



Barnyard Notes



My neighbor Billy Williams tells me that he has seen more different varieties of birds this winter than ever before. When I asked him what kind they were, he smiled and said I'd have to ask his wife or Emily Besecker. "They're the ones that spot and know every new variety."

Myra put a long distance call through to Granny in Florida the other night to tell her how my mother was coming along after her siege at the hospital. Granny was relieved with the news and then started to relay what some speaker had said at a lecture she had attended earlier in the evening. At long distance rates, Myra had her postpone the recital to some later date.

All of which reminds me that my sister found an item of a \$1.50 on her phone bill not long ago which represented a telephone call between Granny in Dallas and my mother in Nicholson. That explains why the line is busy when I want to get a local number.

Just think of the \$1.50 conversations that go on on party lines where there are no toll charges!

Faced with a complete change in their daily lives because of the national emergency, the American people are beginning to question why another war within a decade is necessary.

They have only to look about them for the answer. Human life, honest toil and a good name no longer have any value. If we are led down the road to war, we may find some of the answers within ourselves.

Let's take a look. We accept slaughter on the highways with a shrug of the shoulders. Some 200 loved ones are killed within a matter of weeks in railroad accidents, and it creates only a ripple of excitement.

We have become calloused to license and confuse it with personal liberty and freedom. We allow a few ruthless leaders to disrupt our railroads and other phases of our economy, we submit to any inconvenience against the public—and say we can do nothing about it.

We preach honesty, thrift and frugality and close our eyes to gambling in our own communities. We refuse to legalize betting on the horses—but play the slot machines in our own clubs and meeting places.

We want to get something for nothing—and stop the music or break the bank on the radio is another evidence of the same thing.

We fawn before those who exhibit wealth or a car or diamonds they can't afford. We seldom question illegal gain and question wealth only when it is obtained by hard work, perseverance and pluck.

Revelation of corruption among political leaders, evasion of income tax on illegal income leave us cold and bring no dishonor.

We no longer respect those who rise above the common herd by their own ability and effort. We extend our palms for government handouts.

In short we have lost our sense of values and morality. We have discarded for a mess of pottage the truths learned from our fathers and the examples set by rugged men like Lincoln who have helped make America great.

Faced on all sides by the greatest industrial capacity in the world; by the highest standard of living and the greatest scientific advancement for the preservation of life, we accept highway killings, train wrecks, a cheapening of the value of life, and morality as inevitable. War is something we can do nothing about.

We blame those in high places for our predicament and for our own lack of responsibility.

We need only look about us for the answer. We have become so engrossed with our own selfishness and greed for personal comfort and security that we are insensible to the public good except where it touches us.

We elect only hacks and wind bags to public office—men who can do something for us alone rather than for all of us.

We need only examine those we complacently accept as leaders on the local level to appreciate what we have elevated to national leadership: In the main they are those who need the job rather than those who need the job.

Among our acquaintances are senators, congressmen, judges, commissioners, court house employees, supervisors, burgesses and school directors. Look them over. Weigh them.

There is not one among us who cannot find in business, the professions and in all walks of life men capable of doing a better job, more honestly, efficiently and at less cost—but who are not elected because of those very attributes.

If we would have honesty and ability in our national leadership, we must first be honest with ourselves. Instead of electing yokels, glad handers and hacks because we know them and because "they can do something for us" we must elect those whom we know have ability.

There is your answer for war.

Stephen M. Glova

Services At A Price You Can Afford
FUNERAL HOME, H. L. 4000



EASY SLEDDING

... for those with money, you say! But remember that you must haul that sled UP the hill in order to enjoy a smooth ride DOWN.

Saving is painless, if you make it steady. So, for easy sledding later, start a savings account NOW in The Kingston National Bank and never fail to add to it a certain proportion of all you earn.



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

Connecticut Saga

By Phyllis Smith

I might of known the old Buick would take a time like that to do us wrong. I was to have met Mother in Providence for dinner and a concert, leaving Norma at home with the boys. However, we were waterless, joyless and mentally depressed in general and a trip to the city and the vision of Mother's bathtub looming on the horizon gave birth to a horrible thought. Norma and the boys would go to Providence with me and stay at Mother's while she and I pursued culture.

Naturally the boys chose to dilly dally on the way home from school which got us off to a late start. We had the deep well cooker full of turkey soup, two quarts of milk and a box of crackers as we knew Mother wouldn't be prepared for an invasion of this type.

We had been having trouble with the overhead door in the shed. It is only distantly related to the type we installed in the red barn back home. This one is a solid mass of green lumber which lifts up all in one piece and spends its entire life contracting and expanding with the fickle New England weather. On the day I speak of we sallied forth expecting a bad time with the door but it came down so easily that Keith, an innocent bystander, got the full weight of it on his small nose. He howled with the injustice of it all so we were off to a crying start.

As we raced down route 44 the windows kept steaming up so PUNCHY kept cleaning off my side with his mittens. I thought it was the turkey soup as it was piping hot when we put it in the car. We smelled like the Cordon Blu on tour.

Pretty soon a smoky odor assailed my nostrils. I said in great exasperation, "Norma, if you have to chain smoke how about opening a window?" Her injured voice came ricocheting from the depths of the back seat, "Phil, I haven't had a cigarette since we left home. My brain began to function about that time so I brought the car to a fast stop. As soon as we stopped, smoke began to pour in around us and PUNCHY had the presence of mind to suggest that we get out before the car exploded. He's a wonderful kid in an emergency (I'm all for more of them).

He was out of the car in a flash and had lifted the heavy hood and shouted, "Mrs. S. I hope your fire insurance is all paid up." That kid should know by now what a demon for insurance his father is so I assured him everything was under control. Keith's only concern was the soup. We stood by the roadside waiting for the car to burst into flames but it didn't.

Several nice looking cars drove by without even looking, then an old jalopy tore by, used what brakes it had to stop, then backed up to where we were parked. The man jumped out and asked us what happened. We told him our problem and I must admit I resorted to some of my old tactics I had to use during the war, when Norm was in Africa and I used to run out of gas. Looks like I might as well brush up on them anyway as I'll no doubt end up with an "A" sticker again.

Our new found friend was prepared for any emergency. He got out a tow rope, gave me last minute instructions how to follow him and we were off to the nearest gas station, ten miles away. Nothing could have pleased Keith anymore. He lives in a world of his own where trucks and tractors and old jalopies far outnumber people and he was taking everything in. I knew he would be towing cars over my hooked rugs for a month to come.

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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, 15c.

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; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Jolietown—Gaves Store; Huntville—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 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 be enclosed, and in no case will this material be held 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. Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 60c per column inch.

Classified rates 5c per word. Minimum charge 50c. All charged ads 10c additional.

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.

Preferences 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 From The Issue Of February 7, 1941

Installation of ten fireplugs in Dallas would save 40% of fire insurance for a large proportion of the village population, according to a recent survey.

Mrs. Margaret Detter, Maplewood Avenue, had six sons in the first World War, four eligible for service in this one. Her forebears have been in every war fought by the United States since 1640.

Alan A. Kistler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan C. Kistler, Harveys Lake, member of Post staff for four years, left Monday for Fort Meade.

Portrait of the late Supervising Principal Maurice J. Girtton, will be hung in the Dallas Township school library by the Class of 1940 at the February PTA meeting.

Mrs. John Ryman, widow of the late John Ryman, prominent businessman of Dallas, was buried today.

Huntsville Christian Church will have a new pulpit, gift of the late Marvin Schooley, who left a sum of money in his will to use for any desired purpose. The fund has been augmented by several gifts until it is ten times the original amount.

A fifteen weeks course in First Aid was completed by a group of residents of Noxen, Ruggles, and Alderson.

The marriage of Grace Louise Morris and Robert Bachman was solemnized at Trucksville Methodist Church Friday evening, Rev. Harry Savacool officiating.

The marriage of Helen Thorne, Ceasetown, to Thomas Kosakowski, Sweet Valley, has been announced.

Machell Avenue is closed to traffic every day from 3 to 10 P.M. to allow coasting.

No Quorum At Meeting Due To Icy Highways

Community Center Meeting at Dallas Township School Tuesday night was dismissed with no business accomplished after it became evident that due to the icy roads there would not be a quorum present. Mary Weir, acting for Norman Smith, President, dismissed the meeting.

"Take a Tip"

Take EVANS
PINK TIP
COLD CAPS
EVANS DRUGS

SAFETY VALVE

EIPPER SPEAKS AGAIN

To the editor of the Dallas Post and any one else it may concern. I am not a candidate for School Director in Dallas Township. When I am a candidate for any office, I will personally let you know, until then please keep my name out of it. If I were a candidate I would consider it an honor to run on a ticket with Floyd Chamberlain. Due to the fact that I have a mind of my own and wish to exercise it myself, I was not considered good material for a school board, by the lousy skunks that crop up in the political world.

When any one who is not elected to the office can tell those who are elected, who they should appoint for school teachers, janitors, etc., and how to transact the business of the school district, I want none of it. It is an empty honor anyway and the majority of business men will think twice before running for the office. That was the reason I was defeated 2 to 1 when I ran for re-election and the reason Dave Bevan lost a bet by 7 votes.

Now a new disease has been discovered in the Back Mountain section, diagnosed as Jointureitis. So far I have had only a mild case of it, but because I have not swallowed all the microbes, and got thoroughly saturated with it, and called in the Doctors to prescribe for me, the past has to be dug up. All I, as well as many others want to know is, the cost of a cure and all the facts concerning this disease, before getting a serious case of it. If that is a crime let it be one.

So far the Doctors have not handed out this information for the general public. Each School Board may know all about it, but the public, who pay the freight, are kept in the dark until such time as the five directors on each board sign their death warrants.

Just why chaos and confusion should be injected into the Dallas Township school system just to give Dallas Borough a transfusion, is more than I, and many others can see. In my opinion amputation would be better for all concerned. By that I mean that if Dallas Borough school board had closed its school and gone along with Dallas Township and Franklin Township in building an addition to the Township School, we could have had a complete school in one place, and one that any one in the Back Mountain section could have been proud to recognize. Transportation costs could have been held to their present level, and any one moving in either place would not have to be furnished a map, showing the location of the various schools in order to know where to send their children to school.

At the present time money for this project could be borrowed through the School Authority, at a low yearly rental over a period of 40 years.

By doing this the three boards could plan for any additional subjects or courses they might wish to add to the present program. The (Continued on Page Six)

You Know Me

By Al, Himself

Well, we see by the papers that "They" are going to tax television sets, automobiles, refrigerators, radios, phonographs and other electric, gas and oil appliances 25%. There "They" go, soaking us rich again.

We are on a week's vacation and have gone down to our ol' hometown, New York, and are talking things over with the natives there. Our first impression, before we got around to our favorite hangout to see the boys was that there was a war breaking out tomorrow. Every third block, on Broadway, there is a big sign with a large "S" and an arrow pointing to a shelter. Under the arrow there is printed, "This Shelter Holds 400 Persons." We saw three of them before we realized what they were. We asked one of the natives and he was as unconcerned about an immediate war as we are at Harveys Lake. He doesn't know where the shelters are, doesn't care and if New York is bombed, said he'd run down the first subway steps. To him, it is just one of the many ways that "These Guys" have of spending our tax money.

The Port Authority, that's an authority formed by the States of New Jersey and New York that control the tubes and bridges under and over the Hudson River, has built a gigantic bus terminal in New York City between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, right off the Lincoln Tunnel, around Fortieth Street. Buses coming in from Jersey through the Lincoln Tube drive up a ramp right into the terminal without passing through any city streets. It's marvelous. Soon there will be no buses on the city streets except locals. One may then come out of the tube in a passenger car and drive the ten blocks across Manhattan in almost the same time it would take to

walk it. We could not find out if Martz or Greyhound uses this terminal. The cop wouldn't let us get out of our car to ask despite the fact that we were at a standstill while the traffic light went green and red ten times before the long line of trucks ahead of us moved.

Maybe the traffic tie up was because of the Railroad Strike. There were no commuter trains running to Westchester, Jersey or Long Island so every one had to use the family car back and forth from Manhattan to work. We don't know what persons without cars did. We couldn't find any one that hasn't a car.

We also see by the papers that Price Administrator Michael V. DiSalle stated: "There could not be a general price rollback without a similar rollback on wages." We wish some one would tell him that prices have gone up steadily for the last two years without any one except miners receiving a wage raise, but we fear that no one will.

We'd like to inform our friends that our eldest daughter, Emily, graduating from N.Y.U. got a teaching job in New York City which has been her ambition. Pardon us for bragging a little, but we are proud of that girl. After graduating from Coughlin High School she worked as a baby nurse for eight years, earning enough money to put herself through college. Kids are wonderful these days. We still think it is a good old world that we are living in.

We'll be back at the Lake in a few days. Drop in and see us for a game of canasta. We are still able to buy enough coal at present day prices to keep the living room warm.

Left At The Post

First baby lamb of the season arrived at Highland Acres on Saturday. Ten visitors brought greetings to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Thomas on Sunday, in spite of bad roads. There are 36 Hampshire in the flock, and the baby is a ewe, totally unexpected on the date of arrival.

One flashing cardinal can keep a whole neighborhood happy, going from feeder to feeder and giving everybody a break.

Bess Klinetob, Sweet Valley, recalls that when she was a little girl a neighboring farmer, well in the eighties, took great pride in his abounding health. "I can fall down as quick as ever I could" he claimed. His wife thought a minute: "But you gotta roll over fore you git up" she contributed.

Classified ad: Lost, six Shropshire sheep, six ewes and a ram. Cancelled before publication. Like

Little Bo-Beep's the sheep came back, bringing their tails behind them.

Mrs. Norman Brader negotiated for a home for a black cat, but held off on delivery until Nancy came home from school. Nancy is fond of cats. Frantic telephone call from Mrs. Brader: "Can you take the cat tonight? The boy-friend is allergic to cat-feathers."

That Noxen bobcat is safely bagged after three weeks' starting in the city papers. Intrepid hunters are now promoting another mountain lion to take its place. It pays to advertise.

February Robin Count: One frost-bitten robin sighted by Clifford Fink in Shavertown, February 1.

Rescued from the creek bed after an auto accident on Wednesday, Mrs. William Lamb decided she was all wet, and raised an umbrella.

An Open Letter To All Americans!

We're all playing for keeps now! Once again American free enterprise is called on to save our freedom.

Businessmen of the electric power companies have been building up a supply of REDDY KILOWATT ELECTRIC POWER for years.

TODAY THE ELECTRIC INDUSTRY IS READY WITH TWICE THE POWER SUPPLY THAT WE HAD 10 YEARS AGO! AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, AT THE SAME OR ONLY SLIGHTLY HIGHER COST.

The United States has enough electricity for all plants to go on three shifts a day. Production is the order of the day!

Reddy Kilowatt

The Mighty Atom

America is Strong . . . it's Electrified!

LUZERNE COUNTY GAS AND ELECTRIC CORP.

