

You Know Me

By
Al Himsef

Laketon School Parent-Teachers' Association held a panel discussion last week. Teachers told parents about their jobs in the school. Having teachers in the family, we didn't think they could say anything we didn't know, but they did.

Things have changed since we went to school. As a boy of eight, we wanted to follow our father's footsteps and be a printer. When we entered High School we had no thought of going to college so we took the subjects we thought necessary to make us the best printer in the world. We never reached that stage, but we would have a better chance today. Subjects taught in the schools now stress preparing students to go out in the world and make a living without a college education.

Now, don't think we are against Academic subjects. We know that those in the higher salary brackets are college graduates, but we also know that there are many college graduates who make less than a tradesman, take teachers for instance.

The idea is that educators have at last discovered that over 60 per cent of high school pupils either do not want to get a higher education or are not capable of absorbing a college education, so the high schools tailor themselves accordingly, and try to teach only what the pupil wants to know. This is not easy, as many pupils don't make up their minds as to their future, and also certain old fashioned state laws have to be obeyed.

Now, we do not agree entirely with Professor Taylor's answer to a parent concerning a modern language not being taught in our school. He explained that the percentage of graduating students who enter college is so small that teaching a modern language is not necessary. We believe that if only one student a year wished to further his education, an instructor should be engaged to teach that pupil everything necessary so he would be eligible to enter college. Of course Principal Taylor's problem then would be to convince the majority of the taxpayers to think the way we do.

But to get back to the teachers' discussion panel. One instructor explained to us what he does with the boys in shop. How a study is made of each pupil to ascertain his future desires toward making a living. When we went to school a cylinder was an object so many inches high, such and such a diameter, now find out how many gallons of water it will hold. Now-a-days the boys really know what a cylinder is and why rings are grooved in a piston. Others told us about the teaching of math, business, home economics.

If any taxpayer in Lake Township hasn't seen that Home Economics room he is missing something, and if parents whose girls take that subject haven't inspected that room they should feel ashamed. Our school bows to none on that subject. The music in-

structor told about her job with the band. Again we don't have to take our hats off to any one. You persons around sixty remember how we had to study music in school. The teacher came once a week and fumbled in his vest for a little tuner and blew in it and out would come a sound that we knew from past experiences meant to be do, and we'd go off singing do, re, mi, until even our home room teacher had to leave the room so her laughing wouldn't be noticed. Now we have as good a band as there is in any school our size, and it is not compulsory to join the band. Can you imagine how many of us old-timers would have gone through those foolish do, re, mi if we hadn't had to.

Then the permanent nurse explained her duties. We knew from experience with our own kids that schools long ago sent pupils home that had colds or defective eyes, but there is a follow up at the homes now to prevent epidemics. We have heard some criticism outside the school of the cost of a permanent nurse, but if any one heard the explanation of her duties and how she attends to them, we are sure that criticism would subside.

What interested us mostly was the commercial teacher's remarks on the magazine she is instructing her pupils to publish. Two issues have gone to press, or we should say gone to the mimeograph machine. We have looked them both over from an angle in which we consider ourselves above the average and we resolved that we are proud that some of our money is helping a work of this kind.

The pages are typed, the stories written and edited by the students themselves and we are sure that if any of them become printers, story writers, or editors later in life they will look back with a great deal of satisfaction on the basic training they got in school through printing this magazine. It is published every six weeks, has no name as yet, but a contest is now on to name it.

Principal Taylor announced that the next panel discussion will be held soon with the faculty as the audience and the parents taking the center of the stage and doing the talking. So if any of us have any constructive criticism let's be there. We hope that every member of the Board of Education will be on hand as we'd like to ask why more of this up-to-date education can not be brought to our school.

Of course without paying any more taxes.

What's that?

Note Of Thanks

I wish to thank all my relatives and friends for the beautiful flowers, gifts and cards which I received during my recent stay in General Hospital. They were greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Gale Clark

Connecticut Saga

By Phyllis Smith

Wade arrived home the Thursday night before Christmas. He had a ride home with "Paul from Putnam" so we didn't have to meet him at the train. It was good to see him again and he tried his best to hide his disappointment at not being home in Huntsville for the holidays. However he was full of plans for spending his vacation in Kingston. We broke open a bottle of rare old wine Wade brought home from his cruise last summer and sat around the dining room fireplace talking family talk and speculating on how the small Smiths might turn out. If they turn out to be half as nice as Bob or Wade I'll be satisfied but I have my moments of doubt. Sometimes I can visualize them in uniforms and by that I don't mean the clean blue of Annapolis or the Coast Guard Academy. I was thinking in terms of black stripes and perhaps the tinkle of ball and chain if Norm moves the family to Florida.

What an age we are living in. Even Norm has a number now. If you aren't in the army you have a social security number. It's all too much for my old non-mathematical brain. When Norm got out of the army and Bob was home from Annapolis in the summer our clothes line was really a sight. You haven't seen a wash unless you've seen one with endless numbers of shirts and shorts all boldly numbered in black whipping in the summer breeze. Then along came Wade to add his number to the array and two summers ago an idle passerby would have gotten the impression that I was awarded the laundry concession from the Luzerne County Prison. Ah, memories, the very stuff that family life is made of.

Friday we decended on Mother. The family who came for dinner and stayed for the night. Norm was to arrive in Providence at six-thirty Saturday morning and none of us had the character to start out from here on Saturday morning and be at the Greyhound terminal that early. The only solution was to get as far as Providence and then meet Norm early the next morning. Mother gave us a good dinner and then suggested that we go for a drive around town and see all the Christmas lights and decorations. Mother belongs to the era which considers a car something to go for a drive in. I don't know of any one who just goes for a drive except Mother and her contemporaries. A car to us is a way of getting from one spot to another out of sheer necessity. That and nothing more.

It was a cold icy night but we went for our drive and after touring down town Providence we decided to call on my brother and see his new little son. Mother thought it would be nice for our boys to see their little cousins and tree. We saw the cousins but the tree wasn't there. Ken was to bring it home that night. About an hour later Ken arrived treeless smelling more like Four Roses than a hemlock bough. He just forgot the tree he declared. His wife thought they were the only ones who didn't have a tree. Ken said not to get morbid about it, he'd get one tomorrow. I asked, Ken, who is a prolific reader, if he hadn't been reading all the warnings about the foolishness of office parties and he said, "Listen to the girl. So I drive a trailer truck and she thinks I go to office parties. What do you think I am a white collar worker? When Truman gets through with me in March I won't even have a shirt." I figured he had exhausted about (Continued on Page Three)

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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 6c 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; Shavers' Store; Idetown—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 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.

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

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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.

From the Issue Of

February 28, 1941

Ten Years Ago In The Dallas Post

Returns from a poll of 900 Luzerne County Farmers show that a cannery would be well received in this area and enthusiastically supported.

Receipts from "Let Us Take Council," the original play written by Fred Kiefer and presented by members of the Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company amounted to \$514.

National Defense shop classes held at Lehman and Dallas Township schools are overcrowded. Another class in woodworking at Dallas Township has been requested.

Eddie Wallo, Huntsville boxer, returned from the British Boxing Gloves Tournament in Binghamton with \$20 in cash, a wreath of faded roses, a pair of boxing gloves, and a new punching bag.

Young People's Bible Class, Shavertown Lutheran Church, has lost the last of its six boys to the armed services. Robert Dierolf left to join the 109th last week, following his brother William. Walter Thompson, Harold Thompson, Bryant Rinus, and Charles Girtan.

A convoy of twelve trucks and artillery pieces passed through Dallas early Wednesday morning under leadership of Captain Larry Lee, Battery B, en route from Tunkhannock to the Kingston Armory.

Gerald Frantz, Huntsville, was appointed this week to the Board of Control of Fairlawn Stores.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Wilson gave them a house warming at their new home in East Dallas Saturday night.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Holmes was married in a church ceremony to Earl R. Vivian, February 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Cummings, route 115, lost their home by fire on Lincoln's birthday.

Dana Lee, aged 12, son of Captain Lawrence Lee, Battery B, set up a display featuring toy soldiers and equipment in Add Woolbert's window. Over it he placed a sign: "My daddy's in the army now — so I'm decorating the window. How do you like my first one?"

Joe Anthony's cobbler shop on Main Street was redecorated during his recent illness by Albert Anthony, Ben Rood, and Caddy Besteder, who worked like beavers to prepare a surprise for their friend.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Neely, Dallas Township, celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary on Washington's birthday.

Read The Classified Column

SAFETY VALVE

SOMEWHERE IN KOREA

Dear Howard:

I have a few minutes so I thought I would drop you a line.

It's nice and warm here today, but at night it really gets cold, colder than I've ever seen it at home. My canteen freezes so I have to wait until during the day to drink water.

I've never seen such a country, all mountains and rice patties on the low lands and they're frozen. You can almost ice skate on them. I can't see why any country would fight and want this place. The houses are made of straw and mud and I think I could throw a stone through the walls. I really feel sorry for the children here. When the troops are fighting in the towns, the people leave with everything they can carry, but they leave the kids behind and we feed what we can. Some are running around without clothes. It's really a mess.

I don't know when this will end. It's worse than World War II. There must be a million Chinese fighting here. When they attack they are like flies. The more you kill, the more they come. I think they must be doped because when the planes strafe and bomb, they go right through it. They climb over the bodies sometimes piled two and three feet high.

I didn't mind fighting the last war, but this really gets me. The only way you can get off the front here is get hit hard, but they won't get me if I can help it. Well it's starting to get cold, so I will close.

Joe Wallo
3rd Infantry Division
APO 468
Postmaster, San Francisco

READS IT ALL

To The Post:

I just enjoy each copy of the Post. It's like a letter from home. I read every word of it, even the ads. Sorry to say many of my old friends are dropping away. Enclosed is my renewal.

Sincerely
Mrs. Nina Davies
30 Hickory Ave.,
Takoma Park, 12, Md.

FROM TURKEY

Dear Myra and Howard:

This is our fourth year in the land of the Moslems. I sometimes wonder if we will ever get home.

Life has been most interesting and I wouldn't have missed it. Generalizing, I would say, every American has been used to so much and is so snug, they should have to spend some time in a foreign country to learn, that, whatever our faults, there is no other nation comparable.

Turkey needs help! For a republic only thirty years old, it's growth is remarkable. How a man like Ataturk ever emerged to revolutionize it is baffling. Practically overnight, he said, "no more fezz, the language will be changed, started communication systems, in fact, started everything and personally supervised, then, died much too soon, with no one capable of carrying on. Turkey has most everything, but lack of transportation and refrigeration, etc., makes products available only in localities grown. There are experts here, from the states in almost every field, so are progressing, however most men in a short time feel very much frustrated; time to a Turk is meaningless.

The older generation like their country as it is, the younger men who have been sent by the government to our universities return, are pigeonholed at inadequate salaries and for the most part hope for the day when they can return to the better way they knew in the states. A pity, because they are needed here.

One becomes used to the maimed, crippled and beggars as well as the pitiable peasant life. I roam about eski (old) Ankara. It is a walled city on a mountain overlooking modern Ankara. The wall is most interesting being built of columns, statuary and blocks from Greek and Roman buildings in existence in Ankara at a time of eminent attack. Life goes on there as it did before Christ. Like people in Dallas who have never been in a mine I find Turkish people who have never gone there and who say about things I buy, "where did you get it and what is it?" There are Kurds and Gypsies, Nomadic tribes in colorful dress — shops of all kinds of the most primitive type. Furniture is made with the earliest principles of the lathe. Hand-made copper utensils of all kinds — later tinned for household use — saddle shops, most anything.

Actually the place is a squalid little town, teeming with donkeys and people in native dress. The streets are narrow alley ways of cobbles. The houses are broken down affairs, some with upper stories projecting at an angle over the streets. There is an old Khan restored as a museum with Hitite and Bysantine statuary. In each archway of the front there is a huge jar which always reminds me of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." I can understand now how

(Continued on Page Five)



Barnyard Notes



INDIAN VERSION OF PSALM 23

1. The Great Father above, a Shepherd Chief is the same as, and I am His, and with Him I want not.
2. He throws out to me a rope. The name of the rope is love. He draws me and draws me and draws me to where the grass is green and the waters not dangerous, and I eat and drink and lie down satisfied.
3. Some days this soul of mine is very weak and falls down, but He raises it up again and draws me into trails that are good. His name is Wonderful.
4. Sometime, it may be in a little time, it may be longer, and may be a long, long, long time, I do not know, He will draw me into a place between mountains. It is dark there, but I be afraid not, for it is in there, between those mountains, that the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart all through this life will be satisfied. Sometimes this rope that is Love He makes into a whip, and He whips me and whips me and whips me, but afterwards He gives me a staff to lean on.
5. He spreads a table before me and puts on it different kinds of food; Buffalo meat, Chinamen's food, white man's food, and we all sit down and eat that which satisfies us. He puts His hands on my head and all the tired is gone. He fills my cup till it runs over.
6. Now, what I have been telling you is true. I talk two ways not. These roads that are "away ahead" good will stay with me through this life, and afterward I will move to the Big Tepee and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

Arranged by—Isabel Crawford.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS BRINGS \$100,000

Charles Babonet came to the U. S. A. from Austria, several decades ago. He remained a bachelor, lived frugally, and amassed a fortune.

When he died on August 7, 1950, \$300,000 in cash and bonds was found in his little shack on the east side of Los Angeles.

Public Administrator Ben H. Brown said the estate might run to \$500,000. Brown believes other income from oil has not yet been located. Babonet was believed to have invested his savings in California oil lands.

A will, handwritten on a piece of wrapping paper, was filed by L. M. Giannini, president of the Bank of America, to dispose of Babonet's estate. He mailed the will to Giannini, head of the world's largest bank. \$100,000 was willed to a family who had shown him a happy day at the beach and who had never seen him since.

The story of his day at the beach was laboriously written: "I hereby give, devise and bequeath to a young party so kind years ago to pick me up on the highway going to the beach for the day in their car; they had their little daughter they called Babe and her little friend all singing and so happy.

"This little friend she called Sue . . . If I live to be a thousand, I will never forget that day and their happiness and kindness."

He learned the names of his friends by sneaking a look at the registration slip on their car. Mrs. Tyson was willed \$60,000, Tyson and their daughter \$20,000 each. Sue was given \$10,000.

Believers may never be remembered in the wills of those whom they befriended, but it nevertheless pays to be happy and kind toward all, for the Lord Jesus said: "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." (Mark 9:41)

Field and Stream



Deer Are Travelers

Checking with Pennsylvania authorities, George Werden, California State Game Warden, recently wrote: "Am enclosing an affidavit made by Earl Nissley, of Pasadena, California. According to his affidavit, he killed a doe deer on November 28, 1950, in Cumberland County, Pa., on a non-resident license. It was transported into California on December 29."

The Pennsylvania Game Commission has announced that this spring will see the largest liberation of pheasants ever in the history of the Commonwealth when, under a new program, over 107,000 of these birds will be released in favorable habitat.

In recent years, Pennsylvania's pheasant program has been vastly improved. The day-old chick program, carried on by sportsmen's organizations, Farm-Game cooperators and individual farmers has played a definite part. So has that of the sportsmen who raised chicks and held the hens over winter, following which one cock bird was supplied for liberation with every ten hens held until spring.

But a new feature that has increased the pheasant population has been considerably stepped-up. Under this program, pheasant hens are not released in fall as they formerly were. They are cared for during winter in large, state constructed pens. This plan almost entirely overcomes winter loss due to predators, autos and other causes and results in a spring release of lady birds that are in excellent condition to produce flocks in the wild.

release of lady birds that are in excellent condition to produce flocks in the wild.

All surplus male pheasants are released in fall, preceding and during the open season. In the early spring, prior to the mating season, cocks are liberated in all pheasant territories in sufficient numbers to insure maximum natural propagation.

Bucks Lost Antlers Early

Numerous hunters reported that antlers pulled off bucks when they tried to move their kills in the 1950 deer season. Remarkable on the prevalence of this occurrence, David Titus, game protector at Warren, says:

"During the final two days of the last buck season I did not check a single deer that carried a normal set of antlers. Some bucks had one antler when killed. Hunters tied antlers to heads or carried them in their hunting coats to prove the legality of their kill. Some deer lost their racks when they fell. In other cases, antlers were pulled from the head when the hunter tried to drag his deer."

Raymond Shaver, Titusville, Farm-Game Area Leader, reports: "There seemed to be an unusually large number of cases of premature loss of antlers in this vicinity, among both large and small buck deer. I observed two bucks with one antler missing and checked four kills with one antler gone. Strangely, five of these six bucks lacked the right antler."

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George Washington, In a Letter to His Wife, June 18, 1775

"As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of setting his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to Philadelphia, got Colonel Penleton to draft a will for me, by the direction I gave him."

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