PAGE TWO

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg, January 13-Following last week's pre-legislative thunderclap loosed by the Governor and a few other gents intent on limbering their political barrage guns, matters have settled down fairly well here as the lull before the storm sets in.

When the legislative lads gathered around the festive board on Tuesday of last week for their one-

day stand they patiently listened while Jim Duff spoke snappily, tossed around a few verbal hand grenades-and then departed.

Having struggled through the formalities of opening the 1949 session of the Legislature, the boys then suspended operations and the peace of the mind and tranquil- dress shirts my mother could buy called the conventional recess until ity of home and society is the were those stiff bosomed kind with next Monday, January 17.

emotion of anger. It is intimately a collar and cuffs that had to be However a few of the old-time related to the attitude of mind and attached with buttons, and how spell-binders, conscious of the need the character of the individual I hated the guy that invented or of getting in a lick before things himself.

Good mental hygiene requires up," I thought "I will invent a died down, cut loose with some caustic comments of their own as the discounting of suspicions which soft shirt with collar and cuffs atthey drew their duffel bags aboard lead to an antagonistic attitude tached that will let a fellow turn their trains and headed for home. toward other persons. It is not his head without chafing the skin

This is what is known among necessary for us to be aroused to off his neck, or so a boy can get political strategists as "pre-battle anger by a person whom we dis- into a pre-Sunday School fight position jockeying" and has be- like. A balanced individual is able without crumbling his cuffs. come an important part of our to exercise a reasonable control over the tilting of his emotional political scene

The "big boom" will be heard, plane. A person who is master of the however, when Governor Duff stalks before a joint session of both situation has an understanding houses (after their return Monday) mind, and he avoids an antagonistic to deliver his budget message- mental attitude towards others and is expected to prostrate refrains from expressions or acwhich more than one or two of the tions which arouse anger. Knowlgentlemen of the General Assembly. edge and experience have taught There is little doubt but that him to correct the faults of tem-

the word "million" will have slip- per. ped from the financial vocabulary of budget-minded folk after Brother Duff lays his cards on the rostrum. the rights and interests of others, There is little doubt but that the and banish from the mind those word will be changed to "billion" attitudes that cause discord in the -even for this little old State harmony of life. We should make of Pennsylvania.

paw Pettibone his ears elongated false concept of dominating all get a couple of days of real enjoyfrom stretching from one group to who stand in our path. The nor- ment in wearing them. Then what another-informs us that the item mal attitude of mind in any home happens? You send them to the that has the legislative leaders or community life is one of friend- laundry and they come back with worried most is "how to get the ly coeoperation rather than of anmost money out of the taxpayers ger and prejudice. without their knowing it."

Governor Duff, one eye on the ethics is to do good. Life is short. up-coming U. S. Senate seat and Let us concentrate on the good wear. the other on the money interests things in life and do what we can backing the GOP in Pennsylvania, for the welfare and best interests legislative tax study committee of charity. When this friendly atcalling for the imposition of a sales titude of real charity develops, we tax

Such a tax, among other things, pressions and actions of others. would be unpopular with the general populace of this Commonwealth-and the voters, but it Parents would do well to keep the would please the manufacturers law of charity and never instil States of America who likes shirts load if the people themselves don't. individual or any class. We should

sylvania back in 1932 but no one and value in human beings. was anxious to enforce the tax and Kindness and courtesy indicate it petered out after the levy had an understanding mind and help been collected on several packs of us to approach other persons withchewing gum and a candy bar. out prejudice and malice. Honesty It is interesting to note that the and square dealing in both busi-

Governor has suggested only one ness and personal life can do a Governor has suggested only one ness and personal life can do a specific tax as yet—namely that of great deal to lessen anger and an-specific tax as yet—namely that of great deal to lessen anger and an-last asked could I talk to the girl The four shows which has

THE POST, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1949

THE DALLAS POST 'More than a newspaper, a community institution" ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

5

Am I the only guy in the whole A non-partisan liberal United States of America that progressive newspaper pubbuys soft shirts? Am I the only lished every Friday morning guy that hates stiff collars and at the Dallas Post plant stiff cuffs? I mean in dress shirts. Lehman Avenue, Dallas When I was a little boy of 10 Pennsylvania.

Entrody conduct. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subserip-tion 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, 100 Single conjes. at a rate of 6c each. issues, more than one week old, 10e Single copies, at a rate of 6c sach, can be obtained every Friday morn-ing at the following newsettinds: Dallas— Tally-Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Leonard's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown-Caves Store; Alderson-Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Rese's Store.

When requesting a change of ad-dress subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of ad-dress or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the 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 50c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch.

Classified rates 3c per word. Minimum charge 50c. Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummago sales or any affairs for raising money One can buy these white, soft dress shirts at Joe Hand's Charlie case will such items be taken on In no 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

Irem Temple Horse Show, that cuts a ring around my neck and ition, may not be held this year, the third makes me so mad that according to Dr. M. C. L. Ellis of

Staging the show took so much Island College of Education, and who must bear most of the tax prejudice and hatred toward any to come back from the laundry in time of business men who are mem- spent two years traveling and seethe same condition that they were bers of Irem's Mounted Patrol, ing most of the wonderful places which sponsored the event, that the she had read and known about "Well," says you, "this problem Patrol has decided not to hold a since early childhood.

Dr. Ellis said that unless some group within the Temple under- Northwest in search of adventure "That's what you think," replies takes to run the show it will not and found it. Two months later me, "but I have complained and be held, and that he knew of no Grandpa received word that she had met, fallen madly in love with,



by Phyllis M. Smith

My only regret after reading the other Book Worm articles in the Dallas Post was that I hadn't written mine sooner, as theirs will be what is often and accurately termed "a hard act to follow," for all future contributors to "The Bookworm" column

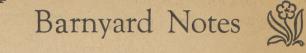
Last evening while Norm snored his way through "The Voice of Firestone" and "The Telephone Hour" I gave a little serious thought about what to write.

Whenever I think about books and what they mean to me I remember my Grandfather Whittemore. He was the one who instilled a craving for knowledge into a small, solemn, brown-eyed girl who later became my mother.

Grandfather's library was a delight to the eye. A huge round table covered in green felt dominated the center of the room. On one side of his walnut secretary stood a huge globe and on the other side a colossal Webster's dictionary, always open and ready for use. A badly worn Atlas on the table attested to Grandpa's inability to read about any place without first learning everything concerning its size, climate and population.

The books were sizeable and leather-bound in red, green, and dark brown and bore evidence of fond handling. Every book wore a sticker which announced that "This book is the property of David H. Whittemore, Esq." By the time Mother was twelve Grandpa had read aloud to her all of Dicken's, Scott, Thackery and everything available on Greek mythology. I think mother launched into the 'Terrible Teens'' with Tolstoy and Anatole France for bedtime stories. At this age Mother's and Grandpa's trips to the Providence Public Library started and didn't cease Williamsport, potentate of Irem until Mother graduated as the highest honor student from the Rhode

Just prior to World War 1 Mother went to the Canadian



One of the most difficult decisions we have had to make during the reconstruction of The Dallas Post building is whether to cut down the two pine trees that hid the face-lifting process on the

Opinion differs, but most sidewalk superintendents advise the destruction of the trees-not for aesthetic reasons-but because "their roots will damage the walls and their branches ruin your roof.' Others think one of the trees detracts from the appearance of the new work. We've taken all the suggestions in stride and agreed with most of them; but we've a sentimental attachment for the pines—even if they are too close to the building.

We remember a day when they were about the only evidence of opulance around the place-and when their green young branches hid a drab false front that would have better graced a mining town than Lehman Avenue.

More than twenty years ago we dug one of them from the meadow on our father's farm, loaded it in the rumble seat of the old blue Ford, and transplanted it to the front yard of The Post. There we nurtured it until it became strong. It was only shoulder high and in spite of its clean symmetry was composed of two main trunks, mute evidence of earlier mutilation caused by some seeker of a Christmas tree who had cut out its first growth.

"If this tree grows" we thought as we planted it, "after all of the beating it has taken, maybe The Post, too, will grow and prosper." There was plenty of doubt in those days. There followed days of attentive watering, and careful fertilization supervised by our mother. The tree grew that first year and has continued to grow and hide the original ugliness of the old Post building. Now we 'are blossoming out in a more attractive dwelling-and we're sentimental about the trees.

If we cut them down there will no longer be a robin's nest outside our window every spring. There'll be no more decaying needles to furnish mulch for the rose and rhododendron beds. There'll be no clean scented needles to line the three cats' cozy beds-no graceful boughs to bend under the weight of heavy snows-no place for Buck, the "terror", or Sandy Scureman to leave their calling cards.

Only three have spoken for the trees, Myra, Mrs. Ralph Rood and John Heffernan. Leave it to a sensitive Irishman to nail it down with words. "Whenever I see a tree cut, I bleed."

Nights, when we stand there in the moonlight, looking at the new building silhouetted against the Misericordia hills, we hear those silent sentinals moaning as a friendly breeze whispers through their branches. "Don't worry. He's a softy."

We'll stay the axe in the hope that everything that happens in the new building will be as straight and true and clean as those trees.

It would take twenty years to grow others in a better location. Maybe we won't be hanging around that long-and what would Buck and Sandy do in the meantime.

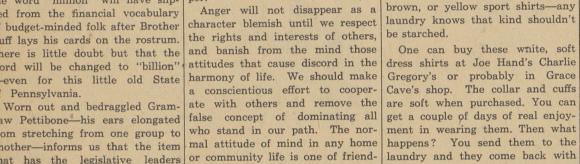
Stuffed in her blue overalls, bundled in an old coat, her head swathed in a scarf, Myra rushed into the office Saturday afternoon before she had finished tidying her chicken coop.

"There's a decision to make", she grinned. And we went into a conference

Under the pile of straw in one corner of the coop, her broom had uncovered a nest of young mice-pink and helpless in the chaff. There was no impulsive crash of the broom. Myra never acts on impulses. Her hestitation was the nest's reprieve. She gently pressed the straw about it and came to us for a solution. "If they stay there and grow, they'll eat my feed, and I'll never make a profit on my hens.'

The verdict of the jury? We don't keep hens for profit. We keep them for fun. Finding a nest of young mice or a flock of chickadees in the coop is part of the fun. Finding an egg is an experience. Neither of us likes mice; but we remembered the pleasure a saucy one had given us years ago as it played around the feet of a haughty old doweger in the tap room of the Prince George Hotel in New York.

> Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie, O what a panic's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa sae hasty, Wi' bickering brattle! I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee Wi' murd'ring pattle!



fort.

The fundamental principal of

"blew his top" when the recom- of others. What we need is a them in three different grades. The mendation was made public of a return of individuals to the law first is a light starch the second, Irem Horse Show

Conscious friction and blind prejudice are common causes of anger. I'm writing to you to ask "If I'm A Sales tax was tried in Penn- strive to arouse a feeling of worth

be hunky dory.'

collars and cuffs starched so stiff that one wonders do these laundry women ever get married so they would know what a man likes to

SAFETY VA

Dear Editor:

HEALTH

ANGER

The most common disturbance of

2

Too Much Starch

years of age, and that was forty

seven years ago, I recall the only

discovered starch. "When I grow

But someone beat me to it and

manufactured that kind of a shirt

and although I didn't make any

money from my idea, at any rate

I was happy. "Ah!", I exclaimed,

'At last, I can get a soft shirt and

live for the rest of my life in com-

When I say soft shirt, I mean

a dress, long sleeved soft shirt,

not one of those blue, green,

The laundry that I send my shrts to advertises that it will starch May Discontinue medium, and the third a stiff starch. The difference is that the, are not easily angered by the ex- first just irritates me, the second has grown to be a national exhib-

the only guy in the whole United Temple. purchased ?"

seems simple. Why not complain fifth annual show this summer. to this laundry and everything will

Strategy here is to remove the and will become a strong influence onus of being known as a "taxing for good conduct in the home and put in my shirts?" governor" and to pass the blame community. on to some loyal member of the Legislature whose political hide is **To Meet At Eipper Home** girl: "are you married?" "She says yes, then I asked "do you starch children. on to some loyal member of the not as valuable as that of the Governor and who therefore can "afford" to sponsor desired adminis-D. of A. will meet at the home answered, "of course," and I says, To Meet Thursday tration taxing measures.

Jim Duff is now talking of evening January 19. \$44,000,000 "in the bank" at the end of the current biennium, which

specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and the specific tax as yet—namely that of state and tax as yet—namely that of state and tax as yet—namely that of the specific tax as yet—namely that of tax as yet—namely tax

Past Councillors Club Mt. Vale your husband's shirts," and she of Mrs. Ralph Eipper Wednesday "well, I don't like my shirts

sounds good on paper but when Martin left office "evaporated". in the whole United States of Am- o'clock in the auditorium of St. money is needed— it's never there, These sums are what are known erica that likes to wear soft dress Therese's Church, Shavertown, just as the \$50,000,000 "profit" as "political profits" rather than shirts? supposedly on hand when Edward real profits.

The front office said surely, and show grounds have been developed, called the girl in and I said to the and large sums have been given to

starched." She replies, "you're

crazy." So I ask you: Am I the only guy ing Thursday, January 20th at 8

> Regent, will preside. Alan G. Kistler

and married a fabulous character The four shows which have been who eventually became my father. nation's leading exhibitors. The

Mother's first act upon returning from her honeymoon in Vancouver was to send to the states for her books. She and Father had taken up residence in a small town called Penhold in the province of Alberta. Years later Mother confided in me that sending for her books was undoubtedly her C. D. A. Court, Our Lady of Fatfirst serious "faux-pas" as far as ima will hold their monthly meet-Dad was concerned. The books arrived safely in huge wooden crates and one neighbor, according to my father, erected a sizeable chicken Mrs. Frank L. McGarry, Grand coop with the discarded lumber. Father had been reared differently from mother and labored under the impression that books belonged in specific places, libraries for instance.

Life in Penhold was almost more Kunkle Chicken Supper To Install Officers than Mother could bear. The terrifically hot summers and the long by sitting on the verandah on a clock stifling summer afternoon reading instead of canning like a maniac or helping make hay. In sheer desperation she joined the Ladie's Aid and one hot September afternoon she recited "Evangeline" from start to finish before a startled aud-

ience, then went home in triumph and gave birth to me. We moved frequently at the instigation of the Mr. Micawber of the Canadian grain market as Mother was known to refer to our handsome father when she wrote to Grandpa. Moving would have 0.000.00 been a simple matter if it hadn't been for all the books. By that 00.000.00 time my brother and I were the 14,238.27 owners of over a hundred books 19,245.72 ourselves; so Dad finally got smart and stored the crates between moves.

> Once a year we would journey to Providence to visit Grandpa and see a bit of civilization as Mother so fondly expressed it. It was on those visits that I became familiar with the Providence Public Library and all the wonders contained therein.

When I was twelve we traveled to Providence for a prolonged visit. Prolonged is hardly the correct (Continued on Page Seven)

Thee wee bit housie, too, in ruin Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'! An' naething, now, to big a new ane, O' foggage green! An' bleak December's winds ensuin', Baith snell an' keen!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving foresight may be vain: The best laid schemes of mice an' men Gang aft a-gley, An lea'e us nought but grief an' pain For promis'd joy.

Bobby wrote that in November 1785 after his plough turned up the nest of a field mouse. Burns fell into a pensive mood and composed the entire poem, (only a part is printed here) on the spot.

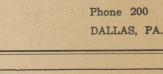
Kunkle Fire Crew will sponsor Mt. Vale Council 224 D. of A. a chicken supper in the Kunkle will install new officers at the meetcold winters soon began to tell on her. She horrified the townspeople ary 26. Serving will start at 6 o'- at 7:30. Officers and guards are requested to wear white.

> Start your New Year-'49 With TIOGA'S improved chick starter line. Chicks like it — thrive and grow — Just try an order, then you'll know. CHICATINE—Guaranteed 25% Protein.

> > * * *

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REPORT OF CONDITION OF

The Kingston National Bank

KINGSTON, PA.

DECEMBER 31, 1948

RESOURCES

Cash in vault and due from Banks..... \$ 2,067,342.67

1			\$ 46
15			 50
rided	Profits and	Reserves	 54
its			 10,81