

Fin, Fur and Feather

By William J. Robbins Jr.



Though the ground is blanketed with snow, with prospects for more to come, even into the month of April, the arrival of spring garden catalogues after the first of January, gives one a sort of springy feeling.

Vegetation at this time of year is at its lowest point but there are a few things that can be undertaken on days that permit one to work outside. The pruning of fruit trees and grape vines can be started now. The shears may also be put to berry bushes and hardy shrubs. Shade trees can be shaped for the coming years without any ill effects. If one is so fortunate as to have one or more hemlocks in the yard, they too can be shaped into a pyramidal or globular form. As a matter of fact, the hemlock can be given any desired shape after it is thoroughly established in location. Rose bushes, except ramblers, should be spared a mid-winter pruning. It should be performed only by someone who is acquainted with the operation. Many fine and expensive roses are lost by the work of inexperienced hands.

Cleaning of garden tools, removal of rust, and the sharpening of lawnmowers, scythes and sickles can also be removed from the agenda of spring tasks. Painting the wooden parts of garden tools with a good outside white paint will preserve them for many years and make them more noticeable as you leave the garden at dusk.

If porch and window screens are to be installed in the spring, now, provided you have the space, is a good time to get them in shape. The desired color of paint can be applied after the wire has been scrubbed and a heavy brushing of raw linseed oil applied on both sides.

Hours of pleasure can also be had through the medium of bird house construction. Too often people wait until our feathered friends have arrived and then hurriedly build ill-shaped coops and wonder why they are not occupied.

In just six weeks, or perhaps less, the birds that will use our area as their habitat will have picked their mates and started to build up in their bodies, paternal,

and migration desires. If coops are already made and in place, some might need reconditioning, and all will need a good cleaning. Birds are attracted more readily by a clean coop than one which has to be cleaned by them.

There are some simple rules to follow in building houses that insure occupancy by our summer visitors. To build a bluebird coop it must be approximately five inches square and six inches deep, the bottom of the hole, which should not be any larger in diameter than a half dollar. A landing peg should be inserted an inch below and long enough to allow head and wing clearance, perhaps three or four inches.

The wren, considered to be our noisiest and busiest of summer residents, which will nest in an old shoe or boot if one is hung up, or a tin can, if a hole the size of a quarter is cut into it, never-the-less can be attracted to a coop if one is available.

The robin can be attracted to a protected shelf if a few strings are put on it early in the season.

Martins are the friendliest visitors we have from the tropics and not too often attracted to man-made homes. In the south it has been noted by ornithologists that occasionally two pairs will nest in a hollow tree, but in this climate building and erection of martin coops can be considered a waste of time and materials. Several guards can be hung a few feet apart and the chance of occupancy by a martin will be much greater.

One thing to remember in bird house building is to have a hinged roof, side or bottom. This allows easier cleaning in the spring, often done without removal from location. Painting with a good white paint and placing, on location not later than the last of February is also important if occupancy by our feathered friends is desired.

Birds will be attracted to the area where coops are erected even though they are not cavity nesters. The catbird, oriole, goldfinches, song sparrows and many others will nest on your land for they, like people, feel a sense of security in numbers.

YOU KNOW ME BY Al, Himself

We are reading a book. This is something we do often. We don't know why, except that we enjoy reading. This book is a second bible to us. To you it may mean nothing so we will tell you about it. It is "The Story of The New York Times, 1851 to 1951," by Meyer Berger, who has been a feature writer for the Times for twenty years, and is a Pulitzer prize winner for distinguished reporting.

It was given to us by our eldest daughter, who wrote on the fly leaf "Everyone says this is a must on the library shelf of every newspaper man. Merry Christmas, 1951 to my newspaper man. Love, Emily." She must have read it in order to write that. It is to us the most interesting thing we've ever read except The Story of Genesis.

The reason we're so interested is that we lived through many of the events told in its pages. Of course we didn't have personal knowledge of the New York Times from 1851 to about 1915, but our father experienced a lot of happenings told in the book and many a time he lived them again with us when we were too young for the newspaper business.

One of our father's tales about the Times was the time President McKinley was shot and all the newspapers in New York had gotten out last editions stating that the President was resting well and would probably live. All in the Times editorial room had gone home, the printers were playing cards in the back room after their night's work was in and the presses were running the last few hundred papers through the folder. Only the janitor who was doubling as night watchman was making his lonely rounds through the editorial room when he heard a tube drop in the basket that received the Associated Press bulletins. He opened the carrier and read that the President was sinking fast. One bulletin after another followed and the night watchman rounded up the printers and got them to stop the presses and the group of them set heads and ran the bulletins of the President dying.

When a family is steeped in the newspaper business a man hears these stories all of his life, then to read them over again is a pleasure that possibly only newspaper men can enjoy. Are we boring you?

(Continued on Page Six)

THE DALLAS POST

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Single copies, at a rate of 8c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas-Beris 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; Harveys Lake; Lake Varsity Store, Deeter's Store; Fernbrook, Reese's Store; Sweet Valley, Britt's Store.

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ONLY YESTERDAY

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

From The Issue Of January 9, 1942

Fifty eight volunteers, headed by Paul Shaver, John Dersheimer, and Frank Ferry, are operating the observation post at Lake, with two-man details on duty twenty-four hours, seven days a week.

Tire rationing board will meet in Shickshinny Tuesday night.

Twenty-two children attend a Christmas party at Idetown and come down with the measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Stefanowitz, Loyalville, missed having the first baby of the New Year by a margin of half an hour. Last year Dr. H. A. Brown did better, delivering two infants in the early morning hours of January 1.

Crossing over Lehigh Valley Railroad at Mill Street will be raised to provide access to the new highway.

Grocery stores agree to deliver only once per day.

College Misericordia inaugurates Red Cross and First Aid classes, with residents of Dallas invited to attend.

James Besecker is appointed secretary of Dallas Borough Council upon resignation of William Niemeyer.

Tomato Juice, 2 46 ounce cans, 29 cents; Dutch Cleanser, 2 for 13; spinach, 2 pounds 15; bologna, 25 cents per pound; round, surloin or porterhouse steak, 35 cents per pound.

Mrs. Adda Garinger celebrates her eighty-fourth birthday.

Miss Therese Belles marries Albert Stolarick.

It's a boy for the Fred Swanson's.

Miss Doris Schoonover marries Keith Kresge.

Dorrie Smith was stricken with a heart attack while leaving Shavertown Methodist church after evening service Sunday night.

Mrs. Emma Hazletine, Shavertown, recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday.

Marshal Lamoreaux, 28, was instantly killed at the Harry E. Colliery from contact with a live wire.

Catholic Daughters

Court of Our Lady of Fatima 1478 Catholic Daughters of America will meet Wednesday at 7:45 in St. Therese's auditorium. A short talk on Church Unity Octave will be given by Father Olazewsky. Penny bingo under the direction of Mrs. Catherine Cholowick will follow the business meeting. Mrs. Mary Purcell has charge of refreshments.

SAFETY VALVE

IF TRUMAN HAD HIS WAY

Dear Editor:

Thought you might be interested in the following, written by George E. Stringfellow, East Orange, N. J., as a letter to the editor of the Bergen, N. J. Evening Record.

In recent months we have heard a lot of criticism of the Congress for not letting Truman have his way. In the words of the happy warrior, let us look at the record and see what would have happened to our country if a spineless Congress had given Truman everything he asked for.

If Truman had his way, every farm in America today would be operating under the Brannan Plan—socialized agriculture.

If Truman had his way, there would have been no federal legislation to imprison Communist spies, traitors, and saboteurs in the Government departments.

If Truman had his way, Red China would today be a member of the United Nations, to vote with Russia and her Iron Curtain prisoners.

If Truman had his way, the country would today be saddled with socialized medicine under that great medical genius lawyer Oscar Ewing.

If Truman had his way, American atomic secrets would have been traded to other nations.

If Truman had his way, under his 4-point program every nation in the world would today have a direct call on the United States Treasurer for technical assistance and economic development loans.

If Truman had had his way, there would today be no Taft-Hartley provision requiring official registration of Communists and labor unions.

If Truman had had his way, every major river in America today would be a part of some T. V. A., with State and local government submerged by federal bureaucrats.

If Truman had had his way, every school in America would today be under direct supervision of the Washington bureaucracy, socialized education.

If Truman had had his way, housing and home building would today be a complete Government monopoly, with subsidies for socialized housing.

If Truman had had his way, there would have been no investigation of Communism in the State Department and other federal agencies. His red herring statement of August 1948 would have ended the Alger Hiss case.

If Truman had had his way, total federal spending since 1946 would have been about \$75 billion more than it has been to date. That is the accumulated cost of all the new programs Truman proposed which were turned down by a resolute and wise Congress.

Had it not been for the defenders of constitutional government in the House and the Senate, Truman would have had his way in all these things. He urged each of these programs at least once, some several times.

In one major decision Truman had his way. He plunged this nation into war in Korea. In doing so, Truman circumvented the Constitution by calling the war in Korea police action. Only Congress has the right to declare war.

Truman seeks blanket authority to send American boys to new wars all over the world. Truman's police action in Korea has resulted in more than 75,000 casualties.

Today, brave and wise men of both parties in Congress stand between the American people and Harry Truman, a little fellow who would like to be dictator.

DENIES THE ALLEGATION AND DEFIES THE ALLIGATOR

Dear Editor,

In reply to an anonymous contributor to Safety Valve in the Post—Christmas issue of the Dallas Post, I wish to go on record as far from the "genteel old lady" he describes as writing Pillar to Post.

I have been called many things, ranging from a "good egg" to "that old bag", but this is the first time I have had my breath taken away by being termed genteel.

It's a wallop, that's what. And not to be endured in silence.

Mrs. Pillar To Post.

DR. J. G. TILEM

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Barnyard Notes



The dreadnaught announced sheepishly this morning that last night she dreamed some one had left a pet leopard on our doorstep. We took it in but not before it had killed Tom, chased Stripes and Susie and given all the dogs a thorough beating. I asked her the final outcome, but she said that was when she woke up. A dream like that must be an evil omen. Sorta wish I knew what to expect next.

The bird feeders are cleaned completely out every morning. Makes quite a chore, sloshing through the wet snow to keep them filled. But since the grosbeaks have returned in large numbers and two grey squirrels insist on gorging until noon, it's a job that must be done or my pet chickadees and nuthatches would go hungry.

Joe MacVeigh reports that for the first time he has a pair of cardinals at his feeders. Joe had about given up hope that cardinals would ever land on Center Hill.

Emily Besecker heard a noise at her window a few days ago. When she went out to investigate she found an owl lying on the ground below the window. She took him in, then let him go. He was obviously flying in the day time and may have come there to molest the other birds at her feeders.

A lot of people seem to think this is the season to forget the bees, bugs and birds and concentrate on the budget.

Christmas Eve Myra rushed in the house excited because a mouse was in the feed can at the henhouse. It's funny how that mouse turns up when we're in a mellow mood. There are lots of times we could wring his neck when we spill the feed while we're emptying it; but we never see him then. Other times we're not so vicious.

It has taken me quite a while to decide whether I'm just keeping Murray Scureman's dog or whether Sandy belongs to me. But since he's taken to trailing me, waiting no matter how long I stay at the office, and howling for me when I'm out of sight, I've concluded he must be MY DOG.

As a result of my arthritis column, I have received considerable fan mail from sufferers. Frank Jackson swears he has a new cure for it. Sounds as plausible as most, too. Frank builds a little three-legged stool, decorates it with Pennsylvania Dutch hex marks, and guarantees that anybody who rests his feet on it will be cured. Sounds almost like getting your feet wet in Bowman's Creek and never after leaving the Back Mountain country.

Mrs. John Malkemes also wrote me a nice note, but didn't want it published. I hope she has now fully recovered. My mother has been cursed with it for the past four months. The taste I had of arthritis has convinced me that he who can suffer with it in silence deserves a crown in glory.

I owe somebody for a new \$7.50 grey Adam hat size 7 1/2. Tuesday morning Rogue was mouthing something on the front porch. It's always well to see what Rogue is eating. It can be anything from a baseball to an apple or from a beef bone to a roller skate. This time it was a new felt hat neatly chewed in two. As I threw the pieces in the fireplace to destroy the evidence I noted that the ribbon was clean as a whistle indicating that the hat had probably never been worn. An hour or so later Rogue turned up on the porch proudly chewing the leather sweat band. That, too, showed no signs of wear. From it I learned the make, size, and price. I'll pay for the hat but I'd like to keep Rogue.

Only a few hours after the hat episode, Ruth LeGrand left her new gaiters outside the door while she came in to talk with me about ways to raise money for some card tables at the Library Annex. When she departed she was flabbergasted to find only one gaiter where she was sure she had left two. Nobody in the office said a word; but every body began to ponder what they would have done with that other gaiter if they had been Rogue. He wasn't in sight, but when I called, he came gaily bouncing from my mother's porch. Not a care in the world, and so well behaved and innocent that Ruth patted him a couple times on his noble head. We searched north, south and west along Lehman Avenue for the other gaiter but when we turned east and got as far as where the Auction baked goods booth stands on the empty lot across from the Barn, Ruth found her gaiter. It was intact—a tribute to Rogue's good judgment.

While we were sitting around the fireplace in the Library Annex after Borough Council's reorganization meeting, Jim Besecker told what I consider a good story.

Four preachers were driving home together from a religious conference when one spoke up. "I have a confession to make, I have a vice," and with that he drew out a package of cigarettes and offered one to each of his companions. After a while another spoke up, "I, too, have a confession to make, I have a vice." With that he drew a flask from his pocket and offered it around.

Then they stopped for gas and a bite to eat and while at the table a third said, "I have a confession. I have a vice" With that he tossed a deck of cards on the table. After sometime, they proceeded on their way. Just as they reached their destination and were about to part the fourth spoke up. "I also have a confession to make. I am a gossip."

Opera lovers will have an opportunity to hear Mozart's eighteenth century comedy of manners broadcast this Saturday afternoon. "Costi Fan Tutte," titled in English, "Women Are Like That" will be sung in understandable English by Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, John Brownlee, Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, and Patrice Munsel.

Alfred Lunt, called from the stage by Met General Manager Rudolph Bing, to make the acting "light gay and elegant," will play the part of the servant.

It is the first time since 1928 that the Metropolitan has produced Costi Fan Tutte.

Time Magazine said of its revival last week: "its full three hours was the best production the Met has put on in a decade. In making a smashing hit for itself the Met has clearly found a new repertory regular—to be played right along with Don Giovanni and The Marriage of Figero, as it deserves to be."

Here's the story: Don Alfonso, elderly cynic bets two lovesick bachelors that their fiancées, "The firmest of characters" can be induced into being untrue. The young blades accept the bet, disguise themselves and aided by Don Alfonso and the ladies' masquerading maid, win each other's sweethearts. But every thing ends up ok with all sweethearts in the right arms.

Yep, no murders. We'll listen and see if we like it.

John Fink Is Treasurer Of Wilkes Alumni Group

John Fink, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Fink of Lehigh Street, Shavertown, was elected treasurer of the Wilkes College Alumni Association at a recent meeting.

John, a graduate of Kingston Township High School, served for several years during World War 2 with the U. S. Army in Manila. He was graduated from Wilkes last February.

Now employed by the Certified Public Accountant and Law Firm in Washington, D. C., he spent the New Year weekend at his home.

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