

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Aunt Frieda Catches the Flu But the Germ Turns on Charlie

By BILLY ROSE

For as long as I can remember, my Uncle Charlie has been complaining of good health—not his own, mind you, but my Aunt Frieda's.

For 40 winters, to hear him tell it, he has been an easy mark for colds, catarrhs and rheumatic pains, while his wife has never developed so much as a sniffle.

Last February, when I dropped in to see them at their Allen Street flat, Charlie was in bed, runny-eyed and carmine-nosed.

"What gives?" I asked.
"What always gives?" said my uncle. "Your aunt loses the flu, I find it. She's got a constitutional like a horse."

Frieda was in the kitchen warming up a plaster. "Like a pastrami sandwich she treats me," said Charlie. "I'm all over mustard. Every reasonable woman lays down in bed once in a while. But not her—she won't give me the satisfaction. . . ."



Billy Rose

MY FAVORITE relatives came to this country around the time Teddy Roosevelt was elected, and the voyage over, according to Charlie, was the roughest in the history of navigation. It took 23 days and even the captain was seasick. Frieda was the only one on board who ate regularly, and she gained an average of a pound a day. When the helmsman took to his bunk—still according to Charlie—it was she who took the wheel. As for my uncle, he spent the entire trip with his head sticking out of a porthole and, the weather being what it was, it was a miracle he wasn't drown-

ed. Because of this apparent immunity to disease, Frieda has always been one of the favorite daughters of the East Side, especially when any of the neighbors are ill. For years now, she's been carrying soup and solace to their homes, tending

their kids and lecturing family doctors on their therapeutic shortcomings.
"Herself, she don't get sick, but to me she brings back the germs," is the way Charlie explains her.

A FEW DAYS AGO, however, my uncle telephoned and, without bothering to suppress the triumph in his voice, said, "Frieda is flat like a pancake. She's got a flu, with complications yet."

"I'll send my doctor down," I said. "and I'll be around in the morning."

But when I walked up the three flights to their apartment the following day, the door was opened by an obviously in-the-pink Frieda.

"What are you doing out of bed?" My aunt motioned me in, and in the bedroom, propped up on pillows as usual, was Charlie.

"What happened?"
"What should happen?" said Frieda. "Your uncle got over-heated running up and down the stairs like a chicken."
"I thought you had the flu."
"Oh, that," said Frieda. "I fixed it with a guggle-muggle."

For the benefit of the uninitiate, a "guggle-muggle" is an old East Side remedy composed of warm milk, egg, honey, cinnamon and whiskey.

"Wish your uncle happy returns," said Frieda. "It's his birthday."
"Yea, it's his birthday," groaned Charlie, "and for a present she gave me her flu."

Poet's Corner

GOD'S PAINTBRUSH

Who would doubt there is a God
In this or any land?
While here before us all unfolds
The magic of His hand.

Just looking at the hillsides
At the beauty of the trees
Instills in me a feeling
To get humbly on my knees.

And give thanks to God for giving
Me a pair of eyes to see
The beauty of the different hue
Of each and every tree.

He seems to send this message
In their colors scattered there
"Be grateful that you have two eyes
To view their beauty rare."
—Miriam Herbert Williams

THE NEWEST STAR

(Dedicated to
Mrs. William Burnaford)

So like a brilliant beacon
When night obscures the day,
She watches without ceasing
And guides upon their way
The little ones she cherished
With loving, tender care
And guards with heaven's blessing,
Their footsteps everywhere.
—By Mrs. Fredric Anderson

To-night a new star sparkles,
Its glory streams afar,
For she who walked among us
Is that new brilliant star.
That happy, joyous spirit
We knew and loved so dear
Will twinkle on forever,
So far and yet so near.

So like a brilliant beacon
When night obscures the day,
She watches without ceasing
And guides upon their way
The little ones she cherished
With loving, tender care
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Tour of Farms Is Set For Wednesday

Susquehanna County Soil Conservation District has set next Wednesday for a county-wide soil conservation tour. The tour will start from in front of American Legion Hall, Montrose at 10 A. M. Interested persons from adjoining counties are invited.



THINK AGAIN!

"This morning the barber while snipping my locks
Concluded he likes the utility stocks.

The waiter this noon as he plunked down my pie
Advised that the airlines are hot stuff to buy."

—Courtesy, Francis W. Hatch in the Herald Tribune.

Don't be carried away by "hot tips" from the butcher and baker and candlestick maker.

Think twice before you cash your War Bonds to buy dubious investments or goods of doubtful quality. If you sacrificed to buy Bonds during the war, insure your sacrifice by safeguarding your savings now.

Keep your Bonds, maintain your life insurance; and build up a savings account for emergencies, and for all the things you really need.

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Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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ONLY YESTERDAY

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

In The Dallas Post Ten years ago, October 11, 1940

Dallas Borough High School was emptied in 44 seconds, Grade School in 33, after the sounding of a fire alarm by officials of Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company. Chief Leslie Warhola was pleased with results. There was no forewarning of the drill. Lehman school emptied in 53 seconds, a record for 411 students.

Huntsville Christian Church will observe its 96th Anniversary next week. Its hand-hewn timbers are still staunch and sturdy after almost a century of service.

All men who have reached the age of 21 and have not reached the age of 36, will register on Wednesday for the draft. Schools will be closed for the day so that the faculties may assist in registration.

Miss Virginia Allen became the bride of Frederick C. Swanson on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. David Morgan and Rev. John R. Albright officiated. The couple left for Niagara Falls and the New England States after the ceremony. They will make their home upon their return with the bride's parents.

The marriage of Miss Betty Breckenridge to Thomas E. Cease will take place tomorrow. War is no reason to stop building, says Attorney Peter Jurchak when queried about the probable effect of the war on home building. In time of war a home is as sure an investment as can be made, adding to the feeling of security. Europe's Blitzkrieg, he says, has stimulated construction of homes in the United States.

Dad and Mother are studying for the Dallas Borough P. T. A. spelling bee. Henry Peterson, P. T. A. president, reports that the mothers are lining up, but that the fathers are holding back and will need pressure applied to persuade them to match their wits with their wives.

"Back Mountain" leads the field in the great name contest for the Greater Dallas Area.

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YOU KNOW ME BY Al, Himself

Well, here we are back after a two weeks' vacation. Don't worry we're not going to tell you about it. But while fishing off the Jersey coast we read the New York City papers and got quite a laugh out of the police investigation of gambling graft. One judge says it stinks to heaven. He must have had something wrong with his olfactory nerves because we could smell that graft when we were just a boy.

The first thing the new police commissioner did was demote a couple of hundred detectives to uniformed police. It seems to us that if those detectives were in on the graft they should have been fired, and if they weren't, a promotion was in order. But that is one of the crazy things done in this world, but no crazier than some of our BIG businessmen's antics in Wyoming Valley when they complained a few nights ago to the Chamber of Commerce about their industrial fund's chairman bringing a shirt factory to town.

"You are taking our labor away from us," they yelled. "And we are the second BIGGEST industry in the valley."

"Here we train girls to do fine needle work and all they do is loaf, or go off and get married, or go on relief."

"Bring some restaurants to town and put cooks to work. Bring anything but no more dress or shirt factories please."

Now we figure that these needle work factory owners got themselves into this jam. They have been stealing each others' help since they first came to the valley. They offer the help rest periods, coffee and cake, radio music or anything that will take a skilled laborer away from someone else. They set up this picture, so they should be able to take their own medicine without a squawk.

They remind us of the lawyer who was detesting a murderer of his father and mother.

"You are not going to send this poor orphan to the electric chair are you?" he shouted to the jury.

Organized labor here has been claiming for years that the coal barons discourage the Chamber of Commerce from bringing any other industry because the mine owners want their help to stay in the mines. This has been denied by both the mine owners and the Chamber, but they never convinced labor that it wasn't true.

Now it comes out. Here is the second BIGGEST industry (according to them) in the valley shouting that it wants no more needle work factories here as it wants to corner the labor market.

The Chamber of Commerce argued with them. The Industrial Fund Chairman argued with them. A few private citizens argued with them. BUT of all the arguments we read in the Wilkes-Barre papers we failed to see where anyone mentioned what the poor guy who is out of work was thinking.

So we will tell them how factory owners can get all the help they want and keep it without offering coffee and cake, radio programs, or rest periods.

First: Pay their help about ten dollars less a week than the same class of worker receives in New York City.

Second: Find homes for the worker to live in, and we mean homes where the rent will be no more a month than their one week's salary. These third floor \$90 a month apartments have driven too many of our workers out of town to places where they (Continued on Page Eight)

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Barnyard Notes

CULTURAL NOTE

There's nothing that will bring a fellow down to earth quicker than failure of the sewage system. Two years ago Nort Bert and I dug up our whole line after some fool mechanic told the women folk that coffee grounds were good for the kitchen sink drainpipe.

For a time the dishwasher gurgled sluggishly out of the sink under the influence of the coffee grounds; but eventually Granny's patience gave out and, in desperation, she added six cans of Draino to the concoction. That fixed the plumbing until such time as Nort and I could take charge. The Draino met the coffee grounds head on and the whole mixture solidified somewhere between the place where the soil pipe went under six inches of concrete cellar floor and its outlet in the sump—somewhere in the uncharted areas beyond the chickenyard.

Operation "Sump" took a week of exploration and three days of digging before we found the trouble in the angle where the soil pipe sweeps from the edge of the barn in a due north direction toward Toby's Creek.

That week was one of great apprehension and some self control; but there was an air of triumph when Nort announced. "Now you can take your red pills again, Granny."

We thought of that episode again Saturday night at Dot and Ray Hedden's party. There were plenty of people to chat with—excellent food, wonderful hospitality, a beautiful home, when some one whispered "the plumbing's out of order." That cleared the mystery of why so many of the men had enjoyed Ray's rock garden and the beautiful evening sky.

Actually the plumbing system wasn't at fault. The best plumbing in the world won't work when Dallas Water Company's wells go dry. There's nothing to make you appreciate the joys of living in the country more at such times than to have a good two-holer in reserve or a few horse stables handy. That's another reason why we'll keep the barn and let the rest of the world have its dusty pink bathrooms.

These early fall nights, Myra worries about her geraniums that have bloomed so brightly all summer in front of The Post. Evenings just before quitting time, she gathers all hands around and has them carried into the office to defeat Jack Frost.

But no geranium singing its swansong can compare with the two red Maples that we can see in front of Clarence LaBar's house from our window. All seasons have their beauty and Jack Frost is not to be denied.

MAYBE YOU'D HAVE LIKED IT

Heard a great commotion in the orchard Sunday morning and went out to investigate. On a limb of the Sheepnose apple, a grey squirrel scolded and flipped her bushy tail.

From behind the trunk of another tree the inquisitive nose, alert ears and black eyes of a baby squirrel looked directly at us on the rotting bench under the Baldwin. It was a game of hide-and-seek as he stuck his nose from one side of the trunk, then the other. Further up among the changing leaves another more timid baby sprawled against the trunk camouflaged by the bark it hugged. We tossed some nuts in the fallen leaves and the first fellow scampered after them, heedless of his mother's chattered warning.

The first of the nuts he buried under the VanFleet rose bush, the second he carried down by the grapevines where Mike is buried; but the third he ate as all good grey squirrels have a right to do. Then unconcerned for the fellow on the bench he picked up a sheepnose and nibbled around it, took a drink out of the bird's bath, made a wide circle and came up behind us on the bench—while the two others, hearts in their throats, watched him from their perches in the trees.

We remained motionless for fear of frightening him. It was quiet in the orchard except for the stream of Sunday traffic on Huntsville Road.

There was a rhythmic pounding on the upper trunk of the Rusty-coat where a downy woodpecker was having dinner. A baby rabbit scurried from under the dogwood and shot the length of Murray Scureman's line to a haven under the forsythia.

Old Red, the rooster, crowded in the chicken yard.

An endless line of cars, filled with people looking for something to do, hurried up and down Huntsville Road, oblivious of the drama in our orchard. Reminded us of the days the cardinal sings from the top of those maples while the world underneath scatters Love Nest and chewing gum wrappers in our hedge, fixes automobile tires, throws on screeching brakes on the knoll in front of Murray Scureman's house, and rushes on in search for something entertaining.

Wish you fellows could have been there. Maybe, you'd have liked it.

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