headed farmer was a soft mark for a glib nursery salesman, but as the cherries, plums, quinces and apples came into bearing, there was deep satisfaction in home produced fruit. Most housewives make several mistakes in concocting apple pies. A first-class affair has maple sugar and butter spread on the lower crust so it will be candy-like and crunchy instead of a weary slab of sodden dough. No apple pie is worth considering unless it is an inch and a quarter deep. Have a generous hand with cinnamon and toss a dozen bits of butter or margarine over the rounded dome of sliced apples. Next, spice half a dozen bits of sharp cheese the size of a chickadee's egg. Put one tablespoon of tangy molasses in the center and then scatter a whiffle of brown sugar over the entire surface. Tuck on a short, rich crust, sprinkle it with water; and puncture a few holes so the amber, rich juice can ooze up and paint a picture. When a man can end a day's labors with a quarter of a pie of this caliber, he takes an optimistic viewpoint regarding the peculiar actions of his peers.

Idetown Sunday School Class Holds Annual Christmas Party

The Confidence Class of Idetown Methodist Church held its Christmas party at the church house last Tuesday evening.

Margaret Laity and Kathryn Kester led devotions. Mrs. Kenneth Bonning, president had charge of the business meeting. New officers elected for the coming year are: president, Mrs. Glenn Spencer; vice president, Mrs. Bruce Williams; secretary, Mrs. John Garinger; treasurer, Mrs. Leslie Agnew. Mrs. George Honeywell and Mrs. Clarence Rinken were taken in as new members, after which games were played.

A lunch was served to the fol-

lowing: Mrs. Al Rinken, Mrs. Clarence Rinken, Mrs. John Garinger, Mrs. David Ide, Mrs. Howard Boice, Mrs. Roswell Frederic, Mrs. Claire MoeKenna, Mrs. Claude Agnew, Mrs. Ralph Welsh, Mrs. Kenneth Bonning, Mrs. Leslie Agnew, Mrs. Thomas Lyons, Mrs. Willard Crispell, Mrs. Bruce Williams, Harold Donnelly, Mrs. Dean Shaver, Mrs. Edward Heck, Mrs. Hayden Williams, Mrs. Lloyd Jennings, Mrs. Gilbert Husted, Mrs. Harvey Bottoms, Mrs. Harold Cragle, Mrs. Glenn Spencer, Mrs. Alfred Hadsel, Mrs. George Honeywell, Mrs. Margaret Laity, Mrs. Kathryn Kester, and Bess Cooke.

1948 WAS A MOST SUCCESSFUL TURKEY YEAR.

Safeguard your 1949 turkey program—

Feed

TIOGA TURKEY BREEDER — Mash or Pellets

Produce quality sturdy poults.

★ ★ ★

DEVENS MILLING COMPANY

A. C. DEVENS, Owner

Phone 337-R-49
KUNKLE, PA.

Phone 200
DALLAS, PA.

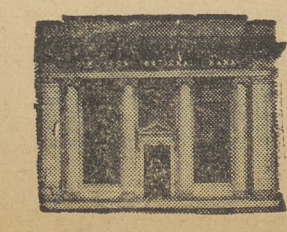
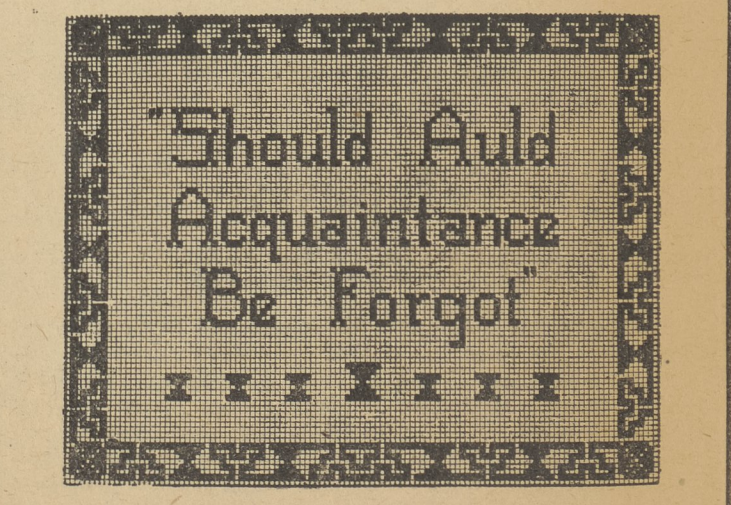
Alfred D. Bronson

"As near as your telephone" 363-R-4

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SWEET VALLEY, PA.

BACKACHE

For quick comforting help for Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Getting Up Nights, strong cloudy urine, irritating passages, Leg Pains, circles under eyes, and swollen ankles, due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles, try Cystex. Quick, complete satisfaction or money back guaranteed. Ask your druggist for Cystex today.



The KINGSTON NATIONAL BANK
AT KINGSTON CORNERS

FOUNDED 1864
Member F. D. I. C.