

You Know Me

By

Al, Himself

We citizens of the Valley and Back Mountain Region should be ashamed of ourselves.

What are we kicking about now?

Is it taxes? No, the public hearing that Senator Wood's Committee is going to hold on the flat income tax satisfies us. If we workmen cannot prove at that hearing that the tax is not just, we deserve to be taxed unjustly.

Is it the war in Korea? No, we are satisfied that this country is going as far as it can under United Nation rules and regulations and we want this Korean business to be a United Nations' war.

Well, what are we griping about then? It's television, or, we should say, almost lack of it in this community.

We should be ashamed of ourselves for what we put up with. If you do happen to live in a neighborhood where a pretty good picture is produced, it is from only one station, Binghamton. Oh! we know a lot of persons interested in selling television around here will disagree with us, but there has been no place at the Lake or in the valley where we have seen television that we could tune in any station we wanted and get a good clear picture that wouldn't make us blind watching it.

We do get Binghamton pretty good if we happen to live on the right side of a hill.

We were in New York over the weekend. Well, one takes in a show, goes to the museum, or takes a ride on a Fifth Avenue bus, but there is a time to go home or to the hotel room. That was always the most boring time for us. We usually had read all of the papers, a book or magazine was not always handy. Now, what do we do? We turn on the television while the good wife is doing a hundred and one other things necessary for women to do before retiring. Television is the greatest boon to man. In fact, it is the

only entertainment we have discovered worthy of the time a man spends waiting for his wife to finish her toilet.

We were watching a baseball game. We saw an outfielder climb two steps up the center field fence and grab a ball and we even saw the grin on his face. It is better than really seeing the game. Our eyes were always poor and we never could follow the ball in either baseball or football, but with television we catch every play. It's marvelous.

Well, why don't we have it thoroughly up here?

That's where, we should be ashamed of ourselves.

The local radio stations say the Government won't allot them a channel. Four months ago we read that the Government allotted two channels to Wilkes-Barre and two to Scranton, but that it would take months before they would receive them.

Why? One person says the Government has frozen everything until after the war. No material for towers, etc.

Another says the Bell Telephone Company is holding them up until it can figure out a way to charge us through the telephone system. Another says the local stations do not want television because it will cost too much and they can make just as much money in regular radio.

Over a year ago we talked to radio station owners. They informed us they have spent thousands of dollars on television equipment and would welcome it. Of course each radio station owner would like to be the one that gets a television channel. One owner told us that if his station did not get it he would have to go out of the radio broadcasting business.

We don't know what is holding up the allotment of television channels in this community, but we wish every one would write to Dan Flood as we have done and ask him.

Country Store

In spite of the steady expansion of the super-markets, and the wail of the devotees of the good old days that the old fashioned country store is being pushed to the wall, the good old country store seems to be flourishing.

Bemoaning the passing country store is like bemoaning the passing of the general practitioner. Actually, both institutions are doing fine out here in the Back Mountain area. It is only in purely metropolitan settings that these two foundations of American democracy have disappeared. Writers who live on the seventeenth floor in New York may view with alarm, while steadfastly refusing to leave their cliff-dwellings and draw inspiration from the grass-roots, but they don't know what they are talking about. There is a common and widespread fallacy that New York, by reason of its staggering population, is in fact the United States, while nothing could be farther from the truth.

The country store holds a place in a rural community that can not be filled by anything else. Presidents are elected in country stores. A long established country store is the very pulse of the nation. Non-sectarian, functional, serving alike the just and the unjust, it is the perfect melting-pot and meeting ground, pure democracy in action.

There are any number of long established country stores in the area, but the one located at the Lake Silkworth turnoff from Route 115 is a good example.

During the horse-drawn era before the advent of the motor-car, the Ruggles store was the focus of a seven mile circle, handling everything that a rural community would be likely to demand, from plough-points to bandanas, kerosene to hip boots.

Founded by Charles Ruggles while Milton Ruggles was an infant in arms—Milton admits to being seventy-eight—the store building started out modestly enough as a combination store and residence, with the upper rooms serving as living quarters. The present house alongside the store was built in 1895, and the store expanded to take the former living rooms as needed storage space.

There is a trundle-bed upstairs in the storage room, standing on its side and minus its slats, which once sagged under the weight of three children bedded down crosswise to save space. In another room there is a swift, a contrivance once used for winding yarn. My grandmother once had one just like it, but some vandal cut it up for kindling wood while in the process of clearing out the attic. Mr. Ruggles will probably never part with his trundle bed or his swift, but if he ever decides to do so, I hope I get first choice on both items, especially the trundle bed. That trundle bed would come in very handy next summer, come June and the annual descent of the locusts.

When we drew up at the door to make the grand tour the store was getting a gleaming coat of white paint and we had to duck under the drips. Once inside, and our eyes adjusted to the dimness after the brilliant sunshine and the dazzling expanse of white paint, we were fascinated by the variety. The children were coaxed outside by the lure of a box of cookies, while I talked to Mr. Ruggles and looked over the variety of stock in trade.

Elbowing bright red bandanas and sober rubber boots were baskets of brown eggs, large ones, laid by genuine hens instead of a storage warehouse. Detachable handles for out-dated irons, bits of harness, chains, pads for horse-collars, hung from the ceiling. Shovels and plough-points and hay racks stood against the walls. A japanned tin spice cabinet held black pepper and mace and cinnamon and ginger, a huge jar on the

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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: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.50 a year; \$2.50 six months. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Berts Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Bonahues Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans' Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown, Gaves Store; Huntsville, Barnes Store; Alderson, Deater's Store; Fernbrook, Reese's Store; Bloomsburg Mill, Cafeteria; Sweet Valley, Britt'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.

National display advertising rates 65c 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 4c per word. Minimum charge 75c. 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.

Preference 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.

From The Issue of May 2, 1941

Ralph Rood wins the Back Mountain Oscar for his performance in "Let Us Take Council." Joseph MacVeigh provided the award, Fred Kiefer limited speeches with the fire bell.

Dr. F. Budd Schooley, in a "Know Your Neighbor" pen portrait, says Americans need to cultivate the ability to relax.

Lehman plants two trees, christened "Youth" and "Peace", in its Arbor Day exercises.

Heavy through traffic has been routed over residential streets in Dallas this week while paving operations are carried on at intersection of Main Street and the new highway.

Lehigh Street, Shavertown, is being widened.

Butterfish, 7 cents per lb; gelatine puddings, 3 for 10c; roasting chickens, 25c per lb; sturdy steamer chairs, \$1.98; Colson bikers, 19.95.

Miss Gloria Chance becomes the bride of William Diesenroth.

Fred Boote, Trucksville is honored on his 85th birthday.

Old-time minstrel show under direction of Ray Garinger will be given at Alderson next Friday evening.

Poet's Corner

IN MEMORIAM

(A tribute to Helene Morgan Fine) I can not think of any word to say More fitting than a phrase I heard today,

Nor eulogy more tribute to impart Than these to soothe an aching, lonely heart, "She was a gracious lady."

I can not think that greater rank or fame Would add a brighter glory to her name

Than these few words, so reverently expressed As she returns to earth's enfolding breast, "She was a gracious lady."

I can not feel that she who nobly wore The finest mantle from chaste virtue's store Would wish a greater tribute in farewell

Than this, the choicest one could ever tell, "She was a gracious lady."

—Mrs. Fredric W. Anderson

Beaumont Wins In The Ninth

Tunkhannock, Vernon Noxen, Shavertown Win

The balmy summer weather must have affected the Bi-County League batsmen as the hitters had a regular picnic Sunday on Opening Day pitching. As far as the hitters were concerned the season's inagurals couldn't have gone any better. Only one game was even close and that was broken up in the ninth inning with "a bases-loaded" home run.

Beaumont took a toe-hold on this year's league leadership narrow 4-3 victory over Carverton. The game was tied 3-3 in the last of the ninth when Beaumont loaded the bases and set the stage for Lefty Wetzel's circuit smash. Although the score read only 4-3 the actual margin of victory was 7-3.

Tunkhannock, a new entry in the league, knocked off Orange, last year's regular season winners, by a 9-6 score. However Jenks, the other newcomer, fared exactly the opposite as it absorbed a one-sided 17-1 pasting from Vernon.

Both Dallas teams came out on the short end of a high scoring attack as their pitching faltered. Shavertown took the measure of Dallas 11-2 before a good crowd on the Dallas Township diamond. Despite two home runs by Tex Wilcox, Noxen blasted East Dallas 12-4. There were four circuit blows in that contest.

Ideal playing weather was the order of the day as all games attracted a holiday crowd to celebrate the Opening Day. The coming week's games find Beaumont at Dallas, Vernon at Tunkhannock, East Dallas at Carverton, Shavertown at Noxen, and Jenks at Orange. Two of the contests match unbeaten teams with Vernon, Tunkhannock and Shavertown-Noxen furnishing the fireworks.

Dallas Masons To Visit New York State Lodge

Members of George M. Dallas Lodge F. & A. M. are planning a trip to Round Hill Lodge, Endicott, N. Y. on Monday afternoon, May 14, to witness the exemplification of the Third Degree.

The group will leave Dallas at 3 P. M. by bus and will stop over for turkey dinner at Montrose Inn and then proceed to Endicott for the Lodge meeting at 7:30.

Reservations for the trip may be made with Stanley Moore, Trucksville Mill, or with Frederick Eck, secretary.



Barnyard Notes

Why does an editor use the word "We" in writing an editorial? Frankly, "We" don't know, but the Iowa Publisher recently brought out an explanation for the "editorial we" which was published in the Williamstown Advocate more than 100 years ago as follows:

"A Country Editor—is one who reads newspapers, selects miscellany, writes articles on all subjects, sets type, reads proof, folds papers and sometimes carries them, prints jobs, runs on errands, cuts wood, works in the garden, talks to all his patrons who call, patiently receives blame for a thousand things that never were and never can be done, gets little money, has scarce time and materials to satisfy his hunger, or to enjoy the quiet of nature's sweet restorer, sleep; and esteems himself particularly happy if he is not assaulted and battered by some unprincipled demagogue who loves puppet shows and hires the rabble with a treat of cider brandy to vote him into petty office.

"A man who does all this and much more, not here recorded, you will know must be rather a busy animal; and as he performs the work of so many different persons, he may justly be supposed their representative, and to have an indisputable right, when speaking of himself, to use the plural number, and to say "we" on all occasions and in all places."

Ho, Hum, it's a small world. Yesterday morning Jean Kuehn called to say that she had just received a note from her nephew, Robert P. Alexander, executive director of the Pure Milk Association with offices at 608 South Dearborn street, Chicago.

The note was written on the top of page 12 of the Graphic Section of the April 29 issue of the Chicago Sunday Tribune:

"Dear Aunt Jean—My secretary is off for the day, so no letter. This is part of the Graphic section of yesterday's Tribune. Love Bob."

There was nothing more except an ink encircled article at the bottom of the page. At first Mrs. Kuehn was puzzled. Then she read the encircled paragraphs:

"Maybe it's the national emergency, but it seems that the glue on stamps is fouler tasting than usual, and with less adhesive quality, one sweep of the tongue slightly roughened from the week-end is guaranteed to remove the glue, leaving the stamp limp and wet and the tongue with that morning-after effect. Even the Dallas post-office acknowledges that stamps are not what they used to be, and keeps a large pot of glue handy for reinforcement—The Post, Dallas, Pennsylvania."

Ho, hum, 'tis a small world. Now how do you suppose the Chicago Tribune got a hold of that gem from the pen of Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks? Wish the Postoffice Department in Washington would take a gander at some of our stuff about the need for an adequate postoffice in the Back Mountain area.

Had a lot of comment on my piece of two weeks ago, "Signs of Advancing Years" and a number of suggested additions. A subscriber in California wrote to say that I was only kidding myself, "Why you're just a young man." That's what we all think. The spirit inside stays young. Every man is still a boy, but gray hair, bifocal glasses, legs that have kinks in them and a complete absence of zest to travel when spring is in the air aren't usually associated with youth. And who the devil wants to have that youthful yearning in the Spring anyway? All the mystery was cleared up for most of us years ago.

Tired of the War in Korea, the Congressional Crime Investigation, and all the other sordid stuff in the headlines—then pick up the May issue of Readers' Digest. There's a delightful little story, "Appointment with Love" starting on page 5. We think you'll like it.

Field and Stream



Field Fires Are Costly

When spring arrives and the housewife's eye takes on that speculative gleam, male members of the family excuse themselves for outdoor chores that have suddenly become urgent. Unfortunately, the men often employ fire as their cleaning tool in eliminating brush piles, dead grass and other trash.

Foresters think of this time of year, not as the period when growing things begin to clothe the countryside in soft green, but as the fire season when tremendous and unnecessary loss in timber in the rule. Wildfires dread these days before green vegetation lessens the fire hazard. They have observed the terrible suffering and loss of wild creatures and their young and eggs caused by running fires.

When brush and grass fires get out of control, the lives of humans and their buildings are often sacrificed to the flame. Rural and suburban home owners especially should consider the possibilities of burning and should apply the match only when necessary and under extreme caution.

Conservationists repeatedly warn of the loss in fertility and the water holding capacity caused by forest and field fires. All things consid-

ered, the many-fold costs of such conflagrations far outweigh any advantages that such "cleaning" methods may appear to have.

New Duck Program in Prospect

Early this spring, near the Pymatuning waterfowl refuge on the Conneaut Marsh in northwestern Pennsylvania, the Game Commission launched a new waterfowl project. There, about 5,000 day-old ducklings, largely mallards but including some black duck and mallard crossbreeds, will be reared to six weeks of age. These young ducks will then be distributed to Game Protectors for release on back area lakes and beaver ponds over the state.

It is the hope of game authorities that each spring ducks so stocked will return to the waters where they were released, there to produce an additional supply of "home grown" birds for Pennsylvania hunters. Reports on similar programs conducted elsewhere indicate the probable success of this venture.

The ducklings will be leg banded so that the results of this program can be determined. Hunters are requested to cooperate by returning the bands found on ducks they bag.

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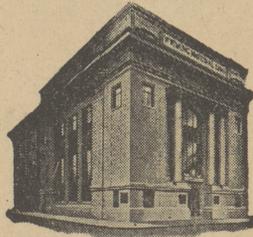


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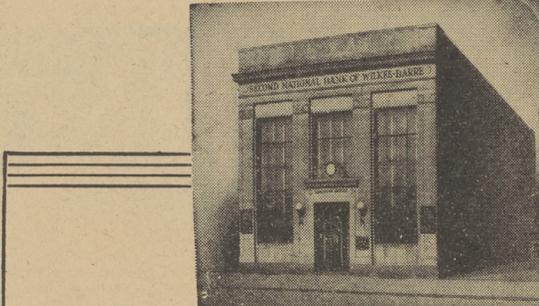
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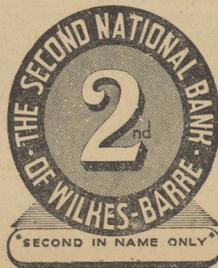


CONVENIENT!

The opening of our new Kingston Office is in line with our desire to furnish a convenient banking service to more and more individuals and firms. The West Side and Back Mountain region is Wyoming Valley's most rapidly developing area. Wyoming Avenue at Union Street—where our Kingston Office is located—is the gateway to this region. The great majority of the people living or working in this area, pass within one hundred feet of our Kingston Office daily... yet there is no parking or traffic problem here. If, however, you are in Wilkes-Barre, you can transact your business at the Main Office. Which-ever office is more convenient for you to use... you have the advantage of all the services of The Second National Bank.

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