

# You Know Me

By

## Al, Himself

We had one of our grandsons at the lake for three days. We've had him before; he is three years old, but never without his parents. This time he came unaccompanied. We were supposed to teach him in his short visit how to eat. This is one of life's necessities that he fails to do at home. We never had that trouble with our five kids. We had to lay down the laws that they could not have a third helping until we finished our first. This boy is a little "angel". Oh! we realize all grandparents think their grandchildren are "angels," but wait until you hear our report on one of our other grandsons. This first boy—his name is Billie—went to Sunday School at the training pants age. He says Grace at the table and insists on us hearing his child's sweet prayers at night. The Methodists would like to get hold of him.

Now, another one of our grandsons is a little "devil". His name is Jimmie. He proudly wears a sweat shirt with these words across his chest "I am a little devil." He is two years old and if there is anything he hasn't got into it is because opportunity hasn't arisen. He is a rough and tumble guy. You continually have to pull him out of the garbage can or anything else that he may stick his head into.

When the boys get together in our house Billie is always worrying about Jimmie's department. Jimmie worries about nothing.

To give our readers an illustration: one evening during last Christmas week when they were playing at our house with little toys on strings, Billie accidentally swished his toy around and broke a ball on our Christmas tree. We never saw anyone more apologetic. We assured Billie that the ball could be replaced, so Jimmie deliberately broke one so that we

could give him the same assurance.

We love both despite the fact that they are never together at our house without winding up in a fight. That is what happened when Jimmie came on the second day of Billie's visit. We fixed a gravel pit for the kids to play in and supposedly left them contented. What was our surprise when we rushed up to find out what the two kids were screaming about to find that Billie, the "angel", was trying to take a rock away from Jimmie. Here was a gravel pit, kid's shovels, rakes, hoes, small wagons, and they were fighting over a rock. Other rocks were all over the lot. One cannot plunge a grubhoe anywhere in lake ground without upheaving two or more rocks. Such a thing for two cousins to fight over.

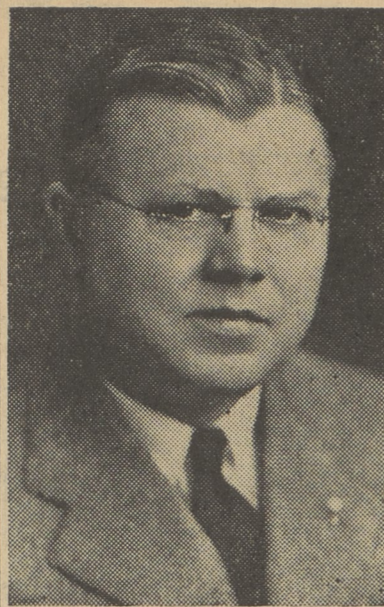
Well! Here we are adults, in this great big beautiful world. One has only to turn over a spadefull of ground, plant a seed and up springs one's food. Our seas are full of the sustenance of life. Animals are supplied that give us our food and clothing. The air is free to breathe. The rains come making all this possible and we complain because they interfere with a picnic. Weeds grow and we "cuss" not knowing that if it weren't for such growth we would soon all die. Bees pollenate our food vegetation and we kill them if they get inside our screens. We have everything for nothing and still we adult cousins fight each other all over the world.

What are we fighting for? A rock?

We asked Jimmie and Billie what they would do with the rock if either got full possession. Neither could answer.

Could we answer if someone asked us what we are fighting for?

### Know Your Neighbor



STEPHEN J. TKACH

Stephen J. Tkach, recently elevated to the important post of president of the Pennsylvania Slovak Union, and honored in his new position at a testimonial dinner held at the Sterling Hotel, May 2, came by his honors fairly and squarely. He has been high in the councils of the fraternal organization since 1929, when he first attended the convention of the Slovak Union in Detroit.

Since that time he has served as one of six trustees, president, of trustees from 1932-1945; vice president from 1945-1950, and president in September, 1950, following the death of John Kridlo, his immediate predecessor in August, the result of a railroad accident.

At the quadrennial convention in Hazleton in September, Mr. Tkach was elected president for Pennsylvania of the far-spreading fraternal organization which takes in 20,000 members and numbers 250 branches chartered among 11 Eastern states. Pennsylvania has from 60 to 70% of the enrollment, Michigan, Ohio, New York and New Jersey following.

Peter J. Jurchak, another Goss Manor resident, was legal counsel for the organization before his death two years ago.

The Tkach family have lived in Goss Manor ever since its inception, occupying the first completely finished house at a time when the future impressive development with its new adjunct on the other side of the Tunkhannock highway was nothing more than a gleam in the real estate operator's eye.

Mr. Tkach bought the house on Hilldonia Avenue before it was finished, completed it according to his own specifications, and moved in before electric light poles were erected, making it necessary for the first few days to string an emergency wire from the highway. So he classifies as Goss Manor's eldest resident.

He had the place ploughed for a garden at first, but the lawn has now taken over, and his gardening project has reduced itself to keeping the grass cut and spraying the fruit trees. One of the apple trees (Continued on Page Six)

### THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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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 or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 8c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Berts Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Donahues Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Truckville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown, Caves Store; Huntsville, Barnes Store; Alderson, Dealer'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.

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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 23, 1941 Weather permitting, the new highway from Truckville to Dallas will be opened for traffic by Memorial Day.

Construction of the final link of new highway between Dallas and Harveys Lake has been delayed, and will not start until the middle of June.

Lehman Memorial Day Horse Show will draw a capacity crowd. Entries are being received from all Back Mountain communities.

Mrs. George Bronson, seriously injured in a traffic accident several weeks ago, is showing improvement at Nesbitt Hospital.

Fifty forest fires have been reported so far this season by country Club fire-towerman Grover Jones.

A. J. Sordoni has been named head of OPM defense contact offices for the region.

Three recent brides, Mrs. Rule Lasher, Mrs. William Dieserth, and Mrs. Clyde Veitch have been honored at showers this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Snyder, recently married, were entertained at a party by Dallas Township teachers Tuesday evening.

Judy Hier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hier, is home from the Nesbitt following injuries sustained in an auto accident two weeks ago. Almost an entire page of Sheriff Sales this week.

Seedless raisins, box 5 cents; paper napkins, 5 cents; double tip matches, 2 large boxes, 5 cents; rib roast, 25 cents per lb; lettuce, two large heads, 15 cents.

### Dallas Juniors Vote To Assist In Auction

Dallas Junior Woman's Club Executive Board met Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Robert Lewis. It was decided that Juniors will assist with the Library Auction; that a dinner for husbands will be given June 5, and a Bake Sale sponsored at Boyd White's Hardware Store June 2.

Mrs. Harry Peiffer was appointed historian. Combined chorale of Junior and Senior Clubs will sing at Veterans Hospital on Monday.

Present were Mesdames Alva Eggleston, Harry Peiffer, Robert Williams, Fay Hopkins, Percy Love, Edward Keller, Roger Owen, Wilson Garinger, Sherman Harter, Clyde Brace, James Oliver, Frank Kovaletz, Harry Ohlman, Harry Clark, Allen Montross, Robert Brown, Harold Brobst, Russell Parsons, and Robert Lewis.

### SAFETY VALVE

Monday, May 21, 1951

Dear Friends,

This is an invitation to you to attend the Service of Recognition for Dorothy R. Gilbert at the Federated Church at Maine, N. Y., Sunday morning, June 3 at 11 o'clock.

The story is this: On Sunday April 8 Bishop Fred P. Corson commissioned Dorothy a missionary for service in the Belgian Congo, Africa, under the Methodist Board of Missions, Woman's Division. The Board of Missions provides a Service of Recognition for new missionaries who have been commissioned. The Board explains: "It is the purpose of the Service of Recognition to bring to the local church the meaning of this dedication together with a heightened sense of participation in the worldwide work of The Methodist Church."

This is the Service we are using at the church June 3 at 11 o'clock. There is to be special music appropriate for the occasion. Dorothy herself will give the address.

It would be fine if many of her friends and relatives could come as well as our local congregation. This church wants to make her feel that our prayers and best wishes follow her. It may be that some of you will like to send a word of greeting to her if you can't be here in person.

This is a unique occasion. As pastor of the church I am also the father of this new missionary. You can see why I hope the church will be filled on that day. We of the church are proud of our young people who are making good in their various callings. We Methodists are as proud as can be of Gale Tymeson studying for the Congregational ministry. And if I sense the feeling aright our Congregational people in this church feel proud of our Dorothy going into the Methodist missionary work. This Federated Church has a great deal to be proud of.

Dorothy doesn't know her sailing date,—at least not when this letter was being written. But she hopes and expects it, will be in early summer. As most of you know she must first go to Belgium for a year of studies before being allowed by the Belgian government to go as a Protestant missionary nurse to the Belgian Congo. After that she goes from Belgium to the Congo without returning home.

Do plan to come Sunday, June 3.

Sincerely yours  
Charles H. Gilbert  
The Federated Church  
of Maine, N. Y.

### Barnyard Notes

Never was an harrassed mother more appreciative of widow's assistance than Mildred and her little brood of five.

What's become of the old man since last he darkened her doorstep is a story as old as the relations between male and female. But the evidence is that he was romantic and prolific before he wandered.

Now Mildred is alone—well not exactly, there are the five children. She is wan, pinched and hungry, but her little brood is robust, well-fed and happy, and the home, though not what most of us would select, is in a good neighborhood and so tidy and immaculate that her landlord lets her have it rent free.

We first learned of Mildred's family problems early Wednesday morning and got the whole case history when several of her smaller children—the older ones left home last spring—scrampered down the hollow maple at the edge of the orchard.

It is the same apartment that was occupied three seasons ago by a family of flickers, and more recently was slated for removal in a slum clearance project proposed by National Tree Surgeons and Luzerne County Gas and Electric linemen. But the protests of the landlord prevailed and this historic old home was saved for feathered and furred tenants like Mildred and her happy brood of five baby grey squirrels.

Between five and six o'clock, before the sun has risen over the horizon back of the Borough School, the world is peopled by a different tribe than that which scatters discarded Baby Ruth wrappers, Coca Cola bottles, half-eaten hot dog buns, brassieres and slimy unmentionables in the barberry that guards the orchard along the Huntsville Road.

It is then that two unfrightened, half-grown rabbits browse at the thick clumps of clover in the tall grass underneath the Fall Pippin. A wood thrush pours out his heart and a mourning dove's monotonous notes irritate little sleepers from the vicinity of Jo Norton's pine thicket. A dozen blue jays wrangle over some new found loot and a catbird flits busily through the lilac bush. A robin spreads her protective wings over a family of four in a nest built dangerously low on the trellis shared by the Torch rose. Farther down in the garden goldfinches sway on the tall raspberry canes.

And it is then that the baby grey squirrels poke their noses out of the dozen holes hammered by the flickers in the decaying maple tree.

Arising early in the morning is a habit I inherited from my father. One that I couldn't understand and that irritated me when I was younger. He loved the sunrise and the sunsets and the friendly little people that came into their own after sunset and before sunrise. The spring peepers—that made me wistful and sad, sang to him happy songs. And the deep-throated bull frog was an old friend. He has awakened me to see a sunrise and taken me to a favorite hilltop to see a sunset; but I never dreamed, I too, would some day crawl out early to see one—and neither did Myra or she never would have promised "until death do us part."

It was my father, too, who sang ridiculous little ditties in the morning while he was brewing a cup of coffee that would "send men out in the world to build skyscrapers and bridges" or as most folks made it "to commit murder and rape." His coffee may never have inspired the erection of a bridge; but often it could have floated one.

There was one morning when he was up earlier and singing louder than usual that he decided to sweep off the sidewalk. The widow across the street caustically remarked later, "That man must be crazy" and he sent word back, "Tell her, if she had a man as good as me, she'd be able to sleep mornings."

Years change many things and I, too, now rise with the sun but I am sending no such cracks back to protesting widows. I am not so quick on the trigger and there is no grass widow nearer than Mildred.

### Mrs. Thomas Kingston, Hostess To D. of A.

Mrs. Thomas Kingston entertained members of the Past Councilors Club D. of A. at her home on Tarleton avenue Wednesday evening. Gifts of Flowers were presented to Mrs. Lena Misson, oldest mother present, Mrs. Arline Nulton, youngest. Present were Mrs. Alice Fiske, Mrs. Arline Nulton, Mrs. Goldie Ide, Mrs. Genevieve Mead, Mrs. Emily Parrish, Mrs. Lena Misson, Mrs. Audrey Ide, Mrs. Dorothy Perrege, (Mrs. Mabel Elston, Mrs. Mabel Mitchell, Mrs. Vivian Cooper, Mrs. Joyce Fiske, Mrs. Maude Eipper, Miss Ruth Fiske and the hostess.

### Lehman Horse-Show Set For Labor Day

Lehman Horse Show, a Fourth of July Back Mountain feature for a number of years, has been postponed until Labor Day, following a special meeting of the committee headed by Lester Squier.

By beginning of September, materials stored for the new school building should be down to a minimum, with space once more available for parking.

Postponement was an alternative to cancellation of the popular event, when it became evident that excavation for the high school annex would tie up the school grounds during the summer.

## Announcement

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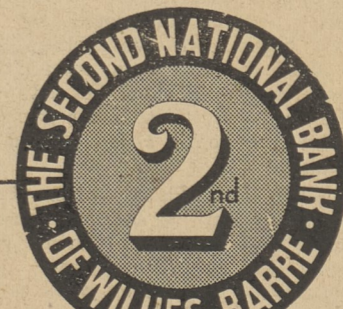
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