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Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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Editorially Speaking: A World Of Distractions

If there is one word which describes the condition under which we and all civilized peoples live today, it is the word "Distraction."

This is a common enough word, but it has wide and significant meanings. For one thing, the dictionary tells us, it means a drawing off or diversion of the mind. It means confusion and perplexity.

Then, at the far end of the spectrum, it means aberration, frinzy, even madness. We have a plenitude of distractions these days.

The cold war goes on and on, ever-broadening, with no end in sight. The world's eyes were recently riveted on an unprecedented meeting of chiefs of state at the United Nations in New York where, literally, one well-aimed rifle shot could have marked the beginning of World War III.

We have just gone through a political campaign of unique intensity, in which the decision was agonizingly close. We have witnessed a reign of terror in Africa which reads like a chapter from the Dark Ages.

We have seen the establishment of what amounts to a Communist-dominated state a few miles from the Southeastern tip of this nation. And—in a single year—some 40 new countries with their own flags, parliaments, aspirations, and latent and unknown powers, have come into being.

On top of all this, we have our deep and passionate controversies at home—as to what should be done in such diverse fields as education, medical care for the old and indigent, the production of electric power in the nuclear age and, above all, the proper role of government in ordering and directing the lives of the people.

So "Distraction" is the symbolic word. Our minds are torn in a hundred fragments. The problem has been compounded to an enormous degree by magical progress in the arts of communication, visual and verbal.

In a matter of seconds, some event taking place half a world away is made known to us, in words and pictures. In a matter of hours, we ourselves can physically travel half a world away from our homes.

It is no wonder that, living as we must in this turmoil, it becomes, as the old French proverb has it, more and more difficult to see the forest because of the trees. Fundamentals become dim and may even be lost beneath the cruel and blinding light of changing and threatening events.

But some things do not change. That is what we, because of our heritage and because of our inescapable position as leader of a free world confronted by a slave world which wants to destroy us, cannot afford to forget.

The question is: What is it all for, this spending of almost unimaginable resources of energy and treasure on a scale never before so much as approximated in history? Why may we be asked, as a people, for personal, material sacrifices greater than any we have yet known.

There is a simple answer—that we must defend ourselves and our friends among the nations against the forces of darkness which are our enemies. But that is not the whole answer by any means.

The real answer is that we are doing this—if it is to have any real and permanent meaning at all—in order to preserve the best and oldest ideal that history knows, which is freedom. Freedom means many things. It means a high degree of personal responsibility and pride, in which one cares for himself and his family without looking to government for aid unless no other avenue is open.

It means, in the fine old sense of the phrase, a government which is the servant and never the master of the people. It means that leadership and national purpose come from the people and are not imposed upon them from above. It means a deep spiritual belief that every man is important, as a person and an entity—and that men in the mass can never be allowed to submerge the individual, and make him a number among faceless millions of numbers.

Whatever we have done, are doing, or must do, will be worth every necessary cost if this ideal is kept bright and shining before us. But if we lose it—if we allow the individual to become a powerless, driven pawn in a game played by rulers—everything worth-while will be lost too.

SUCCESSFUL INVESTING ...

by ROGER E. SPEAR

Investment Advisor and Analyst

Tax Matters Demand Specialists Attention

Q. "Will you please explain about tax loss selling?" R. C.

A. This is a timely question with the end of another tax year almost upon us. Unfortunately it also requires a complex answer not permitted in this brief column where I can only scratch the surface of your problem.

In essence, the advantage of selling at a loss is based on provisions of the Internal Revenue Code, which allow an investor to set off capital losses against capital gains.

For example, assume you have sold a stock at a profit during the current year and own another currently selling lower than your original purchase price.

You could sell this latter security before December 31 and deduct the net loss from your previous profit. In this way you lower the amount on which your capital gains tax is based.

Also, if you sell a stock at a loss without any other realized capital gains, you can sometimes deduct up to \$1,000 of this loss from your regular income for tax purposes.

However, many other factors can influence your decision about taking a tax loss, including the length of time the security has been held and the recovery prospects of the stock.

I would rarely sell a basically strong stock for the sole purpose of reporting a loss. The best advice I can give you on this and all other tax matters is to consult an expert in this specialized field.

Q. "I am interested in your opinion of Central and Southwest, which I have owned for eight years, and Metal and Thermit." R. S.

A. Central and Southwest, a very fast growth utility holding company, has almost quadrupled in price since you purchased the shares. Further growth seems assured and a dividend increase is likely early next year.

Hold Metal and Thermit, which detains scrap metal, has done little in recent years. This is a good company in a field with limited prospects and I would dispose of these shares. (Copyright 1960, General Features Corp.)

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

Pay Television is something that has been in the talking stage for years. Within the next month pay-TV will be in existence in Hartford, Connecticut, where 300,000 set owners will get their chance to watch—and pay for—a daily schedule of telecast without commercials.

The experiment will probably continue for three years. Price—the average price of a program will be \$1, but some special events may cost as much as \$3.50 or as little as 25 cents.

The programs will include Broadway plays, current motion pictures, operas, ballets, symphonies, and sporting events.

In setting the prices, the Hartford sponsors will be operating in the unknown. Until a number of months pass, no one can predict how many viewers are willing to pay—and how often or for which programs.

Payment by the Hartford viewer will be made a month later. He will receive a program guide listing the programs and channels. No two pay-TV programs will be scheduled at the same time.

When he wants to watch, all he does is set his decoder and tune in on the right channel. At the end of the month he will strip off the tape and he will have a record of his listening times and the prices. He then mails a check to Hartford Phonovision.

Different Systems—In pay-TV two different systems can be used. One is based on transmission by wire. In the wire system programs are sent over coaxial cable strung along telephone poles or through conduits and eventually through drop-off wires into each subscriber's home.

The other system is used with conventional broadcasting over the regular air waves. But the program is sent out scrambled and each viewer has a decoder attached to his personal television set.

The decoder type will be used in the Hartford experiment. Results So Far—Pay-TV has been tried in Canada. Last February in the Toronto suburb of Egliville, an area with about 12,000 homes, 6,000 homes were wired. It was decided that this would be a pay-as-you-see program, so a little electronic gadget was installed with a collection box on each tv set.

Every time the owner wanted to watch a show he dropped the necessary coins into the box. Through the programs have been mostly of movies the average family has been spending more than \$2 a week.

Commercials may not disappear with pay-TV. Last April the advertising agency of Young and Rubicam held a survey of their own. Representatives were sent to the Canadian town for viewers reaction. Among the question asked was how they would feel about commercials on pay-television if the price of the

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

Now is the time for all good men and women to come to the aid of their Uncle Sam: pay your income tax. And if you were on the short end of the recent election, do not start to rant about the Democrats.

You are paying for the period of those economical Republicans. They were so out of practice during the twenty years of Roosevelt and Truman and two wars that the best they could do was to run up a deficit of twelve billion or so. The pie in the sky days are still ahead. You have not seen anything yet.

The income tax forms form the best puzzle since the Book of Daniel, maybe twenty-five hundred years ago. They are filled with "who must," how to," options, claims, exemptions, deductions, figuring, detailed, joint, relationships, dependents, rounding, excess, withheld, inclusions, exclusions, reporting, methods, computations, tables, credits, balances, income, adjustments, gains and losses, declarations, bring forward to and from, estimates, actually, summary, general and special rules, depreciation, etc. until the taxpayer is in a complete daze.

A serious proposal has been advanced to put the college courses in higher mathematics and accounting back in high schools so that high school graduates may be competent to prepare an income tax form.

The colleges would have to discontinue such degrees and in lieu thereof the Internal Revenue Service and Department of Health, Education, and Welfare would jointly confer degrees. Single men and spinsters under age 65 (not claiming to be head of a family), upon successfully filing a report under government supervision, without outside assistance, would receive a degree of Bachelor of Redux Tapus.

Husband and wife, living together throughout the entire calendar year, would rate a degree Master of Hocus Pocus; with children and/or other specified dependents, Cum Laude; with company expense accounts Magna Cum

Laude. Five successive successful filings would award a degree of Ph. D. in Fabulous Fakery. Other spinsters, divorcees of either sex, and widows, the nearest appropriate degree With Baloney.

But we seem to be getting away from the tax forms. That is the main trouble with income tax business. It is hard to stick to and easy to put off. First get busy on your options and look over the list of forms (to be accompanied by appropriate attachments as specified and supported by indicated schedules), taking note of the special forms supplied for farmers and others. Do not try to stretch your luck on the first item. We recently had an argument with a business woman who avoided declaring special income by the simple expedient of using the shortest form which had no place for it. Sooner or later she will get caught.

Then do not get too smart. When the income tax first came out a young woman of our acquaintance, single, living at home, practically no expenses laughed all others to scorn by, year after year, bragging that she was smart enough to get away without any taxes. This was before withholding was thought of. After about six years she was suddenly called to the Wilkes-Barre postoffice where a revenue man spoke some thing like this, "Young lady, we know you are very young and inexperienced, and maybe not too bright, but you should have asked for some assistance before making up these incorrect reports. You have made numerous violations of the law, but in view of your youth and inexperience, we do not desire to be hard with you. We figure you owe taxes for every year as stated on these forms. If this tax is paid to me at this office not later than next Tuesday we will close the matter." She paid it, with interest and penalties.

Now lets get busy and make up the reports.

Avenues of Life

BY CREWS JEWELL

Ingratitude

The last of seven sons had married and was leaving the home of his parents to make a home of his own. The old folks were now to be left alone in the house which had resounded with the shouts and laughter of happy children, had seen them, one by one, go away to college, had watched them mature into fine, healthy, self-reliant men. It had been the scene of many happy weddings, had witnessed their departure from the loving embrace into the turbulent world—into avenues of varied business activities.

The old folks had worked, and through great sacrifice had given each son the benefit of a college education. If there could be the slightest criticism in the children's raising, it might be said that the parents had been somewhat over-indulgent with them.

But now they were alone with their memories. The years of sacrifice had reduced their financial position to one of very meager proportion. No longer were they able to keep up their former prosperous appearance. The old home needed painting; the grounds showed signs of neglect. The little contributions which previously filtered in from the children had somehow grown less and less until they had stopped altogether.

Being an old friend of the family, I dropped in one evening to see them. The occasion happened to be their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Other friends had called to offer congratulations. I listened to a glowing account of the success of the children—some living near and others at distant points. I expected to see some of them but I looked in vain. Seven full grown and prosperous sons were so engrossed in their own affairs that they could not honor their old father and mother upon their fiftieth wedding anniversary. To be sure, there were letters of regret—even one had remembered to send a shawl to the mother and a can of tobacco to the father.

I remembered the years of patient, unselfish devotion to duty, of sacrifice and denial on the part of those parents. And I can never erase from my memory the sight of that grand old couple smiling through their tears as they turned the pages of the family album excusing, as best they could, the absence of their loved ones on this of all occasions.

I left their home that night with a heavy heart thinking of the ingratitude that is possible in the human breast. I could not find the slightest excuse for such cruel neglect on the part of children who had been so well provided for; had become successful and had left the old folks to shift for themselves when the sunset of life was already beginning to fade on the horizon. Truly, here was a typical example of the old saying, "A father can support seven sons, but seven sons cannot support one father."

Shavertown P.T.A. Set For Monday Evening

John Zerbe, executive director of the Playground and Recreational Association of Wyoming Valley, programs were reduced; a majority said they would not object to advertising before and after the programs, but they would strongly object to interruptions for commercials.

Opponents—All the networks have protested that pay-television would be taking "free air" from the public. Movie theatres claim they would suffer if first-run movies were available to a home audience.

Proven Successful—the networks will go into pay-TV themselves. R.C.A. has taken out a patent for a pay-TV system. The network contends that if pay-TV becomes profitable, it will drive free TV out of the picture because pay-TV will be able to bid higher for all the big attractions—the comedians, the major sport events and the spectaculars. The only time the public could see and enjoy free-TV would be in the daytime. It is generally felt that women would not be willing to pay for daytime shows, so these shows would be paid for by commercials. It is also thought that Westerns and children shows might fall into this category.

Movie industry as opposed to the movie theatres would not be hurt by pay-TV. With a captured, paying home audience it would have a larger audience than ever.

SAFETY VALVE

DOGS

Dear Editor: Fishermen and skaters, please leave your dogs at home when coming to the lake. For the past ten days I have seen a little black dog coming from the vicinity of Javer's store. He enters the lake and crosses it and in about twenty minutes he goes back. Some day he won't get back! Please watch your dog.

Mrs. H. S. Johnson, Pole 98, Harveys Lake, Pa.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO In the fourth local robbery within two weeks, Noxen Post Office was looted of \$65. Recently, William Boice of Tunkhannock, was held up not far from the covered bridge at Orcutt's Grove. At Kunkle, John Isaac's store was entered, the cash register opened, and \$35 stolen. And Ralph Hess lost ten fine chickens to hen-house thieves.

Frank Randall, 62, Fernbrook, sustained a fractured leg when struck by a car driven by Henry Love, 19, Dallas RD 3.

Russell Hauser, Shavertown, suffered concussion in a coasting accident.

Dallas Borough Council appointed Wesley Daddow street commissioner, succeeding Theodore Snyder. No appointment was made to fill the vacancy caused by resignation of police officer Edward Avery. State police may be obtained in an emergency by calling Wyoming Barracks.

Dorey Kitchen, 45, coasting on the Franklin Street hill in Shavertown with two other men, crashed into a truck belonging to Mountain Springs Ice Company. Three splinters of bone were removed in an operation on his skull at Nesbit Hospital. Mr. Kitchen had warned his children about the dangers of crossing the highway while sledding.

The Dallas Post calls attention to dangers of coasting, asking for some sort of protection at crossings. Several people have been injured.

Shrimp, 15 cents per can; milk, 3 tall cans, 22 cents; peanut butter, 1 pound pail, 19 cents; coffee, 23c per lb.; ice cream at Evans Pharmacy, 39 cents per quart.

Gordon Shook, out in Noxen, is advertising overshoes and boots in all sizes. Be prepared.

First National Bank of Dallas shows \$610,988.22 resources.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO: Cement has been poured on the overpass to Fernbrook. When completed, this bridge will eliminate a traffic hazard. Banks Construction Co. is going ahead with relocation of the Kunkle-Beaumont stretch. Paul Stoner says much of the relocation must be done during the winter months, recalling trouble with quicksand last summer.

Many gifts are swelling the fund for purchase of uniforms costing \$6.75 apiece for the Dallas High School band.

Roger Clark, son of the late Granville Clark, was elected a director of Luzerne National Bank, replacing his father.

Dallas Post Office may get second class rating. Business increase puts it on the eligible list.

Fred Welsh's Christmas tree is drawing a lot of attention from young and old alike. He is going to leave it standing until February 1.

War may delay construction of the Lake highway, plans for which are about to go to the bidders. Originally planned to be built this summer, work may be postponed in favor of key defense highways.

Accidents are causing many fatalities. Arrest of two Scranton men seems to have solved a series of 140 rural robberies in stores and gas stations.

Borough Council has approved a \$35,000 drainage project, WPA sponsored, for installation of street improvements on Spring, Franklin, Lehman, and Center Hill.

Mrs. Dora Montross, 70, was buried from the home of her son, Bert, in Noxen.

Mrs. Frances Renard, strong supporter of the move to establish an Episcopal mission in the Back Mountain, died at her home in Dallas.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Doris Bevans to Ernest Whipper. Howard DeRemer and his Texas bride, Laureta Roark, were married December 22.

The Townsend Club will meet at Center Moreland grange hall. AND 10 YEARS AGO: The brass bell from a Lehigh Valley engine swings in the Prince of Peace belfry.

L. L. Richardson has been elected president of Rural Building and Loan Association, succeeding Albert G. Groblewski of Trucksville.

First National Bank of Dallas reached a peak of approximately 4 million in November. Announcement was made by W. B. Jeter at the annual stockholders meeting, Ralph Brickley was elected to fill the vacancy caused by resignation of William Neely from the board of directors.

Kenneth Hughes, 4, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hughes, Trucksville, fractured his skull in a coasting accident. An emergency operation was performed to remove a splinter of bone.

Earl Craig, 60, Courtdale, died of pneumonia. Kingston Township school board anticipates increased tax load of \$10,299 if 100 pupils from the new housing development of Meadowcrest enter school.

Chris Eipper makes a brisk comeback to Doctor L. E. Jordan's published view on school jointure. Mr. Eipper is agin it. Mrs. David Morgan has joined the State Department of Welfare, to work on rehabilitation of the blind. Two liquor licenses have been suspended at Harveys Lake: John Nuthoff and Mae Brennan.

Barnyard Notes

I am surprised at the number of persons coming into our office who inquire for Chi Chi.

It had never occurred to me that anybody would miss her—for it was her constant soulding of strangers that motivated our moving to the back room.

After paying several doctor's bills for nipped fingers, we came to the conclusion that Chi Chi was not creating good customer relations.

Now she is in her element, where the noise of the presses drowns out her screeches and where her cage is far enough removed to prevent any mischievous nipping of tweed coats, silk scarves or exploring fingers.

We've learned to our sorrow that you can never count on a monkey. Today she may be as loving as a kitten, tomorrow she may be huffing and puffing at her best friend—and when she huffs and puffs there is no way of stopping her—except by turning our back abruptly and walking away!

Under ordinary circumstances, I can do most anything with her—and she will sit for hours on my shoulder—while I read a book or fall asleep as she gently inspects every hair of my head with her inquiring fingers. Generally we get along just fine; but it wasn't that way at Christmas!

The fire went out at The Post and something had to be done to keep Chi Chi from freezing to death. So at midnight I persuaded her to come out of her chilly nest. She rubbed her eyes sleepily, yawned, stretched and finally consented to crawl under my jacket, where I buttoned her in for the frigid trip up Lehman avenue. Only her chain was exposed to the frosty air, and when I touched it, it stuck momentarily to my hand. Once she stuck her inquisitive head out between the buttons of my coat. She quickly withdrew it and cuddled closer to my shirt. You couldn't have asked for a more lovable pet!

But, once in our warm, brightly-lighted kitchen, my troubles began! What the Devil do you do with a monkey on a winter night, when you have no cage and the rest of the family is unsympathetically in bed?

No one who has never seen our office on a morning after Chi Chi has slipped out of her cage can appreciate the predicament I was in. Just where do you tether a monkey who is mortally afraid of dogs, when you have a blind setter-spaniel sleeping in the kitchen; a Doberman in the cellar, a Boxer in the living room two Tom cats on the enclosed back porch, and an unsuspecting parakeet dozing on his perch in the dining room! This was the coldest night of the year!

There are eleven rooms in our house—twelve if you count the storage room off the kitchen—and in the last twenty years Myra has covered every window sill, mantle, chest, sideboard, bureau, desk, book case, hall rack, television, marble top table, radiator and vacant space with a piece of antique colored glass gathered from the Library Auction or Ray Shiber's. Only with a monkey on his shoulder and no place to tether it will a man ever appreciate how much glass there is in the world!

So that explains why I slept with a monkey under the covers on the coldest night of the year.

From Pillar To Post ...

by HIX

That's what I get for bringing a mamma cat, with kitten, back from Virginia with me at Christmas time. Not only does the Bird Club land on me with claws, extended and feathers ruffled, but a neighborhood Tom comes parading around the premises, emitting seductive noises in the watches of the night and causing imprisoned Grey-Lady to respond with a quavering yowl.

And that's not all... the ex-favorite, the odd looking little white kitten with the stroobly fur, nudging in for a comforting nip, draws down nothing more nourishing than a hiss, and a push in the puss from an armed paw.

March 17 used to be the day when we always expected kittens, and it looks very much as if this year might run true to form. The Tom is doubtless somebody's pet. A jaundiced summing up of the situation leads to the inevitable conclusion: There isn't much you can do about untrammeled nature. But it would be helpful if favors were distributed with more equality, and some of the yowling located on the doorstep belonging to the Tom, thus passing around the fringe benefits.

It is discouraging to the birds to have a faithful suitor twitching his tail directly beneath the feeder, and gazing aloft with dripping jaws at such times as he is not peering hopefully through the screen door.

Grey-Lady gets let out only when the birds are not feeding, with prison walls closing about her early in the morning, at noon, and an hour before dusk.

The Tom has become a fixture. He is not precisely beautiful, but he is luxuriously large, with a plumed tail and long guard hairs. His moustache gives him a rakish air. It is difficult to tell whether he has recently dipped his muzzle into a saucer of lentil soup, or whether the color is natural instead of a dye job.

He has been subjected for the past few days to an intermittent barrage of decayed onions, exp-topatoes, and small sticks of kindling wood, which he eludes with practiced ease. Out of range, he seats himself on a snow bank, grooms his whiskers, and exudes forgiveness.

At midnight, when it does him no good at all, he resumes his serenade. And down in the basement there is an antiphonal chorus, punctuated by a wounded soprano mew from a puzzled kitten.

Only a week ago, Mamma made a pendulum of her tail so that her child could bat it with a small white paw. She invited her kitten to snuggle close to her on the couch. She drew back so that her kitten could have undisturbed possession of the food dish. And now everything is changed.

There must be some way of getting those felines back to Virginia, and at once. If only the weather would let up. After all, they are here only on a lend-lease basis, a convenient port in the storm while the family took off for Kentucky for the Christmas holidays.

It was never intended to be a permanent arrangement. But if this cold spell should extend itself into March, there is no doubt about it... we'd have some very funny looking kittens, doubtless adorned with moustaches, and wearing luxuriant plumed tails.

A cautious telephone call to Virginia Sunday night netted me nothing of a comforting nature. "What'll I do about those kittens?" I inquired. "Kittens? What kittens?" the bland voice at the other end replied, quoting Mehitabel. (See Archie the Cockroach.)

Poet's Corner

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE by Edna Drabick Johnson

We live in the land of Make-Believe, My little girl and I. It keeps me thinking all the while To give the right reply.

Sometimes I'm a Grandma to "dollies" dear, And must talk in a Grandma's way; And then we're sailors, brave and bold, At sea on a different day.

Oh how I hope, each moment I'll hold For as a thing so precious and rare, For some day this little girl of mine Will grow up and no longer be there.

I'll forget the housework, the bits of dust, Put aside the cares of the day, And return once more to that wondrous land With my girl, and a heart that can play.

THE LISTENING POST

Weather Report Footnote

When wearing furs the thought occurs,

Had Eve lived in the neighborhood, Adam might have fetched an axe, Foregoing fruit for firewood.

I hesitate to speculate, Had Eden been this latitude With Adam forced to fend for fuel, He might have earned our gratitude.

With time not much for sin and such, The father of the human race Had been too busy chopping wood To think of falling on his face.

Leisure brings a mixt reward— Apt to reveal a flaming sword.

—Carrie Atydd