

You Know Me - By Al Himself

It certainly is funny coming home to Harvey's Lake from Wilkes-Barre after it has snowed all day and sitting down after supper and reading in the paper that all the roads have been thoroughly plowed. We suppose the editor gets his information from the State Highway Department, but surely the person who gave out that information couldn't have taken a trip around the state highway that encircles the lake because a plow didn't pass our house until seven o'clock last Friday evening. It had snowed all day. It used to be that when a plow didn't come along in two hours after a storm started one knew positively the precipitation would not be serious, but no more. We have known snow to start falling at 2 a. m. and when we left the house at 6:30 a plow would have been out ahead of us. That service we bragged to our Wilkes-Barre friends about. We didn't expect such good service then, nor do we now, but surely one could expect a plow to come through a state road in less than twenty-four hours after a storm starts; or if it can't be done, we think we are entitled to know from

the State Highway Department as to why. We are not criticizing Russell Rogers or George Searfoss, the couple that have charge of the lake road. We know from past experiences that those men would have the road cleared in a reasonable time if they had the equipment, but they just don't get the plows. So what do they do? They spend the day cindering and then when the plows are delivered to them twenty hours late the road is cleared of both snow and cinders. By that time the road is packed down so hard with ice that all of it cannot be scraped off and the cindering has to be done all over again. We called the State Highway Department Sunday afternoon at 4 when it began to snow and got Fred Griffith on the phone. He said he was a state supervisor of roads. When we told him of the conditions here Friday he explained about the number of hundreds of miles of highway that had to be taken care of and how long it took men to get around to secondary roads. We agreed with him, by asking what became of the plow that used to be stationed here and

he said one was housed here—in East Orange. "Well, that's nice," we said, "but we are afraid by the time equipment gets here from East Orange, if we have a heavy storm, that one of us may lose a life." We asked as to why a plow could not be left at the lake as in former years and he replied that a plow was offered us but the fellow wouldn't take it. We asked, "What fellow?" He replied, "That he had forgotten his name." Then Mr. Griffith left the phone. We were not disconnected. We thought, at first, that Mr. Griffith had gone to the record books to look up the "fellow's" name, but after calling "hello" into the mouth piece for three minutes we decided that Mr. Griffith had become exasperated with a blithering idiot that was trying to get the facts as to why two local men who used to give us excellent service were no longer able to do so because of lack of equipment. We know of a lake resident who couldn't get up the incline on the Tunkhannock highway at Kunkle at nine o'clock last Friday morning. We had no trouble making

The Book Worm

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



Indolence, the only limitation to knowledge

Fred M. Kiefer

The great men and women of the world have become great because they continually slaked their thirst and satisfied their hunger for knowledge as the average mortal quiets the desire for sensual pacification by drinking and eating the necessities for physical functioning.

Since education is another word for knowledge it may be interesting to point out its sources and to try to define it.

Education flows from two springs of human contacts; books and experience. While some experience can be accrued from books, all books are written from experience: either physical experience or dynamic or commonplace action, or imaginative experience which is birthed from reading books.

It is more difficult to define education. There are, however, men who have attempted it and in this writer's conviction, rather well, although divergent in their opinions.

Let them be quoted; you may then decide which authority, or group of students, you prefer to accept. Once accepting the meaning, the duty of all of us to strive for the fulfillment of knowledge to the maximum of our abilities. As du Noy says in his remarkable work, "Human Destiny", man is the only animal to have developed the highest gift in life—the brain. It is only through exercising the brain in the endeavor to gain supreme knowledge that human beings will reach that utopian pinnacle of civilization—the full acquisition of conscience. And then, and then only, will there be, "Peace on earth, good will to men".

The Harvard Committee submits: "General education is to think effectively, to communicate thought, to make relevant judgements, to discriminate among values".

Dr. John G. Hibben, former President of Princeton University states, "Education is the ability to meet life's situations". Herbert Spencer puts it this way, "The great aim of education is not knowledge, but action", while Davis in "Years of Pilgrimage" countenances that we "Regard thought as the most intense form of action".

William James of Harvard, believes none of us use our advantages to the utmost. He says, "Compared to what we ought to be, we are only half awake. We are making use of only a small part of our physical and mental resources. Stating the thing broadly, the human individual thus lives far within his limits. He possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use." And philosophy, the deep craving to be informed of all things is, according to Will Durant, " . . . the desire for knowledge so great that a person will go to any extreme to gain it."

Finally, I like Felix Frankfurter's (Continued on Page Six)

Barnyard Notes



Ten years ago last night, on December 9, 1939, a few hours after the paper had gone to press, my father died. What he meant to The Dallas Post and its editor, none but his son knows. Because his spirit continues to pervade The Post wherever we turn, we republish here the tribute paid to him by Howell Rees.

Postscripts

DECEMBER 15, 1939

He was a man who liked sunsets. Often, when we'd go home in the evening, he would be standing on the tiny, white-pillared front porch, silently watching the western sky, where God's paintpot was spilling down across heaven's vault toward the purple hills.

More than once, looking up the terraced slope to the frail, defiant figure we thought of him as a captain, the red brick house behind him his study ship, and the thick, green foliage before him the waves which were leaping high toward the lonely quarter deck where he kept his twilight vigil.

His eyes, fixed on the horizon, would catch the movement as we climbed the long steps to his porch and he would brighten. "Hello boy," he would say, and it was as if he had put his hand on your shoulder. "Hello, boy." Never "Good evening" or "What's new?" or anything that other people said. It was always the same. "Hello, boy." Then we would both watch the sunset and talk.

He was a man who could, when it suited his purpose, use words as a lash, deep-biting, and acid-dripping, but in those rare hours the tense energy went away and his voice was gentle and vibrant and his words were filled with mystic wonderment.

He wondered what had happened to the world of his own youth, not because he was opposed to physical change, but because he feared that something spiritual had been mislaid in the confusion of physical progress.

Men of less imagination and less understanding would have accepted the mashing age for what it could give them; but he needed to understand things. He questioned the new world, but he did not defy it. He tried to penetrate its significance. He had heard some one speak of John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath", the story of the impoverished share-croppers' descent upon California, and wanted to borrow our copy.

"You won't like the language Steinbeck uses", we warned, knowing his deep-rooted modesty, and his bewildered shock whenever he encountered one of the harsh, crude words which a new generation tosses about so lightly.

"I know," he said, "but I'd like to read it, anyway." He thought in a book which reflected 1939 so clearly he might find some clue to the meaning of the world which bewildered him so. He might have, too, had he lived long enough to read it.

More and more, as weariness took the place of his energy, he sought refuge in memory. Sitting on his front-porch, watching the sunset; talking the hours away in the broad living room; sitting across the table from us at breakfast, when the sun streamed in the window and touched the flowers his wife loved, he would speak of customs and scenes which were as strange to us as the world into which we were born was to him.

Then he would be back on the homestead at Springville, where the passenger pigeons came overhead in clouds so dense they would darken the sky; where a boy with a gun taller than he, and a dog named Old John went out hunting for pelts which brought silver coins to jingle in the pockets of his tattered pants; where a sturdy laden fur cap coasted down hill on a home-made sled; where snow piled higher and higher until it covered the fence and hid the roads and the teams pulled the sleighs across the meadow instead of around the curves of the road; where a worn doorknob was all that was left of the loved ones who once passed in and out of that farmhouse.

Many of those tales found their way into this column, but the best we could do was less than his average. He had a way with words and he used them as vessels for his thoughts. Invariably, the word was exactly the right vessel, and the thought came to you vital and concise, implanting a clear picture in your mind. That was the miracle about this man, that this penetrating understanding, this simple intimacy with language could have been born in him, for he was not educated to it, and few men with whom he came in contact even understood it, let alone contributed anything to it.

So far as we know, there is nothing he wrote to survive him except business papers. And yet, had fate deflected his course when, at 16, he went to clerk in a country store and so launched his career as a merchant, we believe he could have given the world more of himself than he did. Most of his friends will remember him as a businessman. Superficially, he was a businessman. But his sentiment, his great heart and his boundless capacity for love conflicted almost constantly with the demands business made upon him.

In the sense that he knew how to enrich reality through feeling and significance and singularity, he was a poet. There were times when his love of life became so exhilarating it could no longer be confined; when, flooded by happiness, he would have burst if he could not have sung. Often, when we worked all night at The Post, he would come at dawn, bringing coffee, and we shall not soon forget the sound of his voice, absent-mindedly lifted in some tune-less, ridiculous, happy fragment of song, as he busied himself at some simple task. Yes, we are sure Walter Byron Risley was intended to be a poet.

We were among the last to leave the cemetery last Sunday afternoon. The funeral cortege had left long before. A chill drizzle was falling and it was almost dark. It was lonely.

From where we stood, by the new grave, the hill sloped gently down to a valley, and beyond that there were more hills and, in the distance, the misty outline of a mountain. Suddenly, we realized that it was the west, of course, and that behind the black, rain-laden clouds the sun was setting.

There would be days, we thought, when warm breezes would caress that slope and when spearheads of grass would peek out and cover the hill with green fuzz and when the sun would touch that grave gently with a finger of golden light before saying good-night. For him, there would be an eternity of sunsets but from down where we were, splashing through the rain, you couldn't see the sun.

—Howell E. Rees.

1950 CHRISTMAS CLUB NOW OPEN

A Christmas Club Check Gives You Money When You Need It Most
It is the easiest way to provide funds with which to pay . . .

PLAN NOW		For Christmas Needs
Members paying 25 cents a week for fifty weeks will receive	\$ 12.50	U. S. Savings Bonds
Members paying 50 cents a week for fifty weeks will receive	\$ 25.00	Taxes
Members paying \$1.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive	\$ 50.00	Insurance Premiums
Members paying \$2.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive	\$100.00	Mortgage Interest
Members paying \$5.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive	\$250.00	Vacations
Members paying \$10.00 a week for fifty weeks will receive	\$500.00	

CHECKS FOR 1949 HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED TO OUR 3,500 CHRISTMAS CLUB MEMBERS, IN THE AMOUNT OF \$218,757.00

The KINGSTON NATIONAL BANK
AT KINGSTON CORNERS
FOUNDED 1894
Member F.D.I.C.

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 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Cigar, Bowman's Restaurant; Shawtown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idistown—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 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 uncollected 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 5c 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. HECKS
Sports Editor
WILLIAM HART

the same hill three hours earlier as the snow was then soft, but by nine it was packed into a solid sheet of ice. The Tunkhannock highway is not a secondary road. We are sure, Mr. Griffith, that if the State Highway Department will offer us a plow that Lake Township taxpayers will find a "fellow" that is willing to house it.

Township Seniors To Present Play

Dallas Township High School Senior Class will present a three-act play, "It's A Date" on Friday, December 9 at 8. Under the direction of Daniel Williams, members of the cast are: Lois Klien, Peggy Decker, Marion Parsons, Elsie Andres, Theresa Polachak, Gladys Bell, John Hansen, William Henninger, Edward Kraft, Mimi Livengood, Carolyn Morris, Henry Trimble and Joyce Carey. Stage manager is Larry Shupp. Chairmen of other committees are: costumes, Lois Ward; property, Dorothy Edwards; publicity, Barbara Brace and Mary Kozick; printing, Joyce Carey; ushers, Marcia Trimble; make-up, Carl Varnek, Nelson Ashburner.

Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo., are two of the largest railroad centers in the U. S.

Announcing . . .

Circle Cleaners

Special **3-for-2 offer Save Now!**

Three Garments Cleaned For The Price of Two!

Send any three garments . . . suits, coats, dresses, skirts or trousers . . . Pay for only two with Circle's great offer.

FOR PICK-UP and DELIVERY SERVICE IN THE BACK MOUNTAIN AREA . . .

Telephone . . . Gerald Richards
Dallas 597-R-2 . . . Claude Street, Dallas

"Circle's Representative and Your Neighbor"

A little finer . . .
A little more careful

CIRCLE

Cleaning & Dyeing Company
1231 WYOMING AVENUE
FORTY FORT 7-1645

WE WANT TO SERVE YOU WITH THE BEST!

Every vehicle we have will be at your disposal during the pre-holiday season. For weeks we have been inspecting—over hauling—and preparing for the additional service you will require for your Xmas shopping.

By arranging your trips to and from the shopping centers between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M.—you will avoid the rush hour crowd. There will be a comfortable seat—and plenty of room for packages too.

Your neighbors—who must ride to and from work during the rush hours—will appreciate your cooperation.

WILKES-BARRE TRANSIT CORPORATION

PLACE YOUR CHRISTMAS ORDER EARLY

Corn Fed White Holland TURKEYS

Hens 10-13 lbs
Toms 18-22 lbs.

HAROLD BERTRAM
Chase, Pa. — Dallas 485-R-11