

"The Totem Pole"

By M. WILLIAM DENNISON
Editor, Penna. News Service

Harisburg, Feb. 10—The wailing and gnashing of teeth heard hereabouts these days is enough to send any struggling dentist into delirious rapture.

Basic cause of the enamel-chipping is the billion-dollar budget Governor Duff last week—in a moment of apparent despair and sheer determination—plopped under the noses of the members of the Legislature.

Republicans in general and the Governor have proclaimed in a sweat that the budget is a "fine working affair."

Democrats in general—who actually hold the tip end of the purse strings by virtue of the fact that some of their votes are needed to get appropriation measures passed—are standing on top of the pile fussing over the budgetary document thrust on their desks.

Behind the scenes the activity is intensive with every means possible being exhausted to work out some plan whereby the budget will meet with everyone's approval.

As a result there may be some cut-backs. Grampaw Pettibone assures us — from the scrambled wool he has — that no blanket approval is now in order.

Some of the humanitarian phases of the budget the gents on the Democratic side of the battleground wholeheartedly approve. Some of the other items that seem like too much fiddle-faddle are coming in for close scrutiny.

By and far the members of the 1949 General Assembly are letting it be known that they are not going in for any more pulling of wool over the eyes than absolutely necessary.

"It may be just the post-war trend," grunted Grampaw Pettibone as he thrashed about trying to extricate his foot from a shiny brass cuspidor.

The Duff proposal to up the gas tax a cent or two a gallon is meeting with greater opposition than expected.

Even some of the Republicans have sided with the Democrats in frowning on this measure — the sole tax increase asked by the Chief Executive.

The prediction is hereby made that when the shooting dies down motorists will find their gas tax upped, if only one cent.

As in almost every other phase of activity, Pennsylvania has on its drawing boards a gigantic highway improvement program. Funds on hand and available under the present set-up are simply not adequate to handle it.

Chances are very good right now that the spendier program now under way and running into millions of dollars, will be given the green light.

The Duff stream clearance program—also floating around in the million-plus class—will be pushed through, according to Senate and House Leaders.

Before the smoke of battle dies down, taxpayers may rest assured that House Democratic Leader Hiram G. Andrews, of Cambria County will have fired his last punkin' ball from his battered flintlock.

THREE ACRES

And Six Dependents
By Phyllis Smith

Loves Awakening

Not too long ago I read in the paper that most marriages, if they survive, end up in a beautiful friendship. In looking back over the past eleven years I am more or less in accord with that statement.

I met Norm, a widower of two years and father of three children, late in the summer of 1935. I was fresh out of Girl Scout camp and simply lousy with information on how to light fires without matches, how to tie knots, and last but not least how to make shore in an overturned canoe. I might add that this type of knowledge was a complete loss once I met Norm. It would be unfair to say that Norm ended the career of a potential Juliette Lowe but he certainly helped. For five long years I had been an avid scout. I was covered with merit badges and carried enough equipment around on my belt to tire a mule; but I loved every minute of it.

That summer, however I had become a wee bit cynical. "Big Chief", the head of the camp, a sexless creature with years of scouting to his credit, had decided to run the place like an Indian reservation instead of a Girl Scout camp. The tents were referred to as teepees, the counsellors were given Indian names and as a result our teepee became the headquarters for all un-Indian like activities. I had become the undisputed leader of our group when I refused to call our junior counselor "Pocohantas". The unfortunate girl was a squat blond plagued with an uncooperative thyroid and I simply could not bring myself to call her "Pocohantas". My just punishment was another day of latrine duty.

Two days later my position as leader was threatened by a freckle-faced inmate of our teepee. "Freckles" had almost succeeded in drowning Pocohantas during life saving class that morning. Unfortunately I had not been a witness to the joyous spectacle as I was busy at the latrines. My best friend brought me the news fresh from the waterfront and we two decided that it was time for me to do something equally daring.

Every evening before taps we gathered around an open fire and sang songs. Of course with the new regime the campfire of old had been named council fire and "Big Chief" held sway there every evening. On the night that I refer to, "Big Chief" was in fine spirits. Earlier in the day she and the eunuch who tended the vegetable garden had found an old arrowhead; so naturally she was greatly enthused and wanted everybody out for archery practice early the next morning. My friend and I sat there thinking over the possibilities of poisoned arrows with sadistic grins on our faces. Soon it was nine o'clock and we were rushed off to bed, and supposedly to sleep.

After fifteen minutes of agonizing silence and forced snoring we could usually convince Pocohantas that we were asleep and she would slink away in the shadows and join her fellow counsellors at the dying fire. That was when our day began. Our good mothers kept us supplied with cakes and cookies and candy so we gorged ourselves with sweets and thought up deviltry for the following day.

We all more or less wondered what the fair Indian maidens talked about after we had gone to bed so I was appointed a committee of one to find out. The idea was so revolutionary that I slipped into my moccasins and sallied forth leaving instructions for no one to fall asleep until I returned. I flitted through the woods as quietly as I could then crawled on my stomach to get close enough to hear the conversation. The topic under discussion was what measures would be taken in case some unwary male should stumble into that hotbed of virginity. The girls all pledged to defend our honor in case something like that happened; but from the expression on "Big Chief's" face I could tell she was hopeful her teepee would be the first one in the path of rape. I crawled quietly away and had just started my mad dash to safety when a blood curdling scream filled the air. The gardener was taking a little stroll and I crashed smack into him. In a second we were surrounded by disappointed females and I was marched off to "Big Chief's" teepee to explain the meaning of such actions.

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 Grill, Bowman's Market, Braverlytown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Gregory's Store; Shavers' Store; Idetown—Grove 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. 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 unacknowledged 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 5c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 3c per column inch; specified position 5c 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 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

Sports Editor

WILLIAM HART

Change Meeting Place

Kingston Township Supervisors have passed a resolution to change their meeting place from Kingston Township High School to the home of Supervisor Arthur Smith on Carverton Road, Truckville.

Library Book Club

Back Mountain Memorial Library Book Club will meet at the Library Wednesday, February 16 at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Dwight Fisher will show her miniature furniture with a newly added antique shop.

Mrs. Fred Howell, newly chosen president, will preside.

I had visions of "Big Chief" scalping me, then wandering around the reservation next day with my mousy brown scalp dangling from her favorite Indian beaded belt. I hoped my friends would realize I had died for a good cause, and let "Freckles" take over until she met with a similar fate.

"Big Chief" stormed around her wigwag and ordered me off the grounds the first thing in the morning. I explained that Mother was in Greenland giving her unsolicited approval of what Sir Wilfred Grenfell had done for the Eskimos and that no one was at our home in Providence. My dear brother was giving his all to the Boy Scouts at Camp Yawgo; so I casually suggested that I could join my aunt and uncle who had a cabin on a pond two miles from the Girl Scout camp.

The next morning I departed in disgrace and it didn't help matters any to have my uncle ask "Big Chief" if she was the head squaw when he called for me.

One day shortly after, I took a walk in the woods around my uncle's cabin and came across the Smith tribe who were living in the camp next to ours. Norm claims it was love at first sight as I emerged from their privy in my Girl Scout shorts. He was trying to start a fire in an outdoor fireplace and I could tell from the manner he was going about it that he had never been a Boy Scout. I sauntered over and asked without benefit of an introduction, "Do you know the right way to start a fire?" He glanced up with a twinkle in his eye and said, "I always take two Girl Scouts and rub them together," and my heart stood still.

The Book Worm



This President, Mr. Lincoln
By Ray Shiber

On a sunny November day about eighty-six years ago, a tall gaunt man stepped to the speaker's platform built upon a Pennsylvania hillside, where so lately the smoke of battle had rolled. He was a pathetic figure with his shoulders bowed as if by a great burden, and the look of abiding sadness in his eyes. He did not smile as he gazed out on the 20,000 faces of his audience.

For two minutes he spoke, infrequently glancing at two sheets of paper held in his hands. Then he sat down amidst profound silence. That was on November 19, 1863. To-day the words of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address which dedicated the National Cemetery are carved in steel and marble, respoen by orators, hailed by students and cherished by the people of the United States.

It is evident from eye witness reports that the listeners were so surprised at the beauty of the address that they could not believe the President of the United States had finished. After that silence there was what spectators described as a tumultuous outpouring of applause — and then there was the prophecy of Wayne MacVeagh, a young lawyer, who later was to be a cabinet member and an ambassador. Among the first to realize he had heard the voice of history, MacVeagh grasped Lincoln's hand, "You've made an immortal address," he said. Lincoln had not been scheduled as the orator of that day.

On July 1, 1863, just four months and nineteen days preceding the now celebrated address, two armies totaling 170,000 men came together at Gettysburg. General Robert E. Lee had 78,000 men in his army of Northern Virginia. Major General George C. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, had 92,000 men. When Lee retreated at midnight, July 4, he left behind 2,592 killed. In two weeks 1100 more were added to this list. 12,709 were wounded and 5051 were missing. Meade counted 3072 Union dead and 5434 missing.

The battle with its terrific loss of life marked the turning point of the Civil War. When Judge Wills was authorized to arrange for the dedication of the cemetery, he invited Edward Everett, ablest orator of the times. Everett was a former Governor of Massachusetts, ambassador to England, and the president of Harvard University.

Mr. Everett was asked to give the oration of the day. Judge Wills asked the President to make a few appropriate remarks.

Lincoln sat on the platform between Secretary of State William Henry Seward and Mr. Everett. L. H. Stockton gave the invocation. The much admired Mr. Everett rose to speak. Handsome, suave, and eloquent, the sixty-nine year old statesman held the attention of his audience for two hours and sat down amid great applause.

Perhaps no one more correctly estimated the impact of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address than Mr. Everett, who was too sincere not to acknowledge it. The very next day he wrote to the President. "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." The President's speech had come from the depth of his heart.

Poet's Corner

The Best Years of Our Lives
(after seeing the movie)
Charles Stancavage
Sugar Notch

Perhaps no loving face will greet us Through the best years of our lives; The tender moments that we knew, At last the bugle's note—it dies! And silence shrouds the loving voice, And loving arms bereft— Of comrades true and gals we knew, The best years of our lives, And some will wear a broken heart When guns shall speak no more; And some in silent pride— Must wear the Purple Heart, Forevermore.



Barnyard Notes



Robins arrived at Harvey's Lake last week on the coldest day of the year. Mrs. Gilbert Carpenter reported two in her yard, and excitedly called Frank Jackson to verify their arrival.

Happily we had nothing to do with the failure of the State Game Commission's campaign last week to rid Lehman Avenue of its rabbits. The kids, Myra and Ralph Rood were the chief saboteurs.

Unfortunately the representatives of the Commission following their usual clumsy procedure arrived on the street sometime Thursday with truck load of freshly painted green box-traps and presently began setting them in back yards and along overgrown fence rows. It was interesting work and had the kids excited. The game protectors probably reasoned that the recent fall of snow would prevent the sprightly little rabbits from obtaining their usual supply of food and make them easy fall guys for the box traps baited with bits of apple.

But they failed to reckon that the big fat rabbit in Ralph Rood's yard got that way because Ralph and Mrs. Rood have been feeding him all winter.

They also failed to reckon — a common failing of game protectors — that people resent the intrusion of others on their property without permission. The game protectors failed to extend that courtesy to the folks who pay the taxes on a considerable amount of property along Lehman Avenue.

The result was inevitable. The box traps had an uncanny way of springing themselves without capturing a rabbit.

Myra took a less subtle way to let the Commission know how she felt about rabbits, as well as mice, and all things that travel on four legs; she sloshed through the snow and gathered up the traps. She found one under the apple tree near the brush heap we've kept all winter as a home for a nest of rabbits that were born last season. Another she found hidden under the raspberry canes.

She piled them up in front of the barn and appended this note: "Please do not trap our rabbits, as we've been feeding them all winter."

Just to make sure that no Lehman Avenue rabbit would be fool enough to fall for a few bits of rotten apple in a box trap, she then scattered bits of carrot and lettuce leaves all over the property. Now if any rabbit falls for the Commission's bait she can be sure he didn't grow up on Lehman Avenue where food is plentiful for every timid thing that travels on four legs.

Asked how the rabbit trapping is on Lehman Avenue, Floyd Harris, who has been a silent observer since the beginning, commented on Saturday, "I think it's kind of slow."

About all the Game Commission has accomplished so far on Lehman Avenue has been to give us a nice little subject for Barnyard Notes.

Our good friend John V. Heffernan forwards the following for the Barnyard. "Seems to me to have exactly the right country flavor" he adds.

ENCOUNTER

The boy was sliding down the hill, Rosy-cheeked in the white and still Of winter afternoon. The fawn, A baby thing with legs too long, Sprang from the frozen thicket; stood Spotted and downy in the road. The boy reached out to brake the sled; The fawn turned an inquiring head; And, for a breath, for one heart beat, Eager and innocent and sweet, Their glances met . . . The runners then Creaked on the icy crust again. The sound was fear! The little fawn Leaped for the shadows and then was gone. For a long moment nothing stirred . . . The boy searched for a special word And found none. "Gee!" he whispered, "Gee!" Epitome of ecstasy.

—Abigail Cresson, in the Herald-Tribune.

Country Flavor

SLIDING ON THE CRUST

Doesn't seem as though the Weather Man brings the hard, shining crusts today that there were a generation ago. Along in February a boy watched eagerly for a thaw spell and hoped it would be followed by a quick hard freeze. Then the upland pastures, sidehill fields and meadows were covered with a shining crust. It was a fairy world on a crystal clear near-zero morning following a day or two of warmth and mists. The sun's slanting rays reflected jewels of topaz and ruby, diamonds and pearls. The steam from the valley accommodation train made great white billowing spirals in the air; the jingling bells on passing sleighs and horses made music in the cold air. A lad was proud of his slender speedy bobbed. Sisters begged for the long ride from the top of the pasture, down the sidehill mowing, across the road by the R.F.D. box and far out on the level meadow. The sled skimmed like a swallow over the icy crust; the rush of biting-cold air brought tears to frosted cheeks. But it was the fastest travelling that humans knew in the days before horseless carriages and airplanes speeded up man's everyday life. The bobbed was the most important vehicle. But there are men in cubicles of cement and brick canyons of teeming cities who remember another sport when the crust was smooth and icy. In all forms of transportation there is nothing for hair-raising uncertainty and unpredictability that equals sliding on a steel shovel down a steep incline. The old sawdust scoop from the barn tie-up was shiny and smooth. It was big enough to seat one comfortably. It was wonderful fun to sit down on it at the top of the steep pasture, grasp the handle with both hands and take off. One went at terrific speed; he flipped round and round; he took unexpected side sallies and neck-jerking reversals. When one went over a hump he never knew how far he would fly before a jolting putdown. It was a wild ride, but dressed in heavy underwear, pants, overalls, mackinaw and knitted cap, with wristers, heavy felt leggings, rubber shoes and thick mittens one took spills and upsets in stride. Sliding on the crust was inexpensive sport. Nowadays one needs wooden slats, special clothes and all sorts of paraphernalia connected with stylish winter sports. The countryman believes crust sliding was just as much fun as anything yet developed.

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.

Advertisement for Backache relief and The Kingston National Bank. Includes illustration of a bank building and text: 'Boost Your SELF-RESPECT', 'Place a value on your time—pay by check. We offer the Special Checking Account Plan, only cost \$1.50 for 20 checks. No charge for deposits; no minimum balance required. No monthly service charge.', 'Your name is imprinted on every check and you are provided with a gold stamped wallet designed to hold the checks on one side and a register of deposits and checks on the other side.', 'The KINGSTON NATIONAL BANK AT KINGSTON CORNERS', 'FOUNDED 1888 Member F.D.I.C.'

Advertisement for Alfred D. Bronson. Text: 'Alfred D. Bronson "As near as your telephone" 363-R-4 FUNERAL DIRECTOR SWEET VALLEY, PA. AMBULANCE SERVICE'

Advertisement for TIOGA CALF RATION and DEVENS MILLING COMPANY. Text: 'TIOGA CALF RATION A Sound Feeding Program Invites Inquiry — Produces Satisfaction ORDER SOME TODAY DEVENS MILLING COMPANY A. C. DEVENS, Owner Phone 337-R-49 KUNKLE, PA. Phone 200 DALLAS, PA.'