

**Carl Raymond Wilcox**

Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Wilcox of Outlet announce the birth of a baby boy, Carl Raymond at Nesbitt Hospital, August 8. This is their first child. Mrs. Wilcox is the former Eleanor Dreshell of Ansbach, Germany.

**YOU KNOW ME  
Al, Himself**

We have a new pastor at our church, Alderson Methodist Church. She also preaches at Noxen, Kunkle and Ruggles. Yes, it is a woman. We are glad that, because only a woman could have moved from McClure, N. Y., her first charge, and enter the parsonage at Alderson last Tuesday, in the mess it was in and still be able to overcome these difficulties and preach the sermon she did last Sunday.

She arrived with her mother and nephew, a boy about sixteen. He came to help her move furniture around. The moving men had left and they had had a moving man's field day. There was living room furniture piled up in the dining room, beds were in the parlor, the kitchen utensils were out on the porch, and in came this family of three to it.

Next day the water pump gave up after struggling through a long drought and there was no water.

Some neighbors came in the first night and got the kitchen straightened out. Next day they came back and rearranged other things in their proper rooms, but even so, if it had been a man preacher he would have said to heck with it (if pastors use that expression) and would have left us flat.

The first impression of Miss Underwood we liked. Beside being a good sport, she can preach.

We hope Miss Underwood gets to like us.

If one of her other virtues is patience we will try to get her to like us.

Right now, after her first hectic week, we wouldn't blame her if she threw up the sponge and scrambled from the Back Mountain region.

We hope her patience lasts long enough for her to get to understand the real meaning of Back Mountain.

One time, Miss Underwood, the Dallas Post ran a contest asking the people to vote on what they'd like this section to be called other than Back Mountain. The contest brought out a number of other glowing names, but ninety percent of the persons living here voted that the name should remain just plain Back Mountain.

It sounds rural, doesn't it? Well, it is rural. There are a

**YOUR HEALTH**

Disease is a personal event, declared Dr. Alexis Carrel, noted French surgeon.

It is fortunate when a doctor has knowledge of his patient as an individual and understands something of his personal life, his physical being over the years, and his mental attitude.

The medical practitioner works as an individual for individuals, planning his treatment accordingly. Man's individuality gives medicine a tremendous fascination, for no two persons are alike and there are as many diseases as there are patients.

As a rule, families are long accustomed to a close relationship between their doctor and themselves, although it is difficult to put into a few words what this relationship stands for.

Some say it is professional secrecy—the obligation on the part of the doctor to keep inviolate any information gained about his patient during the course of the doctor's work.

It is more than a matter of keeping secrets.

Confidence of the patient in the doctor is built up by association, and willingness of the doctor to become the patient's adviser comes with a thorough knowledge of his patient.

In the interest of physical and mental well-being, the patient must be free to choose his own doctor.

Harmony between doctor and patient is a requirement for maintaining health.

Nothing must come between this harmonious doctor-patient relationship, for it represents the realistic aspect of the moral philosophy of medicine.

lot of former city folk living here, but after a bit they become just Back Mountain. It gets in your bones and one loves it.

It is not like a city. We get to know one another well. We know each other's faults and despite those faults are friendly.

That's the real test of friendship after all.

These people like you, or will get to like you, and we are sure, if your patience holds out long enough for us to get your water running that you will like us.

We hope the real meaning of Back Mountain gets into your bones.

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Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grill, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Dentler's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Also 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.

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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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**THREE ACRES**

And Six Dependents

By Phyllis Smith

The football season in Maryland brought us diversion from the diaper, pie routine. Norm had some friends at the Naval Academy in Annapolis so one day coach Tom Hamilton called and told Norm he could bring a few soldiers down for the Navy-Penn game. Back in those days the army hadn't fully recognized the crying need for organized recreation so Norm served under the inspired title "of Morale Officer" and found entertainment as best he could for the men.

The invitation to Annapolis was wonderful so Norm tacked a small notice on the bulletin board saying that any boys who wanted to go to the game should apply at the Quartermaster depot for transportation. He expected a small response but when two training battalions signed up he became nervous, but nevertheless arranged transportation to Annapolis.

One night after Napoleon had given us a resume of the day's news, Norm casually remarked that we were going to a football game Saturday. "Just the two of us?" I asked. I couldn't remember ever having gone any place alone with Norm and the idea was a bit frightening. "No," he replied, "I'm taking a few soldiers along." I soon discovered that anything the American Army did was done in the grand manner. If more than one vehicle goes out on the highway it becomes a convoy, and a convoy usually has a pace setter or leader and that was the position we found ourselves in that great day. In my maddest moments I had never imagined that I would be going to a football game with forty-four trucks following in my wake. By that time I had assumed the shape of a penguin but to quote Norm "not nearly as attractive" and the red plaid coat I owned was never intended to be worn by two people but we wore it and went everywhere together that fall.

Norm pulled up in front of the assembled trucks then got out to check up on the drivers and say a few words to the men which boiled down to if any man dared say "sink the Navy" once we reached Annapolis he would be tossed into the jug personally by Norm when they returned to Aberdeen. We roared on down the highway, all conversation being obliterated by the noise from the big trucks. I wanted to know how Norm could face Hamilton but realized our first problem would be to get through the gates of the Naval Academy. The guard tried to give us a rough time and Norm was very polite but it was nearing game time so he finally had to emerge from the staff car, the mere act of Norm emerging from a car would terrify the average man, so the guard retreated into his little hut as Norm said, "Stand aside man, we're here on maneuvers."

Facing Tom was not quite as easy. He heard us approach long before he saw us and his face was a study. Norm looked a little sheepish as Tom eyed the convoy and said, "I hope you didn't forget anybody." Norm assured him that they had left a skeleton staff behind to keep the camp intact, and thanked Tom for inviting them down for the game.

The trip to Annapolis was such a success that Norm instigated sight-seeing trips to Washington. There were men from all over the United State at Aberdeen and many of them had never seen the capitol so every Sunday we led a large convoy into the city and saw everything it had to offer. To me it was a wonderful way of escaping Sunday plane riding with Napoleon and Wade, of course, stayed at Port Deposit so he could fly. The trips to Washington were really fun and we would get home at dusk and find the Koenings waiting in the den for us. Through the courtesy of the "New York Times," the Captain had boned up on "The News of the Week in Review" and could hardly wait for me to remove my coat and reveal my ignorance as well as figure, both of which were awe inspiring. The Sunday pie was then unveiled and eaten with great relish on all our parts. Wade and Mildred were asleep and once the Russians were properly cussed out we could more or less relax.

On Sunday, December of us were in Washington admiring the Lincoln Memorial when news of Pearl Harbor was released through.

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**Barnyard Notes**



Ben Cobleigh of Harris Hill tells a delightful story concerning the late Dr. G. L. Howell and his Great Dane bitch, Ginger.

Ginger, now two years old, has never been known to harm anything except twenty-three chickens she dispatched when she was little more than a pup.

"Well, doctor," said Ben "looks like we'd better get rid of the dog or the chickens!"

"Let's get rid of the chickens" without hesitation snapped the doctor.

Incidentally Ben has several nice young hounds for sale. He loves them but he's "got too many dogs right now."

We've had a number of calls about dogs this week. David Pugh of Lehman Heights has lost his English setter, Maggie. If you see her, he'd be mighty glad to have you call.

A lady in Trucksville knows where there is a lovely young Spitz, ideal with children and of exceptionally pleasant disposition—unusual for a Spitz. If you are interested in giving this dog a good home, call the Post.

Most dogs are miserable during this hot weather. A little attention to diet and exercise will make them happier. Bathings seem to make them scratch all the more, but a little DDT with a talc base rubbed into their hair will eliminate most of the trouble with fleas. Be sure of the talc base; any other base may aggravate skin irritations.

There are a lot of people in this world who should never own dogs. If it is too much of a problem to give a dog the attention and consideration he deserves for the love and affection he lavishes on the family, then you are not the one who should own an animal. Give your dog some little attention every day—and the same, I might add, goes for kids. A little experience with animals would be mighty good training for prospective parents. Unfortunately too many folks are in too big a hurry.

Helen Gross has made a generous offer to all those who are without wholesome drinking water.

Thousands of gallons of the finest mountain water gush hourly from the famous Oo-Stan-A-La spring and pour into the hour that feeds the Hillside Filtering Plant of Scranton-Springbrook Water Company.

The spring has been known for generations and is supposed to have been known to the early wandering bands of Indians who frequented this area before the advent of the white man.

The name Oo-Stan-A-La, meaning "clear spring water" in the Indian dialect, was given to the spring by Charles Weiss who built the cool spring house and for many years sold the water in 5 gallon demijohns for 40c per bottle. Later others marketed the water among them Mrs. Lettie Culver.

Since Paul and Helen Gross purchased the property, the water from this grand source has not been marketed, but has been given free to neighbors and others who appreciate its quality and refreshing temperature.

While Mrs. Gross has generously offered to give this water to all who want it and bring their own containers, it goes without saying that the offer can only be continued so long as there is no desecration of the spring. If you are the kind of nature lover who leaves a trail of paper napkins and refuse at every picnic ground, you had better continue drinking tap water, and let others who are without water during the shortage have an unrestricted supply.

The spring is located next door to the Gross home in Jackson Township on the back road from Trucksville to Huntsville. Might be a good idea to call Helen if you plan to stop there for water.

**Plan Horse Show**

Twin Pine Club of Orange will hold its first annual Horse Show at Bone Stadium, Pittston, August 28. The Club is composed of local horsemen who will give a percentage of the proceeds to the Cancer fund.

The show, including classes for jumpers, hunters, ponies, children's horsemanship, walking horses, and western horses, will start at 10 A. M. and will run until evening.

Entries have been assured from local horsemen, with a great number of hunters and jumpers promised. Among the many colorful attractions of the show will be the horses, saddles, and outfits in the Western classes.

Entries may be made with Mrs. T. McHenry, secretary, Dallas R. F. D. 3 any evening between 5 and 7:30.

**Gun Club Shoot**

Overbrook Gun Club will hold a shoot at the Club grounds on Overbrook avenue, Sunday, August 14 starting at 1 p. m. Prizes will be awarded.

**Woman's Service Club Holds Meeting At Lake**

The Harvey's Lake Women's Service Club enjoyed a covered dish supper at Watahnee Park at Laketon on Thursday evening of last week. The regular business meeting followed. The September meeting will be held at Hanson's Park on the first Thursday. The October and November meetings were planned, being election and installation months.

Those attending: Mrs. Forrest Sorber, Mrs. James Garey, Mrs. Malcolm Nelson, Mrs. Carl Schreiner, Mrs. A. I. Serhan, Mrs. Ruth Yudisky, Mrs. John Zorzi, Mrs. Dorothy Chissler, Mrs. Myron Williams, Mrs. Richard Williams, Mrs. Fred Swanson, Mrs. Walbridge Leintahl, Mrs. Harold Gebler, Mrs. Otis Allen Sr., Mrs. Clarence Shaver Jr., Mrs. Guy Scouten, Mrs. Harry Allen Sr., Mrs. Kenneth Davis, Mrs. Donald Smith, Mrs. James Brown, Mrs. Albert Armistage, Mrs. Joseph Rauch, Miss Bethia Allen, Janet Allen.

Potter County is mid-way between the eastern and western boundaries of Pennsylvania.—PNS.

**Alfred D. Bronson**

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**Joseph Strutt, Hosts At Family Dinner Party**

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Strutt, Dallas, entertained at a family party at their home on Sunday.

The following members were present: Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Walsh and sons; Richard, Tommy and Joseph, Long Island; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Konnick and son Richard, Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. George Kerbert and children, Andrea and Johnny, Saugerties, N. Y.; Jack Kerbert, Saugerties, N.Y.; Dorothy Konnick, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mickey and daughter, Diane, Harrisburg; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Daniels, Sr., Edwardsville; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Strutko and children, Marilyn and Andy, Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Daniels Jr. and daughter, Alice Sue, Wilkes-Barre; Eleanor and Dorothy Daniels, Edwardsville; Linda and Barry Strutt, Dallas and the host and hostess.

**Annual Reunion**

The Hughey-Gordon Reunion will be held at the home of O. H. Gordon at Pike's Creek Sunday, August 21.

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