

You Know Me

By Al, Himself

We have been a "bachelor" for two weeks. The boss is spending her time with June in New Jersey. We have this "working at the office and still keeping house" problem now down to a science. Never being a selfish person, we think it would be nice to pass on some of the knowledge gained to a few friends who may be in the same boat we are now.

Always clean the coffee pot immediately after coming home from work. If you let it go to next morning the time consumed is just sufficient for over-frying the eggs, and if there is one thing we dislike, it is hard fried eggs.

Don't get exasperated when time is fleeting if you can't get the coffee cream to pour out of the can because a film has blocked the holes. Remember your wife isn't there with a handy bobby pin. Just keep a lead pencil on the kitchen table, and jab it into the hole. If you use a soft lead pencil some of the lead is liable to scrape off onto the can and may find its way into the coffee, and who wants to expose himself to lead poisoning?

Many husbands, while batching throw away the crusts of bread that the wife generally eats; because she doesn't want to waste anything. Your conscience bothers you when you waste these crusts, but your conscience will be clear when you learn of my discovery. Crusts are the nicest things for wiping butter or cheese from knives. When cleaning silverware that way it is not necessary to wash it and it won't get rusty from lying in the sink all day. If you like a cream cheese and jelly sandwich for lunch as we do, the crust may also be used for laying the cheese out to cut it on and then you will have one less soiled dish staring you in the face when you come home at night.

If you put off sweeping the kitchen floor until it becomes a slight annoyance, but not enough of an annoyance to send you looking for a broom, spill a half tea spoon of sugar on the floor and you'll get a broom promptly.

Whenever possible discourage your wife from laying in these minute steaks. Your better half will fill the refrigerator with food before leaving you, but tell her "No minute steaks". They look simple enough to cook, but it is the tools you need to get them ready for the table that throws you. The directions on the package

state that you shall take one or two steaks from the box, remove the thin paper dividing them and place in a pan butter side down. After sizzled for half a minute, take a pancake turner and flip over.

Now one time while we were at a County fair we bought a pancake turner. It was the grandest thing that man ever invented. One end was the turner, on the other a can opener, a needle threader and a pickle jar opener. It was the best twenty cents worth that we ever got in our life. The demonstrator said it could even be used as a shoe horn. We placed this instrument in the silverware drawer, but it was always disappearing. We suspected from time to time that our wife didn't appreciate this boon to the kitchen, but when we complained she would produce it and swear it was right under our nose all the time.

Well, the steak sizzled for half a minute, so we opened the drawer, following the directions on the package, but no pancake turner. We hurriedly removed the knife, fork and spoon divider and peeked closer, still no pancake turner. Then out came the bread knife, roast knife, bottle opener, cork screw, but no pancake turner.

The steak caught on fire and we threw it and frying pan out the back door.

When our wife comes home if she finds that pancake turner under our nose, we are going to get her a job as a magician.

No, men, don't allow minute steaks to come into your house while your wife is away—unless a pancake turner comes with each package.

Evangelical Services

Rev. Henry Weaver, Shrader street, Larksville, will be in charge of a week of open air evangelical services to be held at the Trumbower Farm, near Moorestown, route 415, starting Sunday at 7:30 P.M.

Sponsor Dances

Saturday night, June 23 and 30, Jackson Volunteer Fire Company will sponsor square and modern dances at the Lewis Recreation Center. Special attention will be given to beginners. Come and learn.

Edgar Lashford is chairman and music will be by Bob Scott's Orchestra.

Know Your Neighbor



MRS. W. E. McQUILKIN

Mrs. W. E. McQuilkin radiates competence. It did not take Dallas people long to recognize this when she arrived in 1947, to realize that she was vitally interested in the public school system, and to elect her to presidency of the Parent Teachers' Association for a term of two years. At the present writing she leads the Back Mountain Area Council of P.T.A.

When Mrs. Mary Morgan retired from teaching in Dallas Borough elementary school to accept a State position, Mrs. McQuilkin was the logical choice to take charge of the sixth grade. She had had experience in fifth and sixth grade work when teaching in Lincoln, Nebraska, near the old homestead of William Jennings Bryan.

Franklin Street residents are familiar with the sight of Mrs. McQuilkin, charging up the long hill on her way to school at eight-thirty, usually trailed by two or three panting children. She has been taking it, rain or shine, cold, snow, or fiery vapor, ever since the family car let go and settled down in the garage for a long rest. Nothing buffaloes her. She has time for not only her own Girl Scouts, but for Boy Scouts as well, in addition to her teaching and her domestic duties.

In case you are wondering how some of the Boy Scouts earned their ceramics badge, it was Mrs. McQuilkin who gave instruction, and Mrs. McQuilkin who cooked the products in the little electric kiln in the basement.

(Continued from Page Nine)

THE DALLAS POST
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a community institution"
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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; Trucksville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown, Claves 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 weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of uncollected 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 60c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch.

Political advertising \$1.00 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 June 20, 1941

Nesbitt Garinger's entry in the homing pigeon race from Greenville, Tennessee, came in fourth, making the 500 miles in thirteen hours and fifteen minutes.

Harveys Lake Highway construction started this week, with headquarters on Lake Street at the Adleman property leased by the Hazleton firm, Pennsylvania Quarry, Stripping, and Construction Company.

Howell Rees, former editor of the Dallas Post, now doing publicity work in the Bahamas, advises folks to change their ideas of the Duke of Windsor. He is no longer the playboy of twenty years ago, Howell says, but a serious administrator and poised statesman.

Postoffice clerks in Dallas will receive a pay increase when the office attains second-class rating July 1.

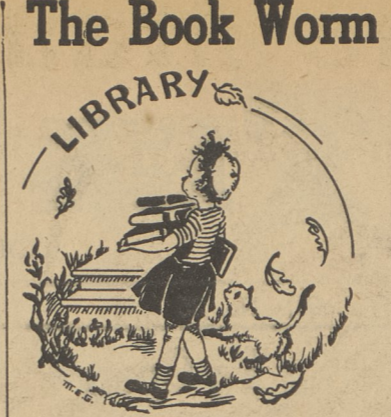
July 4th should see completion of the Kunkle-Beaumont road.

Miss Arline Frantz became the bride of S. Victor Eiben on Saturday.

Ruth C. Walters, Lehman, and Paul Shouldice, Jackson, were married on June 7 at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Kingston.

Fish fillets, 10 cents per lb; prunes, large can, 10 cents; bread, three loaves, 23 cents; toilet tissue, four rolls for 25 cents; lean plate beef, 9 cents per lb; fancy hamburger, 19 cents per lb.

Wayne Robert Gabel
Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Smith, Trucksville, announce the birth of a son, Wayne Robert, in Nesbitt Hospital June 12. Mrs. Smith is the former Ruth Gabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gabel.



BOOKS FOR JUNE

The following books have been purchased by the Library Book Club for June and are now available at Back Mountain Memorial Library:

High Hills Calling, Alice M. Downes. A study of home and marriage in upper New York State before World War II and how a playboy husband and a frivolous wife resolve into two adult people.

The Balance Wheel, Taylor Caldwell. About Charles Wittman, the balance wheel of his family, and his problems as a successful business man and the complications confronting him in World War I.

Of Mikes and Men, J. Woodfin. Her merry tale of the days when she and radio were young together.

Lonesome Quarter, Richard Wormser. A warm story of people on a small ranch and their fundamental human yearnings.

Return to Paradise, J. A. Michener. A well-defined picture of the post-war South Pacific which will be disappointing to the romantics.

Devil in Velvet, John D. Carr. Professor Nicholas Fenton reverts back 300 years to assume the life of his ancestral namesake and a rendezvous with his lovely wife, Lydia.

Portrait of Isabelle—Elizabeth Corbett. A novel of happy domesticity until the problems of Isabelle's youngest daughter beset her mother in late life.

Woman in Love, Lucy Cores. The story of a young woman who wanted more from the man she loved than he was willing to give.

Innocent Eve, Robert Nathan. Clever and witty phantasy about a couple who crashed a tycoon's party.

Salad Days, Bellamy Partridge. College life at the turn of the Century by the author of "Country Lawyer."

The Polkadot Murder, Frances Crane. Pat and Jean Abbott seek relaxation in an artist's colony in New Mexico only to be thrust into the detective business.

There's Always Adventure, Grace E. Murphy. The happy home life of a naturalist's wife in New York and on the road with her scientist and family.

Nook Farm, Kenneth R. Andrews.

Barnyard Notes

Everything is serene as I am sitting at the table having noodle soup with Granny and Myra when something impels me to ask, "Would you like a highball, Granny?"

She is indignant at such impudence in the middle of a very fine meal about to be topped off with one of her strawberry shortcakes. "Or maybe you'd like a drink of straight liquor instead?" I persist.

Granny near blows her top! "Phew, why do you ask such fool questions?" she asks innocently, setting down her glass of iced tea. "Well, we think maybe you'll need something to steady your nerves!" says Myra, catching on to what I am about to announce. Then I blurt it out, "Granny, we're going to have another dog." She is flabbergasted and near chokes on an ice cube.

"Where in the world are you going to keep another dog, you already have three!"

"This one will have to sleep in your room," Myra broke in calmly, "there is no other place left."

Granny straightened and fluffed her feathers like a setting hen about to be thrust under a potato crate. Then looking straight through her son-in-law she shot a devastating arrow.

"My brother used to say, 'a poor man always has one dog, and a d-- poor one has a dozen.' Are you both crazy? How are you going to feed four dogs," she is still addressing her remarks to me, "when your wife that I educated to be a self-respecting school teacher, still has to help you make a living with that newspaper?"

Granny has her way of getting vengeance.

"Well, it's this way," says Myra coming to my aid. (She that is allergic to dogs, newsprint, and printers' ink.)

"Bucky is fifteen years old and can't stand the heat; so we thought we'd have another dog just in case something happened."

"Another dog is alright," snapped Granny, "but three other dogs—Bucky hasn't got nine lives!"

The truth of the matter is that I am now the main support of four dogs which is as nothing compared to the wrath incurred from my mother who "won't have those dogs tramping over her flower beds" and my mother-in-law who refuses to sleep with one of them.

Fate is a strange thing and he who hasn't tempted it, should never treat it lightly. It was fate that got me involved with four dogs and now Lady Luck has turned her back on me; and all my friends who might have taken one of them have suddenly become allergic.

Fate entered the picture when Buck who has been on his last legs, suddenly developed monkey glands as soon as Blaze set her foot on the place. Off feed for a matter of six weeks, he now capers kittenishly and eats more Blue Streak than any of the others.

It was Fate that brought Rogue, a gentle springer spaniel to our doorstep, and good feed and a place to sleep that has kept him there.

It was Fate that whispered in Murray Scureman's ear. "Howard and Myra Risley love Sandy; and it was Fate that helped Murray sell his place so that he could move to Kingston and test our affection for the coal black Scotty."

It was Fate that led me to pet Blaze a beautiful registered Irish setter when Fred Brokenshire drove up to the Post with her. It was Fate that coaxed Fred to say, "I'm going to get rid of her one of these days." And it was Fate that should have socked me over the head when I replied, "Gee, if you ever do, let me know."

Bucky lived, Rogue stayed, Murray sold his place and Fred was as good as his word; and now I sleep in another bedroom with Blaze at the foot of the bed, Sandy in the middle, Rogue in the cellar and Buck waiting outside the door to tear all of them to pieces.

Did I suggest a stimulant for Granny?
Please pass me the laudanum!

(Memory book for Mrs. Howell) Mark Twain's life among his literary friends during the 20 productive years of his life.

The Circus Doctor, J. Y. Henderson & R. Taplinger. His experiences taking care of 700 circus animals.

The Foundling, Cardinal Spellman. The story of Paul Toggart who returns from World War II and finds the baby Peter in the cathedral and how Peter effects his life.

A Mouse is Born, Anita Loos. Effie Huntress tells in a letter to her unborn child how she rose to fame in Hollywood.

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