

# Fin, Fur and Feather



By William J. Robbins Jr.

Recently a contemptible piece of skulduggery, perpetrated by the Top Brass of the Game Commission was crammed down the throats of the sportsmen of this State as a dessert for a repast of blunders.

To explain this I have before me a letter made up on a mimeograph machine, dated April 15 and signed by Warren Singer of the Lymanville Rod and Gun Club. The heading in bold type—**A SPORTSMAN LOOKS AT THE POISON PROGRAM**, and the body of this propaganda sheet I shall quote as written.

"Everyone is aware of the reasons back of the Game Commission's poison program—the protection of human life and property.

"The sportsman has an interest in this phase of the program equal to that of any other citizen, because he is also a citizen and is equally anxious concerning his livestock—his pets—his family. But he has an added interest due to his stake in wildlife of the Commonwealth.

"All warm blooded animals are susceptible to rabies. We have no assurance that the present epidemic, unless checked, will not spread to many other species of wild animals—and even birds.

"I am confident that the poison baits are being carefully prepared and placed so that they will be attractive only to the meat-eating species of wildlife—those species generally considered predatory, and harmful to the sportsman's interest. Skunks, opossums, crows and foxes are generally regarded as enemies of small game and it is those species that most regularly fall victim to poison. It is those species which most need to be controlled, and from the sportsman's standpoint, it is those species which can best be spared. A reduction in the numbers of predators should result in an upswing in the abundance of rabbits, ringnecks and grouse.

"I am also confident that the officers of the Game Commission are capable and conscientious, and that they are doing everything possible to safeguard the interests of the farmer, the landowner, the sportsman and the general public. Perhaps the most that we can do as sportsman to cooperate and support the Commission is to help in every way possible to create a thorough understanding of the program by all concerned—public—landowner—

sportsman.  
"The least that we can do is to withhold final judgement until the program has been completed and we have had time to evaluate results." (end of quote—verbatim et literatim)

Space will not permit the unravelling of this letter word for word but it is apparent that a group of sportsmen up in Springville are taken for a ride on the efforts of the employees of the Commission. What results have there been in the north part of the State so far as the so-called poison program goes, is not now, and never will be given to those who are paying the salaries of those in charge.

Just a week ago a farmer told me that he saw poison being thrown from a car in the vicinity of his farm. Suet eating birds are being affected and so far as the officers saying they will gather up the unused pellets,—what of those that are carried to tree tops etc? Arsenic is a mineral and is lethal for years and years.

Just what was in the mind of Mr. Singer when he so graciously patted the backs of the Commission members will never be known either. Did he speak for himself, or the majority of sportsmen in his region? Such compliments lead me to believe that this letter was drawn up in the office of the District Supervisor.

Yes, I shall go one step farther and say that the postage for this apologetic epistle was paid for by the sportsmen who on the whole are quite ethical, per capita, more-so than those entrusted to safeguard their interests.

Suffice to say, that postage meter machine No 79206 is in the office of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Forty Fort, and this was the stamp on this most recent attempt to obtain unearned plaudits. Nature has done more to alleviate the epidemic than those in charge are doing, and Nature received no plaudits, not even a mention.

Much more could be said in this column but those that read it can fill in between the lines, or draw conclusions of their own. The allegations are mine alone and repercussions will be shouldered by me, not any sportsmen's group with which I am affiliated.

## Roger Babson DISCUSSES BUSINESS OUTLOOK

As my readers know, I have thus far been pretty blue about the prospects for business up to election time next November. But, President Truman's decision to pull out of the race has changed my outlook. I feel more optimistic now!

### FEELINGS CONTROL STATISTICS

When I was a boy in Gloucester, Massachusetts, my father ran a store. He often said to me: "Roger, it isn't how much money people have in the bank that makes them buy my merchandise—no sir, it's HOW THEY FEEL!" That was good advice in 1900, and it is still good.

Just take a look at what's happened in the last year. You will remember that the bureaucrats and the brain trusters in Washington were warning the nation that a new wave of inflation was just ahead—that there soon would be big shortages again. That was only twelve short months ago. Did these shortages show up? They did not. Why? Because the people who do the buying decided to save more and buy less. The government statisticians could measure inventories, but they couldn't figure out people's feelings!

### EVERYBODY FEELING BETTER

In my opinion, business and the public have both been holding back from making decisions and buying until after the elections. Now, however, with the President making his historic "shall not run" decision, all that is changed. There is a widespread feeling that nearly all of his possible successors would be more kindly disposed to business. A feeling of relief has spread through the country from one end to the other.

Now, this feeling is not something you can measure in black and white. You can't put it into a graph. But, it is the kind of thing that will make a man go out and spend a little more money than he would have before. Just a month ago he may have told his wife that "there'll be no new car this year." Today, however, he may feel that things aren't so bad after all and say: "There is enough in the bank for a rainy day; so, with election prospects looking brighter, why not now enjoy the new car?" This should cause currently high inventories to be pared down.

### SWING TO RIGHT

There is another important possibility that should not be overlooked. With President Truman out (Continued on Page Seven)

## 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—Berts Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Donahues Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Truckville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown, Caves Store; Huntville, Barnes Store; Harveys Lake; Lake Variety Store, Deater's Store; Fernbrook, Reese's Store; Sweet Valley, Britt's Store

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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 May 1, 1942

Middle-aged and elderly men, 1260 of them, were registered from this area on Monday.

Big brush fire in Fernbrook extinguished after threatening three houses.

Herbert Lundy buys Sullivan building, and plans remodeling to house three modern stores, a tavern and three second floor apartments.

It's clean-up day in Dallas, with Borough trucks carting off rubbish. Teachers will register 2500 Back Mountain families for rationing.

Rev. Frances Freeman and Rev. Harry M. Savacool, Methodist ministers of Dallas and Truckville have been transferred.

Rhoda Eddinger will be Dallas Township's first May Queen since 1936.

Shoulder lamb chops, 33 cents per lb; new potatoes, 6 lbs. for 25 cents; strawberries, 25 cents per quart; P & G soap, 4 bars for 19 cents.

Frank Swanson, father of Fred Swanson, Harveys Lake Police Chief assistant, died on Monday after a lingering illness.

Miss Frances Sayre becomes the bride of Stacey M. Schoonover.

Mr. and Mrs. John Merial celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary.

From the Issue of April 29, 1932

Camp Acahela reduces its fees to match declining incomes.

Anti-diphtheria campaign will start Tuesday at local schools, with children between six months and ten years given toxin-antitoxin at parent's request.

Six teams have registered for Rural Quoit League.

Birth rate shows steady decline.

D. F. Westover, banker, dies at forty-five.

Vegetable soup, two cans for 10 cents; spaghetti, beans, shrimp and peanut butter, ditto. Butterine, 10 cents per lb.

Les Warhola and his orchestra will play for the Saturday night farmer dance in Shavertown.

Free: three spirea with each pair of umbrella trees, pair for \$1.50. Cars washed and Simonized, \$3.

### Larger Quarters

Announcement has been made from the Washington office of the Honorable Daniel J. Flood, congressman from this area, that larger and more suitable quarters for Shavertown postoffice have been approved, and authorized by the Postmaster General.

## KEEPING POSTED

EDWARD H. KENT

The day the story of the molasses and the bees appeared in this column, my colleague William Robbins, of Fin, Fur and Feather, came over to see me. He knows a great deal about bees and has planned a campaign by which he hopes to persuade them to move to modern living quarters. We will get the honey-maybe.

He and I were reminiscing about a lot of things, and finally Mr. Robbins asked if I recalled an expedition we had been on back in the twenties. And indeed I did.

A young man had been hunting bear up on the north slope of the North Mountain range, and way back on a rock ledge he had found an Indian jug or water jar. It has since been examined by an expert and pronounced genuine, and it is still in possession of the person who found it.

Well, this discovery caused all kinds of excitement in archeological and historical circles in Wyoming Valley, and nothing must do but a group must have a look at the ledge where the vase was found. So—the expedition was formed and the date set for a Sunday morning. William J. Robbins, Sr. was in command. Those under him were the present Fin, Fur and Feather, Mr. and Mrs. Hachita, the former a geologist with one of the coal companies; Miss Frances Dorrance and Mr. Tillotson, representing the Historical Society; and Mr. and Mrs. Kent, representing nothing.

We drove up the Bowmans Creek Road left the cars at Dinstels, walked up the railroad track for a couple of miles, then turned right and began to climb. It was a muggy day in late autumn and looked like rain any minute. The going was tough, brush, briars, stones, thorns. About a mile or so up the mountain Mr. Tillotson gave out. He was over seventy, built more for comfort than for mountain climbing. We parked him, his umbrella, and a paper bag containing a pair of overshoes, on the ground and made him as comfortable as possible. He was certain that he was going to die, but he didn't. One member of the expedition stayed with Mr. Tillotson and the rest went on.

We saw the place where the jug had been found, a cleft in the rock perhaps three feet high and going back five or six feet. It was easily possible for something to have been hidden there and not found for a century or more. If some Indian picked that place to hide his hooch, he picked a good one. Having seen all there was to see we started down. The skies opened, and the rains came, not a gentle shower but a regular gully-washer. Mr. Tillotson, with the only umbrella, had lots of takes for assistance, and he needed it.

We had gone a mile or more, cutting diagonally from our path, when Mr. Robbins discovered a large rock jutting out from the mountainside five or six feet, and long enough for all of us to get under. By that time there was not a dry stitch in the crowd, and some of the hair-dos were looking a little tired. Mr. Robbins allowed as how the place looked as if it might have been used for an Indian shelter, and suggested that we do some digging to see if we could find anything. With sticks, stones, and bare hands we dug down about a foot and ran into red dirt which was pronounced wood ashes. We scraped around in this stuff and found a dozen or so small pieces of broken pottery. This proved to everyone's satisfaction that the Indians had used this place and had had pottery.

Meanwhile it continued to rain torrents. Mr. Tillotson and his escort had gone on down the slope. There was nothing for the remainder of the group to do but take the storm and get for Dinstels as fast as the slippery footing allowed. Such a looking group of scientists have never been seen before or since. Having been reared in the army and learned foresight, I had a quart thermos of black coffee in my car. This drink gave us a lift.

We piled into our cars, closed them tight, turned on the heaters and let the steam fly. It was the only Turkish bath I ever had on Route 309. In looking back on our expedition thirty years later, Robbins, Jr. and I agreed we had had a heck of a time but lots of fun.

## Yurchak And Kastor Honored At U of P

Two Back Mountain Boys have won extracurricular honors at the University of Pennsylvania. Peter M. Yurchak, son of Mrs. Laska B. Yurchak, of 16 N. Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, formerly of Goss Manor, has been elected vice chairman of the student board of governors of Houston Hall, the University's student union and social center.

John A. Kastor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Kastor, of Holiday House, Dallas, has been elected manager of WXPB, campus radio station.

Both are juniors in the University's College of Arts and Sciences.

## Barnyard Notes

HERBERT HOOVER'S MEMOIRS

The second volume of "The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover" has just been published by The Macmillan Company. In this volume dealing with "The Cabinet and the Presidency, 1920-1933" Mr. Hoover continues the story of his career, begun in the first volume "Years of Adventure, 1874-1920." Each of these volumes is written in a fascinating manner, and each is packed with action.

In the second volume "1920-1933" one is impressed with the record of a president who sought to serve the nation during a critical period, instead of working to perpetrate himself or a political party in power. How one man could crowd so much public service into one lifetime is a near miracle.

In these days of endless wars, and vacillating political leadership which is afraid to stand squarely for American traditions, it is heartening to read Mr. Hoover's memoirs which one can see are written with absolute sincerity and a high sense of personal responsibility toward a nation he loves.

Thus, he adds another chapter to the endless list of services he has rendered his country. Mr. Hoover has brought history to life.

### ABSURD

For many years, stories have been making the rounds about wonderful discoveries which have been suppressed and buried in the deepest depths of the deep freeze by "selfish" commercial interests. It's impossible to know how many people believe these fables, but the number is probably substantial. And they are something of a headache to the industries involved, which become the targets of undeserved ill-will.

Some time ago Roger William Riis published an article in Science News Letter, called Phantom Inventions, in which he dealt with these stories. All of them, he observed, have four common characteristics, "(1) they are never firsthand; (2) the hero is a poor but brilliant inventor; (3) the villain is a wicked corporation; (4) they are untrue."

Some of the stories, untrue as they are, are ingenious and fascinating. One of the oldest tells of a pill or a powder which when mixed with water provides a motor fuel as good as gasoline at practically no cost. This tremendous discovery, the tale runs, was at once bought up by the oil companies and consigned to oblivion. It's obvious that if a man actually could produce such a compound he would gain wealth beyond the dreams of avarice by the simple expedient of selling it to the public—but that fact is conveniently overlooked.

Still another tells of an amazing carburetor which will give 50 miles or so to the gallon of gas. Again, it is alleged, the oil companies grabbed the patent and made sure the device will never be marketed. No one has ever been able to find this patent in the patent-office files, which are open to the public—but that fact is also overlooked in the telling.

An amusing variant of this has been making the rounds lately. It seems a man bought a new car in the low-price bracket. When it was brought in for servicing the dealer asked how he liked it. The owner was all enthusiasm—it was the finest running machine he'd ever had and, on top of that, it got 50 miles to the gallon. The dealer turned pale, lifted the car's hood and peered into the engine compartment. He turned back to the owner and, obviously in a state of worried excitement, said that he'd trade the highest priced car manufactured for the machine. The owner refused, and a still higher offer was made. Finally, in desperation the dealer explained. The car the man had bought, he said, was an experimental model which had been shipped from the factory in error. The company had been scouring the nation for it, and would pay anything to get it back. There the story ends. The fact is, of course, that experimental cars are not even produced in the same plants as standard models, and it would be impossible for one of them to be included in the regular shipments to dealers.

Still another tall tale deals with a razor blade which will last forever, and which was bought by a leading razor company for millions and suppressed. The razor people made a strenuous effort to trace this story to its source, but were unsuccessful. They said they'd never seen such a blade, but they'd certainly like to.

Official bodies have investigated charges that astonishingly valuable patents were being abused or suppressed. Anyone who wished to was free to testify. But all that was ever unearthed was rumor—never a fact.

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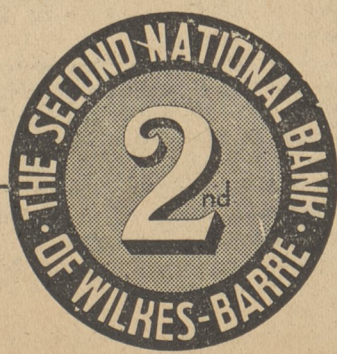
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