

Fin, Fur and Feathers



by William Robbins
Thinking back to the days of my youth, it seems to me that the only danger that confronted us was the occasional stubbed toe, caused by a large rock (or "Gooney") in the hay field, or a thorn from a thistle in your next to the little toe—yes a thistle right smack in the middle of the cow pasture—or perhaps a whole bunch of thorns in the arch of your bare foot because you didn't watch where you were going when you ran through the woods and your carefree manners took you and the other kids of the neighborhood under a chestnut tree where the ground was covered with last years burrs.

Yes, those were the days. To-day however, things are very different and new dangers are lurking. If overlooked they can cause pain and perhaps death to the children of our area. We now have poisonous snakes to contend with. The copper-head or pilot as it was commonly referred to years ago has taken over many sections of our childrens playgrounds. I have talked to people who claim to have seen or killed a copper-head, but their descriptions lead me to believe they had seen or killed an off-color non-poisonous reptile.

A pilot snake, called pilot because it does not lose its vision during dog days, or the molting or skin shedding period, very seldom exceeds a length of thirty inches. The color is without question a very brilliant copper. The body is thick from a few inches behind the head to within a few inches of the tail. The head is diamond shaped and very small. If you possess a keen sense of smell and the snake is frightened you might detect an odor similar to fresh cut cucumbers. The skin design is of a darker shade, nearly a light brown. The best description I can give of its shape would be, that if you looked down on an English riding saddle you would have a pretty close replica. The only change of markings would be caused by a season of starvation but this is seldom the case for a reptile subsists on mice, bugs and spiders. Recently a neighbor of mine claimed to have seen a rattler on

the mountains in front of my home. She also stated that it was a diamond back species. Far be it from me to dispute her, for this could happen. We do not know how many snakes and wild animals escape from carnivores etc. The owners never acknowledge ownership in case some damage or injury has been caused. It is cheaper to buy new stock, than to obtain the services of men who specialize in the field of trapping, or to go through the long procedure of law-suit.

The timber rattler is native to this latitude, the diamond back can be found only in its natural habitats of a warmer climate, so we need not fear the migration of this larger species of venomous reptile.

Let's use a little caution and follow the don'ts of people in the south central part of our State.

Don't attempt to kill a snake by jumping on it.

Don't travel in high grass with bare legs.

Don't allow children to run bare-footed through the woods.

Don't neglect a snake bite, just because you think it might not have been a copperhead.

Last but not least, don't kill a snake just for the sake of killing it. Some snakes are an asset to mankind.

Men's Club Plans Annual Weiner Roast For Wives

Men's Club of Prince of Peace Church will hold the second annual wiener roast in the Ralph Davis yard on Pioneer avenue, Tuesday evening at 8. Men will cook and serve for their wives and guests, with the women responsible only for the dessert.

In case of rain, the roast will be held in the rumpus room.

Refreshment committee includes Clarence A. Woodruff, Ralph Postorive, Ralph Davis. Chefs are Charles Lee, Robert Weaver, Tommy Andrews, and Al Gibbs. Dessert committee is headed by Mrs. Elwood Hudson, assisted by Mesdames Ben Hightower, Clarence Woodruff, Calvin Hall, Ralph Postorive, and Ralph Davis.

SAFETY VALVE

Enjoyed Auction July 9th, 1951
Mr. Howard Risley,
Dallas Post, Dallas, Pa.
Dear Howard:

To an out-of-town, and therefore unbiased observer, your Auction was an inspiring example of community pride and alertness. Second only to the co-operative spirit of the bidders, I believe the sprightly and humorous style of the auctioneers contributed most success. Altogether it tended to make one envy the people who are fortunate enough to live in that area.

You might suspect that the unexpected publicity I got from Mrs. Schwartz's small contribution inspired this letter. It did not. Next year, whether I have gone up to the bench or gone back to the mines, you'll get something as valuable as we can afford and as interesting as it is possible for Mary to contrive.

With sincere congratulations to the community in general, and you and Harry Ohlman and the rest of your staff in particular, I am

Cordially yours,
Leon Schwartz
District Attorney
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Korea
June 30, 1951

I'm still in Korea, expect to leave here next month if things go right here. We're expecting another attack, when I don't know, but very soon. Just when we start rotation the Chinese mess it up. You know casualties are usually high.

I'm driver and guard for Major General Soule now. I like it. It seems good to sit by the Division Commander and meet all the high ranking generals. When General Morshoff visited Korea I guarded him during his tour. Last week I drove General Ridgeway, and this week I drove General Milburn, First Corps Commander, yesterday General VonFleet, 8th Army Commander, also a two-star general from the Air Force. I drove them around the division front, took them around 500 yards from a hill the infantry was taking.

The only action on our front is two large hills which we have been taking during the day and the Chinese pushing us back at night.

Every night now at 1:30 A. M. we have an air alert. The Chinese are using some night bombers so I guess they don't want us to sleep
(Continued From Page Three)

THE DALLAS POST

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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: \$4.50 a year; \$2.50 six months or less. 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, Donabue's Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans' Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown, Caves Store; Hunteville, 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 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 50c 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 July 11, 1941

Dallas housewives will contribute aluminum ware to the national defense.

Church Street is back to local care, since the State Highway relinquished it on completion of the Trucksville-Lutes Corner link of new highway. Borough Council asks Dallas Township to cooperate in making repairs at the upper end.

Fred R. Mosier, Kunkle, son of a Civil War hero, was buried at Fern Knoll Wednesday.

Giant trees topple as new Harveys Lake Highway gets underway along the old traction right of way. The four-mile straightaway will abandon traction route at Warden's Farm, crossing the old highway and continuing in a straight line to the Lake.

George Miers, 85, who was buried in Warden Cemetery Monday afternoon, knew Dallas when it was a tiny hamlet, and has watched it grow into a center of bustling activity.

Wallace Kocher, Outlet, died Thursday at 61, after a long illness.

Beaumont Highway is again closed to traffic while berms are being constructed.

Kathryn Parkinson, Kingston, became the bride of George Lewis, Dallas, at a home wedding Thursday night.

Esther Marie Rogers became Mrs. Francis McDonald July 3. The couple will make their home in Trenton, N. J.

Dorcas Bible Class, St. Paul's Lutheran Church, is sending boxes to church boys in the service.

Alfred Rice has been appointed head of the Farm Defense Group, to take up labor problems brought to a head by the war and the siphoning off of young men into defense industry and the army.

Hoover Reunion

The fortieth annual reunion of the Hoover family will be held at Harveys Lake New Picnic Grounds (over the railroad tracks from the old Picnic Grounds) July 28. Every one is invited to attend and a basket lunch.

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Babson Says, Don't Get Excited

During the last war many young men gave up their jobs, or closed out their businesses, before it was necessary. I said at the time they were making a big mistake.

Avoid Hasty Action

Filling stations, for which a good trade had been built up, were sold in the early 1940's for one-half their value or less. In fact, I then often said in this column that "closed filling stations are the best real estate investment which a person could make". Well, the fact is that these gas stations now are selling at three or four times what those panic-stricken G. I. men sold them for ten years ago. The same applied to other businesses which could well have been carried on by some relative or friend. So don't do something foolish now.

But then there was a real war on; but no World War III exists, today. It may be many years before such a war comes; and much could happen in the meantime. Congress has not even passed the Compulsory Military Training Bill. Because President Conant of Harvard has written a scary article on Military Training for ALL 18—20 years old in a national magazine is no reason why a young man should suddenly change his life plans by giving up college or a good job. Besides, even if he is inducted for two years, these years will go very quickly. If you doubt this, just look back two years.

Business Very Different Today

Conditions are very different now from 1940. There are now 10,000,000 more people in the United States. This means not only 10,000,000 potential customers but your chance of being drafted is proportionately less. The national income is now almost double what it was at the beginning of World War II. People now have better health, better education and better wages. Don't look back to what happened before World War II. Forget those days and recognize you are living in an entirely different age.

Although manufacturing is passing into bigger units, this is not true of merchandising and service businesses. There are more successful independent merchants today than ever; while attempts to make chains of dry cleansing, beauty, and specialty shops have failed. Therefore, don't get panicky and sell out your business just because of war threats, labor troubles or competition. Remember that for every one who gets scared and sells out, there is so much more opportunity for those who stick. Only don't borrow money to do so. Keep out of debt.

Final Advice

Whatever you do or don't do, take up some systematic study to enable you to do better work for yourself or your employer. Write tonight to your State University for a list of its Extension Courses. Some of these courses are truly "gold mines". Pick out one or more and "dig in" at once. They will not only help you in forging ahead here at home but will go a long way to prevent you from being used as cannon fodder abroad.

Montrosses and Kitchens Plan Reunion July 29

Rain or shine, Montross and Kitchen families will foregather at Wolfe's Grove, Sylvan Lake, Sweet Valley on July 29, for their forty-ninth annual reunion. Secretary is Ray Kitchen, 55 Knox street, Wilkes-Barre.

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Barnyard Notes

Thirty-two years ago during a beautiful May night, three Wyoming Seminary students were out of their rooms and off campus celebrating the advent of spring.

All knew exactly what would happen if they were caught—10 demerits and campus during senior week!

Two were about to graduate—one to enter the University of Pennsylvania and become a dentist; the other to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis and become a sailor for the rest of his life. The third was a Freshman—later to become a famous auctioneer.

On halls that night was Prof. Joseph Pooley, one of the youngest men ever to graduate from Harvard.

The Harvard man won out. Justice fell impartially.

Dr. Jack Kulp, Capt. Dale Harris and the writer will remember that little episode.

Joe Pooley, now the headmaster of a boys' school in New Jersey, spends his summers at Harveys Lake and has long since forgotten the incident; but the memories came flooding back Tuesday morning when the writer of this column found the following verse on his desk.

BACK MOUNTAIN BALLADS
Upon seeing an ancient carryall and sleigh at the Library Auction Sale.

THE SLEIGH
For forty years I waited on a loft
My graceful curves, my runner muscles soft
My old eyes dim from peering through dark panes
Longing for deep drifts and snowy lanes.

All faded now my crimson-tufted plush
Provides the moths a meadow, deep and lush
My panels proud in by-gone years had shone,
Encrusted now I stood ashamed, alone.

But hark! There falls upon my deafened ears
Gay voices that I had not heard for years;
Young hands are laid upon me, loving hands
Whisk me to daylight. A contraption stands.

Upon which I am hoist. These villains hold
Me half unwilling captive. Husky brats and bold
Not too unlike the laughing girls and boys
I once held in my lap for winter joys.

Through half forgotten ways they drove me fast
Came to a sudden stop and there at last
They set me down, gazed at by all eyes—
I was the welcome guest; the honored prize.
July, 1951—Joseph E. Pooley Harveys Lake, Pa.

THE CARRYALL SURREY
The carryall midst trucks and tractors stands
Her head aloft in proud resistance raised—
She sees old sets of harness, leather bands
And muses on the days when she was praised
For her proud trappings.

On coldest mornings she would eager start
Piled high with blankets; take her lord to town
With Bess and Tom she surely did her part
And eager still she stands, but older grown
In her dust wrappings.

Her tongue stuck; raised high; fixed with a hinge
She sees a plowshare, set upon a sill
While migrant spiders tangle up her fringe
Chains, bits and braces, hang there mute and still
For their removal.

What have we done, we help mates of the past
To be so set aside, so relegate?
Our old lord in the farmhouse snores his last.
'Tis ours till he is gone to wait and wait
Other's approval.

July 7, 1951 —Joseph E. Pooley, Harveys Lake, Pa.

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