

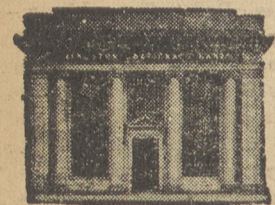


**KEEP THEM
under
YOUR
ROOF**

If your house is run down, the children play elsewhere. As they grow older they are out evenings at the homes of their friends—not at their own home.

You can borrow enough to repair your house, stop house and family deterioration and start pride of ownership, and then repay us in convenient installments.

The cost of the Loan is only \$5.00 a year for each \$100 borrowed.



**The KINGSTON
NATIONAL BANK**
AT KINGSTON CORNERS
FOUNDED 1879
Member F. D. I. C.

**THE LOW DOWN
FROM HICKORY GROVE**

You know, you head down Main Street and talk to different ones you meet, you won't talk long 'till you get around to what the heck we are coming to, if the Government don't stop its juvenile antics of buttin' in on everything, and go back to being just the umpire and seeing to it that the game is run square—and our U.S.A. is where freedom rings.

But while good citizens relieve their blood pressure and pop-off local, they don't go down to the telegraph office or postoffice and tell the new man they just shipped off to congress. This new guy is most likely a nice kind of person, too—and would like ideas.

And as a first suggestion and sample—take the closed shop. Where are we coming out if each State cannot run its own affairs about labor? The Head Man there in the Labor Dept. in Washington says let him run the shebang. Sisters and brothers, if you want to see your right to work where you choose go glimmering, just be quiet—say nothing, —don't write.

From old St. Joe to the Chesapeake and from Mobile and Seattle to Utah and back, mama and papa better start scribblin' or their off-shoot, when he grows up, is in for some hard sleddin'.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

THREE ACRES

And Six Dependents
By Phyllis Smith

The winter flew by and to say my social life was gay would be a deliberate lie. Besides the bridge club I am willing to wager I attended every cooking utensil dinner held; plus two very enlightening brush demonstrations. Of the two I feel the cooking utensil dinners will live on in my memory and as near as I know they are not yet extinct. Some enterprising salesman would find out about a woman whose pots and pans were in a deplorable condition; or else clip the picture of a new bride from the paper; and to use a trite phrase, their goose was cooked.

The salesman would call on the lady of his choice and give her a super special sales talk and at the same time would be eyeing with obvious nausea the beat up saucepan reposing on the stove. If you agreed to have a demonstration you would be given some small token in memory of the occasion. One of my friends was presented with an omelet pan so naturally eggs became the major item on her budget. Her husband finally started to raise chickens to make possible the frequent use of the gift. I have always been thankful that Norm fell for the twelve cup drip coffee pot; so while my friend crawls in and out of an incubator I remain indoors and drink coffee.

Assuming that the woman victim and her family alone were not enough to justify this great interest in the future, the hostess was asked to invite a few friends in for dinner. To me it was always an easy group to be with as we all had so much in common; loose handles, warped bottoms and makeshift double boilers.

All conversation centered around food and what it was prepared in. Once the guests all arrived the entertainment started. The salesman had a short little thirty minute talk scheduled which gave the dinner ample time in which to wither and decay. All speeches were in the same vein and you always received the impression that you had been poisoning your family for years by not using his specific brand of utensils. I was always tempted to race to the phone to call and inquire if any of the Smiths had been taken by the gosh-ash I left in some innocent looking pan.

After that terrorizing chat we were asked to partake of the dinner. We were shown at close range how the potatoes had been riced, not mashed in a cumbersome gadget slightly smaller than a washing machine. The only two drawbacks as far as I could see was that it was almost impossible to wash said gadget clean and it would take up the entire cupboard space in the average American kitchen. We were
(Continued on Page Seven)

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 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—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 their 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 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.

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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 Book Worm

The Bookworm is conducted for and in the interest of Back Mountain Memorial Library.



DOWN CAPE COD
By Jean Hutchison

How soon the day of restitution catches up with us and my glib, "Of course I'll write the Book Worm" has caught up with me.

I asked, "What shall I write about?" and Mrs. Kear said "Tell what you think of our library and its books."

It is very easy to tell you how Arch and I feel about the Back Mountain Library and its able librarian; for to us it is one of the brightest stars in the Back Mountain.

Now about its books. I'm going to take just one that I loved and tell you about it. It's "Down Cape Cod." A salty title and it's just that—written by Katherine Dos Passos and Edith Shay. Those two gals have lived on the Cape many years and been keen observers of all that went on.

The book first gives you the fact that the Pilgrims stayed ten days at Provincetown while Miles Standish scouted around and found beautiful Plymouth Harbor and its Rock. When you first visit the Cape and talk with a native be very careful about this bit of information. The Cape has always had such wonderful fishing banks near it and in the early days its wealth of furs attracted many of the early explorers. There is a stone cellar in Orleans believed to have been a foundation of a house Leif Ericson lived in, in 1003.

Captain John Smith later stopped here to fish and gather some furs, and Martin Ping visited the spot seeking sassafras. The natives even boast of having had Portuguese Pirates on that Cape.

They go on to tell you how the Cape changes almost before your very eyes. The storms and strong winds, close harbors with sand bars, build new beaches and do all sorts of things, causing our government to change its lighthouses situated on the Cape continually. There's a whole chapter on the powerful lights up there.

Then about their houses. The grand sea captain's house with his cat walk on top so his lady could watch for her best beau's return, and the wee cottages of the fishermen, small but so beautifully proportioned. Build one if you don't think they're tricky.

They're popping up all over the Back Mountain, and there is no sweeter house than a Cape Cod Cottage with its old apple tree in the front yard, and a climbing pink rose over its doorway; the lovely windmills and old white churches. They speak of the main business of the men of the early days which, of course, was the sea, fishing, which they sold in the East and as the plentiful cod had to be salted before being taken on this journey, a thriving salt business grew up. The salt being evaporated from the sea water.

Again there is a chapter on their lovely flower gardens. They are famous for their herbs. Have you ever sent to the "Crossroad" herbery for your herbs at Orleans? I always do, and they are so nicely done up and very reasonable in price. If you don't own a Cape Cod Cookery Book you'll find splendid recipes for fish chowders, Blueberry Slump, Indian Pudding, and cranberry sauces in one. You know the cranberry grows right on the cape so abundantly that it is
(Continued on Page Seven)



**ARE YOUR
EASTER GARMENTS
READY?**

If Not - - -

CALL HECK

H. L. 4256

Barnyard Notes



Look To This Day

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth;
The glory of action;
The splendor of Beauty
For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is a vision;
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn!

—From the Sanskrit

Once more Buck and I have escaped the house. This time at 5:45—and nobody stirred. The arrival of a pair of noisy yellow-shafted flickers in the tree outside the bedroom window awakened us.

A few rays of the sun—not yet above the level of the school house grounds—bathe the front of Warren Reed's house and in the distance strike the eastern porch of Mrs. Mason's house on Norton Avenue. It's a new day—a clean slate on which to write.

—o—o—

I Saw God Wash the World Last Night

I saw God wash the world last night
With his sweet showers on high;
And then when morning came
I saw him hang it out to dry.

He washed each slender blade of grass
And every trembling tree;
He hung his showers against the hills
And swept the rolling sea.

The white rose is a deeper white;
The red a richer red.
Since God washed every fragrant face
And put them all to bed.

There's not a bird, there's not a bee
That wings along the way,
But is a cleaner bird and bee
Than it was yesterday.

I saw God wash the world last night;
Ah, would He had washed me
As clean of all my dust and dirt
As that old white birch tree.

—William L. Stidger

Mrs. George Budd would have been delighted Friday afternoon if she could have been in our office a few minutes after school let out. A week or so earlier she had called from her home in Druid Hills to offer us a collection of birds, gathered and mounted more than 100 years ago by her grandfather.

"I'm a reader of the Barnyard Notes", she said pleasantly, "and I know someone would get considerable pleasure out of this collection. It is no good to us stored in the attic."

As she spoke, we could hear a canary singing in the background. "I get a great deal of pleasure from the birds," she continued, "I have feeders all around the house, but not many birds stop here to enjoy them; the canary in the cage, however, sings all day long."

We asked about Mr. Budd, and she told us that he is seriously ill—unable to help or feed himself; and that he must remain in bed all of the time and have constant attention. In addition to her household cares, Mrs. Budd for many months has also had to manage their store on Wyoming Avenue in Kingston.

We know that she would have been pleased Friday afternoon to have seen the reception her grandfather's birds received shortly after they arrived in our office.

Frank Jackson went down to her house to get them. Mrs. Budd wasn't home, but the housekeeper gave them to him. Frank was so excited that his hands trembled when he gently placed the case in the back of his Packard and hurried back to the Post.

He was unloading them, when the kids from the second grade spied him. "Hi ya, Mr. Jackson! Hi ya, Mr. Jackson! They came running. Bobbie Moyer, Dougie Cooper, Tom McKenzie Horace McKenzie, and David Estes.

They trailed across the mud that serves for the Post's front yard, and completely surrounded him as he placed the case with its colorful contents on our knotty pine counter. For a few minutes Frank Jackson, the kid's hero, was out of the picture, as in excited expostulation the kids pointed out the birds. "Gee, lookit the Blue Jay. And there's a red headed woodpecker, and a purple finch and his wife."

"—and a Baltimore Oriole and a Bob-o-link. Oh, Oh see there a Scarlet Tanager. Let's get Mrs. Mason."

They posted Davy Estes at our picture window to watch Mrs. Mason's house so that she couldn't get home without their knowing it. Then two of them raced out the front door and down to Main street in search of her. They found her in the Acme Market, her arms filled with packages.

They surrounded her. Words tumbled over each other as they recounted all the details of their wonderful discovery.

Shortly they were back in the office with their teacher—and it would be difficult to say who was the more enthusiastic. Bobby Moyer scooted home to get his bird book—almost as big as he is. Doug Cooper scrambled through the door with his book on Pennsylvania birds that Clyde bought him several weeks ago.

The gang was completely oblivious of the older folks who were watching in amused silence.

Before they were done those second graders, on their own hook, identified seventeen Pennsylvania song birds and one waterfowl. Bobby Moyer turned the trick when he rightly identified a Black-burnian warbler and the Cape May Warbler.

Yes, Mrs. Budd would have enjoyed that hectic half hour . . . and the hourly visits of second graders every day since we have had the case of birds on exhibit.

. . . and Joe Peterson has missed it all. He has "measles or somethin'."

I think that I shall never see
A billboard-lovely as a tree
Indeed, unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.

—Ogden Nash.

How do you like that new one advertising the diaper laundry?
That's a pip!

Alfred D. Bronson

"As near as your telephone"

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SWEET VALLEY, PA.

363-R-4
AMBULANCE SERVICE

AUDITORS REPORT

**LAKE TOWNSHIP SUPERVISORS
Luzerne County, Pennsylvania**

From January 10, 1948 to January 7, 1949

	Twp. Acc't	State Acc't	Total
Cash balance at beginning of year.....	\$ 130.74	\$ 306.47	\$ 437.21
REVENUE RECEIPTS			
Current year taxes.....	9691.33		
Prior years taxes.....	3212.96		
Miscellaneous receipts.....	4434.74	3288.54	
NON-REVENUE RECEIPTS			
Temporary Loans.....	6562.50	845.75	
TOTAL RECEIPTS AND BALANCE	\$24032.27	\$4440.76	\$28473.03
EXPENDITURES			
General gov't.....	1188.72		
Police and Fire.....	2500.00		
Highways.....	11503.67	3501.50	
Miscellaneous.....	1112.38	66.05	
Unpaid bills of prior years (Fire and Police).....	1000.00		
Interest on notes.....	97.50		
Principal for notes maturing.....	6250.00	845.75	
Cash balance at end of year.....	380.00	27.46	
TOTAL EXPENDITURES AND BALANCE	\$24032.27	\$4440.76	\$28473.03
TOTAL RESOURCES			\$22170.21
LIABILITIES			
Outstanding bank note.....	\$ 3000.00		
Outstanding unpaid vouchers.....	3804.70		
TOTAL LIABILITIES			\$6,804.70
ASSESSED VALUATION			\$1,348,591.00
ASSETS			\$12,879.78

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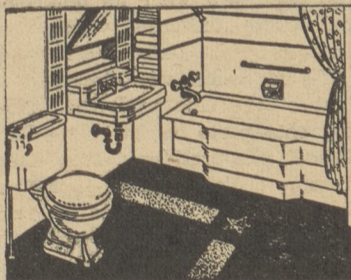
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