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THE POST, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1949

"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 delerious rapture.

paper that most marriages, if they Basic cause of the enamel-chipping is the billion-dollar budget survive, end up in a beautiful Governor Duff last week-in a moment of apparent despair and sheer friendship. In looking back over determination-plopped under the noses of the members of the Legisthe past eleven years I am more or lature.

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 neded 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 ability to utter. 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 word 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 scutiny.

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

trend," grunted Grampaw Petti- psychic shock. bone as he thrashed about trying to extricate his foot from a shiny brass cuspidor.

The Duff proposal to up the gas herited tendency toward the contax a cent or two a gallon is meet- tition. ing with greater opposition than | Children who stutter should be expected.

Even some of the Republicans ic. have sided with the Democrats in Just as a left-handed child should frowning on this measure — the not be urged to use the right hand, sole tax increase asked by the neither should words be supplied Chief Executive.

The prediction is hereby made that when the shooting dies down mosphere of ease and relaxation motorists will find their gas tax | and encouragement in group activupped, if only one cent.

As in almost every other phase of activity, Pennsylvania has on country are free. its drawing boards a gigantic highway improvement program. Funds on hand and available under the ers were killed accidentally during new regime the campfire of old

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

into the house delighted Monday The Duff stream clearance pro- evening with a new pet-a white gram-also floating around in the mouse. He promptly released it, million-plus class—will be pushed gave it the run of the house, and for archery practice early the next through, acording to Senate and invited the neighbor youngsters in morning. My friend and I sat there House Leaders. to enjoy its antics. At bedtime-Before the smoke of battle dies after considerable persuasion-the down, taxpayers may rest assured new pet was "tucked in" in the that House Democratic Leader Hir- cellar where it appeared to be comam G. Andrews, of Cambria County fortable and happy. will have fired his last punkin' Come Tuesday, Barry trudging ball from his battered flintlock. home from school, found a half grown kitten, numb from cold and in need of food and shelter. Like the Good Samaritan, he snuggled it under his coat, took it home and ck comforting help for Backache, tic Pains, Getting Up Nights, strong fed it warm milk. At bedtime-after considerable loudy urine, irritating passages, Leg Pains, ircles under eyes, and swollen ankles, due o non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and ladder troubles, try Cystem, Quick, complete persuasion- she was "tucked in" -in the cellar. satisfaction or money back guaranteed. Ask And that is the end of the tale your druggist for Cyster today.

less in accord with that statement. I met Norm, a widower of two YOUR HEALTH

2 The Bible says, "Day unto day uttereth speech".

For many people, speech after speech only cluttereth.

Stammerers and stutterers have plete loss once I met Norm. It the same speech defect, which is would be unfair to say that Norm the repitition of sound and the inended the career of a potential Juliette Lowe but he certainly help-About one out of every 100 pered. For five long years I had been sons stutters and more than half an avid scout. I was covered with

of these are men. merit badges and carried enough A clutterer is a person who talks equipment around on my belt to rapidly and jumbles his words.

tire a mule; but I loved every min-Stuttering is not an indication ute of it. of low intelligence and a high per-That summer, however I had becentage of stammering is found come a wee bit cynical. "Big Chief", among persons of unusual ability. the head of the camp, a sexless Charles Darwin, Lewis Carroll, creature with years of scouting to and Charles Lamb were stutterers. her credit, had decided to run the It is singular that stutterers do place like an Indian reservation innot stutter when they sing or talk stead of a Girl Scout camp. The to themselves or enact roles on tents were referred to as tepees, the stage, and they usually have no the counsellors were given Indian

difficulty in talking to babies or names and as a result our tepee Several theories are advanced reun-Indian like activities. I had begarding the cause of stuttering. come the undisputed leader of our Some believe it to be the result group when I refused to call our of unrhythmic breathing, blood dejunior counselor "Pocohantas". The "It may be just the post-war ficiencies, heredity, fear, timidity, or unfortunate girl was a squat blond

when a child stutters.

DO YOU KNOW?

Young Barry Edwards bounded

ities.

plagued with an uncooperative thy-Stuttering, while not contagious, roid and I simply could not bring may be acquired from association myself to call her "Pocohantas". with stutterers if one has an in- My just punishment was another day of latrine duty.

Two days later my position as leader was threatened by a freckletaken to a reputable speech clinfaced inmate of our tepee. "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 The stuttering child needs an atbusy at the latrines. My best friend Change Meeting Place

waterfront and we two decided that it was time for me to do some- have passed a resolution to change The best speech clinics in this thing equally daring.

sang songs. Of course with the verton Road, Trucksville. present set-up are simply not ade-1946, an average of 70 deaths for had been named council fire and Library Book Club

THE DALLAS POST "More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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THREE ACRES

And Six Dependents

By Phyllis Smith

Loves Awakening

Not too long ago I read in the

least how to make shore in an

overturned canoe. I might add that

this type of knowledge was a com-

became the headquarters for all

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-olass matter at the post office at Dalias, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscrip-tion rates. \$2.50 a year; \$1.59 st tion rates: 32.50 a pear, 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, 18e

susse, more than the st is each, an be objained every Friday mean-ing at the tollowing newssitzing: Aurant, Snavertown, Evane Drug Store; Truckeville-Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown-Caves Store; Hunteville-Barnes Store; Alderson-Daater's Store; Fernbrook-Reese's Store.

He did not smile as he gazed out 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. on the 20,000 faces of his audience. frequently glancing at two sheets of paper held in his hands. Then

We will not be responsible for the eturn of unsolicited manuscripts, eturn motographs and editorial matter uness self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed, and in no case will we e responsible for this material for nore than 30 days. National display advertising rates

e per column in Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch.

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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

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 Kingston Township Supervisors Northern Virginia. Major General their meeting place from Kingston George C. Meade, commanding the Every evening before taps we Township High School to the home Army of the Potomac, had 92,000 gathered around an open fire and of Supervisor Arthur Smith on Car- 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 Back Mountain Memorial Library dead and 5434 missing.

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 plat-

form built upon a Pennsylvania

hillside, where so lately the smoke

of battle had rolled. He was a path-

etic figure with his shoulders bowed

as if by a great burden, and the

look of abiding sadness in his eyes.

For two minutes he spoke, in-

he sat down amidst profound sil-

ence. That was on November 19.

1863. To-day the words of Abra-

ham Lincoln's Gettysburg address

which dedicated the National Cem-

etery are carved in steel and mar-

ble, respoken by orators, hailed

by students and cherished by the

It is evident from eye witness re-

ports that the listeners were so

surprised at the beauty of the ad-

dress that they could not believe

the President of the United States

had finished. After that silence

there was what spectators describ-

ed 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 am-

bassador. Among the first to re-

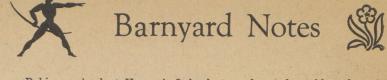
alize he had heard the voice of

history, MacVeagh grasped Lincoln's

people of the United States.

~

The battle with its terrific loss eunuch who tended the vegetable o'clock. Mrs. Dwight Fisher will of life marked the turning point garden had found an old arrow show her miniature furniture with of the Civil War. When Judge Wills was authorized to arrange for the dedication of the cemetery, he invited Edward Everett, ablest ora-



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 pro-

tectors 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."

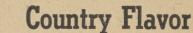
About all the Game Commission has accomplished so far on Lehman Avenue has been to give us a nice little subject for Barnyard Notes.

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.



brought me the news fresh from the A total of 18,500 American farm-

"Big Chief" held sway there every evening. On the night that I refer to, "Big Chief was in fine spir- Book Club will meet at the Library

its. Earlier in the day she and the Wednesday, February 16 at 2

head; so naturally she was greatly a newly added antique shop. enthused and wanted everybody out Mrs. Fred Howell, newly chosen

president, will preside

"Freckles" take over until she met

"Big Chief" stormed around her

with a similar fate.



of the mouse.

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 Pohohantas 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 bewigwam and ordered me off the gan. Our good mothers kept us grounds the first thing in the mornsupplied with cakes and cookies ing. I explained that Mother was and candy so we gorged ourselves in Greenland giving her unsolicited with sweets and thought up devapproval of what Sir Wilfred Grenltry for the following day.

fell had done for the Eskimos and We all more or less wondered that no one was at our home in what the fair Indian maidens talk-Providence. My dear brother was ed about after we had gone to giving his all to the Boy Scouts at bed so I was appointed a committee Camp Yawgoo; so I casually suggestof one to find out. The idea was so ed that I could join my aunt and revolutionary that I slipped into my moccasins and sallied forth leaving instructions for no one to fall ascamp. leep until I returned. I flitted

The next morning I departed in through the woods as quietly as I could then crawled on my stomach disgrace and it didn't help matters to get close enough to hear the any to have my uncle ask "Big Chief" if she was the head squaw conversation. The topic under diswhen he called for me. cussion was what measures would

be taken in case some unwary One day shortly after, I took a walk in the woods around my male should stumble into that hotbed of virginity .The girls all uncle's cabin and came across the pledged to defend our honor in Smith tribe who were living in the camp next to ours. Norm claims case something like that happened; but from the expression on "Big it was love at first sight as I emer-Chief's face I could tell she was ged from their privy in my Girl hopeful her tepee would be the Scout shorts. He was trying to first one in the path of rape. I start a fire in an outdoor fireplace crawled quietly away and had just and I could tell from the manner started my mad dash to safety he was going about it that he had when a blood curdling scream filled never been a Boy Scout. I sauntered the air. The gardener was taking over and asked without benefit of a little stroll and I crashed smack an introduction, "Do you know the into him. In a second we were sur- right way to start a fire?" He rounded by disappointed females glanced up with a twinkle in his and I was marched off to "Big eye and said, "I always take two Chief's tepee to explain the mean- Girl Scouts and rub them together," ing of such actions. and my heart stood still.

Alfred D. Bronson FUNERAL DIRECTOR "As near as your telephone" SWEET VALLEY, PA. 363-R-4

tor of the times. Everett was a for

mer Governor of Massachusetts, ambassador to England, and the pres-I had visions of "Big Chief" ident of Harvard University. scalping me, then wandering around Mr. Everett was asked to give the the reservation next day with my oration of the day. Judge Wills mousy brown scalp dangling from

asked the President to make a few her favorite Indian beaded belt. I appropriate remarks. hoped my friends would realize I Lincoln sat on the platform behad died for a good cause, and let

tween Secretary of State William to speak. Handsome, suave, and statesman held the attention of down amid great applause.

Perhaps no one more correctly Everett, who was too sincere not uncle who had a cabin on a pond two miles from the Girl Scout

hours as you did in two minutes." 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.

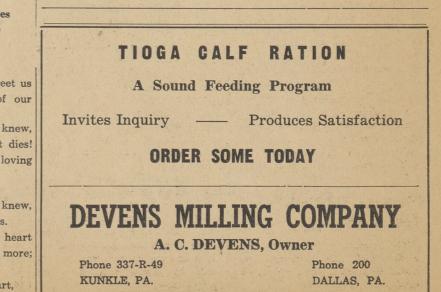
SLIDING ON THE CRUST

Doesn't seem as though the cubicles of cement and brick can-Weather Man brings the hard, shin- yons of teeming cities who rememing crusts today that there were ber another sport when the crust a generation ago. Along in Febru- was smooth and icy. In all forms ary a boy watched eagerly for a of transportation there is nothing thaw spell and hoped it would be for hair-raising uncertainty and unfollowed by a quick hard freeze. predictability that equals sliding on Then the upland pastures, sidehill a steel shovel down a steep infields and meadows were covered cline. The old sawdust scoop from Henry Seward and Mr. Everett. L. with a shining crust. It was a fairy the barn tie-up was shiny and H. Stockton gave the invocation. world on a crystal clear near-zero smooth. It was big enough to seat The much admired Mr. Everett rose morning following a day or two of one comfortably. It was wonderful warmth and mists. The sun's slant- fun to sit down on it at the top of eloquent, the sixty-nine year old ing rays reflected jewels of topaz the steep pasture, grasp the handle and ruby, diamonds and pearls. with both hands and take off. One his audience for two hours and sat The steam from the valley accom- went at terrific speed; he flipped modation train made great white round and round; he took unex-

billowing spirals in the air; the pected side sallies and neck-jerking estimated the impact of Lincoln's jingling bells on passing sleighs and reversals. When one went over a Gettysburg Address than Mr. horses made music in the cold air. hump he never knew how far he A lad was proud of his slender would fly before a jolting putdown. to acknowledge it. The very next speedy bobsled. Sisters begged for It was a wild ride, but dressed in day he wrote to the President. "I the long ride from the top of the heavy underwear, pants, overalls, should be glad if I could flatter pasture, down the sidehill mowing, mackinaw and knitted cap, with myself that I came as near to the across the road by the R.F.D. box wristers, heavy felt leggings, rubber central idea of the occasion in two and far out on the level meadow. shoes and thick mittens one took The sled skimmed like a swallow spills and upsets in stride. Sliding The President's speech had come over the icy crust; the rush of bit- on the crust was inexpensive sport. ing-cold air brought tears to frost- Nowadays one needs wooden slats. ed cheeks. But it was the fastest special clothes and all sorts of partravelling that humans knew in the aphernalia connected with stylish days before horseless carriages and winter sports. The countryman beairplanes speeded up man's every- lieves crust sliding was just as

much fun as anything yet developday life. The bobsled was the most impor- ed.

tant vehicle. But there are men in



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