

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

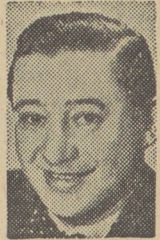
Brainy 'Possum Hound Outwits Sequatchie County Jewel Thief

By BILLY ROSE

A few days ago I got the following letter from a Mr. Jake Withers of Sequatchie county, Tennessee:

Dear Mister Billy Rose,

In some recent issues of the Nashville Tennessean I noticed the columns you wrote about educated animals—dogs that could add and subtract, and horses that could figure out cube roots—and so I figured you might be interested in hearing about the smartest four-legged critter in the history of Sequatchie county.



Billy Rose

To begin at the beginning, there's a truck farmer down here by the name of Lem Albright who owns a 'possum hound which is as black as the inside of a tar barrel. Lem calls him "Einstein" and, to hear Lem tell it, the dog has more brains than a passel of professors—and after what happened the other night at our smoked-ham supper and square dance, most everyone in Sequatchie is inclined to agree.

Here's what happened:

A COUPLE of weeks ago, Mrs. Will Purdy's mother, who lived across the line in Grundy county, passed away, and when the family gathered for the divvying up, Will's wife got a gold brooch set with eight diamonds, three of them genuine. Needless to say, she wore the brooch to the smoked-ham supper and square dance, and needless to recount, it got more attention than a team-of-four with their tails trimmed.

Everything went smooth as molasses at the social until right in the middle of a "swing your partner" when Mrs. Purdy let out a screech and fainted dead away. And when they brought her around, she began hollering for someone to lock the doors because her brooch had been stolen from right off her chest.

Fortunately, our sheriff was on hand, and after he banged the lid of the piano to get people quiet he said, "Don't nobody leave this room. I hate to say it, but there's a low-down, thievin' crog in our midst, and I'm a-goin' to search every man-jack until I find Mrs. Purdy's brooch."

"Sheriff," said Lem Albright, "I don't think that'll hardly be necessary. My hound Einstein, as you know, is the best-behaved animal in Sequatchie county, but the

one thing he can't abide is to have a thief scratch his belly. So, sure as shootin', the minute he feels the fingernails of the fella we're after, he'll start in to yowl, and we'll have the thief in no time a-tall."

SOME OF US began to laugh, but the sheriff took Lem aside, talked to him a minute, and then banged the piano lid again.

"I don't rightly know whether Lem's notion is going to work," he said, "but there ain't no harm in givin' it a try. I'm goin' to ask him to take Einstein in the next room, and then I want all of you to get in single file and come in one at a time and scratch the hound's belly."

Everybody, including the fiddlers, did as told, and sure enough, 20 minutes later the sheriff pointed at a farmhand as he came out from seeing the hound and said, "It worked, like Jake said—there's the criminal!"

When the man was grabbed and searched, the brooch was found in his pocket, and so, on top of a smoked-ham supper and square dance, there was a running-out-of-town party to top off the evening. And all in all, it was easily the most successful social in a long while.

Next day, when Lem was interviewed by the editor of our paper, he didn't brag much about his hound. "To tell the truth," he said, "the sheriff and me, we wasn't too sure Einstein could spot the criminal, so we helped out a mite. I rubbed a little soot from the stove on the hound's underside, and every time anyone came out of the room the sheriff looked at his hands. The first person with clean hands figured to be our man, because the thief was a cinch to make believe he was scratchin' Einstein without really touchin' his belly a-tall."

Yours truly, Jake Withers.

YOU KNOW ME BY AL, HIMSELF

As a kid we remember Easter as a joyous day that culminated forty days of sacrifice from the beginning of Lent. How we disliked Lent. Mom would ask us to give up something we liked for forty days and how we hated it. We would try to stall around, offering to give up baths, but Mom was wise, she knew we liked jelly beans, so that was our sacrifice. We didn't know then what Easter meant, but after all the sacrifice, when Easter came and we knew it was a time of rejoicing, a time to build anew, Spring was here, things were growing, and Mom was right. Easter was a day when we could start being a boy again, and later, when we learned that Easter was the day Christ had risen we realized all over again how wise Mom was in having us sacrifice.

The Easter baskets the bunny brought, the colored eggs, the Easter lilies were things to look forward to and later when we became a parent, what fun we had with our own brood hiding baskets all over the house.

We remember working on a new job for six months before bringing our family to the town. We moved our family up on Easter day and before we left Good Friday afternoon we remarked to one of the girls in the office that we were sorry our kids would miss looking for their usual Easter baskets as we hadn't had time to see the Easter bunny. What was our surprise when we arrived at our new home to find baskets all over the house. The girls in the office whispered together, consulted the bunny, and there were the baskets.

Easter Day is now determined as the first Sunday after the paschal full moon which matures on or after March 21st. If the full moon is on Sunday, Easter Day is the first Sunday following—we'll, we all know that, or at least we can find out by looking up any encyclopedia, which we did, but what started the Easter baskets, the colored eggs, the use of lilies to commemorate the day, the Easter sunrise pilgrimage?

Our idea, or maybe we read it somewhere, is that these symbols all sprang from the word "resurrection." This is the time to rise again, let's have new life, spring. The Norsemen chose the rabbit as prolific reproducers of species, and also the egg as a symbol of starting new life. The coloring of the Easter eggs, red, blue, yellow, etc., was borrowed from the rays of the Aurora borealis—the northern lights—and the dawning hues of the Easter sun.

The lily, we presume, was chosen as a symbol of Easter because of its color—white—purity.

Among the many Easter sunrise services this Sunday, the Rev. Ruth Underwood of Alderson Methodist Church, will welcome those who wish to start off the day with a religious service at 6:30 a.m. at the church at the lake. Methodist Youth Fellowships of Kunkle and Alderson charge are sponsoring the service.

How the Easter sunrise services started we do not know, but we do know that they are becoming more popular each year, and one Easter over 6,500 attended the Easter Sunrise Pilgrimage to the Father Serra Cross on Mount Rubidoux, about seventy miles from Los Angeles.

Sunday is Easter. Spring is here. Our tulips, hyacinths, daffodils have pushed four inches through the ground. We have planted our sweet peas. The ice still covers the lake, 'tis true, but it is soft and will not bear one's weight, a good wind will drive it out.

The robins are here and we are at peace with all the world, or at least we will be when we finish painting the kitchen.

Discuss Branch Y

Representative citizens of the Back Mountain area met Monday night at Back Mountain Library with representative of Wilkes-Barre Y.M.C.A. to discuss the prospects of establishing a branch Y.M.C.A. here.

Wins Luzerne Jackpot

Mrs. Ida Fister, Dallas 1, was the winner of the Luzerne Jackpot, sponsored by Luzerne merchants, at the drawing held Saturday night in front of Luzerne National Bank.

THE DALLAS POST

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A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant Lehman Avenue, Dallas Pennsylvania.

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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 Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idestown—Caves Store; Hunteville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store.

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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

ONLY YESTERDAY From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

Ten years ago in the Dallas Post April 5, 1840 Council decides not to abandon Board of Health. John H. Frantz, health officer for the Borough, urged that health matters remain in the hands of the Borough, not be delegated to the State.

Residential area host to flood refugees. Towns back of the mountain sent blankets, boats, trucks, men and money to help in relief work in the flooded Wyoming Valley.

Twenty years ago in the Dallas Post, April 11, 1930 Russell D. Honeywell, Dallas, received his first regular assignment in the Marine Corps after undergoing training at Paris Island for several weeks.

LAKE STREET MAN WAS BUDDY OF JAY COOKE IN FIRST WAR

One man in Dallas who knows Jay Cooke intimately and fought in an adjoining infantry company with him during World War I "can't understand why he wants to be governor—he has everything without it."

He is C. A. Hoffman of Lake street, district manager of Esso Standard Oil Company with offices in Wilkes-Barre. He and Cooke were fellow officers in the 316th Infantry Regiment of the 79th Division and have maintained their friendship over the year at annual meetings of the Officer's Association of the Division.

"You can be sure," said Mr. Hoffman that "Jay won't use the office to his own personal advantage—he doesn't have to!"

I knew his dad before him. He used to drop down to camp to see us when Jay was a Second Lieutenant in E Company and I was a First Lieutenant in F Company.

"Jay, fresh out of Princeton, was a right nice boy of 21, an excellent boxer, always a square shooter, and a swell all around fellow and he hasn't changed over the years. He had an enviable military record in World War I and in World War II where he lost an eye and almost lost a leg."

"You can bet I'm going to vote for him. Pennsylvania couldn't make a better choice."

The Book Worm



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

BOOK LIST

In line with the annual spring refurbishing, the library has on its shelves a book on upholstery, one on the restoring of antique furniture, and one on braiding rugs.

"Upholstering Home Furniture" by Blanche Pope, gives exhaustive directions with plenty of blueprints. There is a chapter devoted to turning a crate or a box into an upholstered chair for a child, and a chapter on the correct making of draperies with the workings of the traverse rod explained in detail.

"How to Restore Antiques" is a book which spends most of its time with one antique fan after another. This book explains the removal of successive layers of old varnish, the repair of broken arms, the tightening of the structure, and the eventual reupholstering, overlapping in this department the instructions given in "Upholstering Home Furniture". Both these books are on the Memorial Shelf.

"How to Make Braided Rugs" by Dorothy Altpeter, with Corinne Anderson and Margaret Thostesen, is self-explanatory. But this is a book for a perfectionist, not for a common or garden rug-maker. It suggests, with profuse illustrations, that the rug-maker treat each successive round as a unit, not as a snail. The results are truly marvelous, but if time is of the essence in rugging a room, pass up this volume.

For those who wish to improve their speech-making, C. W. Weight has given examples of formal and informal speeches in "Better Speeches for All Occasions." Valuable for club presidents, folks who may expect to be called upon to make a few remarks, and for people who find trouble in organizing their thoughts or thinking on their feet.

"The Quaker Story", by Ludwig Lucas, is a fascinating exposition of the story of the Friends, from historical to modern times.

"Our English Heritage", by Gerald W. Johnson is fifth in a series-in-the-making of "The Peoples of America." Valuable source material for anybody interested in the beginnings of our country.

"Halfway to Freedom", words and photographs about India, by Margaret Bourke White. Miss White has travelled extensively with her camera and her notebook for Life Magazine, covering practically the entire globe in her fact-finding expeditions. The volume about India shows pictures of starvation as against pictures of fabulous wealth, the lights and darks of an incredible country.

Ten Candles For Carverton Cake

Girl Scouts Will Celebrate Birthday

Thirty-Four Dogs Are Entered In Parade

Every dog will have his day as well as horses in the Gay Nineties Easter Parade. Listed among the entries from Back Mountain Kennel Club will be the following owners with their dogs.

Billy Miller, Larry Powell, Clifford Melberger Sr., Bob Krewson, St. Bernard; Billy Prebola, Jerry Prebola, Clifford Melberger, Jr., Joseph Bohan, Jr., Ray Judge, Clinton Memory, Lois Melberger, Joseph Bohan, Sr., Leo Mayewski, Jane Crumley, Joyce Crumley, Col. lie; Al Gibbs, David Goddard, Boxer; Justin Bergman, Jr., Doberman Pinscher; Nancy Kocher, Cocker Spaniel; E. P. Hindricks, Irish Setter; Alice Kocher, Beagle; Dick Johns, German Shorthaired Pointer; Tom Robinson, Great Pyrenees; Sally Kear, Skipper Drake, Tom Goddard, Welsh Terrier; Gene Kreidler, Coonhound; John J. Ambrose, Jr., Patricia Ambrose, Afghan Hound; Donald Clark, Jane Matchett, Dalmatian.

A birthday cake with ten candles will star at the party to be held Saturday night from 7 to 9 in Carverton Methodist Church by the Carverton Girl Scout troops in observance of their tenth anniversary.

Miss Delores Morris, Girl Scout Headquarters, will present ten-year service badges to Mrs. Edgar Sutton, Mrs. Dana Sickler and Mrs. Richard Pryn, members of the original troop committee.

On the program will be Mrs. Stanley Davies of Dallas and Rev. Robert Wood, pastor of Carverton Methodist Church. Mrs. Edgar Sutton will read a history of the troop. Camp movies will be shown.

From a small beginning of eight members, the original troop has grown to three troops: Senior Troop 86, Intermediate Troop 56 and Brownie Pack 109. Leaders: Brownies, Mrs. Harold Dixon, Mrs. Dorothy Culver; Intermediates, Mrs. Edgar Sutton, Mrs. John Dana and Mrs. Edward Atkins. Senior troop, Mrs. James Sands.

First meeting of the troop committee was held ten years ago on St. Valentine's Day at the home of Mrs. Alfred Scureman. Members of that committee were Mrs. Sickler, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Pryn, Mrs. Scureman, Mrs. Wesley Vosburg, Mrs. Leroy Ziegler, Mrs. Philip Pascoe and Mrs. Robert Bachman.

Present committee is composed of Mrs. Sickler, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Pryn, Mrs. Bud Edwards, Mrs. John Wardell and Mrs. Burdette Crane.

Deborah Kamor

Deborah Kamor, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kamor of Philadelphia, was christened at St. Therese's Church last weekend. Mr. and Mrs. James Lagan of Wilkes-Barre were her godparents, Mrs. Kamor is the former Claudia Cooke of Fernbrook.

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