

"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 called the conventional recess until next Monday, January 17.

However a few of the old-time spell-binders, conscious of the need of getting in a lick before things died down, cut loose with some caustic comments of their own as they drew their duffel bags aboard their trains and headed for home.

This is what is known among political strategists as "pre-battle position jockeying" and has become an important part of our political scene.

The "big boom" will be heard, however, when Governor Duff stalks before a joint session of both houses (after their return Monday) to deliver his budget message—which is expected to prostrate more than one or two of the gentlemen of the General Assembly.

There is little doubt but that the word "million" will have slipped from the financial vocabulary of budget-minded folk after Brother Duff lays his cards on the rostrum. There is little doubt but that the word will be changed to "billion"—even for this little old State of Pennsylvania.

Worn out and bedraggled Gram-paw Pettibone—his ears elongated from stretching from one group to another—informs us that the item that has the legislative leaders worried most is "how to get the most money out of the taxpayers without their knowing it."

Governor Duff, one eye on the up-coming U. S. Senate seat and the other on the money interests backing the GOP in Pennsylvania, "blew his top" when the recommendation was made public of a legislative tax study committee calling for the imposition of a sales tax.

Such a tax, among other things, would be unpopular with the general populace of this Commonwealth—and the voters, but it would please the manufacturers who must bear most of the tax load if the people themselves don't.

A Sales tax was tried in Pennsylvania back in 1932 but no one was anxious to enforce the tax and it petered out after the levy had been collected on several packs of chewing gum and a candy bar.

It is interesting to note that the Governor has suggested only one specific tax as yet—namely that of the two-cent a gallon gasoline tax. Strategy here is to remove the onus of being known as a "taxing governor" and to pass the blame on to some loyal member of the Legislature whose political hide is not as valuable as that of the Governor and who therefore can "afford" to sponsor desired administration taxing measures.

Jim Duff is now talking of \$44,000,000 "in the bank" at the end of the current biennium, which sounds good on paper but when money is needed—it's never there, just as the \$50,000,000 "profit" supposedly on hand when Edward

YOUR HEALTH

ANGER

The most common disturbance of the peace of the mind and tranquility of home and society is the emotion of anger. It is intimately related to the attitude of mind and the character of the individual himself.

Good mental hygiene requires the discounting of suspicions which lead to an antagonistic attitude toward other persons. It is not necessary for us to be aroused to anger by a person whom we dislike. A balanced individual is able to exercise a reasonable control over the tilting of his emotional plane.

A person who is master of the situation has an understanding mind, and he avoids an antagonistic mental attitude towards others and refrains from expressions or actions which arouse anger. Knowledge and experience have taught him to correct the faults of temper.

Anger will not disappear as a character blemish until we respect the rights and interests of others, and banish from the mind those attitudes that cause discord in the harmony of life. We should make a conscientious effort to cooperate with others and remove the false concept of dominating all who stand in our path. The normal attitude of mind in any home or community life is one of friendly cooperation rather than of anger and prejudice.

The fundamental principal of ethics is to do good. Life is short. Let us concentrate on the good things in life and do what we can for the welfare and best interests of others. What we need is a return of individuals to the law of charity. When this friendly attitude of real charity develops, we are not easily angered by the expressions and actions of others.

Conscious friction and blind prejudice are common causes of anger. Parents would do well to keep the law of charity and never instill prejudice and hatred toward any individual or any class. We should strive to arouse a feeling of worth and value in human beings.

Kindness and courtesy indicate an understanding mind and help us to approach other persons without prejudice and malice. Honesty and square dealing in both business and personal life can do a great deal to lessen anger and antagonism in human relationships and will become a strong influence for good conduct in the home and community.

To Meet At Eipper Home

Past Councillors Club Mt. Vale D. of A. will meet at the home of Mrs. Ralph Eipper Wednesday evening January 19.

Martin left office "evaporated". These sums are what are known as "political profits" rather than real profits.

SAFETY VALVE

Too Much Starch

Dear Editor:

Am I the only guy in the whole United States of America that buys soft shirts? Am I the only guy that hates stiff collars and stiff cuffs? I mean in dress shirts.

When I was a little boy of 10 years of age, and that was forty seven years ago, I recall the only dress shirts my mother could buy were those stiff bodomed kind with a collar and cuffs that had to be attached with buttons, and how I hated the guy that invented or discovered starch. "When I grow up," I thought "I will invent a soft shirt with collar and cuffs attached that will let a fellow turn his head without chafing the skin off his neck, or so a boy can get into a pre-Sunday School fight without crumbling his cuffs.

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 comfort."

When I say soft shirt, I mean a dress, long sleeved soft shirt, not one of those blue, green, brown, or yellow sport shirts—any laundry knows that kind shouldn't be starched.

One can buy these white, soft dress shirts at Joe Hand's Charlie Gregory's or probably in Grace Cave's shop. The collar and cuffs are soft when purchased. You can get a couple of days of real enjoyment in wearing them. Then what happens? You send them to the laundry and they come back with 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 wear.

The laundry that I send my shirts to advertises that it will starch them in three different grades. The first is a light starch the second, medium, and the third a stiff starch. The difference is that the first just irritates me, the second cuts a ring around my neck and the third makes me so mad that I'm writing to you to ask "If I'm the only guy in the whole United States of America who likes shirts to come back from the laundry in the same condition that they were purchased?"

"Well," says you, "this problem seems simple. Why not complain to this laundry and everything will be hunky dory."

"That's what you think," replies me, "but I have complained and complained and complained and at last asked could I talk to the girl that decides what starch she will put in my shirts?"

The front office said surely, and called the girl in and I said to the girl: "are you married?" "She says yes, then I asked "do you starch your husband's shirts," and she answered, "of course," and I says, "well, I don't like my shirts starched." She replies, "you're crazy."

So I ask you: Am I the only guy in the whole United States of America that likes to wear soft dress shirts?

Alan G. Kistler

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, 10c single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shawertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Leonard's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves 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. All changes of address must 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 50c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 60c 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, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursday.

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

May Discontinue Irem Horse Show

Irem Temple Horse Show, that has grown to be a national exhibition, may not be held this year, according to Dr. M. C. L. Ellis of Williamsport, potentate of Irem Temple.

Staging the show took so much time of business men who are members of Irem's Mounted Patrol, which sponsored the event, that the Patrol has decided not to hold a fifth annual show this summer.

Dr. Ellis said that unless some group within the Temple undertakes to run the show it will not be held, and that he knew of no movement to take it over.

The four shows which have been held were successful, attracting the nation's leading exhibitors. The show grounds have been developed, and large sums have been given to the Shriner's hospitals for crippled children.

To Meet Thursday

C. D. A. Court, Our Lady of Fatima will hold their monthly meeting Thursday, January 20th at 8 o'clock in the auditorium of St. Therese's Church, Shawertown. Mrs. Frank L. McGarry, Grand Regent, will preside.

The Book Worm



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, Thackeray 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 until Mother graduated as the highest honor student from the Rhode Island College of Education, and spent two years traveling and seeing most of the wonderful places she had read and known about since early childhood.

Just prior to World War 1 Mother went to the Canadian Northwest in search of adventure and found it. Two months later Grandpa received word that she had met, fallen madly in love with, and married a fabulous character who eventually became my father.

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 first serious "faux-pas" as far as Dad was concerned. The books arrived safely in huge wooden crates and one neighbor, according to my father, erected a sizeable chicken 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 than Mother could bear. The terrifically hot summers and the long cold winters soon began to tell on her. She horrified the townspeople by sitting on the verandah on a 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 audience, 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 been a simple matter if it hadn't been for all the books. By that time my brother and I were the owners of over a hundred books 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)



Barnyard Notes

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 left wing.

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 opulence 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 hesitation 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 dowager 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!

These wee bit housie, too, in ruin
Its silly wa's the win's are strewn!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' faggage 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 Chicken Supper

Kunkle Fire Crew will sponsor a chicken supper in the Kunkle Community Hall Wednesday, January 26. Serving will start at 6 o'clock.

To Install Officers

Mt. Vale Council 224 D. of A. will install new officers at the meeting in I.O.O.F. Hall this evening 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.

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.

AMBULANCE SERVICE

OFFICERS

Harold Tippett President
T. Newell Wood Vice President
Samuel W. Thompson Cashier
Alex M. Kresge Assistant Cashier
John P. Chicallo Assistant Cashier
R. B. Malkames Trust Officer
W. E. Rheinhardt Assistant Trust Officer

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

JOHN E. SCHEIFLY
Physician
R. R. VAN HORN
Attorney
HAROLD TIPPETT
President
T. NEWELL WOOD
President, The Pressed Steel Co.
JOSEPH H. MacVEIGH
Vice President, The Pressed Steel Co.
G. N. ENGLAND
Treasurer, Glen Alden Coal Co.
HOPKIN T. ROWLANDS
Attorney
CHARLES E. WARSAW
President, Luzerne County Gas & Electric Corp.
A. J. SORDONI, Jr.
Vice President, Sordoni Construction Co.

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
U. S. Government Securities	5,819,435.18
Other Bonds and Securities	293,488.87
Loans and Discounts	3,989,379.38
Banking House \$100,000.00 and Furniture and Fixtures \$28,587.79	128,587.79
Other Real Estate	1.00
Accrued Interest	19,763.99
Prepaid Expense	5,485.11
TOTAL	\$12,323,483.99

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 460,000.00
Surplus	500,000.00
Undivided Profits and Reserves	544,238.27
Deposits	10,819,245.72
TOTAL	\$12,323,483.99

TRUST DEPARTMENT

Total Individual Trusts	\$ 4,152,999.12
Corporate Trusts	\$ 355,000.00



BUY AND HOLD U. S. SAVINGS BONDS