You Know Me

Al, Himsef

Isn't it grand getting up these is a vegetable compound that is usual things didn't work out the nice "spring" mornings with no the same as used by the manufacturer if oleo were to come to our after having breakfast at Mothers putting on chains, and taking them table colored. In fact, we will I thought we would leave for Conoff after you reach Dallas. There even go further to state that the necticut. We didn't have our tree is a place around poles 62 to 69 coloring placed in margarine by or any decorating done and the where oars are needed to get manufacturers in other states is boys had a Sunday School program through, but if you know about it the same kind of vegetable com- to appear in that evening so I was you can slow down so that the pound that is used by the dairies spray won't deaden the engine. in coloring butter. We haven't Maybe that place will be fixed be- noticed that any one's health has he agreed except for the immediate fore the summer residents come to been impaired by butter coloring. departure for home. the lake. It is so easy getting in What we would like to know is had not arrived with him and he to work now that it gives us a just why the butter churners must

so we looked over the newspapers. ing their product and then try to The first thing that struck our stop others from using the same eye was the controversy over col- thing in butter substitutes. ored oleomargarine.

violation of pure food laws.""

J. K. Mahood, secretary of the ored butter. Grange, said "The group's opposigeneral public from fraud and de- and by the same token you can't gage and not losing it anywhere ception.

of Agriculture said, "we are not turer. opposed to the sale of colored marter, and deceives the public."

World War I when no one could 69. buy any butter. We never de-We liked the price so well must be a bachelor. that we have used it ever since. thing but oleo. We have been butter. tion from our income tax.

We believe the home coloring

chance to think of other things, have an exclusive right in color-

The papers state that "Officials some guests in our house that was there but no barracks bags of the State Agricultural Depart- would rather eat dry toast than belonging to our hero. We were ment and the Pennsylvania State spread it with oleo, and that is assured that the bags would be Grange told the Legislature that their privilege, but we believe that on the next bus which was due repeal of the colored oleomargar- we have the same right to use to arrive two hours later. I sugine ban would open the door to manufactured colored margarine as gested calling on some relatives the butter users have to use col- so we did, then met the next bus.

tion to repeal is based 'on a desire ter in any store in Pennsylvania something about going through to help protect the consumer and without it being artificially colored, World War II with far more bag-W. S. Hagar, Deputy Secretary ficially colored by the manufac-

Placing a ban on colored oleo garine as long as it is not colored in this state is as silly, in our tience and relatives at about the "Yellow coloring sets up opinion, as the state's attitude in same time. By then Norm's ulcers margarine as a substitute for but- waiting for some one to be killed were really all stirred up. He before it fixes the holes in the Our family has used oleo since lake road between poles 62 and

As for Mr. Hagar's suggestion ceived ourselves that it was any- that oleo be colored other than dinner. thing else but a substitute for but- yellow; our conclusion is that he

We'd like to ask Mr. Mahood, We never tried to deceive our how much less "Fraud and decepdinner guests that it was any tion" is used in artificially colored

eating it, colored at home, for Those two gentlemen should forthirty-one years and our health get politics and self interest and is so good that we don't pay a have a quiet talk with the people doctor enough to allow a deduc- who are responsible for the food on their tables.

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I had our day all planned but as anxious to get on home. I told Norm my plans for the day and was to meet the next New York bus on which his bags should be. We were just innocent enough to think they would be too so we said goodby to Mother and drove We will admit that we have had | down to the bus station. The bus No bags. The strain was beginning You can't buy a pound of but- to tell on the Colonel. He muttered buy a pound of oleo that is arti- along the line. Until three that afternoon we called on friends, relatives, and met every New York bus, and we ran out of both pawasn't worried about his personal belongings but he had wrapped a turkey in a white shirt and was bringing it home for our Christmas

I decided we couldn't wait around any longer so Norm arranged for his bags to be put on the Putnam bus, when and if they ever reached Providence. By that time he had every one in the bus terminal worrying about his gear and one poor man asked him not to make such a stink about it and Norm replied, "If you think I'm making a stink, just wait a couple of days and you'll see what a stink is really like."

The kids were fussy on the way home so Norma, a child psychologist if I ever knew one, suggested a new version of the old word game. The one who was "It" gave the initial or initials of something pertaining to our family in connection with Christmas, or just pertaining to Christmas. For example C. D. Any fool knows that means Christmas Decorations. I made the mistake of guessing something correctly so I was it. I thought of a lulu. It was P. P. (Punchy's presents) and it had everybody stopped. Norm had been quiet. In fact Wade was driving and Norm was enjoying a little turkeyless snooze in the back seat. The kids wanted him to play the game with us. We gave him the initials. "Purple pickles," was his quick response and Wade said, "You can see Dad has food on his mind."

All the Christmas tree stands vanished into thin air so we arrived home treeless. I kept waitstorm sash but he didn't mention it until we were driving up the driveway. He glanced out the window and made a startling observation. "There's nothing objectionable about that storm sash, Bun. In fact you can't even no-Punchy asked, "What storm sash"? and with that Norm took another look and said, "Goodnight isn't that on yet?" and I had to admit it wasn't. Then the third degree questioning started. What did the man have to say? Why wasn't the storm sash on? Why didn't I call the man and say cancel the order, we'd get (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. Subscrip-tion 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; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store.

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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 63c per column inch. per column inch.

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Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 60c per column

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rumnage 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.

From the Issue Of March 7, 1941

Dallas Mothers will make vests for the band, saving an even \$100 we had seen the day before had on uniforms. Mrs. F. J. Ferry is chairman of production.

ing for Norm to ask about the B, 109th Field Artillery, has a while he recovers from distemper. Battery.

time. While volunteers flooded the full. The platoon leaders would revolunteers have dropped off and or planes or ammo. I would remore men are awaiting their regular numbers to be called.

Sixth District Leaders are revolting against what they consider unfair distribution of patronage. Under leadership of Peter D. Clarke,

Acme opens its enlarged market on Main Street, after extensive remodelling which has kept the market closed for the past week.

Every regular army reservist will be called for duty. Men who have not received notification will report to the nearest recruiting or army post, unless they have been de-

pounds 45 cents.

place tomorrow.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Martha Jane Wagner to John F. Wise, Lancaster, January 11.

been announced, with the wedding to take place in the spring.

Poultry dealers of Dallas area welcome the spring Egg Festival and hope that domestic consumption will serve to reduce the annual surplus.

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SAFETY VALVE

Stationed In Illinois

February 12, 1951

Dear Mr. Risley, How are you and the rest of the staff at the Post? I am writing

this to ask you to send me the Post so I can keep up with hometown news. I guess you know by now that Herb and I have been separated. On January 24th, my birthday, he

left for Omaha, Nebraska. We knew

when we left that we wouldn't be

together too long. I left Lackland last Thursday morning at 8 and arrived here at Scott Field Friday night. It has been raining for the last three days. As yet we have done nothing since we came except lav around the barracks and go to chow three times a day. After 5 PM our time is our own. We can go to the PX, movies, club, or the cafeteria. We won't get a Class A pass until we get into school which won't be for about six weeks yet. We are

only about 25 miles from St. Louis I have seen a lot of country since I have been in the Air Force So far I have been through eight states: New York, Ohio, Indiana Illinois, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas.

We have to fall out for chow. Tell Mr. Rood and the others at the Post that I said hello.

My address is: Pvt. Kenneth D. Ide, AF 13389277 3333d Student Squadron Scott Air Force Base, Illinois.

FROM KOREA

February 22, 1951 Hill 203 Looking at The Han River 3rd Infantry Division

Well, here I am. I have a little time so I decided to drop you a line and give you the situation as to what I see here. The last few weeks we've been on the move attacking. We've been moving through mountains where the snow was over our knees, really tough going. Well, we had so much territory to take every day. We hit very little opposition until we moved to our last objective, then we caught hell.

We usually have the air corps with us. They spot the chinks and they really work them over with machine guns and naplam bombs. The bomb covers a few hundred yards. It's like burning gas. It cleans the whole area Then we move in to finish the job. After we take the mountain we set up a perimeter or else positions Ten Years Ago In The Dallas Post on top of the hill. It's my job to see that wires are strung to each platoon and outposts for communication to the Company Comman

I dig my foxhole next to the Company Commander. I handle a radio and two telephones during Gross Adolph, mascot for Battery from 2 A.M. until daylight, the leave of absence from the army this hill we had orders to hold at all cost. The Chinese attacked. He was the first casualty in the They claim there were 800. We held them off that night. We had Draft Board No. 1 will call men some casualties, but they really in the draft oftener and more at a took a beating. I had my hands services during the first months, port where they needed artillery peat it to the Company Commander; he would report it to bat talion headquarters on the two phones so we were really going for about four hours straight. The bullets were flying over the hole they may sponsor an independent so we couldn't get out, but we organization. so we couldn't get out, but we pushed them back. It's funny because before daylight they would sneak back to try and take their wounded and dead with them They blow whistles and bugles when they attack. It gets your

We had some casualties while we were there but every night we piled up their dead. Our machine guns stopped them. Now we're off that hill. We're on another Best fine granulated sugar, ten one looking at the river. We've been on patrol across the river on The wedding of Marjorie Ide to tanks but there was too much on Gleason William Goss will take the other side. We caught hell again, so we pulled back. I operated a radio on that patrol. I've been on some tough patrols but that river is really bad.

Well, Howard, I guess it's time to close now. I only hope we The engagement of Jeanne Hayden to Gerald M. Snyder has Parallel. We have no business there and we will lose a lot of men. Let's leave the South Koreans finish this. We're feeding them and fighting for them. We're doing the work and losing men while they eat rice and smoke pipes. They want us to drive the Chinese back to Manchuria but they want us to do all their work

I can't wait until this ends. I've been lucky so far, but how long can it last? Here is how cold it is here at night. This is what I wear, summer underwear, winter underwear, woolen shirt, sweater wool pants, combat pants, three pairs of socks, shoe packs, fur jacket, parka and hood, fur hat, two pairs of gloves, pistol and car-

Civilians bring up extra ammo and winter sleeping bags to us before dark and also our rations You can see we wear enough When we move we are too hot (Continued on Page Five)



Barnyard Notes



Richmond, Virginia

Dear Howard: When I read your Barnyard Notes in last week's issue of The Post Monday evening at my dead-fall (apartment) in New York, I was enthusiastic. You advocate Dads take their kids on an historic holiday, specifying our old playground, Gettsburg, among others.

May I suggest that you and Myra on your next jaunt consider the Richmond, Virginia, area along that line. This is the first time I have been in Richmond and failed, at least, to walk through the Confederate Museum in wide-eyed wonder, gazing reverently at the huge sword once carried by Jeb Stuart's equally huge lieutenant, Von Borcke; Jeb's plumed hat and once brilliant yellow sash-now grown dim in shade. Or, to Battle Abby to see the fascinating murals depicting all the Confederate officers in battle scenes. And it is not far to Seven Pines and the other battle grounds. handled so bravely by the Northern troops and so poorly by "Little Mac," or Yellow Tavern, where the dashing intrepid Stuart fell. I've been over all the ground and the urge was strong today, upon arriving here, to peek in the museum. But the angry cry by the animal Advertising, always in the rutting stage, veered me back on the trail and this was the spoor that I followed Fred M. Kiefer

Business is an ugly wench, Fred, and she leads us far from the trails we'd like to follow. Last week she led me into the slough of despond and I never did get on with the rest of that columnstuck somewhere in the red clay of Virginia-north of Culpeper Court House. But this is a continuation of my suggestion for a five-day trip by car at a cost of not more than \$100 for a father and his boy or boys.

This trip starts at Wyoming Monument and covers the Revolutionary and Civil War battlefields and historic shrines-including Richmond—in parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia,

I suggested it for the long Easter weekend. If the kids miss a couple of days of school, no matter and as for the old man, he doesn't count anyway. It's a trip that will make any kid's spine tingle and any dad's heart glad.

This is the season to visit Virginia for spring bursts early there streaking the battlesunken roads with wild honeysuckle. The cardinals, mocking birds and scarlet tanagers flash among the hedgerows. Every square inch of Virginia seems to have something historic. The very roads you travel were once surveyed by Washington, ridden by Jefferson or tramped by Revolutionary or Civil War Armies.

Leaving the Lord Culpeper, a cheerful small hotel with real southern hospitality, early in the morning while the mists hang heavy over the meadows, we'll take the highroad to history for the second day.

We could have spent longer in Culpeper County, named for Thomas Lord Culpeper, Royal Governor of the Colony of Virginia from 1680 to 1683, for during the War between the States important military engagements took place at Cedar Mountain and Brandy Station. A. P. Hill, Confederate general killed at Petersburg, was born there and Betty Washington, sister of George, and wife of Fielding Lewis is buried nearby.

But we're off for Charlottesville. Take a nickel out of your pocket. Miniatured on it is Monticello, home of Jefferson-that's our pole star for today.

As the road skirts the Blue Ridge mountains on our right we know that over their lofty craigs lies the Shenandoah River and the valley made famous by Stonewall Jackson's early campaigns. Before nine o'clock we're in Charlottesville, seat of Albermarle

County, which has produced some of America's greatest men-and horses. This is the Piedmont country. In 1781 the British Colonel Tarleton, raided Charlottesville in an attempt to capture Thomas Jefferson, then governor of Virginia and the Legislature which had taken refuge there after being forced to leave Richmond. Capt. Jouett was in a tavern at Cuckoo, thirtynine miles east when Tarleton's Cavalry passed. Suspecting the purpose of the raid he rode all the way to Charlottesville to give the warning arriving a short time before Tarleton. Jefferson and

most of the Legislature escaped. The first view of Charlottesville, huddled in the valley east of the Blue Ridge, are the playing fields of the University of Virginia, founded by Jefferson in 1817. Three presidents, Jefferson, Monroe and Madison were present at the laying of the cornerstone. Later in the West Range, cell-like dormitories, Edgar Allen Poe and Woodrow Wilson lived as students. The buildings were designed by Jefferson; some of the newer by Stanford White. Fraternity houses line beautifully shaded streets.

Driving toward the center of town we pass the famous Lewis and Clark Memorial to Meriweather Lewis and William Clark, explorers of the northwest, both born near Charlottesville. William was the younger brother of George Rogers Clark, defender of Kentucky and conqueror of the northwest. Did we say Albermarle county was famous for its men?

We pass through the town and up a three-mile corkscrew road chisled out of a mountainside, also probably designed by Jefferson, so legend goes, to keep visiting relatives away from Monticello. On the way we pass Michie Tavern built in 1735 on land once owned by Patrick Henry's father.

Soon we reach the gate house at the incline to Monticello. We inquire of a colored woman who tells us to take the left hand road. We pass a small well-kept hillside cemetery on our right guarded by an iron fence and pause to read the tombstones-Randolph Jefferson and others famed in Virginia history. It is a beautiful quiet spot high above Charlottesville. Alone with the boys it is a place to become a better American. The cardinals call from the surrounding trees and the mists rise above the distant Blue Ridge northwest of Charlottesville.

We continue up the winding country road, no car has passed us. Then out onto a plateau and one of the most beautiful vistas in all America-Monticello, more beautiful than we had ever imagined it.

Here Jefferson lived from 1770 until his death in 1826. Here he began the home in 1770 and moved into the completed portion when his father's home "Shadwell" burned that year. Two years later at 23, he brought his bride Martha Skelton to Monticello. Tell the kids, here lived a young American who not only wrote the Declaration of Independence, but was a musician, architect and more modern for his times than college kids of today.

Walk through the doorway. The cannonball clock above it was a product of Jefferson's inventive mind. It not only points the time but marks the days of the week by the decent of the weights.

Jefferson streamlined a parallel ladder to wind it. He hated stairways so there is only one a little backstair case in Monticello, but beside the chimney in the dining room a dumb waiter brought wine bottles directly from the cellar, and he invented an elevator bed which could be raised during the day time and

tucked away in a trap door closet. Visit the stables below the house. Look down the underground silo. Walk across the lawns, observe the gold fish pond. You are

on holy ground. We regret to leave Monticello, but still today we have time to visit Ashlawn, two miles away, the home of James Monroe fifth President of the United States and author of the Monroe Doctrine, friend and neighbor of Jefferson.

The box hedges planted by Monroe are the most beautiful in America. It is a lovely old home completely furnished. The iron ducks that guard the fireplace at the Dallas Post are mementos from the gate at Ashlawn.

Surrounded by so much beauty—the heritage of the American people—we pause to reflect. We are two days away from Dallas and living in another world—a world where men sought opportunity and independence rather than security. We've lived for a moment with the founders of America. We look at the sun it has just passed its zenith. Tonight we'll stop in Richmond on the highroad