

You Know Me

By Al, Himself

We have the nicest report to make this week that we have every given to our readers. This may not be news to most Lake Township citizens, but from letters we have received in the past, we learned that we have a few followers out-of-town who used to live here and they like to know what is going on.

It was announced by Principal George Taylor at the meeting of the executive board of Luzerne County Teachers' Association at Hoelt Redington last Monday night that the school board of Lake Township had given the teachers a \$200.00 a year cost of living increase. This increase was given voluntarily by the board after a teacher representing the faculty appeared at a meeting and proved that the salaries of teachers set by the state laws was not sufficient to keep the average American family these days in the common necessities of life. We wish his same argument could be placed before the state legislature.

Of course, we know that teachers' salaries were raised by the state two years ago. The minimum salary was fixed then for an instructor, holding a college certificate, at \$2,200 a year with a \$200.00 raise each year for eight years. A teacher holding a Master's Degree getting \$200.00 additional, but the State had no way of knowing when it passed this law that the cost of living was going to rise to such heights that a teacher who is head of a family could not live within that amount without going into debt.

The average salary at our school prior to this raise was \$2709 a

year. Now it is \$2909, or a little less than \$56.00 a week. Take out of that around four bucks for retirement and income tax and it leaves a net of \$52. Try living on that with a wife and a couple of kids to support. The average salary for teachers throughout the State is \$3177.00.

Of course that may be a lot of money to some who haven't been fortunate enough to have a college education, but to the average union man \$52 is less than three days' pay.

The trouble with teachers compelling us to pay more of a living wage, as we see it, is: 1. They are not organized. 2. There are so many of them that are not heading a family so do not have to make a living wage. 3. They are so wrapped up in their business of helping us raise our children, and doing such a good job of it, that they haven't the time to lobby for their rights.

We are happy that at least one school board in this state has seen its way clear to note the helplessness of the teacher and partly rectify a wrong that has existed for years. Now, if the school bus drivers and other help will receive an increase we will be happier.

Of course, we may be accused of being prejudiced as we have two school teachers in our family, but we have no preachers and we feel the same way about them. We never could understand why a man should become so enthused saving our souls that he would allow us to forget that he has to eat, buy coal, pay rent, and have the same hundred other uses for money that we have, but with so

Connecticut Saga

By Phyllis Smith

That fearful and wonderful day known as the day before Christmas arrived in due time and by nine o'clock the Battle of The Baggage or the cold war between Smith versus Greyhound was in full swing. The turkey was by then worth its weight and then some in phone calls but Sherlock Smith was determined to have his turkey for Christmas dinner or else. Our phone did ring once and one small Smith was almost trampled to death by Norm as he rushed to the ringing phone only to find out it was the wrong number.

Norma and I were busy in the kitchen and Wade kept the boys amused and it was lunch time before we realized it. After lunch Norm told us to go ahead and make the filling and all of us had the presence of mind to question the orders. If he wanted to pretend he was going to have a turkey dinner the next day we decided to let him. I asked Norm for something I knew was out in the barn so we got him out of the house for a little while.

Punchy was in a tizzy to decide which church program to go to that night. Since we moved here he has been going to two churches each Sunday and when we think back on how he used to fuss about going to one we wonder whatever

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much less an income.

Paying the teacher a living wage is a matter to be taken up with the tax collector. Paying a preacher a living wage is a matter to be taken up with our Maker and He is so much easier forgotten than the former.

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, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tallyho Grill, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shavers' Store; Idavon—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 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 is 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 65c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch. Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 60c 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.

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.

Ten Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From the Issue of March 14, 1941

Dallas RD 4 will be abolished and the route absorbed by carriers of routes 1 and 2, Fred Youngblood and William Cororan, with an increase of twelve miles for each. Addison Woolbert, carrier of route 4, will take on the Alderson route, now being handled by Harry Allen, Jr.

Borough Council will discuss payment of damages to landowners along the new highway at its next meeting.

Canning acreage in Luzerne County will be greatly expanded this year. James Hutchison suggests that many apples which annually go to waste, could easily be canned as apple sauce, apple butter, and sliced apples for pies.

Fifty-two charter members formed a new Townsend Club in Shavertown Tuesday night.

Smoked picnic hams, 15 cents per lb; ground black pepper, 5 cents per quarter lb; pure lard, 6 cents per lb; potatoes, 19 cents per peck.

Announcement has been made of approaching marriage of Gertrude Bolling, Tampa, to Leroy Loomis, Alderson.

Only five chrome skillets left for paid-up subscribers who bring in a new subscription.

Seven girls in Dallas District have won the Girl Scout Golden Eaglet award. They are Alice Davies, Ruth Kintz, Frances Pierce, Margaret Gerlach, Jane Case, Claudia Cooke, and Minnie Crispell Sidorek.

Silver Leaf Plans Easter Dinner

Silver Leaf Club, Kunkle, will serve an Easter ham and covered dish dinner next Tuesday at 7 in the Community Hall, in lieu of its regular March meeting. Mrs. Anne Weaver is in charge of refreshments. Mrs. Florence Hoyt, Grace Ide and Mrs. Agnes Elston of entertainment.

ORDER CORSAGES EARLY
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The Book Worm



OUT OF THIS WORLD Across the Himalayas to Forbidden TIBET

by Lowell Thomas, Jr.
Dan Waters

As you pick up this rather thin travel book you will notice the shadowy lines showing pictures at the edges of the pages. And pictures there are, over one hundred of them, about a third of them in color. If you like pictures of far away places with strange sounding names and of the people who live there, you will not be disappointed in this book.

Tibet lies about half-way around the world from Texas, roughly in same latitude, and is about twice as big. It is the highest big plateau in the world buttressed by the mighty Himalayas on the south and the Kunlun Mountains on the north. It is high and dry but not arid, a land of high mountains, deep gorges, swift rivers and many lakes. The Hwang, Yantze, Mekong, Salwin, Irawaddy, Brahmaputra, and Indus all rise in Tibet. The passes crossed by the author and his father, The Lowell Thomas of books, newsreels, and radio, were all from 15,000 to 16,000 ft. above sea level with overlooking mountains 24,000 ft. high.

The column is too short for details of their journey over the Himalayas from India and across the valley of the Tsangpo (Brahmaputra) by pack train to Lhasa and can mention only briefly some of their impressions of the people.

While some tribes are very large, most Tibetans are short and sturdy. For hundreds of years foreigners have been excluded and time has stood still with relation to activities elsewhere in the world. There are no railroads, highways, or even roads, no wheeled vehicles being permitted. The walled cities are dirty with the accumulated refuse of centuries and heavily infested by rats. Here is what the author says about his first experience in a native two-story stone house.

"As in most homes in Tibet that are not Yak-hair tents, the ground floor was reserved for caravan animals, plus the owner's Yaks, cows, goats and chickens. The usual vicious, snarling mastiff that guards a Tibetan household lunged at us from the end of a yak rope in the courtyard. To reach the living quarters we mounted a rickety ladder which landed us in an upper patio, with dirt floored rooms on all sides. One was a smoke-filled kitchen with a hole in the roof for a chimney; another, a dark, cell-like compartment with Tibetan Buddhist images surrounded by metal dishes, holding the yak-butter lamps that are lighted during devotions. The living quarters were devoid of furniture, except for two low divans and a low red-lacquered table in each cubicle. The plumbing? It was of the outdoor variety—a slit in the floor over the manure pile downstairs."

The favorite ceremonial and other drink is yak-butter tea made with boiling water, tea, soda, and yak butter, mixed in the consistency of thick gravy. Ancient eggs

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Barnyard Notes



Trucksville, Pa. Saturday

INDIAN LEGENDS

Editor, The Barnyard
Dear Sir:

I noticed that you printed the Indian version of the 23rd Psalm in last week's Post. I have a feeling that Mrs. Herbert Williams sent this to you, — she read it at the Trucksville Church Sunday night service sponsored by the W. S. C. S. at which Mrs. William Parsons of Kingston showed slides of the Laguna Indians in New Mexico.

At the regular W. S. C. S. meeting the previous Thursday, several squaws sat around a wigwam and campfire in blankets and told Indian legends — which I dug up out of a number of books. In each case I shortened the story, I didn't bother to keep bibliographical references because I didn't see any point to it. I didn't confine my efforts to the legends of any particular tribe. For example, there are nearly as many versions of the creation story as there are tribes.

Perhaps you might like to use these, or some of them, anyhow. To me, they are very beautiful.

Loretta Oliver

Why Spring Comes Every Year

Star Boy was the offspring of a mortal maiden and a star. Often he fought for mankind against the fearsome North Wind. After a desperate battle between the two in which first one would win then the other, they declared a truce. While resting Star Boy continued to fan himself with his great fan of eagle feathers and the snow melted so fast that North Wind was forced to arrange a treaty of peace by which he was in control only half of the year. This brought about the orderly arrangement of the seasons. Over and over again, Star Boy with his fan of eagle feathers, sets in force the warm winds that usher in the spring. — from the Sioux

How God Made Different Men

Having resolved to create mankind, the Great Spirit made first a man whose skin was black; which, on contemplation, did not please him. His second effort was more successful; this creation proved to be a red man. But although gratified at the improvement in the color of the second man, the Spirit felt constrained to make another trial. This time, the man he created was white; this was satisfactory.

Calling the three men before him, he exhibited to them three boxes. The first box contained books and papers; the second was filled with bows and arrows and tomahawks; the third held spades, axes, hoes and hammers. The Great Spirit then addressed them in these words:

"These, my sons, are the means by which you are to live; choose among them". The white man, the youngest brother, being the favorite, was allowed the first choice. He passed by the working-tools — the axes, hoes and hammers — without notice; but when he came to the weapons of war and hunting, he hesitated, examining them closely. The red man trembled; he desired the hunting weapons and he was afraid he might lose them. But the white man passed them by, and chose the box of books. The red man's turn came next; he seized upon the bows and arrows and tomahawks, and his soul was glad within him. Then the black man, the Spirit's first offspring, having no choice left,

humbly took the box of tools. — from the Seminole.

An Indian Prototype Of Christ (This legend predates by many years the coming of the first Christian missionary to these people).

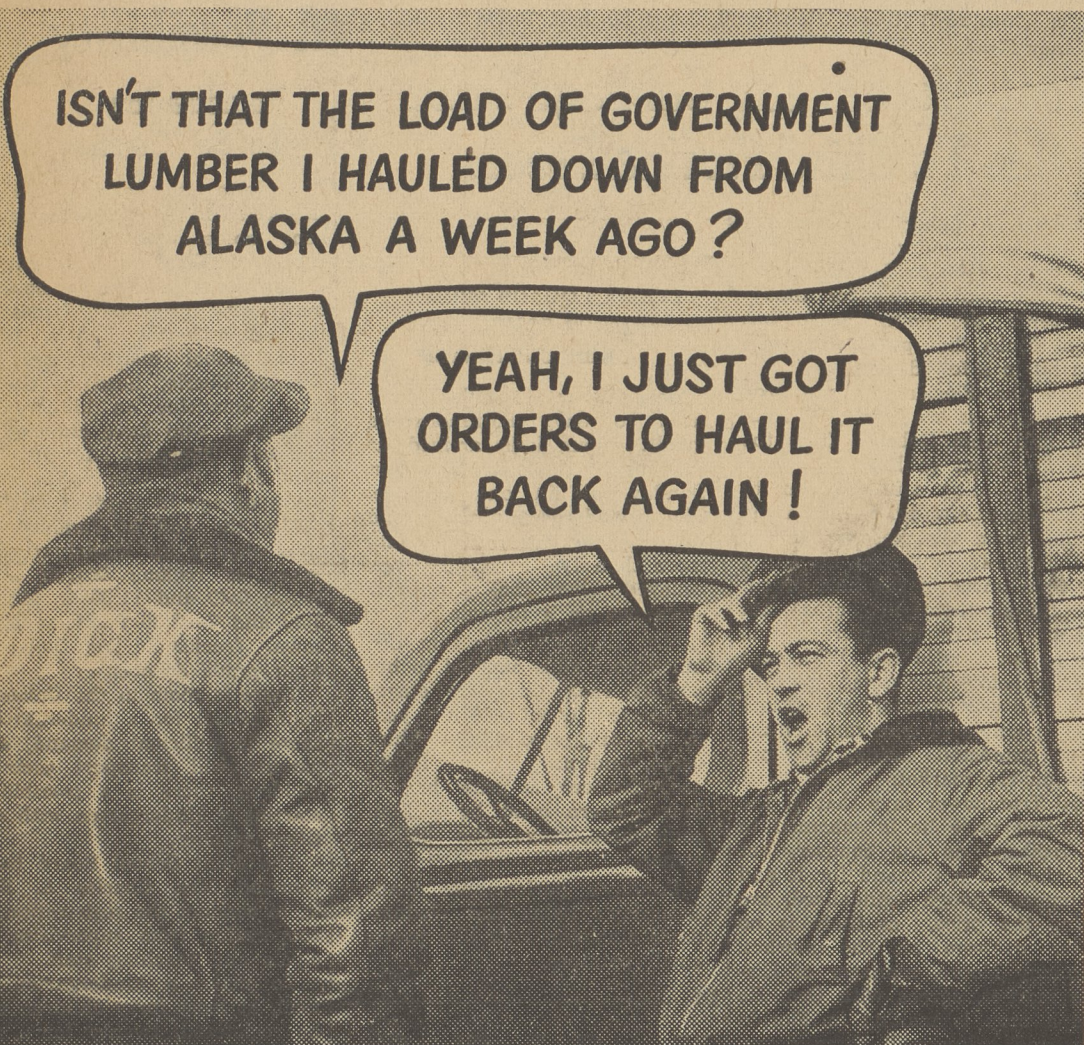
A great many snows ago, there lived a young Hupa whose name was Gard. He loved the paths of honesty and clean was his heart. His words were not crooked or double. He went everywhere teaching the people the beauty of meekness. He said "Love peace and eschew war and the shedding of blood. Dwell together in love. Let your hearts be as one heart. So shall ye prosper greatly and the Great One above shall build you up like a rock on the mountains. The forest shall yield in abundance. The red-fleshed salmon shall never fail in the river. Ye shall rest in your wigwams in great joy, and your children shall run in and out like the young rabbits of the field for number."

And the fame of Gard went through the land. Gray-headed men came many days' journey to sit at his feet.

Now it chanced that young Gard was absent from his wigwam for many days. His brother was grievously distressed and his heart died within him. He assembled together a great company of braves, saying to them "Surely a wild beast has devoured him, for no man would lay hands on one so gentle". Day after day they searched through the forests and the mountains and shouted through the gloomy canons. They listened with bated breath. No sound returned to them but the broken echo of their own voices. One by one they returned to their homes, but still the brother wandered on. As he went through the forests he exclaimed aloud "O Gard, O my brother! if you are indeed in the land of spirits, then speak to me at least one word with the voice of the wind, that I may know it for certainty and therewith be content."

Then one day, Gard suddenly appeared to him. He came as it were out of the naked hillside or as if dropping from the sky, so sudden was the apparition. The brother of Gard stood still before him and gazed at him as upon one risen from the dead, and his heart was frozen. Gard said: "Listen! I have been in the land of spirits. I have beheld the Great Man above. The Great Man has sent me to tell the Hupa that they must dwell in concord with one another and with neighboring tribes. Put away thoughts of vengeance. Wash your hearts clean. Redden your arrows no more in your brother's blood. Then the Great Man will make you to increase greatly in this land. Ye must not only hold back your arms from warring and your hands from blood-guiltiness, but ye must wash your hearts as with water. Then when ye are clean and thirst no more for blood, ye shall keep the Dance of Peace which the Great Man has appointed. When ye observe it, if ye are clean in your hearts, there shall be the sign of smoke ascending. But if in your hearts there is yet a corner full of hatred that ye have not washed away, there shall be no sign. If in your secret minds ye still study vengeance, it is only mockery that ye enact, and there shall be no smoke ascending."

Having uttered these words, Gard was suddenly wrapped in a thick cloud of smoke, and the cloud floated up into the Land of Spirits.



Here's just one example of waste that's paid for with your tax money. Hoover Report recommendations have cut this waste by billions of dollars. You can help save more!

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Yet, when two conflicting government agencies run \$250,000 surveys for a natural resources project and come up with

estimates that vary by \$75 million, we know there's still much more to be done.

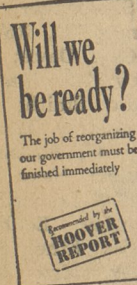
Now the rest of the Report recommendations are before Congress. If passed, they will put our government in fighting trim—save billions of dollars more.

Here's what you can do. Send for the FREE booklet, "Will We Be Ready?" This booklet gives the rousing story behind the Hoover Report—the startling facts it disclosed—the wonderful progress it has made. With it you'll be well prepared to work for better government—to help finish a job on which our National Security may depend.

The Hoover Commission and The Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report

The Hoover Commission was created unanimously by Congress in 1947 on a bipartisan basis—6 Democrats, 6 Republicans. The Citizens Committee

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