

Fin, Fur and Feather

By William J. Robbins Jr.



The rapid spreading of Oak Wilt in Pennsylvania since the first infestation threatens the destruction of this valuable timber producer.

In one year, from September 1950 to September 1951 from an area in McVeytown, Mifflin County, the disease has spread to Green, Allegheny, Huntingdon, Franklin, Erie, Adams, and Perry Counties. The species of oak that have been attacked by wilt are, to date, Red, Pin, and Black.

The State of Wisconsin, in 1943, was the first to recognize the infection as a distinct disease that would require some form of combating. Prior to this date, in the early 1930's a large number of dead oaks were cut down in Iowa. At this early date the cause of disease was unknown, and not much has been learned since. Minnesota and Wisconsin were the first States to start research into the cause, and records of these States show that measures were being taken to curtail the spread as far back as 1940.

Knowledge of just how the disease is transmitted or carried from one area to another, is the stumbling block to full control. Some authorities are under the impression, and I say impression for it hasn't been proven yet, that root grafts are one means of transmission. Others believe that birds such as wood-peckers and boring insects are the common carriers. This theory too, is only a supposition. My ventured guess would be, that the spore is carried by the feet of birds.

Several State Agencies, namely the Game Commission, the Department of Forests and Waters and the Pennsylvania State College have undertaken a survey the past year. A compilation of their findings has not yet been published, consequently little is known. It does seem strange however that these agencies that could obtain it for the asking, would not consider full scientific assistance from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Perhaps political indifference is the basis for this attitude. Instead of Federal aid it was learned that an Expert Tree Surgery Company was solicited for as much help as possible. To your columnist, this method of combating a dread malady, has the

appearance of driving a spike with a tack hammer.

One has only to recall the chestnut blight that removed from our State in a few short years, this important timber and nut producer. Money and facilities were available, but departmental buck-passing and pure negligence caused us this drastic loss.

The tide of public indignation was so great on this particular incident that it caused the enactment in 1937 of the Plant Pest Act. The Bureau of Plant Industry, (that up to that time did nothing in particular, and did it very well) was charged with the responsibility of setting up survey programs for the controller eradication of plant pests which were new or not widely distributed in the State. The interpretation of this law was, and has been, warped out of shape many times since its passing. For example,—work can be curtailed until an infection has assumed gigantic proportions at which time surveys would authenticate any part, or all, Departmental reports. This would tend to automatically invalidate all responsibilities of the Bureau of Plant Industry.

To delve into the importance of the oak tree from either the Conservationist or Sportsman point of view would require more than the allotted space but will be discussed in a later issue.

Suffice to say, some one better get on the ball, for in one year this disease has spread into eight, and perhaps by the time of this writing, several more of the sixty-seven Counties of our State.

Van Horn And Hedden On The Air At WILK

Robert Van Horn and Carl Hedden, members of Wyoming Seminary freshmen class and residents of Dallas, will be on the air tomorrow morning at 11:30 over station WILK. The Civics Class, under direction of Professor Willard E. Symons, is sponsoring a broadcast on "Youth In A Democracy".

A number of students in the class will read essays, illustrative of work they have been doing in class.

Safety Valve

WE'RE NOT SO MODEST

November 12, 1951

Dear Mr. Risley:

Lots of people have told me all sorts of nice things about the Voter's Guide you published. I've been so busy asking them to please tell you, too, that I now discover I haven't done so myself. All said it was a splendid service, and since you wouldn't, I was happy for the opportunity to stress the part your cooperation and generosity played in making possible a Voter's Guide for the Back Mountain.

Your cooperation is equalled only by your modesty. Publishing of a Voter's Guide free of charge as a public service, is a distinction held by only four newspapers in the country. Besides the Dallas Post these are the Hazleton Standard-Sentinel and (as far as can be learned from League of Women Voters national headquarters) the Louisville Courier-Journal and the Christian Science Monitor.

It's maddening that you have not seen fit to tell the Post readers that you have given all that space in the interest of good government. But without people like you we wouldn't have it.

Sincerely yours,

Margie K. Stout

League of Women Voters of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

November 6, 1951

Hi Folks:

We are still enjoying ourselves at Spring Lake Ranch. Each Saturday I get to see some football game. Have seen the Dartmouth-Fordham, Dartmouth-Syracuse, Dartmouth-Army games as well as Norwich and Middlebury play. We are about 50 miles from each place.

We have had one snow storm but its nice again now, just like spring.

Norm Smith

Spring Lake Ranch

Cuttingsville, Vermont

Receives Promotion

Merton Hoffman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoffman of Shavertown has been appointed foreman inspector for the General Electric Company at Johnson City, N. Y.

THE DALLAS POST

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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; 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 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 60c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch. Political advertising \$1.00 per line. 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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Associate Editors

MYRA ZEISER RISLEY

MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

Sports Editor

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Advertising Manager

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ONLY YESTERDAY

From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

From The Issue of November 14, 1941

Warren Hicks, summer associate editor of the Dallas Post, has won the Intra-Mural Golf championship, chalking up a 75 against his opponent's 79. Hicks is a senior at Syracuse University.

Dallas Woman's Club, with forty-nine new members, is torn between limiting the membership, and forming a junior club for accommodation of younger members.

Street project in Goss Manor, financed by WPA funds, is completed after a year and a half of work. Six streets have been hard surfaced and curbed.

Smaller towns than Dallas have up-to-date Community Centers, says Dr. F. Budd Schooley, quoting from a bulletin received recently from the United States Department of Agriculture.

(Continued on Page Ten)

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YOU KNOW ME

BY

Al, Himself

This week we are writing about a number of things, none have any relation except as they concern us.

When we were a little boy our mother was always concerned why we were continually coming home with black eyes garnered from the fists of other boys and yet had such a love for flowers. We were brought up in Brooklyn, close to one of the entrances of Prospect Park, but Prospect park was a large place. The park botanical gardens were five miles from home and many a time mother brought supper to our bed where we had been ordered by our father after a licking around nine o'clock, four hours after regular meal time. We had spent the whole day in the gardens just looking at flowers we had seen many times before.

When we met Judge Hourigan ten years ago, he told us about his garden at the lake. We thought it peculiar that he took the trouble to explain to us that his garden was his only recreation. What more could a man want, we thought, than just a small plot to plod around in.

Every time he passed our house and saw us digging away in the dirt, he'd stop and talk about our few flowers and ask when we were coming to see his. At last we went and we have been there every year at least twice. Every time we have strangers visiting us we take them to Judge Hourigan's garden. We were always welcomed, so we, for one, will miss this garden. The judge has sold his property to the Scranton diocese and a church will be built there. Well, to us, there is only one excuse for destroying a beautiful garden and that is to replace it with a church, so we can be consoled there, but we shall surely miss this garden.

There are other beauty spots around the lake, Frank Jackson's is one. We never tire of viewing the array at Carey's, and one day we are going to accept the invitation of our good friend, Bud Garinger again and watch him till the soil and turn Mrs. Burnside's property into a little bit of heaven.

Another thing we'd like to write about is women's gloves. We like women to wear gloves. A woman may have a new pretty hat, a dream of a dress and coat, hose, shoes and bag to match, but she never seems fully dressed unless she wears gloves.

We will confess that we like to see the washable kind kept clean, but we'll even put up with a soiled pair in preference to none at all.

It seems to us, though, there is one place where a woman could dispense with her gloves as she does her coat and that is in church. We don't know whether you know it or not, but when one goes to church one is supposed to open one's mouth occasionally and make a loud noise. You can't do this in harmony with the rest of the congregation unless you have the correct place in the hymnal. As persons get older, very often their eyes do not have the same focus as their companions and it is necessary to use different hymnals. It is disconcerting to us to be on the third stanza making as loud a noise as possible and have our companion still turning the pages because of the handicap of gloves.

We'd like to open the book for her, but she is generally an independent creature whether she be four years old or fifty. The solution, of course, is not to wear gloves in church, but you try to tell 'em, and while we are on the subject of trying to tell 'em something, that reminds us of the third thing we wish to write about.

You know cars are wider these days than they used to be and we are getting older. Then there is the post to consider that is always adjacent to the rear door when you get the car safely in the garage.

In order to get bundles out from the back seat one has to climb in the front door, lean over the front seat thereby getting away off balance, gather up the bundles and then try to get back into a posture that will let him get his feet on the floor without a heart attack. The simple solution, of course, is to put all bundles neatly in the trunk. Look! You go shopping. The first purchase you make you carry out to the car, open the trunk and place the bundle therein. Then you pick up the grocery order, that goes in the trunk. The laundry comes next, in the trunk it goes. Now, when a man gets the car in the garage all he has to do is open the trunk. There everything is. His feet are on the ground. No heart failure. No griping. Everything is serene.

We will admit that it is difficult for a woman to open a trunk lid while her arms are full of bundles. We advocated long ago that trunk lids should be opened by pressing a button with the elbow, but all these automobile makers think of now-a-days is adding new gadgets that raise car prices, BUT we think it is better that a woman open a trunk lid than have her husband spend from \$3.00 to \$5.00 on doctor bills and medicine trying to get his heart back to normal after the calisthenics he has to go through to remove bundles from a back seat via the front door.

Well, we guess we'll go to bed, maybe we will feel better in the morning.



Barnyard Notes



I am enjoying life as usual, going about my business and complaining about the costs of government and a few other minor irritations, when I am conscious something is wrong between my left hip and my knee which ought to be working better than it is.

In fact I have never been conscious of that knee before, except now and then at Communion maybe, or once in a while when I have stumbled over an object left by careless folks in the way of hurrying pedestrians. For fifty years it has been a most conscientious knee and served me well, but this morning it refuses to cooperate with all the other joints that are going about their usual business. And the other joints have much difficulty performing their daily tasks while this joint growls and complains.

And as the day wears on, this knee joint influences the hip joint and then the ankle joint and the first thing you know the whole left leg is doing more to hinder progress than it is to help with getting out the paper. And whilst the finger joints are willing to run the typewriter and do the other little chores required to produce the Barnyard Notes, there is so much insubordination in the left leg that nobody can get down to work.

Soon I am convinced—after much light banter about wooden legs etc.—that this is no growing pain, or the result of heavy chores but something more interesting and a new acquaintance in my family of troubles, and after consulting with some old timers who have had a long acquaintance with arthritis, neuritis and rheumatism—that I am due for a hard winter, no matter how thick the bands are on the woolly bears.

Before long I am well launched toward becoming a chronic invalid, and the kind words of friends as they see me hobble about is no help, but makes me think of what an added care I will be to Myra and the family. Everybody I meet has a cure for arthritis. Aunt Nellie was cured by pow wow; Johnny went to a doctor 200 miles away; Grandma Patterson gathered the roots of herbs; Bill Jones had his veins shot full of gold.

Then Mrs. Hicks, whose father was an Army doctor, suggested sleeping on an ironing board. That might be called the last straw by some folks; but when there is pain in your left leg and there is an ironing board within reach, it would be a most ungrateful sufferer who would not try it, if the night before he had used every sleeping position known to the mattress people without success and then thrown up the sponge to sit in his bathrobe, smoke cigarettes, and try to read the new edition of the Farmers' Almanac.

By now, too, I am being treated with much concern and kindness by those of the household whose wont it is to greet me of an evening as I cross the threshold after a day of problems at the office with a list of undone chores. I am overwhelmed by this solicitude and say as much.

Then I ask, "Where is the ironing board, and can I take it to bed with me?" and I am warned that I can have it for one night only as there is a big wash to iron tomorrow.

I am in no condition to carry the ironing board upstairs, but my faithful, wife now burdened with an invalid, maybe for life, wrestles it through the doorway and up the stairs.

Shortly it is placed between the springs and mattress which I now notice for the first time bears a label "Not to be sold for less than \$69 and I am appalled by the price of mattresses and for a time forget the pain in my left leg for there are two such mattresses in this room, there being twin beds when it would be much cheaper to sleep in one bed, and less laundry to do.

By now the bed is remade and all those disagreeable little wrinkles in the sheets are smoothed out that have a way of feeling like Rocky Mountains to a pain in the left leg sufferer. But we are unable to find the electric heating pad and the hot water bottle has a leak, which is a way hot water bottles have. But we find the heating pad where some former patient has stored it for safe keeping and mend the leak in the bottle and everything is ready for a good night's rest except me who is sitting on the edge of the bed directing traffic which is by this time heavy what with Granny offering advice, two dogs watching the proceedings and Myra doing the work.

I have much difficulty getting out of my pants, but by lifting my left leg with both hands, and using the good joints to baby the complaining ones, I am finally in bed after the fashion of a derrick loading steel rails on a flatcar.

The heating pad is on my knee, the hotwater bottle is on my thigh and the ironing board is under all of us—and I am settled for the night, except that I must swallow two big pills large as walnuts. Then the lights are turned low and at 6:30 I am where I have not been since I was a child.

And just before I fall to sleep, downstairs I hear a great rattle of newspapers on the dining room table. It is Granny looking through many back issues which she has brought in from the cellar, to find that Boston Store ad for bed boards at \$5 per.

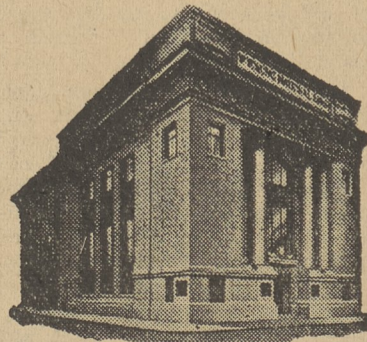
She will have me a bed board at once. Made especially for folks enjoying a pain in the leg. For in spite of Hell and arthritis that ironing has got to be done tomorrow!

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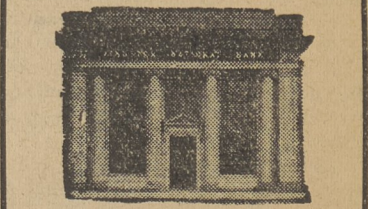
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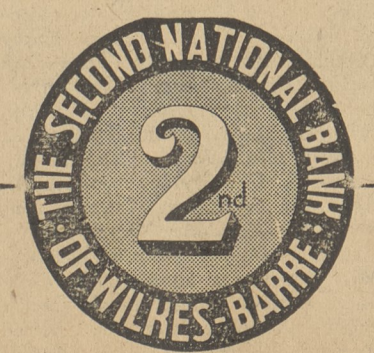
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