

Fin, Fur and Feather

By William J. Robbins Jr.



This column is written today, with one specific thought—to point out to persons who own pets, their responsibilities during this period of what I feel is the "fringe of rabies epidemic."

To an epidemic, it might be likened to the pool.

The condition that now confronts us had its origin in lower New York State. I hoped for some time that we would escape the ravages of this disease but evidently people to the north of us threw caution to the winds and we are now feeling the results. If caution is taken by persons in the fringe area there is no need of our dev-

elopement into a central point of infection.

In the past weeks I have heard owners of dogs make statements to the effect that their pet was safely tied to its coop. Please dispel from your mind such thoughts. Another rabid dog, or for that matter any wild life that is infected will attack another animal, and as has been told in the press and on the air, people are not immune from such attacks.

The treatment for rabies infection is severe on humans, as those who have been subjected to it will testify. It is just as severe on a pet dog or cat. Immunization by a competent veterinarian is suggested if one insists that the pet has a perfect right to roam the streets, fields, or woodlots. This protection is of short duration and a check of immunization should be made with a veterinarian at intervals.

Stray dogs and cats add considerably to the percentage of menace spreaders, however, little can be done to correct this condition. Most hunters will, if they see stray animals in wood or field, take a so-called "pot shot" at them, and usually such animals are exterminated. In a town it is very different for two reasons. First, a gun cannot be discharged within one hundred and fifty yards of an occupied dwelling, and second, no one wants to face possible legal entanglements for shooting a neighbor's pet.

Many will agree with this columnist, that neglect of duty by those with authority to enforce the Dog Law, is the primary reason for the number of "strays" or unclaimed animals. The only time service of such officers is available, is when a child is marred by fangs or claws.

In reiteration: Keep your pet inside. It must have air and trips for elimination, but keep hold of the leash. Have it immunized if you insist on freedom. Don't neglect any sores, or what appears to be unnatural drooling. Do not kill an animal unless you are certain

Prosperity Largely Due To Advertising

BY ROGER BABSON

This is not a defense of advertising. Probably as much money has been wasted on advertising as on drilling for oil or mining for gold; but getting only dry wells and dead veins! But without those willing to take these wild-cat risks, we would have no oil and no gold. Advertising is a risk and should be sold as such.

Advertising Is A Good Risk
But advertising is a good risk. Money spent thereon is the best gamble that I know of. According to an Advertising Bureau which made a study of the 717 companies which were spending annually over \$25,000 on advertising ten years ago, 91% are still in business and doing more advertising than ever, while only 5% are now spending less on advertising. Only one company in twelve found advertising unprofitable.

Those companies which have quit advertising were trying to sell a wrong product, or had wrong sales policies, or an antiquated management. The way this 91% has stayed in business with continuing success, despite competition from new companies and improved products, proves my point.

Opportunities In Small Cities
Most of the above 717 concerns are located in the larger cities; but I believe that statistics of merchants in small cities would show an equal percentage of success. The most successful companies are now giving much advertising to small dailies and weeklies. This tendency is sure to increase as years go on. The people of small communities read advertisements very carefully.

One of the safest investments is in newspapers, large or small, especially where there is only one.

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of infection. A phone call to any law-enforcing officer will insure humane killing and the proper disposition of an infected carcass. Do not under any circumstances handle or attempt home remedies. Many people have become infected through open sores on their hands or other parts of the body. Keep in mind that any living thing is subject to rabid infection.

Close adherence to the above will tend greatly to check the spread of this disease before it reaches epidemic proportions. Let's do our part individually before this happens.

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

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: \$5.00 a year; \$2.50 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 25c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Berts Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Donahue 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 Variety Store, Deater's Store; Fernbrook, Reese's Store; 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 65c per column inch. Transient rates 70c. Local display advertising rates 60c per column inch; specified position 70c per inch. Political advertising \$1.10 per inch. Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 75c 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

February 6, 1942

"Gunsmoke in Nevada" netted \$150 for the Red Cross at a benefit performance Wednesday night.

Boy Scouts are canvassing the Back Mountain for books for soldiers.

Rev. Roswell Lyons replaces Rev. May at Shavertown Methodist Church.

Elwood Davis and Millard Kocher, have joined the Marines.

The wedding of Miss Hilda Wech and George Hofmeister will take place this evening.

Mrs. S. P. Frantz recently celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday.

Warren Hicks, a former editor of the Dallas Post, and a senior at Syracuse, has joined the Army Air Corps and will report to Maxwell Field, February 15. He is the fourth of the Post staff to join up.

SAFETY VALVE

BY EDUCATION AND EXAMPLE

Editor, Dallas Post:

In complete agreement with Albert J. Crispell's facts, I am not converted to the argument that Prohibition can change them. Let me add a very important disclosure from the January issue of "Liquor," a trade journal of the distillery, brewery and hotel interests:

"First because of practices acquired in Prohibition," says "Liquor", January 1952, "and with increasing incentives due to home-movies and television, there has been a complete reversal of trends in drinking. Prior to Prohibition, more than 90 percent of all intoxicants were sold over the bar of licensed houses. In the post-Prohibition period the percentage dropped to 65 percent bar-sold and 35 percent home-consumed. The situation has worsened. Today, the licensed house is selling slightly more than 30 percent of all legally distributed alcoholic beverages. Nearly 70 percent of all products are carried from liquor stores and package stores, and delivered from breweries, for home consumption.

"It is a time for action," says "Liquor," the trade journal. "Owners of licenses, bartenders, all other employees, must unite against this destruction of their business. New attractions must be found to get the patrons out of the home and back to the bar. Television, amusement, cheap meals, courtesy, these and other inducements must be introduced unless the licensed house is to surrender entirely to the home."

There is no denial by "Liquor" that drunkenness is increasing, that alcoholism is increasing, that use of beer and associated beverages also is increasing. One suggestion, however, is that high taxes on booze are an additional reason for buying directly from the package store and saving the tavern's profit. Beverage trade journals agree with the U. S. Government in this: illegal distilling and bootlegging are a major industry, entirely due to the demand for lower-cost whiskey. Despite the increase in unlicensed premises, less than five percent are making profits on the pre-Prohibition scale. Drinking has moved into the home and apparently will have increased cause for staying there.

As a non-drinker who experienced every impact of total abstinence, temperance, prohibition, lawlessness, and the "forbidden fruit" aspect of morality, I do not believe there ever can be the kind of control of the drink evil which Mr. Crispell seeks. When you cannot get a government to deal honestly with peace and war, with lives of millions of young men forfeit, how do you suppose there ever will be the kind of administration that will put a Prohibition Amendment and Enforcement Act in the hands and minds of true patriots? What can be done is simply told. The churches, welfare societies and decent citizens in general can demand, with success, that all forms of alcoholics be kept off the radio and out of newspapers and magazines where ever more boldly they are being represented as the concomitants of the good life and even as health aids. The same kind of legislation should remove the cigarette from advertising, especially since it now is suspect as the cause of the increase in cancer of the lungs and stomach and throat.

Stop the propaganda that is educating the innocent to what they believe to be harmless indulgences. That is what the Total Abstinence Union and Loyal Temper-

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Barnyard Notes

Sunday mornnig I am making like Oscar of the Waldorf with some of Mrs. Pillsbury's Hot Roll Mix.

According to the directions which Mrs. Pillsbury's ghost has plainly printed on the box, little is required to make beautiful hot biscuits beyond a cup of very hot water added to the contents, and an ambition to stir the mixture—which in my case is stirred by hunger.

I am struck by the simplicity. Soon I am rummaging through the corner cupboard for my chef's hat and apron which Sherm and Dorothy Schooley gave me years ago after tasting some of my popovers—a recipe that has never failed me since the time I found it in Fanny Farmer's cook book on another occasion when Granny was in Florida and my mother was in Nicholson.

If Necessity is the mother of Invention, as some wise cracker has said, then Hunger is the father of most male cooks as well as can openers.

I made my nodding acquaintance with Mrs. Pillsbury and her Hot Roll Mix on Friday night whilst pushing the gocart for the dreadnaught at Gavy's Market. It was one of those pleasant evenings after a man has missed his lunch and not yet had supper; when he could digest nails or hot dogs with equal relish.

We are casually strolling through the aisles piled high with groceries and the gocart is nearly loaded with powders, Clorox, canned dog food, toilet tissue and a carton of safety matches. The dreadnaught is making a weighty decision whether to buy two cans of Dutch Cleanser for the price of one or three for the price of five, when hunger prods my stomach and I see no answer in the gocart.

It is while I am thus attacked that I am left alone out of sight in an aisle Bill Davis has piled high with packages of fig bars and sugar coated ginger cookies. It has been some years since we have had such in our larder and I am about to suggest that we buy seven or eight pounds when my bi-focals catch sight of Mrs. Pillsbury's Hot Biscuits nestled in a row of ready mixed corn breads, ginger breads, chocolate cakes and such.

Captain Carlsen could have been no happier at the sight of the Tug Turmoil; and now more than ever I am convinced that we should have some of this stuff in the house in case we are snowed in or my mother-in-law lolls too long in the Florida sunshine.

I am by nature a roast beef, pudding and home baked goods man versus lettuce, tomato and mayonnaise—a limberg versus the creamed cheese and vitamins type. So I deftly slip Mrs. Pillsbury's 39 cent package under the toilet tissue.

When Bill checks the safety matches and soap powder he also checks the Mix without comment as is his nature and there is no protest from the sidelines which has now closed the deal on the Dutch Cleanser and is passing the time of day with Gavy in front of an open carton of clothes pins. Our house is always clean—even the bread box and the cookie jar.

Bill's nimble fingers play the Prince and the Pauper on the cash register which grinds out a slip resembling the Federal deficit for fiscal 1952 and my conscience is momentarily disturbed about the Mix.

Bill is gracious, and I might add, most courteous, ours being a nice sized order, if I do say it myself, and the two of us are not running the boarding house at the Trexler and Turrell lumber camp on South Mountain.

It is when I am back in the kitchen and the dreadnaught is slicing tomatoes and washing lettuce for supper that I again remember the Mix. So I put away the groceries, the Clorox and soap powders in their accustomed places and the Mix a little behind the sage and celery seed on the top cupboard shelf. The dreadnaught is busy and this is accomplished without comment except, "Have you fed the dogs?" which in this case I had not—nor gathered the eggs nor closed the chicken coop.

During this evening ritual I completely forget the Mix and it is not again until Sunday morning whilst the dreadnaught is getting her beauty sleep and I am distraught looking for the Nescafe to sustain life that Mrs. Pillsbury pops up when I reach the top cupboard shelves. It is then I make like a conscientious Oscar and follow Mrs. Pillsbury's ghost to the letter.

To the package of yeast in the top of the box I add a cup of very cheerfully boiling water and after waiting for it to dissolve in the "very warm water" as plainly explained on the package, stir in the contents of the package and set the bowl of dough on the radiator in "a warm place" as again plainly stated. "Biscuit dough is not delicate and after about an hour when it doubles in size will improve with kneading," say the directions and I am very happy about Mrs. Pillsbury's Mix and hope there will be nothing to disturb the silence upstairs until noon.

But at the end of a very long hour the dough is neither double in size nor even pregnant. But Hope springs eternal and since the dough has passed its time when it should have brought forth its fruit, I read step two of the directions. "To make clover leaf rolls, roll the dough in small balls and place three in each muffin pan". This accomplished, I place the responsibility of the biscuits on the oven which winks a red white and blue light and we are off to the races. But there is not much change in the dough as time passes. Each biscuit sits tight—nor pride in self nor loyalty to self can puff them up.

Then there is the gentle patter of footsteps on the stairs and Buck arrives followed by the missus. The jelly and butter sit forlornly on the table and they will be more lonesome before they ever associate with hot biscuits.

I make like a very brave Oscar in my hat and apron and pull the pan out of the oven. Custer would have welcomed them at the Battle of the Big Horn for ammunition. They are not cannon balls nor yet beehive shot but somewhere in between, maybe musket balls; and one dropped on the floor would certainly have gone through our new linoleum and killed Sandy in his bed in the cellar.

And the next time I make like Oscar I will make first like a young bride who learns from her mother that "very warm water" kills yeast as well as the ambition of hungry men to show off in front of their wives. Confucius say: "Cold water at a party does same thing."

NEWS OF THE DAY—CHIMP STYLE

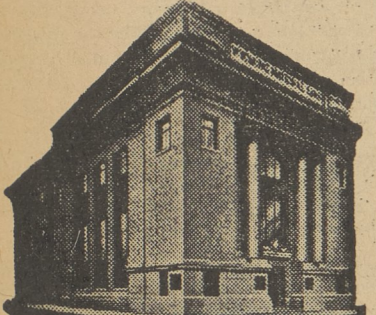


NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS, so perhaps Joe Mendi II, of the Detroit Zoo, would be better off if he kept away from the daily papers. At left, the chimpanzee casually opens his morning newspaper. At right you see his reaction to riots in Egypt and Tunisia, the Korean truce stalemate, and the sad news about income taxes. (International Soundphoto)

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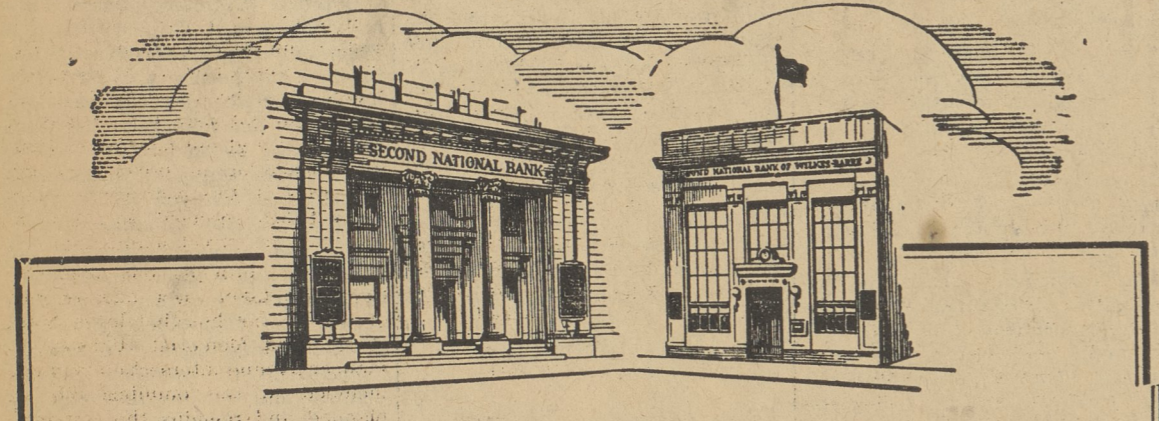
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