

"The Totem Pole"

Harrisburg—The Governor's tax program has run into difficulty, but in the end it will go through—kit and kaboodle.

Greatest bone of contention is that part of the program calling for an increase of one cent a gallon on the gasoline tax, and the continuation of the soft drink tax.

Lobbyists opposing these two important measures have been sweating it out day and night with the boys.

Little of this is apparent on the surface, but the pressure that is being brought to bear is amazing. It is little wonder that the whole program is being held up.

Actually the whole matter transcends the pure public interest phase and has settled down to the familiar battleground of private interests.

These days are the hey-days of the lobbyists.

Possibly one of the most ironical aspects of the whole affair is that opposition is building up within Republican circles—and not from the Democrats.

Some of the haggling comes from Senators who want little matters attended to in their respective counties, and who will not commit themselves for the measure until these matters have been cleared up with the Governor.

The bottling interests are at work as they never have been before opposing the soft drink levy. The Capitol today has more of the aspect of a circus, what with all its busy-bodies bustling around, than a law-making body.

And this brings up one of the biggest surprises of the current session. Most observers and dealers themselves have been predicting a series of heated debates on the part of the Democratic minority in both houses. So far this has failed to materialize.

Most of the conflict has been within party ranks. That is, Democrats have been screaming at each other and Republicans have been scrapping among themselves.

"Seems as though the Democrats can't find anything important to growl about," commented Gram-paw Petibone. "After all, their program was very similar to the platform of the Republicans. But they should begin yelling any day for an investigation of the Milk Commission, the Public Utility Commission or the Liquor Board."

Regardless of all this, the session is running behind schedule and instead of an April adjournment, most now are looking toward going home sometime in May.

Dallas District WCTU

The Dallas District W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Clarence LaBar, Norton Avenue, Dallas, on Tuesday at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. E. R. Parish will preside. Mrs. Jennie Brown will have charge of the program.

In keeping with St. Patrick's Day, the one wearing the most green will be rewarded.

Serving committee will be Mrs. D. A. Waters, Mrs. Charles James, Mrs. O. L. Harvey.

All friends and members are urged to attend.

Truckville Auxiliary Plans St. Patrick's Tea

Truckville Volunteer Fireman Auxiliary will hold a St. Patrick's Day tea at the Fire-Hall Thursday, March 17 at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Wilson Cease is general chairlady.

Mrs. Norman Ringstrom and Mrs. Kay Silverman will have charge of the tables and Mrs. John Kennan the refreshments.

A silver offering will be taken. Every one is welcome.

THREE ACRES

And Six Dependents
By Phyllis Smith

The Honeymoon

The summer passed all too quickly and Norm returned to his teaching job in Pennsylvania and I returned to Providence to attend school. We saw each other at Christmas time then not until summer. At first we were like strangers but one picnic took care of that. We had taken Norm's three kids along as well as Bob's best friend Erving. After we finished our lunch Norm managed to send the glibbie two, Norma and Wade, off in search of violets; but Bob and Erving stayed with us. Erving finally became alarmed at being glared at by Norm and backed off a few feet and pretended to look for a four leaf clover. Bob remained by my side so Norm gave up and reached over and stuck two big fingers in Bob's eyes and proceeded to kiss me for the first time. A few seconds later we looked up to see four pairs of eyes staring at us in utter fascination. The violet pickers had returned, Erving hadn't found any four leaf clovers and was standing there wearing that "wait until I go home and tell my Mother" expression. Bob was jumping up and down and howling and cussing at having his eyes pushed into his skull. Norm blushed and asked me how I liked being kissed. Like most men he considered his technique above reproach; so who was I to say it felt like being smothered to death by a wet towel in a Turkish bath with all the attendants looking on. Instead I said, "I bet you're the type that likes to swallow goldfish too," and all notions of romance fled.

Not too long after that picnic word got around that I was setting my cap for Norm and he confided in some close friends that I could run faster than he could anyway. June 1937 found us married but not without a heated argument as to whether young Wade should accompany us on our wedding trip or not. Norm couldn't understand why I didn't want the child along and Wade's persistent argument was that he had never been on a honeymoon before. No one seemed to realize or care that I hadn't either; but I succeeded in bribing Wade by promising to take him along on my next honeymoon.

Norm chose the twenty-second of June for our wedding day as the Red Sox would be in St. Louis and he had our itinerary planned so that we wouldn't miss any of the Red Sox home games in Boston. I used to feel sorry for the poor souls that went to Niagara Falls but after spending two weeks in Fenway Park I thought more of Niagara Falls as a newlywed's mecca. I felt better acquainted with Jinny Fox, Lefty Grove and Joe Cronin at the end of two weeks than I did with my own husband. The following week the Red Sox left for Detroit and there was no alternative except to go back to camp and face life.

We stopped in Providence to see Mother and pick the three children up and Norm was in for a rare treat. There was a strange man sitting in Mother's living room and Norm asked me, "Who's the stranger?" and when I looked I gave a squeal of recognition and exclaimed, "That's my Dad." I hadn't seen Mr. Micawber (as we fondly and otherwise called him) for almost two years and it was a touching reunion. Mr. Micawber was possessed with the rare talent of going out for a walk and not returning for a year or two and when he did he always had the air of a man who had just been out to get the Sunday papers. Mother came in and greeted us and said to me, "I just loved the postcard from Norm." "What card?" I asked and she showed it to me. It was a garish picture of the interior of Fenway Park and Norm's greeting was brief and to the point. It read, "No hits, no runs, no errors."

Mother asked Mr. Micawber how long he planned to be in Providence and he said a week or ten days so Mother dashed to the phone and called my aunt and uncle. They decided that we would have a big party just to prove to some people that Mother had a husband and I a father, plus the attraction of a new husband and son-in-law. Fifty people came and saw and departed shaking their heads in disbelief. Mother and Aunt Stella were sticklers for conversation but with Norm, Mr. Micawber, my Uncle Sam and myself to contend with they had a rough evening. My father a handsome brute, was suffering with a toothache, so every few minutes he would leave the receiving line and disappear into the back entry to be comforted by my uncle who would join him there. The three kids were there and once during the evening Wade placed a footstool in the center of the living room, sat down, removed his shoes and proceeded to scratch both feet with

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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, 15c.

Single copies, at a rate of 10c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Canteen, Bowman's Restaurant; Snaretown—Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idletown—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. 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 unaddressed 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.

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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.

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THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Just have a letter from an old Longhorn editor over near Waco, in Texas—wants to know if here where I hang out he could get himself attached to come nice State, or Govt., or City pension or payroll—and loll in the sun or shade, as he chooses. Says he can't qualify for a handout there in his home town on account he has not boarded the Spending Band-Wagon and come out in his paper for free lunches, pensions, rural electrification, farm program, etc.

So I wrote the gent. Told him I am anxious and dubious, too. But told him to work fast and try not to be the one taxpayer left in his community after everybody else was sittin' pretty—and for him to reciprocate if he found any clues on how to go about it.

And also, I got another letter, this one from Vashon Island, Washington State. A reader there wondered if I was in earnest a few weeks back about asking everybody to write their congressman quick, and tell him to act his age and stop his prodigal cuttin'-up. And the Vashon ed.—Mr. Garber—told my fair admirer reader that uncle Josephus was in dead earnest, he was sure —for once anyway—and if 51 of every 100 voters would write, that we could yet save our hides. So Mr. Garber, I thank you. And you, Mr. Editor, there in Texas, be sure and keep me posted if you catch on to any good ideas.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

Takes Short Course

Among the thirty-four men and one woman who were enrolled for the Dairy Herd Improvement short course which ends Saturday at Pennsylvania State College was Harold Swank, Dallas R.F.D. 3.

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The Book Worm

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LET THERE BE MUSIC
Dorothy Maitland Sanders

Two and one-half short (but busy!) years ago a mite of a brown-eyed girl, just turning five, came to our house to live. As two young nieces were visiting us at the time, the change from our childless household to one with three little girls whooping around was drastic, to say the least, but fun. The ensuing days were full of overflowing, with numerous domestic duties, getting the little arrival outfitted and acquainted with her new surroundings.

There came a day, however, when the nieces had departed, our new addition (exhibit A as we were calling her) was settling happily into her new life and I could come up for air and a good look around. One noon, Patsy, at her little table, and I, at the "big table", were about to have our luncheon, when I suddenly realized that we had not turned on the radio in ages, not since B. P. C. (before Patsy came). A word, thought I, from the outside world would be most welcome at this point, so I pushed a button and we continued with our meal. There was some news, some commercials, then an orchestra swung into melody. Little Patsy's head popped up from her absorption with her food, her big brown eyes widened another inch, her little hands flew out, she simply beamed with excitement and delight, and thrilled out one word, "moosic!".

Ever since then music has always given Patsy great pleasure. We shall do what we can to develop what musical ability she may have and enlarge and develop her obvious enjoyment of it. There will be piano lessons in due time. When she is able to read children's books easily there are a number of excellent books for children pertaining to music in the Back Mountain Memorial Library that I want her to read. There are books on composers, pianists, violinists, and a picture book of musical instruments that is fine for young or old to browse through in order to familiarize himself with the various instruments. So that the child may learn to realize what a treasure house a library is I have her pick out books in the children's section to bring home to read.

With the advent and prevalence of radios, I wonder if many of us take music too much for granted, along with reading the daily newspaper. We just let the sounds float into our ears and flit around our brains and make no effort to understand and study music. The community offers many fine opportunities to hear good music, other than the numerous splendid radio programs featuring it. There are the concerts, arranged in two series, the Red and Blue, of usually four concerts each, put on by the Community Concert Association. One may subscribe to one, or to both series. A number of excellent concerts are given each year, sponsored by various organizations; operas are presented, there are the Concordia Society concerts and the Welsh sings; beautiful musical programs are given in the churches; the Little Theatre, as one of its presentations, occasionally offers a musical production. These are all just some of the fine musical fare we enjoy in our district.

How much more we would appreciate the wealth of music offered us if we took a little time and read up on the subject. In the Back Mountain Memorial Library is a fine selection of books on music, ready to help us acquire greater knowledge of the fine world of music. "Stories of the Great Operas" by Ernest Newman is especially fine for you Saturday afternoon Metropolitan Opera broadcast listeners; "Listening to the Orchestra", by Kitty Barne, "At Home with Music", by Sigmund Spaeth, are two good "music appreciation volumes. For those of you interested in the musicians and composers (Continued on Page Seven)

Barnyard Notes



Stopped in at Lehman High School last week for a few minutes with Prof. Lester Squier and the yearbook staff of the Senior Class. It's always a pleasure to visit Lehman with its beautiful school grounds, attractive building, and clean, well-lighted classrooms and corridors.

After we had transacted our business, Prof. Squier insisted on our having luncheon with him in his office. Within a few minutes, two trays were brought in by his smiling and efficient secretary, Anna Havrilla. This is what we had for lunch; a chopped egg and lettuce sandwich, hashed brown potatoes, stewed tomatoes, a bottle of milk and a doughnut. This same menu was being served to 450 pupils at a cost of 15c per serving and to faculty members for 23c. The food was well-prepared and as wholesome and savory as we get at home.

Mrs. Frances Culp, who directs the cafeteria, and Ruth Disque, Alberta Foss and Vineta Moyer who assist her are doing a remarkable job. The cafeteria is, of course, spotless.

Prof. Squier handed us a slip showing us the menus for the coming week.

Monday the cafeteria would serve chipped beef on toast, creamed peas, apple delight and milk.

Chipped beef is costly and being one of our favorite dishes we'd like to have been at Lehman on Monday noon.

Tuesday, mashed potatoes with ham and gravy, buttered carrots, choice of peanut butter sandwich or raisin bread, choice of fruit, milk.

Wednesday, lima beans, hamburger barbecue, celery curls, gingerbread and whipped cream, milk.

Thursday, spaghetti with meat sauce, buttered rolls, vanilla pudding, milk. Mr. Squier said the spaghetti menu was really a delight and everybody always looked forward to the ample servings with anticipation.

Friday, mashed potatoes with creamed peas and carrots, cheese sandwich, doughnuts, milk.

The cafeteria is self sufficient and actually makes a small profit which is used to purchase new equipment and supplies. The government, of course, helps out by paying 9c toward each meal.

Some one might ask why all of the 500 students do not eat in the cafeteria. About 50 are what might be called transient cafeteria customers. Some go home for lunch while still others among the older boys buy their lunches at Kemmerer's luncheonette.

The cafeteria has been in operation at Lehman since 1945. Since the day it opened, it has been an outstanding success and has justified the additional cost to the district for the room that had to be built to house it.

Garden Club Notes

Adelia Stevens is doing a fine job of publicity in the mimeographed bulletins of the Garden Club of Wyoming Valley. If you are not already a member you should belong to the Garden Club. And that reminds us, our own dues are now payable.

Adelia reminds us that the New York, Boston and Philadelphia Flower Shows are scheduled for the week of March 21 to 26.

Cleveland Grant will present his new lecture and superb colored movies on the ruffed grouse, bob-white and big game at St. Stephen's Parish House on March 15.

Garden Club meets Thursday, March 17, at 8 at Wilkes College Science Hall, 154 South River Street.

F. F. Rockwell, editor of "Home Garden" magazine, former editor of New York Times Garden Section, and writer on all garden subjects, will speak at First Presbyterian Church House on Thursday, April 21 at 8.

Mrs. Fred Howell reports seeing at her bird feeder one morning this week: Peewee, song sparrow, tree sparrow, brown creeper, cardinal, blue jay and nut hatch.

Antoinette Mason who is doing a splendid job acquainting the youngsters in the second grade of Dallas Borough Schools with the habits of birds reports that a song sparrow has remained at her home all winter. Almost daily some member of her class drops in at the Post to report on the birds he or she has observed. Young Dougie Cooper carries a bird book in his pocket to help him identify them. Similar books with color plates of all summer and winter birds of Pennsylvania as well as game and water birds, can be obtained from the State Game Commission at nominal cost.

Country Flavor

CANTANKEROUS BUT HOPEFUL

One can say pointed things about March—and many people do. The

Awakening Moon Month has a tempery, unpredictable disposition. Day begins with blue sky, white clouds, gentle breeze and rising temperature. A man leaves his rubbers, umbrella and second-best hat at home. By midforenoon white clouds change to ominous gray and blot out the sun; the temperature drops to match the sharp edge of a gusty wind; cold rain and sleet begin to lash the sodden, cringing countryside.

That is March. A man should learn to take it more or less philosophically because this is Earth's customary groggy awakening. Soon the never-failing equinox will come to pass; the sun will swing north of the celestial equator. Countrymen have learned by experience to take the third month as it comes. There are seasons when honest Spring arrives early in the month; there are years when cold, snow and ice linger stubbornly through raw exasperating days until far into April. But no matter. The human heart has always found its greatest nourishment in hope; when the third month arrives one knows the stirring story of resurrection will soon be written again.

Go out on the land and you can read the signs. There are heartening mellow days when trickling waters course down the slopes; blue-gray smoke curls upward from old sap houses in sugar groves. Icicles hang like rows of dragons' teeth from barneaves in the morning; gray ice sheets skim the flooded sloughs and creek bottoms. But on a warm March day when Nature's mood is benign one can be certain. The pussy willows' buds are opening and you can see the ruddy hue of the red maples' opening blossoms in the swamp. Toward month's end the golden color of the forsythia by the garden wall is noticeable and the lilac buds by the woodshed door have started to swell. There's a strip of brown bare soil along the south side of the woodlot and spots of glistening brown earth show through the granular snow on last Fall's plowing. March is always a time of change. Sometimes it is slow and man's patience wears thin. But the message is plain. It isn't Spring yet. But the signs are appearing and they have never failed.

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