

"The Totem Pole"

HARRISBURG—Activity here in the State Capitol has slowed down to that of a rip-roaring mountain stream that has dried up with the coming of summer.

Most of the big wheels who keep affairs in a fluid running condition have departed for cooler climes with the coming of hot weather.

Vacation-time is here and the postman and bank president—politicos—like the village barber, have packed their bags and left for a spin in other regions.

A few of the major underlings must still tread the heavy path to their offices here atop Capitol Hill, but in many respects they have time for some lollygagging on the home front.

Pressure is off. The absence of the Legislature lessens the need

for a spirit and picture of beehive activity. The bosses have dashed off to their \$15,000 summer shacks. The matter of acquiring sufficient funds for operation for the coming months has been taken care of.

About all that remains to do is spend it. Even that is a chore, in the opinion of many top-heavy bureau heads.

But all in all an air of peace and calm reigns over the little village founded some years ago by John Harris.

The squirrels and pigeons in Capitol Park are lazily scampering or flying—which ever is most fitting to the species involved—with never a care or worry in the world. Once in a while there is an outcropping of activity.

For example the other day the good Governor took pad and pencil in hand and after considerable figuring, came up with the startling—and disconcerting to some—revelation that chances are good taxes will turn up in a better light than originally expected, by a few odd million.

"Could be," grunted Grampaw Pettibone fanning furiously in the shade of his old sassafras bush. "Yep, could be, but I guess the good people will still be working just as hard in the salt mines. If there's ever less taxes they raise more. When there's more taxes they just sit and grin. Could be, though."

From now on until next year there won't be too much activity in open political circles.

In the fall about the only offices at stake are local seats, which the big lads give little more than a glance. Yet these contests should hold just an important part in their scene as the big battles.

Local government is not something to be left floundering by itself. It is from these local governments that the big trees grow. The people who select these individual local officials are doing just as important a job as though they were naming a Governor.

On the surface it may not seem this way, but it is important to remember that without the local units there would be no Governor—or much of anything else for that matter.

Mt. Rainier National park, in the state of Washington, was established by act of Congress in 1899.



Save on Financing

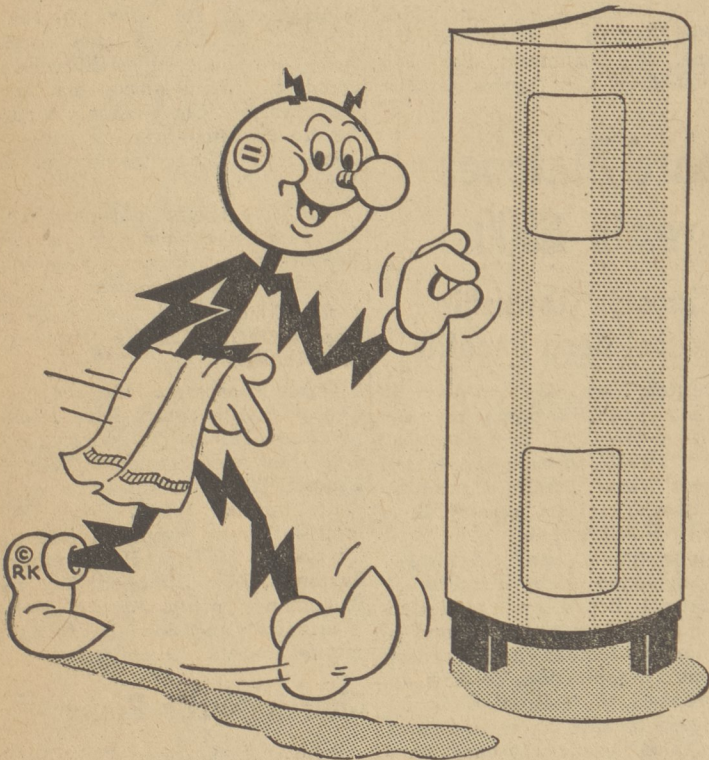
Find out how much you need to finance the car you have in mind and see us before signing the papers.

Buy your car from the automobile dealer—finance it through



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

Of course — it's Electric!



If you like to have plenty of hot water when you want it—by simply turning the faucet—without any work or trouble—absolutely nothing to bother about...

you want an Automatic ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

Ask your dealer to show you the new models and tell you how economically they can be operated.

LUZERNE COUNTY GAS AND ELECTRIC CORP.

YOU KNOW ME

BY

Al, Himself

Well, this week we are just like the woman starting housecleaning. We have so much to write about that we don't know where to begin. Many a time we have heard that expression from our mother and later in life from our wife: "Dear! I have so much work to do that I don't know where to begin."

We never could understand that, because a man when he has work to do always knows where to begin, and if he stands around dumb-like some boss will come up toot sweet and tell him to get started. But now we know.

Sam Humphrey, who lives on the Perrigo Road at the Lake, called us one day and said he had read our column of last week in which we stated we were interested in getting some history of Harvey's Lake and the Township. He said that he had a book that would give us some information. So we told him we'd be right down.

So we told our wife where we were going and she expressed a desire to go along, which was alright with us, except that she insisted we dress up. We were clothed in an old pair of pants and a shirt that was daubed with paint and we foolishly thought we could go just like that, but no, we had to dress up.

We called on Garfield Jackson first to find out where Mr. Humphrey lived and Mr. Jackson filled us full of tales about the lake which will be told in later columns. Bob Jackson kindly stated that he would take us down to the Humphrey's and our wife stayed there while we departed. We entered the back kitchen door and greeted Mr. Humphrey. If there is any room where we like to meet a person, it is in the kitchen. It is the homiest room in the house to us. We feel more comfortable there than anywhere else. There was Mr. Humphrey dressed in an old pair of pants and a paint spotted shirt. He must have thought we were a sissy.

If we had our wife there we would have reminded her of the time we were down at St. Petersburg, Florida. But she was calmly talking to the Jacksons in a nice cool dress while we were sweating in Mr. Humphrey's kitchen, so we will relieve our mind by telling the story to you.

We were down in Florida in May, long after every other sensible northerner had left for home. We had to stay there until June 1 as our kids were going to school, and Decoration Day was the last day of the term. Our wife said that she had heard that the Christian Scientist Church was the most beautiful church in the city and she would like to attend a service so we promised to take her. The Sunday we went was hotter than—well, it was the hottest day we ever experienced. We dressed in a clean pair of white pants and a sport shirt and said, "come on."

"Oh! Al," our wife exclaimed, "Surely you are not going to church without a coat."

"Sure," we answered, "Why not? We never read anywhere in the Bible that anyone worried about a person's dress."

"Well," she retorted, "we are not going."

So we put on a coat. Just the Saturday night previous the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce had met and decided that all of its members would wear light pants and sport shirts in order to advertise to northerners the proper dress for that city in May, so we

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; \$1.00 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 each.

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; Fairbrook—Eess's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for change 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 65c 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

Poet's Corner

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER

In the process of creation
From His own image fair,
God placed on earth a father
To rule well for Him there.
With wisdom He endowed him,
With strength and mighty heart,
Of every family circle
A vital, vibrant part.

With firm and steady manner,
He guides our ships of fate
Across life's troubled waters,
Where dangers lurk and wait.
He lauds us for our triumphs,
He's proud when we succeed,
He's always our companion
In happiness or need.

We may search the wide world over
And yet we will not find
A friend more tried and faithful,
More generous, more kind.
There is something in his handclasp
That warms and sets aglow
The spark of great achievement,
Because he loves us so.
—by Mrs. Frederick W. Anderson

Mrs. Thomas Landon Is Hostess to Joy Class

Mrs. Thomas Landon entertained members of the Joy Class of Kunkle Methodist Church at her home on Tuesday. Assisting her were Mrs. Daniel Meeker and Mrs. Ralph Elston. Plans were made for a card party to be held in Kunkle Hall June 22 at 8 o'clock. Committee Chairmen are Mrs. Calvert Birnstock, refreshments; Mrs. Fred Dodson, prizes; Mrs. Clyde Hoyt, tickets; Mrs. Russell Transue, publicity. Present at the meeting were Mrs. Clyde Hoyt, Mrs. Fred Dodson, Mrs. Calvert Birnstock, Mrs. Gomer Elston, Mrs. David Jones, Mrs. Allen Brace, Mrs. Raymond Elston, Mrs. Edwin Shoemaker, Mrs. Carl Lamoureux, Mrs. Dan Meeker, Mrs. William Eckert, Mrs. Paul Hilbert, Mrs. Wilson Maury, Mrs. Thomas Landon, and Mrs. Russell Transue.

were the only guy in the entire congregation that had on a coat.

So, all next week when we come home from work, we are going to put on an old pair of pants and a nice clean paint-spotted shirt and sit in our kitchen and pour over the history book loaned us by Mr. Humphrey and try to get something out of it so we may tell you about the first settlers here, the first businesses and churches, and if you wish to visit us that is entirely O.K. Our wife, despite her bossing around, always has an ice box full of cold cuts, and cheese, and kosher pickles, and you are very welcome, but—and this is a great big BUT—don't telephone that you are coming—just drop in unannounced, as we don't want to be compelled to "dress up."

—A.G.K.

The Book Worm

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



By Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks

With all the new books constantly flooding the market, there is an understandable tendency to side-track the well worn and dearly loved volumes of an earlier period. There are two books by Bess Streeter Aldrich, both of them on the shelves of the Back Mountain Memorial Library, which in my opinion should be required reading for all mothers, old and young, for brides to be, and for grandmothers. Their titles are, "A Lantern in Her Hand" and "The Cutters." The sequel to "A Lantern in Her Hand", "A White Bird flying," is also valuable but like many sequels does not compare with the original volume.

Probably Bess Streeter Aldrich will never write the Great American Novel. Her style is forthright and sincere, but she makes no pretensions to "important" writing. Her books are not fine writing. They are human. Her characters have three dimensions. They live and breathe and rejoice and suffer, they run the gamut of life as we all know it. Mrs. Aldrich does not deal in psychological analysis, a trend in writing which has been somewhat overdone of late and is beginning to look a little shopworn. She tells the tale as she sees it.

Abby, the mother in "A Lantern in Her Hand", lives a long life, commonplace in character, rich in experience. The book is a period piece of the settling of the Great Plains States, the final yielding of the prairie sod to the plough. Abby, with talents which she can never develop herself, passes on to her children the precious heritage. Born with a song in her heart and a keen perception of beauty, she lives to see one of her daughters paint the sunset prairie landscape that she has always yearned to paint, another daughter thrill vast audiences with her golden voice.

It is Mrs. Aldrich's unique gift in the telling of the tale that makes the reader realize that Abby's life was not wasted in the domestic round, that her talents were passed on to her children, and that it was the lantern of inspiration which Abbie always kept trimmed and burning in her heart that lighted the path before their feet.

The second book, "The Cutters", takes an everyday family in the midwest through some of its ups and downs. There is a hilarious chapter in which the family contributes to the White Elephant Sale. There is the delightful account of the Modern Woman's coming to town and condescending to instruct the women in the latest methods of bringing up their children. There is the chapter where all the children except the baby leave home en masse, and Nell Cutter's subsequent struggles in trying to cut down the waffle recipe from a six-egg batter to a one-egg mixture, enough to fill two people, not very hungry ones, instead of a multitude.

"A Lantern in Her Hand" established a trend toward wholesome writing at a time when it was salaciousness that promoted a book to the top of the best-seller list. Mrs. Aldrich's books are well worth reading and rereading. They have a sense of proportion, a recognition of the importance of every small and inconsidered thing. They leave a reader with the feeling that home is the most important place in the world, and that home-making is the most rewarding career.

Bible School Enrollment

Rev. Howard Harrison has reported a total of ninety children enrolled in the Shavertown Methodist Bible School and eighteen teachers and helpers.



No Tinkering!

After your amateur efforts fail to fix your radio, bring it here where expert technicians can make it good to listen to!

DeRemer's RADIO CLINIC
TRUCKSVILLE
Phone 275-R-3

Barnyard Notes



Unable to make headway in our effort to abate the noise from whistle happy Deisel engines, we, nonetheless, did our small share this week to reduce some of the traffic noises that disturb those taking siestas.

We collared young Davy Estes long enough to oil three wheels on his screeching velocipede! Lehman Avenue has now settled back into its old sleepy ways except when some ass tears down the street at fifty-five to sixty miles an hour in an automobile.

There're two men and one woman in this town who are courting tragedy. Their feet are heavy on the accelerator on streets where little children play. One of them has had a close call but hasn't learned his lesson. The other two are overdue. We've written their names on a card and put it in a safe deposit box at the bank. The day anyone of them has his appointment with tragedy, we're going to take it out and give it to Russell Honeywell. Accidents don't just happen.

Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks brought in a basket of strawberries Wednesday afternoon. We never saw larger ones. She tells us she waters her fifty plants every day, has forgotten the name of the variety; but is going to plant hundreds more of them this fall. Quite a woman this Mrs. T. M. B.

A friend of ours has to wear a supporting brace. A few days ago he went to Wilkes-Barre to be fitted with a new one. In the course of the fitting he lost his wrist watch—or thought he did. No amount of searching under counters or on tailor's tables revealed the missing time piece. Then he thought he might have left it at home. A thorough search of the house produced no results. That night when he undressed for bed he found the watch securely strapped inside the old brace which he was wearing.

Our attention was attracted, as we were having lunch on Friday to a flutter of song sparrows about one of our bird houses fastened to a hollow limb outside the breakfast room window.

We thought there were young in the house and the old birds wanted them to come out and try their wings. There was such a hubbub, the birds darting from limb to the bird house, that we got the field glasses to see what was happening.

We could see no young birds poised at the entrance to the bird house. A tuft of feathers and nest materials blocked the hole.

Then two song sparrows flew to their station on an overhanging limb and remained fixed in their wrapt attention to the bird house. Other song sparrows gathered on other limbs until there must have been a dozen watching the nest. That excited our curiosity. Every now and then a pair of the birds would dart over to the house entrance as if to coax the young out. We couldn't understand why all the song sparrows in the neighborhood should be interested in the problems of a pair of parent birds with their young.

We went about our meal and twenty minutes later decided to make a more thorough investigation of the confusion outside the window. Seemed to us that the old birds were foolish to coax their young out if the fledglings didn't want to fly. After all we have cats looking for just such tender meat.

We took up the glasses again. There was a disturbance at the hole in the bird house. Birds darted at it from all directions. Then we saw the reason. A grey squirrel poked his nose and tiny ears out, and every time he hid it, the birds darted in and pecked his snout with their bills.

After several more minutes of this he finally got the courage to grab an overhanging branch in his paws and scamper over the tops of the trees while birds darted at him from all sides until he disappeared in a hollow limb half way across the orchard.

We were aware that red squirrels are nest robbers; but we never thought it of grey squirrels until we saw the battle with our own eyes—and the help of field glasses on Friday.

Personal LOANS

TO MEET—

- INCOME TAXES
- INSURANCE PREMIUMS
- EDUCATIONAL TUITION
- MEDICAL-DENTAL BILLS
- HOSPITAL-OPERATION CHARGES

Quick • Courteous • Confidential Service!

The WYOMING NATIONAL BANK

OF WILKES-BARRE

WYOMING SEMINARY SUMMER SCHOOL

BEGINS JUNE 20, 1949

COURSES ARE OFFERED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FOLLOWING GROUPS:

1. Those who wish to avoid the detrimental influences of the idleness of summer vacation.
2. Students who wish to make up one or more subjects in which they have failed.
3. Students in need of additional credits to maintain class standing.
4. Students who wish to obtain a working knowledge of bookkeeping and shorthand and typewriting or who wish to continue studies in these subjects.

Instruction given by the regular Wyoming Seminary Faculty

Grades from 8th to 12th will be admitted

Instruction in Piano, Organ, and Voice will be offered

LENGTH OF TERM JUNE 20th to AUGUST 5th

SEND FOR CIRCULAR OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL ADDRESS, WILBUR H. FLÉCK, President.