

## Sands Farm Dairy Leads Again In Production of Butterfat

The report of Miss Carol Cook, Cow Tester for the Luzerne County Cow Testing Association, for the month of March, 1949, showed that 22 herds with 484 cows in milk and 90 cows dry were on test during the month.

Seven cows were sold for dairy purposes and three for non-dairy purposes. There were no cows purchased.

222 cows produced over 40 lbs. Fat, while 120 produced over 50 lbs.

208 cows have produced over 1,000 lbs. milk, while 133 passed the 1200 mark.

### TEN HIGHEST PRODUCING COWS IN BUTTERFAT FOR MONTH

OWNER	NAME OF COW	BREED	LBS.	PCT	POUNDS
*Goodleigh Farm	Manet	R.G.	1807	5.6	101.2
Shoemaker Bros.	Ollie 7	R.H.	2319	4.3	99.8
*Goodleigh Farm	Flower	R.G.	1947	4.4	85.7
Sands Farm Dairy	Betty	R.H.	2257	3.6	81.3
Sterling Farm	No. 149	R.G.	1652	4.9	81.0
*Sands Farm Dairy	Della	R.H.	2440	3.3	80.5
Sands Farm Dairy	Hartog	R.H.	2210	3.5	77.3
*Goodleigh Farm	Faith	R.G.	1835	4.2	77.1
C. J. Major	Dolly	R.J.	1345	5.6	75.3
*Retreat	No. 60	R.H.	2282	3.3	75.3
*Retreat	No. 62	R.H.	2508	3.0	75.2

### TEN HIGH HERDS IN AVERAGE BUTTERFAT PRODUCTION

OWNER	BREED	MILKING	DRY	MILK	BUTRFAT	AVERAGE
Sands Farm Dairy	R.&G.H.	23	0	1313	45.41	45.41
Orchard Knob	R.H.	12	1	1307	44.70	44.70
Warren Mekeel	Mixed	11	0	1204	44.57	44.57
Harold Bertram	R.H.&R.G.	18	0	1162	40.97	40.97
C. J. Major	R.H.&R.G.	13	1	921	40.85	40.85
Hilltop Farm	Mixed	23	2	975	39.06	39.06
Sterling Farm	R.G.	64	10	764	38.91	38.91
Shoemaker Bros.	R.H.	20	5	1068	38.07	38.07
Willow Grange Dairy	R.C.&R.J.	8	0	765	35.99	35.99
Goodleigh Farm	R.G.	36	10	764	35.43	35.43

\* Milked three times daily.

Only a small portion of Beaver County is unsuitable for Agriculture. —PNS.

If It's  
**REAL ESTATE**  
You want  
To BUY  
Or SELL  
Or RENT

See  
**SCOTTY**

Dallas 244-R-3

**D. T. SCOTT & SONS**  
Established 1908

Dallas Representative  
DURELLE T. SCOTT, JR.  
Real Estate and Fire Insurance  
TELEPHONE  
Dallas 244-R-13 or W-B 3-2515  
Residence  
54 HUNTSVILLE ROAD  
Dallas, Pa.  
Support the Cancer Drive

## THREE ACRES

And Six Dependents  
By Phyllis Smith

As soon as school was out in June we packed three barrels and sent them on by freight to Rhode Island; then collected the three Smith kids and headed for home. We found the cabin pretty much as we had left it and in no time at all, we were back in the old routine. By some fast talking I talked myself out of the morning boxing bouts but partook of all the other strenuous activities. We had planned to leave the children with their grandmother and see all of the New England states at our leisure and I might add; between baseball games. Norm announced that we could very nicely manage a trip to Vermont to visit the Sparks and I was pleased beyond words. Margie and Ray were spending the summer at an exclusive rest camp for alcoholics. I should make it clear that our friends were there on the administrative basis rather than that of the paying guest. Our visit took place in August and by then our pals were in fine physical condition and used to the high altitude. We arrived late one afternoon, had dinner with the guests, and were advised to get a good night's rest as our host had a full day planned for us. We were making out famously until one of the older male guests spied our golfing equipment. Before we realized what was happening the lady in charge was assuring us that it would be perfectly alright to take Rob golfing the next day. She took us aside and assured us that he was as good as cured but hoped we wouldn't influence him in any way. I hastily explained that Norm's strongest drink was a double malted and that Rob could not be safer with his own mother.

We three took off bright and early the next morning and drove to the 'Corn Hill Country Club.' I noted with horror that it was a full fledged eighteen hole golf course and that our new found friend had undoubtedly devoted his whole life to golf and "Four Roses"! Every hole was like mountain climbing but at every few holes there was a dispenser for ice cold beer or coke. Our friend never let on that there was liquid refreshment nearby and fear kept us away from the dispensers. After thirty-six holes I staggered over to the car and collapsed, and waited expectantly for the men to join me; but our pal was still fresh as a daisy and Norm, not to be outdone, had agreed to go around again. I don't know yet how Norm convinced him that 54 holes were enough for one day.

When we returned to the so called rest camp our hostess announced that we were going to have a picnic supper. I had always loved picnics but the mere thought of tripping over some more mountains just to eat was revolting. Our destination was reached after a short jaunt of four miles; but the waterfall was pretty. I sat there trying to decide whom I would like to see tossed into the icy water first; our hostess or the Bobby Jones of Alcoholics Anonymous who was roasting hot dogs with the vigor of a man just up from a nap. My eyes kept closing and every time they did I could vision a substantial old four poster beckoning to me but there was still the walk home. I made it; how I'll never know, and before I could blurt out goodnight we were informed that a Finnish bath was in order. A bath in any language has always been a thing of necessity rather than joy to me but Ray and Margie soon talked me into submission. Our host explained the bath to us. It's an old Finnish custom to repair to a small specially constructed hut, complete with benches and a wall of red hot stone heated by a massive fireplace. The procedure was to undress, seat yourself and make everything right with your Maker, then prepare yourself for the steaming of your life. Your first reaction is that you are going to die then you wish to heck you would. Anything to prevent being cooked alive in that man made Dante's inferno. At first we sat there making idle stabs at conversation but that soon became too much of an effort. We had been told that this was a painless way to lose weight and of course that appealed to me but it was horrible to sit there and feel all your sex appeal melting away and not be able to do anything about it. As soon as the steam would start to die down, Ray, with maddening German precision, would dash another bucket of water onto the red hot stones. Norm muttered that you could never trust a Henie anyway and Ray definitely had the upper hand. Our only hope was that we would eventually run out of water. I came to later and heard Ray announce that he was about to open the door and let us escape. Right by the door was an ice cold pool of water into which we were to leap; the theory being that shock revived one. I fell into this torture hole and beyond that I have no memory. I guess Norm hauled me out and got me into bed. We didn't wake up until four o'clock the next afternoon. Norm and I looked at each other and I said, "Why, we didn't die, did we?" and he replied, "no, but we might as well be dead as the way we are." Norm then gave birth to a marvelous thought which boiled

(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; \$5.00 six months. No subscription accepted for less than six months. Out of state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$5.00 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; 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 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 60c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c 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 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

## YOUR HEALTH

by Luzerne County Medical Society

Shakespeare spoke of the "High and palmy state of Rome."

He didn't mention Romes' high death rate and unhealthy condition.

At the time they were recounting the grandeur that was Rome, the average citizen lived for only 25 to 27 years.

Today, in the United States, life expectancy is 67 years.

Since 1900, the expectancy of life increased twenty years — as great an advance in life expectancy as was made in all of the preceding two thousand years.

There is significance in the increasing age of our people.

There are two and a half times as many people 65 years or older than there were in 1900.

It is estimated that, if the present trend in health and longevity prevails, there will be by 1970 as many persons in this country on pensions as are at work.

Such figures make a good argument against enforcing retirement from work at a stated age.

Not only does every worker have to carry the extra burden of a non-producer, but a condition known as psychic trauma often affects persons with good minds and good health when they are forced to retire.

Certainly after middle age the human machine begins to deteriorate.

The muscles become flabbier, the bones more brittle, the joints stiffer, the eyesight and hearing begin to fail, the heart begins to show the wear and tear, the other breakdowns occur.

Even so, most workers are capable of carrying on long after the customary retirement age, and enforced retirement too often hastens the aging process.

"DO YOU KNOW?"

Clubfoot occurs approximately once in each thousand births.

## Shavertown Church

Good Friday, 7:30 P. M. Prelude, "Passion Chorale", Riger. Baritone Solo, "Were You There?" by Robert Coons. Anthem, "Jesu, Lord Jesu," Stainer, by the Adult Choir. Postlude, "Andante," Ketylby.

Easter, 11 A. M. Prelude, "Easter Day," Loret. Soprano Solo, "At the End of the Sabbath," by Miss Gwen Clifford. Anthem, "King of Kings," Simper, by the Adult Choir.

Anthem, "Hallelujah, Christ is Risen," Simper, by the Adult Choir. Postlude, "Easter Alleluia," Ottenwalder.

## The Book Worm

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



### "GREY GHOST"

by Louise A. Goddard

Many who saw the Back Mountain Dog Show on April 3rd were fascinated with the dog called the Weimaraner—in Germany, pronounced "Vymarayner.") This delightful hunting dog owes its existence to the nobles in the court of Weimar, Germany, who kept them jealously to themselves. No one knows what went into the breeding of the Weimaraner. It is suspected, however, that they are descended from the Red Schweisshunde, a sort of super Bloodhound. This breed was to have been forever Germany's own, never to be allowed outside its borders, and that is why there have been only about fifteen hundred of them altogether in all of Germany. Since the war a few of these have come into this country.

The Weimaraner was used by the nobles to hunt wolves, mountain lions, deer, wild cats, wild boars and bears when that game was plentiful. Its trailing ability was unsurpassed and worked alone. When the big game diminished all types of birds were hunted and as a retriever there is none better, being good both summer and winter on land in water. These dogs were able to withstand the rigors of down to 35 below zero weather.

Howard Knight, sportsman of Providence, Rhode Island got a pair of these animals into this country and was the first President of the Weimaraner Club of America, but it was Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Horn who were the first to breed them and who brought them to the attention of the dog world over here.

This wonderful dog is called the "grey ghost" because of its beautiful silver grey color and because it moves so swiftly and smoothly in the field and possesses the ideal "soft mouth" that does not mar game in any way when retrieving. Someone has said these animals, in a test with a car, can do better than 38 miles an hour, arriving at their destination without puffing or showing signs of fatigue.

Many sportsmen in Germany have wanted so much to own one of these dogs, but upon investigation and if he were found wanting, he could be, and was, black-balled and ruled out, regardless of his position or wealth, the Weimaraner Clubs completely controlled the ownership. I believe this same rule applies in the Weimaraner Club of America. In other words, the "master" is compelled to have as good "pedigree" as the animal!

Although neither Decker's Misty Marvel nor Countess Lilli Marlene, the pair shown by L. G. Arpin of Cedar Grove, N. J. placed in the final group of Best in Show at the Back Mountain Dog Show, it is to be expected that this breed will in time become extremely popular with sportsmen when they become better known and understood, and when the exclusive barriers which surround him at present are lifted somewhat.

For those who love dogs, there are scores of books at Back Mountain library that will give them the story and history of the breeds. Then, too, there are current periodicals—the gifts of Back Mountain Kennel Club, that will keep them abreast of the current happenings in the dog world.

## East Dallas Sunrise Service

An all charge Sunrise Service will be held at the East Dallas Methodist Church on Sunday morning at seven a. m. Breakfast will be served following the services.



ARE YOUR EASTER GARMENTS READY?

If Not - - -

CALL HECK

H. L. 4256



## Barnyard Notes

We repeat by request—

### THE LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD

There is a legend, that at the time of the Crucifixion the dogwood had been the size of the oak and other forest trees. So firm and strong was the tree that it was chosen as the timber for the cross. To be used thus for such a cruel purpose greatly distressed the tree, and Jesus, nailed upon it, sensed this, and in His gentle pity for all sorrow and suffering said to it:

"Because of your regret and pity for My suffering, never again shall the dogwood tree grow large enough to be used as a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender and bent and twisted and its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross—two long and two short petals. And in the center of the outer edge of each petal there will be nail prints, brown with rust and stained with red, and in the center of the flower will be a crown of thorns, and all who see it will remember . . . ."

### TO AN EARLY RISER

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts The Stars to Flight:  
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the sky,  
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,  
"Awake, my Little ones,  
and fill the Cup  
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry!"

And as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted, "Open then the Door!  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And once departed, may return no more

—from The Rubaiyat

### NASTY FELLOW

A friend of ours who lives in Sweet Valley and whose telephone is on a party line put a long distance call through to Philadelphia a couple of days ago.

The operator had the firm on the phone within a matter of minutes, but our friend had difficulty transacting his business. He could hear the receivers going down all along the line and suspecting that some of his eagerly listening neighbors were causing the difficulty with transmission, he petulantly addressed them. "If you folks will just let me have this line to myself for the next few minutes, I'll finish my business and then call you up and tell you all about it. Now give me your numbers and get off the line!"

He was flabbergasted when a shrill feminine voice complained, "Well, I'll get off—but you don't have to be so nasty about it!"

### BIG BUSINESS

The deal is off. Joe Peterson deliberately took the ten cents he earned selling papers and bought bubble gum instead of putting it in his piggy bank.

Joe had an option on the old part of our building after we moved into the new addition.

It all came about when some of the workmen used the back of a tag-eared "For Sale" card for a notice warning spectators to stay out during alterations. The workmen stuck the sign in the glass door and Joe read the wrong side.

He spelled out the words slowly, let out a whoop and ran for home. A few minutes later he returned and wormed up to our desk. "How much do you want for that part over there?" He pointed. It was a minute before we tumbled. "A hundred dollars without the machines. Two hundred with the machines."

"All right" he said, his mind made up. "I'll buy it!" "Where are you going to get the money?" we countered. "Oh, I've got it. Ya, Ya, you know that penny bank you gave me; well it's full and I've got another bank and a piggy bank full, too."

We could see he was serious. "Well, whatya going to do with it if you buy it?" we asked. "My mother's going to work there" came the glib reply. "She worked in a great big office once, she did."

After school for the next week Joe came in, waded through the welter of fallen plaster and lath, to read the For Sale sign and survey his optioned property. "I'll be in to buy it on the 15th," he'd yell as he departed.

There seemed to be no diminishing in his ardor nor fear that the deal wouldn't go through until the day he sold five Dallas Posts and spent the profits for bubble gum.

From then on he must have run into financial difficulties for the pitiful story we got one Saturday morning was that his dad had taken all of his money out of his banks. The deal was off.

We hope Hank had a good time squandering the money. Joe's financial reverses screwed up a good real estate deal that might have changed the complexion of Lehman Avenue and provided a good job for Helen, which we're sure she wanted.

## Country Flavor

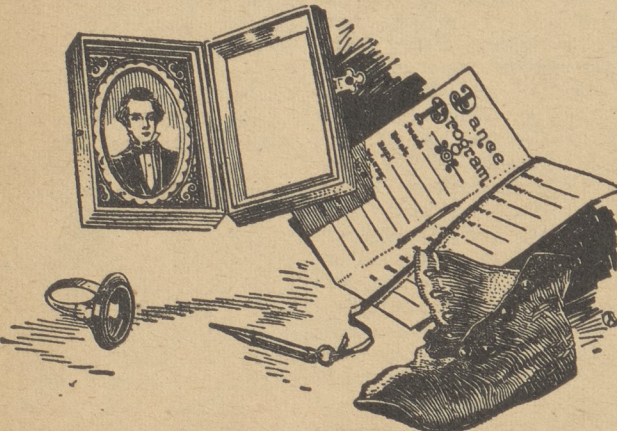
TRAINING STEERS

Only a few oxen are left on the nation's farms. Too slow and awkward for modern, efficient work, men say. But Grandfather never relinquished his belief that oxen were the source of power for many farms.

"Raise 'em on skim milk, hay, and pasture. Feed 'em a little cornmeal in the winter. Costs are low for equipment, and you can get a year or two of farm work from them before you sell for prime beef. Can't do that with horses. Trouble with farming now (about 1910) is that a man has to invest a fortune before he can start making money."

Along in the late fall and through the winter when the young steers were from six to ten months old, a boy had the chance to earn a nicker an hour training the blocky, patient creatures. On stormy days halters were put on and a strap tied between the halters. This taught the future workers the first fundamental lesson; that Buck and Bright must always move together. The big barn floor was a good training arena. Buck learned he was the night ox; Bright was the off. Then came the day when a light yoke was put across their necks. They swung their heads uneasily and looked at one with big, staring puzzled eyes. In a few sessions of standing together for a while they learner the meaning of the weight on their necks.

The real excitement was yoking the young pair to a light bobsled. During previous lessons they had gradually come to know the basic commands: Whoa, Get Up, Haw and Gee. At first they didn't know what to do with a weight—resting on their necks. Buck and Bright would start at command and then stop as they felt the pull. Day by day they grew accustomed to walking with a sled behind them. It was fun to go across the pasture, into the woodlot and bring home a small load of wood. Week after week the training went on. "Patience is all that's needed to have a pair of perfectly trained steers," Grandfather would frequently say. Soon one could ride on the sled and direct the near-yearlings by voice. Of course a fellow carried a long stick, but he used it with discretion. Good farmers were quiet and low-voiced with their animals. A lad was glad to collect his dollar when 20 hours were marked up, but the pay-off was the day he was told to take the yoke and go to town for a load of middlings. That meant Grandfather considered the pair sufficiently trained for public appearance and gave a future farmer the assurance he had done a good job.



Of no value—  
Invaluable

There are things that are priceless to you; things that you could never replace—and yet, which, one after another as the years go by, show up missing. Others do not realize their value to you.

Would not their loss, however, cause you pain, and the memory of the loss be always keen?

A safe deposit box will protect you. The least costly would, perhaps, hold all of your valuables—tangible and intangible.

The cost of safe deposit protection is as low as \$3.00 a year including Federal Tax.



The KINGSTON NATIONAL BANK  
AT KINGSTON CORNERS  
FOUNDED 1899  
Member F. D. I. C.