

Fin, Fur and Feather



By William J. Robbins Jr.

PRIZE BEAR KILLERS

Of the 429 legal bears bagged in Pennsylvania during the six-day season last November, there were 11 that weighed 400 pounds or more, rough-dressed. At least, so say individual reports made by the brum killers.

How many of these bears were actually weighed is not known, but on the basis of weights shown on kill tags the largest bear, a male 545 pounder, was taken in Pike County by Robert A. Beers, of R.D., Nazareth, Pa.

Still going on weights submitted, the second prize went to John J. Kucinski, Erie, Pa., for a 501 pounder killed in Warren County. Third place was taken by Samuel Norris, of Curwensville, Pa., who bagged his prize, a 465 pounder, in Clearfield County.

The 11 big fellows were taken in 9 different counties. Only one of them was a female.

DEFENSE AGAINST RABBITS

Cottontail rabbits perennially annoy residents of Pennsylvania towns and cities with their flower and bulb eating in early spring and their vegetable garden raiding later.

Game protectors and trappers employed by the Game Commission remove tens of thousands of these unwanted bunnies from municipalities every winter, thus reducing the potential rabbit damage. But some adults remain to plague gardeners. However, with choice foods available it is almost impossible to bring rabbits to trap in late spring and summer.

Many gardeners become incensed at the bunny depredations, but relent when they realize that if a mother rabbit were taken from her tiny young they would perish.

The best way to beat the problem appears to be more defense spending in the case of small gardens, where the outlay is within reason. 18-inch mesh wire, 6 inches of it buried in the ground to prevent burrowing under, solves the protection problem. Openings in the mesh must be no larger than one inch if little rabbits are to be kept out.

Sprays and dusts, such as dried blood, rotenone and tobacco dust, sold by merchants handling seeds and garden equipment, are usually

effective repellents. Directions on the package should be followed implicitly. A line of moth crystals, poured around the garden border, often proves an effective bar to the invasions of Brer Rabbit.

FUR BEARER CRUELLY SLAIN

Irwin A. Meibel, Jr., Susquehanna game protector reports this despicable incident:

"On Sunday evening, April 20," he says, "I went to the outlet of Montrose Lake to view a dead animal a man reported finding while fishing. Sorry to say, I found it to be a large male otter. Its skull had been crushed, possibly by someone fishing the stream."

Two Umbrellas Gone

Mrs. Robert Kubasti, Fernbrook, would appreciate information about two brand-new umbrellas, left at the Pen-Fern State Station for the use of her sons during a heavy rainstorm, but would appreciate still more deeply the return of the umbrellas.

In the Swim



BLONDE Marilyn Monroe, who has been recently linked romantically with Joe DiMaggio, prepares to cool off at a pool in Hollywood. Marilyn displays here some of the charms that have prompted film folk to call her the most exciting blonde to come along since Jean Harlow.

Read the Classified Column

THE DALLAS POST
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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: \$2.00 a year; \$3.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.50 a year; \$5.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas-Berts Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Donahues Restaurant, Shawtown-Evans' Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Truckville, 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.

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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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SAFETY VALVE

ANSWER CHALLENGE

Dear Editor:
Bert Stitzer's "Sharpshooters", the best team this side of Paradise, takes this opportunity to accept the challenge of Back Mountain Lumber and Coal Company's "Playboys" for a three-game playoff on a neutral alley. The "Sharpshooters" hope the prize will be a dinner or some other award suitable to their ability.

Bert Stitzer
for the Sharpshooters

TAKES EXCEPTION

Dear Editor:
Two weeks ago in your valuable paper there appeared quite a boner in Fin, Fur and Feather about the offspring of the English Sparrow and the Starling which I would like to call to your attention.

It was stated that the Grackle was a cross between the Sparrow and the Starling. Now the Sparrow which is of the Finch family was introduced into the United States in the year 1850 and the Starling was introduced in 1890.

Mr. Audubon who died in 1851 drew beautiful pictures of four different Grackles during the early part of his life—say about 1825—and John Burroughs who once was one of America's outstanding ornithologists and was consulting editor of "Birds of America" states on page 270 of "Birds of America" that the Grackle was named Jackdaw by our early settlers of the country on account of its superficial resemblance to the European Jackdaw which of course is an entirely different bird.

The three Grackles which we have here at Harveys Lake are the Boat-Tailed Grackle, the Purple Grackle and the Bronzed Grackle. Now you name the one which is a cross between the English Sparrow and the Starling for me.

Sincerely yours
Frank Jackson
Harveys Lake.

FIRE IS NO JOKE

Dear Editor,
Fire in the country is a dreadful thing because of lack of adequate water supply, and because by the very nature of the volunteer system a certain amount of delay is almost inevitable. The Back Mountain Fire companies get to a blaze with phenomenal speed, but distances are long and hills are steep.

Seeing a house in flames is a terrifying thing. It is easy to vision your own house going up in smoke, your prized possessions stacked on the lawn, your bedding and clothing flying out of an upstairs window to lie smoldering beneath the ladder while a fireman chops holes in the siding and lets out another burst of flame, and smoke curls from the eaves.

Unless a switch could be made to chemicals, the crux of the situation seems to be water and more water.

It is only in the centers of population that fire plugs are available. In times of drought when fires are the most likely to occur, it is doubtful if there would be enough pressure on top of the high hills to make fire plugs practical for the outlying districts.

We seem to remember that some years ago it was suggested that a large tank truck be financed for the use of all Back Mountain Fire Companies, filled and waiting for an emergency call in some central location.

It is true that such a truck would move fairly slowly, but the fire companies could hold things in check until it got to the scene, and once there it could furnish enough water to make speedy work of putting out the fire.

I have a very selfish viewpoint on this. I am located on Pioneer Avenue in an area where there are no fire-plugs, where there is no city water, where home-owners either have their own drilled wells, powered by automatic electric pump, rent water from a neighbor's supply, or subscribe to one of the several private water companies.

I feel that with Borough taxes, water company water should be available.

As it is not supplied, and there are no fire plugs, I would feel a lot better if there were a large tank truck in readiness to supply enough water to save my home if my own bottled gas tank ever lets go, as was the case in the recent fire on the Roushey Plot, with the Newberry home gravely endangered from an explosion.

I will subscribe twenty-five dollars here and now to such a tank truck, if the other folks out here will go along on the proposition. It is very moderate insurance against total loss. No amount of insurance ever covers the actual loss by fire.

Let's see if it isn't possible to start something. Two bad fires in as many weeks are two fires too much.

Hopefully yours
Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks.

Our Great America by Woody



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

From The Issue Of June 12, 1942

Peter Clark elected as Republican chairman by a narrow margin, 37 votes against Arnett Jones, 35.

Howell Rees, former editor of Dallas Post, speaks at Memorial Day Committee Dinner on the Bahamas, where he has spent the past two years.

A tie between Merle Shaver and Floyd Chamberlain for Middle District Committeeman, was decided by a drawing in favor of Shaver.

Elwood Davis, Marine, is leaving for the War Zone after a 25 day leave.

Bill Casterline escapes death by narrow margin when truck body pins him to cab. Bill, after escaping from near-drowning last February when his truck went through the ice at Sunset, says, "I'm getting used to this sort of thing".

Large supply of road-oil, frozen by government, delays road work in Dallas.

Onions, 3 lbs for 10 cents; new beets, 5 cents per bunch; spaghetti, two cans for 25 cents; bread, two large loaves for 17 cents; solid cabbage, new, 5 cents per lb; fancy red salmon, 35 cents tall can.

Helen Boice marries Fred Hoover May 29.

Helen Kirkendall announces engagement to Robert D. Appleton.

Harry Kresge, feed merchant of Fernbrook, was buried Thursday in Mill City Cemetery.

Harry Hoover celebrates his eightieth birthday with an open house.

Mrs. Anna Parks mourned at Idetown.

Patrolman Fred Swanson got an orangeade shower at Harveys Lake when he restrained a violent woman, near Sunset Saturday afternoon.

From The Issue Of June 10, 1932

Text of Rockefeller's plea for change in prohibition law published. Dallas Post, entering a new field, has completed publishing of Kingston High School Year-Book.

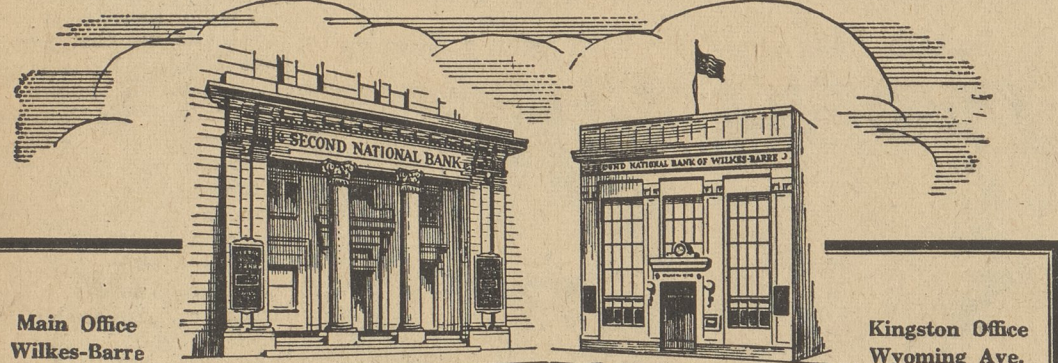
Misericordia graduates thirty-five. Gliders, \$12.50.

Sheldon Mosier graduates from State College.

Jim Hutchison says bouquets placed in trees will help in pollution.

Dallas Borough graduates nine. Kingston Township holds commencement.

"The Man Who Played God", with George Arliss, at Himmler Theatre. It's a four page paper.



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Barnyard Notes

The Post this week welcomes a new correspondent to its columns. Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks had hardly covered her typewriter for a two-weeks sojourn at the Columbia University School of Journalism in New York City when this new contributor arrived with his column of news from Skunk Holler. Here it is just as we received it without editorial tampering on our part.

SKUNK HOLLER NEWS BY HUGH SMELME III

Dear Mr. Edytor. Here's my news for this week.

Mrs. Jacob Stonecob had the misfortun' of dislocatin' her jawbone wile talkin' away at a laidees aid meetin' other afternoon. Her jawbone slipped slonchwise and the wimmin had to call the veterinarian. Doc taped up her jaw so's she kaint talk none fer a few days. The Hon. Mr. Stonecob, who is air belovud presydent ov the Skunk Holler First National Bank, shore is happy about hit—about hit not bein' any worse'n hit is.

Alben Pilsner has axed me to appeel nashun wide to get his spouse back. Bessie Pilsner run off a few weeks ago after an argument.

Alben sed him and Bessie got to talkin' about how fat she was. He sed, I bet you air heavier'n air old brood sow rite now. She sed, I hain't neither and I bet you luv thet old sow more'n you do me. He sed, Thunderashun thet hain't so. I even luv you more'n my old foxhound, but you shore air heavier'n thet old sow. She sed, Hit's a downrite lie and you know hit.

Rite heer is whar Alben admits he flew off the handle. I was stedy up to then, he sed, fer I was statin' only facts and I stand on my facts. What made Bessie leeve was the next statement of Alben. Why don't you go weigh? he shoutud.

Bessie Pilsner, wharever you air, you kin cum back to yor old man. You acted hasty. Alben sed go weigh, not go a-way. So cum on back so's your man kin have somethin' to eat beesides sowbelly. Yep, Bessie, Alben kilt thet old hog. He sed, No sow kin cum between me and my spouse.

Little Mort Smelme, the youngust of the Smelmes, learnt hisself a big lessun this week. He set on the kitchon stove and burnt his little self.

The Skunk Holler Wimmin's club will close the season with a tea this afternoon. Tee time two ten.

The rain last week sartinly was appreciated by the farmers. Only thing, hit rained so hard hit floated the chapul from route 1 to route 2. So, reemember nabors, Sunday schul at 9, preachin' frum 10 to 12. Don't go to route 1 and spxect Deacon Walkur to show up. Hit's route 2 whr he'll be. Let's all git to church on time fer onct.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester White war honored on their 50 years ov wedded bliss last Sunday with a surpriss potluck. Chester proved he's still as gud as any yung whippersnapper in the Holler and et the most. Mrs. White et little. She jist sat there, bless her sole a-thinkin' back 50 years, and a-shakin' her hed.

Lots ov indeegestun in the naborhood.

Mrs. Lola Loon had 2 teeth tuk out. They was her last 2 teeth. Gingur, thet's my spouse, sed thet with them last 2 tobaccy-staned teeth gone, Mrs. Loon now has won ov the sweetiest smiles in the naborhood.

you wish you had the old armchair?"

Poet's Corner

No more they tittered, no more they chaffed,
No more my brother and sisters laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare
Granny's only left to me her old armchair.

The following poem was lent to the Post by Mrs. Marvin Elston who thought some of our readers would enjoy it and wish to clip it for their scrapbooks:
My Grandmother, she at the age of eighty three,
One day in May was taken ill and died;
And after she was dead, the will of course was read
By a lawyer as we all stood side by side,
To my brother, it was found, she had left a hundred pound,
The same unto my sister, I declare;
But when it came to me the lawyer said, "I see she has left to you her old armchair."

How they tittered, how they chaffed,
How my brother and my sisters laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare
Granny'd only left to me her old armchair.

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,
And in the evening took the chair away.
My brother at me laughed, the lawyer at me chaffed,
And said, "It will come useful, John, some day."

When you settle down in life,
Find some girl to be your wife,
You'll find it very handy, I declare,
On a cold and frosty night,
When the fire is burning bright,
You can sit in your old armchair."

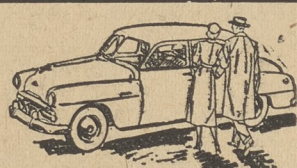
What the lawyer said was true,
For in a year or two,
Strange to say I settled down in married life,

I first a girl did court and then a ring I bought,
Took her to the church, and then she was my wife,
Now the dear girl and me
Are happy as can be,
And when my work is done, I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam.

But each night I'd stay at home
And be seated in my old armchair.
One night the chair fell down,
And when I picked it up I found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor.

And there before my eyes
I saw to my surprise
A lot of notes, ten thousand pounds or more,
When my brother heard of this
The poor fellow, I confess,
Went nearly wild with rage and tore
his hair.

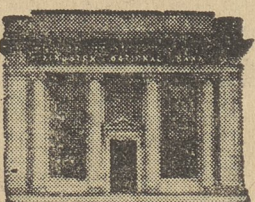
But I only laughed at him,
And I said unto him: "Jim,
And I said unto him: "Jim, don't



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