

Fin, Fur and Feather

By William J. Robbins Jr.



Why anyone should doubt that a storm can be split with an Indian tomahawk or hatchet by driving the peen end into the ground and the blade turned into the wind, is quite beyond me. Several people from Dallas witnessed this feat on two successive Sundays this past summer. Harry Moore of the Center Hill section said he would not believe it, even though he was present on both occasions.

(Editor's note: Somebody pulled the hatchet out of the ground later and it started to rain like crazy.) During this season (Indian summer) when leaves start their transfiguration into innumerable hues I can't help feeling slightly depressed, for we are heading into the season that brings so much suffering. All vegetation is entering its dormant stage and certainly human resistance ebbs too. Sniffles are noticeable even when daytime temperatures hover in the seventies.

I'd walk to Binghamton N. Y. if there were a chestnut tree standing with overt buds that would lose their fruits with the fling of a club, or a thump on the trunk with a large rock. Who remembers the flavor?

I can't understand why my program had to be so arranged that I couldn't don my Robinhood uniform and take to the woods for deer. Plans for next year will be made far in advance of the season, believe me.

My little beagle is in top shape and if the weather is near normal, I should have my four rabbits by noon of the first day. Hope it's not as hot as last year.

The turkey population seems to be a little larger than last year. In addition to natural hatchings, the Game Commission released 785 beautiful birds. Will be glad to lay up my shot-gun if Lady Luck would smile upon me, and send a nice gobbler in my direction.

There were too many accidents in our State last year. 467 recorded. Fifteen resulting in death. PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

I can't understand why the interest in duck hunting seems to wane certain years. Maybe the Game Protectors work overtime

and scare off a lot of would-be duck hunters. I know one fellow who was fined for shooting a duck while talking to a Protector five minutes after the closing hour. This chap never committed a violation of law, civil or game, prior to this incident. Explanation: his watch was eight minutes slow.

There have been a good many tales about Indian Summer, but one that lingers is: Manitau, the Great Spirit arranged it so corn could be harvested and cached for winter months. We are certain to have a Squaw winter before spring and this, so say the Indians, is the work of Oc-ton or evil Spirit.

Bear season is getting closer and I'd like a crack at one. Last year 354 legal ones were killed in this State. Have only seen one since last year and that was in the Pocosons, an enormous brute.

Two squirrels have carried from the feeder on the white oak tree in front of our home seven and one-half pecks of butternuts. If they desire more food they will have to get used to peanuts even though this is not natural food for a sciuroid rodent.

Two aomas are nearly forgotten. One from a blacksmith shop caused by the searing of a hot shoe against a horse hoof. The other from a saddle or harness shop wax-pot used for waxing thread, intermingled with the odor of fresh cut leather.

There is in the center of New York City a Smith standing at his forge but much of the charm of the shop has disappeared, for motors operate the fan, and horse shoes are bought in various sizes that require little if any shaping.

In my travels throughout the State back in 1942 and 1943 I happened to find a saddle-maker in a little town called Blue Ball, not too far from Lancaster. The ex-cowpuncher from South Dakota, and perhaps 50 years of age, is carrying on a trade that is nearly a lost art in this part of our country. All the romance and odors of the West are present and the little shop hums with activity most of the time. Hal Brown is a leather worker and prices range from \$25.00 up, depending on the amount of tooling and silver that adorns his saddles. Hand-carved

SAFETY VALVE

PROHIBITION PLANS

100 Kells Avenue
Newark, Delaware
October 18, 1951

Dear Editor,

I thought you and the people back home would like to know of plans made for the Prohibition National Convention which will be held in the First Baptist Church in Indianapolis, Indiana, on November 13, 14, and 15 of this year, at which time presidential and vice-presidential nominees for the 1952 election will be selected. The church is directly across the street from the Spink Arms Hotel which will be the Convention headquarters.

It is expected that a number of Prohibition leaders will speak in Indianapolis churches on Sunday, November 11, among these will be Paul M. Gaffic of New Castle, Pa. who spoke at the Dallas Camp Grounds in August. Mr. McGaffic is State treasurer of the Pennsylvania Committee.

Plans are being made to charter a 37 passenger Greyhound Coach to leave Wilkes-Barre November 12 and return November 16 at a single return fare of \$25.99. It is hoped that many local temperance and prohibition workers will be on the chartered bus. Those wishing reservations should contact me at the above address.

The new National Chairman, Rev. Gerald Overholt, a native of Kansas, and long identified with church work in Texas, is busy making final plans for the convention. It is expected that a New Chairman of the Youth Division of the Prohibition Party will be named in the very near future.

Pennsylvania will be allowed to seat about 70 delegates at the Prohibition Convention. In the 1948 Campaign, Dale H. Learn of East Stroudsburg, was his party's choice for Vice-President, running on a platform of good government with Claude A. Watson of California as candidate for President.

I am planning to go either on the chartered bus or direct from Newark.

Very truly yours,
Albert J. Crispell

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THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

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Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Best Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Donahues Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville, 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 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 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 October 24, 1941

Two citizens, cited for failing to shut off their lights during last week's blackout, protest bitterly that they did not hear the signals though waiting all evening for the siren.

Dorothy Moore, Dallas Postoffice, is appointed secretary of Dallas Civil Service Board.

Louise Roushey, teacher in Kingston Township schools for 12 years, will lead Girl Scouts at Bloomsburg.

A. J. Sordoni offers donation of \$500 to construction of a Community Building.

Jim Hutchison reports that more and more local farmers are adopting measures to control erosion.

Fifty-three women enrolled in the Red Cross Canteen Course taught by Mrs. Mae Townend.

It's the Marriage Moon: Rita Beardsley, Dallas, is married to Earl Nielson, Forty Fort.

Ethel Harris, Alderson, marries Otis Allen, also of Alderson.

Margaret Roberts becomes Mrs. Jacob Harris, with Rev. David Morgan performing the ceremony at Alderson.

Mary Cherfin, Shavertown, becomes the bride of Robert Mathers, Trucksville.

Alice Hadsel, Lehman, marries a former Shavertown man, William Donachie, now of Scranton.

Kingston Township students sold cookies Wednesday afternoon for benefit of the Athletic Fund.

Laing Fire Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. Arthur Newman Tuesday evening. Three new members were welcomed.

The tussle between Herb Lundy and Wilson Ryman for Dallas Township tax collector is steaming up.

Find your name on the classified ad page and get a free ticket to Comerford Theatre.

Jeanette McDonald in "Smilin Through".

No split in the GOP ranks, says Peter Clark, district chairman.

With Capitol Airlines

John L. Houser, son of Mrs. Ruth L. Houser of Shavertown, recently was graduated from the Aircraft Maintenance Course of the Academy of Aeronautics, LaGuardia Airport, New York.

Immediately after graduation he was offered a position with the Capitol Airlines, Washington, D.C.

Prior to attending the Academy of Aeronautics, he attended and was graduated from the Kingston Township High School.

YOU KNOW ME

BY

Al, Himself

This week we are going to loaf. At a recent meeting of Lake Township Parent-Teachers Association we heard Mrs. David Price speak on "Teen-Age Drug Addiction." We enjoyed her talk so much we thought you might like it in our column this week.

Mrs. Price said:

I feel safe in saying that during the past 6 months most of us have picked up our favorite magazine and seen an article on teen-age drug addiction—this dreadful new curse that seeks to exploit our boys and girls. Perhaps you read the article thoroughly giving it careful consideration or maybe you just skimmed over it lightly, thinking, "How horrible! How glad I am that we live in a community where such things can't happen." But before you assume that "It can't happen here", let's go over the facts a bit.

At Lexington, Kentucky there is a U. S. Public Service Hospital for drug addicts. I should like to quote Dr. Victor H. Vogel . . . The young addicts we find in our files come from Chicago, New York, Washington, New Orleans, Newark, Louisville, Dayton, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit and a number of small towns.

Teen-age drug addiction is no regional phenomenon. It has blanketed the nation. Up to now the dope peddlers worked mainly in underprivileged neighborhoods, but addiction caught on elsewhere like a bad—except that unlike hot rods, fad and blue jeans, it's a fad that youngsters can't let go of. It has leaped across the railroad tracks . . . just last week I heard a lawyer say over the radio there were some cases in Wilkes-Barre.

"From September to June, we (at the Lake) live in a comparatively rural community, but when summer comes the character of our locale changes greatly. We become a crowded, busy community whose life is primarily devoted to vacation living, fun and frolic. Then our population is a mixture of folk from all over. Our children enjoy these contacts but how can we be sure of what they are exposed to? We can't!

"The September Reader's Digest carried an article entitled, "A Short But Horrible Life." What a descriptive title for an article on teen-age drug addiction! Are you wondering what series of events can change a normal, happy-go-lucky teen-ager to a bundle of human misery?

Frequently a pusher may wait in the street near a school building or playground. He may start a conversation with the teen-ager and ask him if he doesn't want a new experience or a lift? Then he will offer the curious youngster a marijuana cigaret, morphine, cocaine or heroin and tell him if he likes it to come around tomorrow for more.

In the course of a few days he may give the child three or four doses. Now the child has developed a strong desire for it—at this point the pusher has him in his clutches.

He will tell the youngster he cannot continue to give the substance for nothing, that he must pay for it. Presently the youngster, now an addict, is using his allowance, lunch money, baby sitting money to buy the stuff. But the body's tolerance to heroin builds up so quickly that he must have more and more. He begins to steal objects from his home, but finally even this isn't enough, so he makes a deal with the pusher. He buys a pack (a one-sixteenth oz. package) each day for \$13. He apportions it into 25 capsules. He keeps 12 for himself and gets his \$13 back by selling the other 13 to his friends for \$1 a piece.

"No wonder so many times when a teen-ager is asked how he got started, he will say, "A friend got me started." Friend, indeed! The dope peddler knows if he can hook five youngsters in a neighborhood within a few weeks, he will soon be selling to fifty. His live bait will hook the others for him. As one 15-year-old said, "The only way I could carry on was to become a pusher myself."

"Remember a teen-ager can become a full-fledged drug addict in fourteen to thirty days.

"Once a victim becomes addicted he gets no pleasure out of his shot. But he must have it. He suffers unspeakable agonies because his dope accustomed body urgently demands it. Every nerve and organ from his soles to his scalp begins torturing him. He vomits, sweats, hideous cramps gripe his stomach. He has diarrhea. He jerks and twitches, his nose runs. Morbid fears assail him.

"He cannot voluntarily stand this. No human can. He will do anything to get dope.

"The youngster is abnormally sleepy and no longer cares about school work or a job or sports. He becomes cranky, lies readily and stupidly. In the morning his pillow is wet with perspiration. He loses weight.

"Let's be realistic. The drug racket is nothing but a business run by shrewd operators—a diabolical business, certainly, but run solely for profit . . . What are we going to do about it?

"Are we going to sit back and

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Barnyard Notes

I make no hit with my brother-in-law because I prefer to read his old books rather than watch his television while Myra and I are stopping there for the evening. I am less popular when I run across the late Damon Runyan' famous short love story, "Guys and Dolls," basis for the Broadway hit show by the same title. In case you have never read it, I've boiled it down for your entertainment.

Of all the high players this country ever sees, there is no doubt but that the guy they call The Sky is the highest. In fact the reason he is called The Sky is because he goes so high when it comes to betting on any proposition whatever. He will bet all he has and nobody can bet more than that.

He is originally out of a little town in Colorado where he learns to play cards and shoot craps and one thing and another. When he finally cleans up all the loose scratch around his home town and decides he needs a little more room, his old man, who is something of a sport himself, says to him. "Son," the old guy says, "no matter how smart you get, remember this; Someday, Somewhere," he says, "a guy is going to show you a brand new deck on which the seal is never broken, and this guy is going to bet you that the jack of spades will jump out of the deck and squirt cider in your ear. But, son", the old guy says, "do not bet him, for if you do, you are going to get an earful of cider."

Well, The Sky remembers what his old man says, and he is always very cautious; so he makes few mistakes as he goes along.

He is maybe thirty years old, a tall guy with a round kisser and big blue eyes. But The Sky is by no means as innocent as he looks. In fact The Sky is smarter than three Philadelphia lawyers, which makes him very smart, indeed, and wherever there is any action in the way of card playing, or crap-shooting, or horse racing, or betting on the baseball games, The Sky is always moving around the country following the action.

But while The Sky will bet on anything whatever, he is a great hand for propositions such as are always coming up among citizens who follow games of chance for a living.

The first time he ever shows up around this town, he goes to the Polo Grounds with several prominent citizens, and buys himself a sack of peanuts which he dumps in his pocket. He is eating peanuts all through the game, and after the game he is walking across the field with the citizens and says like this:

"What price," The Sky says: "I cannot throw a peanut from second base to home plate?"

Well everybody knows that a peanut is too light, so Big Nig, the crap shooter, who always likes to have a little of the best of it running for him, speaks as follows:

"You can have three to one from me, stranger," Big Nig says.

"Two C's against six," The Sky says, then he stands on second base, takes a peanut out of his pocket, and not only whips it to the home plate, but on into the lap of a fat guy who is still sitting in the grandstand.

Well, naturally, this is a most astonishing throw, indeed, but afterwards it comes out that The Sky throws a peanut loaded with lead, and, of course, it is not one of the Polo Grounds peanuts, either, as no one is selling peanuts full of lead at a dime a bag, with the price of lead what it is.

I am only telling you this to show you what a smart guy The Sky is, and I am only sorry I do not have time to tell you about many other very remarkable propositions that he thinks up outside of his regular business.

Now, one Sunday evening The Sky is walking along Broadway and comes upon a little bunch of mission workers who are holding a religious meeting, such as mission workers love to do of a Sunday evening, the idea being that they may round up a few sinners here and there, although personally I always claim the mission workers come out too early to catch any sinners on that part of Broadway. At such an hour the sinners are still resting in bed from their sinning of the night before so they will be in good shape for more sinning later on.

There are only four of these mission workers, and two of them are old guys, and one is an old doll, while the other is a young doll who is tooting on a cornet. And after a couple of ganders at this young doll, The Sky is a goner; for this is one of the most beautiful young dolls anybody ever sees on Broadway. Her name is Miss Sara Brown.

She is tall and thin and has a first class shape, and her hair is light brown going on blonde, and her eyes are like I do not know what, except they are one-hundred-percent eyes in every respect. Furthermore she is not a bad cornet player. One of the old guys with her has a bass drum but he does not pound it hard enough.

Well, the Sky stands there listening to Miss Sara Brown tooting on the cornet for quite a spell, and then he hears her make a speech in which she puts the blast on sin very good, and boosts religion quite some and says if there are any souls that need saving the owners of same may step forward at once. But no one steps forward.

Now, from that time on The Sky does not take any interest in anything but Miss Sara Brown and any night she is out on the corner with the other mission workers, you will see The Sky standing around looking at her, and naturally after a few weeks of this, Miss Sara Brown must know The Sky is looking at her, or she is dumber than seems possible. And nobody ever figures Miss Sara Brown is dumb.

How The Sky becomes acquainted with Miss Sara Brown is a very great mystery, but the next thing anybody knows, he is saying hello to her, and she is smiling at him out of her one-hundred-percent eyes and one night The Sky runs into her walking on Forty-ninth Street, and says it is a nice evening, which it is, and The Sky says: "How is the mission dodge going these days? Are you saving any souls?"

Well it seems the soul-saving is very slow indeed, these days. "In fact," Miss Sara Brown says, "I worry greatly about how few souls we seem to save. Sometime I wonder if we are lacking grace."

She goes on up the street, and The Sky says, "I wish I can think of some way to help this little doll, especially in saving a few souls."

But The Sky does not get to see her again because somebody weighs in the sacks on him by telling her he is nothing but a professional gambler, and that his only interest in the mission is because she is a good-looking doll. So all of a sudden Miss Brown plays plenty of chill for The Sky. She does not care to accept any more of his potatoes in the collection box because his potatoes are nothing but ill-gotten gains.

Of course the crap games that are going on around this time are nothing much because practically everybody in the world is broke; but there is a game run by Nathan Detroit above a garage on Fifty-Second Street. But The Sky only stands around watching the play talking with other guys who are also standing around watching, and many of these guys are very high shots in the gold rush days, although many of them are now as clean as a jaybird, or maybe cleaner.

One of these guys is Brandy Bottle Bates who is not playing, but who is a pretty slick gambler and a fast man with a dollar when he is in the money. Finally the Sky asks why he is not playing and Brandy laughs, "I have no potatoes, and in the second place I doubt if it will do me much good if I have potatoes the way I am going the past year. Why, I cannot win a bet to save my soul."

This crack seems to give The Sky an idea as he stands looking at Brandy Bottle very strangely, and while he is looking, Big Nig picks up the dice and hits three times handrunning, bing, bing, bing.

"Well, Brandy," The Sky says, "I will lay you a G note against nothing but your soul. If Big Nig does not get his six, you are to turn square and join Miss Sara Brown's mission for six months."

"Bet!" says Brandy Bottle, meaning the proposition is on although the chances are he does not understand the proposition.

Well, sure enough Big Nick makes his six, so The Sky gives Brandy Bottle a G note, though everybody says The Sky makes a terrible over-lay of the natural price in giving Brandy a G against his soul.

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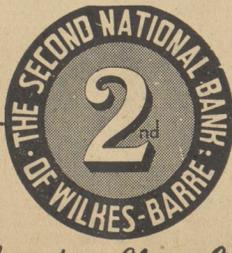
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