

You Know Me

By

Al, Himself

We got a letter from one of our readers. We like to get letters, so we publish it as requested:

"Noxen, Pa.
January 31, 1951

"Well Al,
"What is the matter are you upset because you didn't get any publicity? If we had used your attitude, we would hide. But Noxen stands out with anything and everybody. I have been a resident of Luzerne County and Wyoming County, but I never read such slams in any one newspaper. The people of Noxen aren't any different than they are in Harveys Lake. The only difference is when Noxen starts out to do something it is finished up. We have some pretty well smart people in Noxen and in fact if you don't believe it ask your boss, Howard Risley, and I think if you moved from H. L. and went up on Goblers Knob your swell head would shrink along with modern folks. As for the Hackings, they are fine people. And for the time the bob cat appeared in the paper you had time to bring on your dogs and game wardens. But Harveys Lake was called and wasn't interested. Maybe publicity is a good thing. Torchy is doing a wonderful business and has left his money in Noxen by buying property and helping all the needy families, where all the people we know of has always went other places to buy property and spend there money. Business people don't usually go out in the world to slam their neighbors where they got their bread and butter. So Al, you owe Noxen an apology. So while things are low you better make an apology to the hard working folks in Noxen."

"A long and very independent reader of Dallas Post."

"Please print."

Well, "Independent" Reader, there is your letter printed as you requested and if you think we have "slammed" the people of Noxen we humbly apologize.

We didn't think we "slammed" any one in Noxen. In fact we thought we praised them by wondering why any game warden in this neck of the woods needs help from York State when we have such wonderful hunters here, but sometimes persons read things that are written in a different light than they are intended. We did say that Hacking (we referred to him as Hackling) was stupid in sending for help from another state. We have no doubt that the Hacklings are fine people as our letter writer says, but they do have a game warden in their family. We have the same thing almost in ours. S-s-s-h, don't tell many persons this, but two of our daughters are school teachers, and we haven't yet made up our mind as to whether it is more stupid to be a school teacher and work for almost nothing than to raise a game warden in the family that works for less.

Well, at any rate the "lion" was at last dispatched and it was done with the neatness that we predicted would be done by local hunters. We were amused by the Wilkes-Barre papers stating that it took only one shot from the gun of Gus Bennett to bring the bob cat down. One may as well state that a boy scout needs two matches to light a fire. Gus, as many hunters we could name around here, needs only one shot.

So the Hacklings, Bill and Carl, with Gus Bennett brought the bob cat back and we were hoping that that would end the episode, but it doesn't.

Persons are still telling stories that the "lion" was really a large dog owned by George Crispell. Some state that Chief Swanson and another hunter followed the tracks right to Crispell's farm and wound up in the dog house. Others say that the bob cat in the picture printed in the Wilkes-Barre papers with the Hacklings and Bennett was stuffed. Another tells a tale that the hunters came upon the body of a decomposed deer whose carcass had been poisoned to dispose of foxes and the bobcat ate of the meat and died there and was frozen stiff when the Hacklings

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Stephen M. Glova

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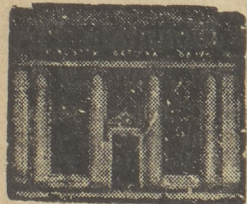
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Connecticut Saga

By Phyllis Smith

This morning a most unusual event took place. Instead of being jolted out of the arms of Morpheus between five or six, I heard an anguished wowl from PUNCHY at quarter of seven. He was furious with himself for sleeping so late and was even more annoyed with Keith (the early bird I wish would get the worm) for being sound asleep. He yelled, "Wake up Keith. We've only got fifteen minutes to play (which interpreted means fight) until breakfast. Keith sprang out of bed equally provoked that he had overslept and the battle was on.

Yesterday they had started to play covered wagon with a vengeance. This game calls for the beds to be pushed together and everything they own piled onto the beds. I had received instructions not to disturb the covered wagon but Norma spent half the morning getting the room organized, blissfully unaware that she was breaking up a trip into undiscovered territory. Since the room was picked up we had prevailed upon the boys to wait until morning to start the trek west. Otherwise the beds could never have been slept in. To get packed and underway in fifteen minutes was almost impossible but the boys went to work like locusts in a wheat field and were soon underway.

A while later I heard Keith say, "Pretend it's morning and all the cowboys are getting dressed." PUNCHY was obviously annoyed, "Cowboys . . . listen, Fathead, we're pioneers." Fathead agreed to be a pioneer at any cost. For some unexplainable reason PUNCHY had never gone all out for the Hopalong Cassidy trend. That coupled with the fact that we haven't television practically assures me he will grow up to be a very difficult and maladjusted young man. The wagon started to roll and there followed much shooting and shouting at the mules. Then the obvious thing happened. Fathead was consumed by hunger. "Let's stop for breakfast," he suggested. PUNCHY said, "Let's wait until we get out of Indian territory. Keith was amazed at the size of the Indian territory. He ventured softly, "Pretend you're married PUNCHY and your wife can fix our breakfast." "Married," PUNCHY yelled, "to a girl?" Keith said, "No, to a lady." Then a long discussion about girls, ladies and how gruesome they all were followed. Finally Keith said, "Bun's a girl." PUNCHY gave that a little thought then said, "Oh, no she isn't." "Then" oh yes she is, oh no she isn't" for a long time and then Keith announced with all the wisdom he could muster, "I know what she is. She's a Mother." He had a good point there.

Before too much longer another heated discussion was under way. Whenever Keith defeats PUNCHY on some score PUNCHY pulls off that old chestnut about things which occurred before Keith was born. Keith hates all references to events which preceded his birth. This time PUNCHY tried to convince Keith that the turkey run was constructed before his time. Keith remembers as vividly as any one in the family the great big stink about the building of the turkey run. Norm, to this day thinks it beautiful and well executed. Pretty soon Fathead, the pioneer, was in my room demanding justice. I said, "PUNCHY, unfortunately we were all alive before that thing was thrown together." "Even Daddy," said Keith in a smug manner. Even Daddy was right. Without him and thirty dollars worth of lumber plus two hundred and sixty pounds of misdirected

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THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper,
a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

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Publishers' Association

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progressive newspaper published
every Friday morning
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Lehman Avenue, Dallas
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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscribers: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tully-Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Icktown—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 their new address. Allow two week 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 this material be held for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 65c per column 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.

References 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.

Ten Years Ago In The Dallas Post
From The Issue of
February 14, 1941

"Let Us Take Council," a good natured gibe at the City Fathers, written by Fred Kiefer with lyrics by John M. Heffernan, is about ready for production. Members of Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company have been rehearsing for some time past. Mrs. Harold Rood as director. Three performances will be given February 20 and 21 at the Dallas Borough School.

Lehman and Dallas Townships will give defense courses in school shops. Seventy youths between 17 and 24 have been registered.

Two hundred and thirty dollars, realized from the winter band concert, will go toward uniforms for Dallas Borough band. Vests may possibly be made by parents, a scheme which worked well for the twirlers. P.T.A. will purchase a baritone and two bass horns.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crispell, Shavertown, have as a combined Valentine and 57th Anniversary present a great-grandchild, born February 13.

Fifteen volunteer selectees will be inducted on March 1. Announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Lois C. Mosier, Kunkle, to Allen Scatergood, Germantown.

Grace Arline Mahler, Huntsville, is engaged to Royal Lyne, Jr., Trucksville.

The wedding of Helen Holmes, Trucksville, to Earl R. Vivian, will take place shortly.

Marriage of Esther May and William C. Baer, both of Outlet, has been announced.

Melvin Mosier has recently purchased four registered Holstein-Friesians from Kis-Lyn.

Four cars of apples are being shipped from this area to the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation.

Hobart Odell Henson, at sea aboard the U.S.A. New York, follows in his father's footsteps. 23 years ago his father, the late Grady Henson, served on the same dreadnought. One of Hobart's shipmates is Andrew Kozemchak, Overbrook avenue.

Harvey's Lake

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith Jr. of Lewistown spent the weekend with George Smith Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Kistler have returned after spending two weeks in New York.

William Deets is a patient in General Hospital where he submitted to an operation on Friday.

Henry Butler Jr. has had chicken

The Book Worm



The Bookworm, after a period of hibernation, is about to become active again. That is, it will become active if sufficient pressure can be exerted upon members of the Book Club to induce them to sit down with a pencil, make notes on a book which has struck their fancy, and translate those notes into a book review which will induce other folks to read it.

The whole idea of the Bookworm is to make other people interested in books, giving reasons why a certain book is worth reading in these busy days when time for relaxation is at a premium.

Anybody can write a Bookworm. If you have read a book and have enjoyed it, you can tell somebody else about it. That is all that the Bookworm is supposed to do, pass on information about a book. Literary skill and literary tricks are not necessary. A straightforward account of what kind of book it is that has interested you, will give your readers an idea of what it contains. Some authors have more of a reading public than others, so in writing a Bookworm be sure to tell who wrote it. The book selected must be in the Library shelves or on order, so that people who may ask for it will not be disappointed.

If it is Whodunits that you are interested in, write up a Whodunit, giving just enough information to wet the appetite and being very careful not to spill the beans as to the outcome. You would be surprised at how many people read mystery stories for escape reading. Some of them have real literary style and worth. Mystery stories are old as the hills. Charles Dickens wrote one when he wrote "Our Mutual Friend". Some mystery stories verge on the tough-crime side, and these are not worth reviewing.

It is wise to steer clear of controversial topics in picking a book to review. The Back Mountain represents a complete cross-section of nationalities and religions and political beliefs. It never pays to step on anybody's toes. There are plenty of books on religion and politics in the library, with a complete range of points of view. It is wise to allow people to make their own selections on these topics.

What we need in the Bookworm is somebody who will review some of the new children's books, or children's books which are hardly perennials, their place in childhood affection won by years of circulation. Such a book is "Understood Betsy", by Dorothy Canfield, a book which was first published in St. Nicholas many years ago, but is still fresh and wholesome and up to the minute, a book which in my estimation should be in every little girl's own personal library. Mothers would do well to read this book, for Dorothy Canfield has written a book for mothers over the shoulder of the child.

We need to be reminded of some of the old time favorites. A book does not have to be a new one to be material for a Bookworm.

There are some Memory Books which need reviewing in order to acquaint the borrowing public with their worth. There are books on glass and antiques and redecorating furniture and rug making and handcraft.

If you are interested in doing over antique furniture and have derived benefit from reading a book on the subject, recommend it to somebody else, telling just how valuable it is, and how you applied the information to your own problem of refinishing or upholstering.

The variety is endless. Everybody is interested in something. If you are asked to write a Bookworm, don't feel that you have to dash to the library and swallow a book whole. Think back to the books you have recently read, ones which have made a real impression on you, and tell somebody else why you enjoyed one of them.

And finally, be one of those rare souls who do not wait to be asked before writing a review. If you have a review in mind, call Mrs. Hicks at the Dallas Post and say you will write it. It is impossible to know what everybody in the community is capable of and you may be skipped.

Pancakes and Sausage

Men of East Dallas Methodist Church will hold a pancake and sausage supper next Thursday night. "All you can eat for the price of a ticket," committee members say.

To Hold Bake Sale

Jackson Township Volunteer Fire Company Auxiliary will hold a bake sale tomorrow in Roberts store room at Hillside, next to Bulford's Store. Proceeds will be used to equip the kitchen at the Fire Hall.



Barnyard Notes



Dear Cris:

I grew up Back of this Mountain. You was born in Virginia, and come out to the Dorrance Duck Farm along the DeMunds Road to make your livin'. But both of us has got somethin' in common in our affection of these hills and fields, streams and cricks. Both of us knows every inch of this country like a book, like most of the neighbors and would do anything for a fellow being that is sick, lost a cow or hog or had his house burn down.

But nobody'd ever know it, Cris, after readin' your spoutin' off in The Post. You'd think all we was interested in was a feudin' and a hell raisin'. That ain't so.

Why, Sunday night I was out a walkin' with Buck and a lookin' at Jupiter and Venus friendly over there in the southwestern horizon, and the moon all a shining down on the snow covered hills, and the first thing I knowed I crossed smack over into Dallas Township. The snow was just as pretty, the moon just as bright and the smells just as sweet as they be in Dallas Borough.

And then I got a thinkin' about how old Doc. Henry Laing of Dallas Borough travelled over these hills and roads at any time of night in any kind of weather to minister to the sick folks wherever they lived—Dallas, Franklin, Lake, Lehman and Kingston Township; that never made no difference. And that set me a thinkin'. "What," says I, "has this guy Eipper and other folks got against Dallas Borough?"

Is it hatred—a hatred of little boys and girls and old folks and the plain decent people who live in the Borough as well as in every place out here, or is it plain cussidness? Then I remembered that passage about your not bein' "considered good material by the lousy skunks" and I figured that included Dallas Township, too; and I took another sniff of the night air and I couldn't smell no skunks—and so Bucky and I headed back for the Borough.

I can't figure it, unless it is jealousy; jealous because the houses are a little closer together in the Borough and we've got the bank, the postoffice and the railroad station; but lookin' at us one at a time, man to man, what is there to be jealous about?

You'd have a hard time pinnin' me down to takin' sides against the township or of winkin' my eye at wrongs in Dalhs Borough versus some other place. I'm fer the Back Mountain all of the time; but at a basketball game I like to yell for the home team and forget about it after the last basket.

I can git madder'n hell at what a man thinks—but not at the man. Maybe next time I see him we'll both be thinking the same and madder'n hell at what some other guy is thinking. It's principles, not personalities that counts.

"So," says I, "maybe Cris is mad because some of the younger folks in the community is thinkin' along different lines than he is; and maybe Cris has a little carry over in his thinkin' that goes back a couple of generations."

As I was sayin', I grew up in Noxen in the shadow of Schooley's Mountain—in the days when the last lumber jacks was a patronizing the local bar on pay days and a sleepin' it off for a week after on the straw in Bill Curley's livery stable. You moved out to the DeMund's road a mite later, but both of us remember the kind of schools we had then—not the worst in the world, but a long way from bein' good.

Out in Noxen, the school directors figgered it was good business and sound economy to cut the school term to six months a year. I don't know what was happenin' in Dallas Township—maybe you don't either—it was quite a ways to travel and the roads was full of chuck holes; but I don't think the township was any center of book learnin'. Leastways I never heard it was.

But I have heard older folks say that somebody with a bit more imagination than the rest encouraged establishment of an academy at Beaumont. That was before my time. And another group risked hellfire and damation and \$5,000 of their hard earned cash to set up a good school in Dallas. They was in the minority you can bet, and they caused a lot of stink among the folks that thought "what was good enough for pa is good enough for the boy".

That all happened just seventy-three years ago today. And a lot of folks out here is still makin' decisions on what happened seventy-three years ago.

On February 16, 1878, Leonard Machell, James Garrahan, Ira D. Shaver, William J. Honeywell, Theodore F. Ryman, John J. Ryman, Chester White, Joseph Atherholt, William Snyder, Joseph Shaver, Jacob Rice, James G. Laing, C. A. Spencer, A. Raub, all of Dallas and George and William Penn Kirkendall of Wilkes-Barre received a charter for the Dallas High School Association. That was sixty-one years after the formation of Dallas Township in 1817. But for 73 years since 1878 folks in Dallas Township and Dallas Borough has been a feudin' over schools. That's more than half the years since the Township was formed.

Now, don't you think it's time we quit worryin' about those old guys' problems and face our own squarely and honestly?

Don't you think it's time we begin pullin' together instead of apart? There's been a lot of changes in population, transportation and education since then.

I got no kids to send to any consolidated school, but you hain't heard me squawkin' about what it's going to cost; and there's a lot more out here like me and more a coming all the time.

Nobody's said it wouldn't be nice to have a big high school in Dallas Township; but nobody in his right mind advocates burnin' down the Borough building, or shootin' the school directors, to get it.

For more than twenty years I've heard a lot of yappin' about getting the borough and township together, both in the township and the borough, and for most of those years I know the Borough's been willin'; but the Township has always hawed off over the fence at every suggestion—and comin' up with nothing concrete to offer.

I've heard a lot of questions discussed pro and con—but there's one question I've never heard asked. What the hell is it the township wants,—short of the Borough's suicide?

Howard Risley

<p>RAY CHAPPELL will be glad to serve all of his old friends at the big MOBILE GAS STATION in the curve Harveys Lake Highway Complete lubrication service</p>	<p>Annual Meeting of Kunkle Community Association Will be held in Kunkle Community Hall February 19 - 8 PM At which time new officers will be elected. Anna C. Weaver, Secretary</p>
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