

THE DALLAS POST *Established 1889*

"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution
Now In Its 73rd Year"
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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.

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 subscriptions to be placed on mailing list.

The Post is sent free to all Back Mountain patients in local hospitals. If you are a patient ask your nurse for it.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair 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

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Jane Corson, a former resident of the area, now of Tunkhannock, was badly injured in a traffic accident at Harveys Lake. She was hurled through the windshield.

Frank Morris, 78, a former principal of Dallas High School, died at his home in Dallas. In the early days, school teachers got \$12 a month and boarded around with pupils' families. When times improved, Dallas directors paid his board, and Mr. Morris then moved to the Dallas hotel.

Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis Club sponsored a drive to can food for the needy. Requests for donations of vegetables and fruit were being made.

When a kerosene lamp exploded in her home in Franklin Township, Mrs. Mary Natt, 40, was fatally burned.

Contract for 2.21 miles of macadam road between Noxen and Bowman's Creek was awarded to the Spooner Bridge Construction Co. of Albany, N. Y. Plans called for two steel bridges.

A petition that Miss Ruth Lamoreux be reinstated by Kingston Township school board was successful. She was assigned to teach the fifth grade.

The AF of L predicted that 13 million people would be out of work by the winter.

The Meridian Club was building a fireplace out of anthracite coal. Both the coal fireplace and the fieldstone fireplace on the lower level were the work of William Wilson, of Dallas. John Sullivan was proprietor of the new night club.

You could get 7 pounds of sweet potatoes for 15 cents; two large cans of pineapple for a quarter; ring bologna 10 cents a pound.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Residents were beginning to feel the meat shortage, viewing the sad offerings at the local stores with distaste, but figuring the boys in the service and the training camps needed the beef and the butter.

Thomas Watkins of Nesquehoning, elected to direct Dallas Township School Band, backed out because of uncertainty about military service.

Rumor that Willard Shaver and his cousins Ellwood and Willard Whitesell might be seeing action in the Solomons, was confirmed when Mrs. Shaver received a letter from Willard, her first in three months.

Andrew Bittenbender drove one of Dallas Township's new school buses home from the Midwest.

Featured on the front page were wartime infant evacuees taken from London to country estates.

Headed from the Outpost: Olin E. Weber, Richmond; Walter DeRemer, Submarine Depot, Fort Monroe;

Leg of lamb was 35 cents a pound, if you could get it. Cheese was 33 cents a pound.

Married: Mary Alice Edson to Charles T. Sayre. Alice Hand to Robert L. Hughes.

Contact for Service Men, a new department, carried news items of the boys.

Died: Mrs. Nellie VanNortwick, 63, Dallas. Mrs. Lucy Altemus, 86, Alderson.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Area schools were about to open. Rabies appeared again. Jacob Stash, feeding his hunting dogs in Orange, was bitten by a rabid dog, and took rabies inoculations.

Westmoreland team was minus seven crack players who graduated in June. They were John Richards, Eddy and Glenn Carey, Bernie Sherin, John Garrah, Bill Fine and Bill Oney.

Herbert Jenkins succeeded Francis McCarty as Kingston Township Chief of Police.

Little Leaguers, narrowly missing play in the Little League tournament, attended Williamsport for finals in the World Series.

Married: Ann Mae Shaffer to Paul B. Kelley. Audrey LaBar to Joseph Lewis.

Tomato prices were low, crop light.

Mrs. Ray Searfoss won third place in the cow-calling contest at Tunkhannock.

Died: Mrs. Sarah H. Flack, 80, Dallas. Mrs. Margaret Bush, 59, Shavertown. Mrs. Alfarata Osborne, 71, Noxen.

Lake-Lehman Elementary Enrollment May Hit 870

Lake-Lehman elementary schools show a probable enrollment of 870. Lake building, with seven teachers, will have 210; Kindergarten, 20; first grade, 30; second, 33; third, 34; fourth, 27; fifth, 40; sixth, 26; At Lehman, with thirteen teachers, there are 37 children registered for kindergarten; 51 in first grade; 48 in second; 65 in third; 62 in fourth; 58 in fifth; 57 in sixth; a total of 378 students.

Noxen building, with four teachers show 18 in the first grade; 13 in second; 18 in third; 15 in fourth; 22 in fifth; and 26 in sixth, a total of 112 children.

At Ross, with six teachers, there are 170 pupils: 26 in the first grade; 29 in second; 34 in third; 25 in fourth; 28 in fifth; 8 in sixth.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

Recently we were handed a copy of Wilkes-Barre Record dated Monday, June 29, 1896, 12 pages, priced 2 cents, on trains 3 cents, June 1895 circulation was shown as 91,099.

The entire front page, several columns inside and the leading editorial covered the mine accident at Twin Shaft, Pittston Jct. in which about a hundred men were entombed, as some mine and municipal officials were included. Trouble had been anticipated and the men were putting in additional bracing when "several acres" of the roof fell upon them. There was a simple location map, no pictures. This was a terrible blow to the Pittston area and the Valley in general and fully justified the space allotted, but to us the same paper is of more interest for the changes shown over sixty-six years.

A lot of space was devoted to politics. The official committee that day was expected to meet William McKinley at his home at Canton, Ohio, and notify him of his nomination by the Republicans for the presidency. "Major McKinley's acceptance speech was eagerly awaited. The Democrats had not met and were torn by controversy on the free silver issue, with full columns quoting national figures pro and con, the latter predicting dire consequences to the party if adopted. The classified column contained a long list of "Candidates cards", all reading "subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention", there being no primaries then. Even the Dallas Borough news was headed by politics. "At the Republican Caucus Saturday night, Dr. James G. Laing was elected to the Senatorial Convention; William H. Peeler to the District Convention; and George Hileman to the County Convention. . . . Dr. C. A. Spencer and W. H. Capewell were elected Vigilance Committee and P. T. Raub District Committeeman. There was a greater number of votes polled (29) than ever before at a Republican Caucus in Dallas Borough."

"Another Dallas item fixes the beginning of the street cars here. "John B. Reynolds, president of the Wilkes-Barre and Northern Railroad says they will be ready to commence laying tracks in a few days. Our people are hoping that the road may be in operation by Fair time."

Some brands now common were advertised: For example, Gold Medal Flour, Carters Little Liver Pills, Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, etc. Last adv. in the paper covered "The Keeley Cure", a Scranton institution for those unable to stop excessive drinking. Some business firms still with us

advertised then. Vulcan Iron Works offered light locomotives. Penna. Supply Company, 60-64 Canal St. is Now Eastern Pennsylvania Supply Co., the street, now Pennsylvania Ave. Lost and found reported cows and horses, strayed in Wilkes-Barre, returnable to city addresses. R. E. Wallace manufactured carriages and business wagons, and there were similar advertisements.

Isaac Long 73-75 Public Square, had a sale of piece goods, shown for the purpose intended, as "dress patterns", "shirts patterns" etc. Last item, "Every piece of mens underwear must be sold—this means no regard to price". The Boston Store had a furniture sale, each item described with about an inch of space. Parlor suits, 5 pcs. mahogany frame, plush upholstery \$14.39. Three better grades ran up as high as \$58. Bed room suites, 3 pcs. described in detail, \$7.39 to \$21.98. Rockers, 98c to \$1.58. Couches \$6.00 to \$14.50. There were no illustrations in the advertising, plenty of adjectives such as "elegant".

A short baseball column gave schedules and scores in the Eastern League, National League, and State League. Boarding houses advertised meal tickets, 21 meals \$3.50. The Grand Opera House had "Edison's marvelous Vitasec and High Class Vaudeville." Prices 10c, 20c, 30c, matinees; children 10c, adults 20c. Shirt waists sold for 39c, 49c to \$1.00, summer corsets 50c, childrens parasols 75c.

There was a three column feature story inside, with crude picture, regarding American heroes sent overseas, being much preferred to the local stock for drawing trams and other work requiring high training. There were several columns by regular columnists on all kinds of things, including a column and a quarter by the well known "Wouter Van Twiller" (pen name of a writer whose real name I have forgotten). Most of the last two columns on the last page was occupied by railroad time tables. Nothing was said about any changes and this was evidently a regular feature, at least part of the time. Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Hudson, Montrose Railroad, N. Y. O. Q. W. RR, Jersey Central, D. L. & W., N. Y. S. & W. and W-B and E. The last stated, "departs from depot at west end of Market Street Bridge." About three inches was given to timetable and few fares of "Electric Street Cars".

Today there is not a single passenger train or electric car on any railroad serving Wilkes-Barre. Certainly times have changed.

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Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

HE WHO GETS BURNT

Know what keeps Lehman police busy for a couple hours every day? Chasing people out of the new high school building.

It seems that one high-ranking school official invited people through the news papers to look over the place and see what they thought.

But, by law, the contractor still owns the building, and is liable if anyone gets hurt. And there's no place better than a construction area to get hurt in.

That reminds me of a Back Mountain case several years ago, where some kids fooled around a road-roller parked in the contractor's yard. They crossed the wires to start it, and thereupon lost some fingers in the fan pulleys.

Tough darts. But the judge saw it otherwise. It was an "attractive nuisance" that the nasty old contractor had left in his yard. How do these judges do it?

I remember the days when you learned, as a boy, that fire was hot by getting burnt—not by getting paid. Things are getting to be such in this country that I'd rather take my problems to a judge than to a psychiatrist. Court costs are cheaper than doctor-bills.

POLICE DEPARTMENT
When the Republicans and Democrats start playing political handball, our police departments feature more scene-shifting than "Anthony and Cleopatra". Back Mountain chiefs become Back Mountain Indians, and vice versa.

Not only that, but Supervisors who never seem to be around when appropriations for caution signs are needed pop up like a white tornado when close friends get tagged for running stop-signs.

For this reason a number of police-chiefs who hold constable badges prefer to work as constables. It allows them freedom that their police badge does not. As it turns out, the people are quick to reelect an efficient officer, whereas politicians prefer teamwork. Constables are elected.

Incidentally, a constable can make arrests anywhere in the state, in or out of uniform.

FAIR TIME
The Bloomsburg Fair isn't too far in the future. Lots of Back Mountain folks go every year. Their attendance is welcome by my old boss, Pat Reithoffer, Dallas showman. And they always find one of the best county fairs in the east.

The only trouble is, the fair isn't in Luzerne County. This county could use commercial stimulation, and county fairs do a lot to help business. The old Dallas Fair, which died in 1916, was Queen of the county. Families wagoned for days to see it, and were never disappointed.

It came to an end because attendance slowed down. But now our population vaults every year, and there might be quite some demand for a fair, if someone got to work on it.

Plaudits to the Idetown Fire Company for attempting to raise money these past few years by some other means than having an auction. Keep an eye on their festival (starts tomorrow), and see if such an enterprise doesn't show possibilities of what a fair could do for the Back Mountain, and for Luzerne County.

Hospital Patient
John Hennenger, Druid Hills is a surgical patient at Nesbitt Hospital.

... Safety Valve ...

THEY LOVED THE EDITOR?

June 8, 1962

Dear Editor,
"Publishing a hometown newspaper has many compensations," writes Editor Ray K. Dover of THE VALLENTINE (Neb.) NEWS-PAPER, "but being well-liked is not one of them. Everyone," he says, "hates the editor." More specifically:

"An editor who takes a firm stand on controversial issues, and tries to print all the news in an unbiased manner, may be respected (in a fair-minded community), but he will never be popular.

"Sooner or later," promises Mr. Dover, "such an editor will tread on the toes of everyone who reads the paper, be he friend or foe, neighbor or stranger."

This editor lists as the "prime sources of an editor's woes" weddings, obituaries and court news, noting such pitfalls as failure to describe grandmother's dress in the wedding story or to include Uncle Joe's favorite poem in his obit.

Those whose names appear in the court news, he says, come in two types: the abused, who suffered rank injustice; and the noble, who admit their guilt, but wish their names withheld to protect the sensibilities of others.

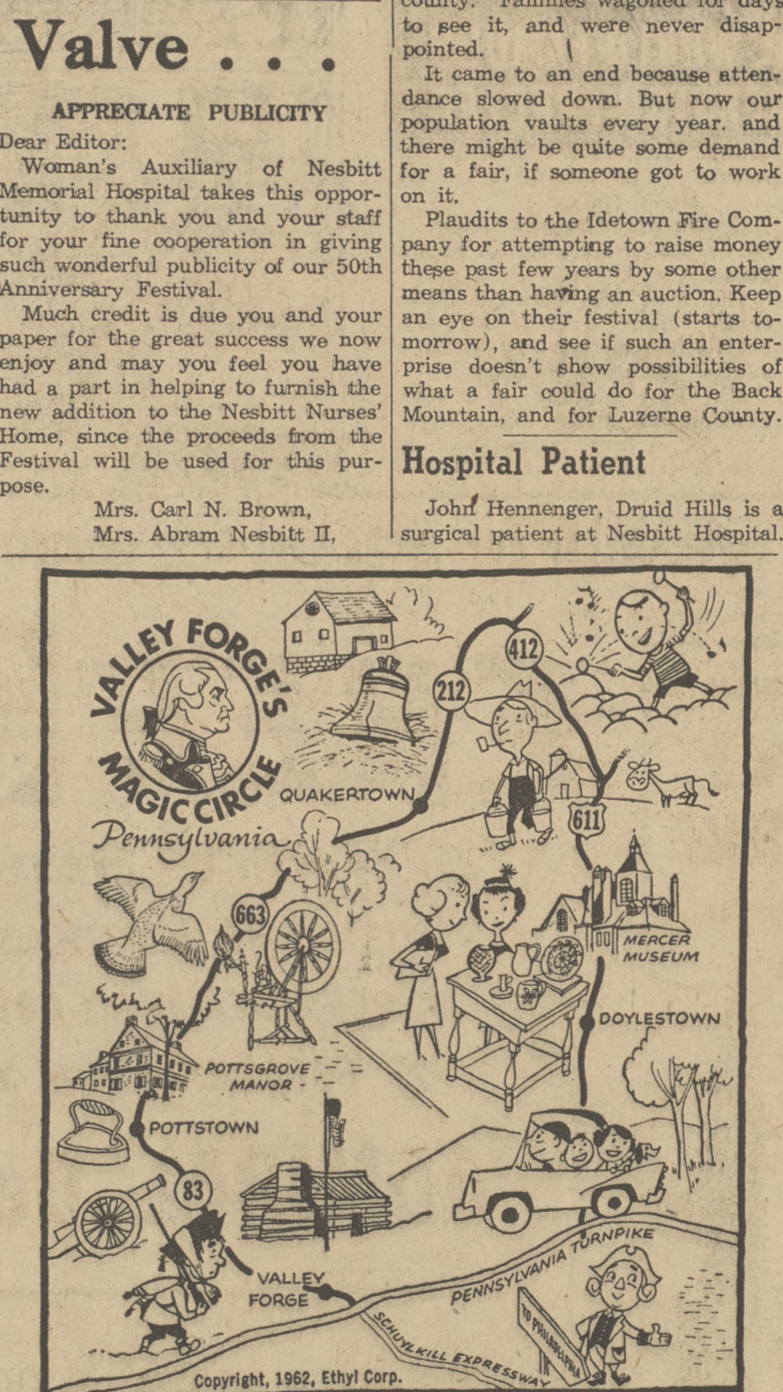
"We have often pointed out," he writes, "that we don't make the news, we just print it. All anyone needs to do to keep his name out of the court news is to stay out of court.

"Other ways to incur the wrath of readers are: Disagree with them on a school issue; misspell their names; give another church more space than you do their church . . . etc. etc. etc.

"We sometimes think," concludes Editor Dover, "what really irritates readers is the crusty old editor's refusal to drop dead. That seems to be the only way to please a big majority at one time."

Mebbe so. Certainly the thing most wrong with this strife-torn world of ours is the people in it. But, let the hometown editor drop dead and what happens? Grief is manifest on all sides. The text from all pulpits is: We Mourn Our Loss. The Marts of Trade close their doors for the funeral. And in their hearts the grippers of all species know the town will not be quite the same again. There is no hatred toward him, people were merely being their selfish selves. Come to think of it, they loved the Editor!

Sincerely,
Bob Taylor
McLean, Va.



By Edward Collier

When 50,000 dogwood trees bloom at Valley Forge, nearly as many visitors converge on "the most famous military camp in the world," where in 1777 General Washington and his bedraggled army endured a bitter winter of privation.

Our Magic Circle auto tour starts at Washington's Headquarters, focal point of Valley Forge State Park. Colonial fittings and furnishings of the 1780 stone house are intact, even to the fishnet canopy over Martha's four-poster bed. A blue and gold uniform hangs over a ladder-back chair, as if just discarded. The real feeling of Valley Forge emerges at the inner entrenchments and the soldiers' earth-floored log huts. Facing the parade ground is lovely Washington Memorial Chapel, with a

56-bell carillon that plays the Star Spangled Banner at a hushed moment at sunset.

The route of history is to Pottstown, iron production center since Colonial days, and its fully-preserved, showplace 1752 Pottsgrove Manor. Northeast is Quakertown, its old Meeting House still in use. Tiny Liberty Hall, today a barbershop, was a hiding place for the Liberty Bell—now in Independence Hall in Philadelphia—to keep the British from melting it down for cannonballs.

As you continue through photogenic green hills, there is a short side trip to Ringing Rocks, a strange garden of boulders, each emitting a different musical note when struck. The final stop is at Doylestown, famed for Mercer Museum of early American tools, utensils and machines.

Barnyard Notes

CLAM—any of various mollusks, especially of certain edible species. The two common clams of the Atlantic Coast of North America are the round or hard clam, or quahog having a thick shell of rounded outline, most abundant from southern New England southward, and the long or soft clam having a thin elongate shell and long siphons, whose range extends further north, and which burrows in the mud, where it is taken by digging at low tide. The quahog does not burrow and is usually taken with rakes.—Webster's New International Dictionary.

It was Jim Lohman's first trip to New England. He and I had nicely settled at a window table in Mother Carey's Seafood House at Point Judith, Rhode Island, where we could watch the seagulls diving in the surf, when he spied steamed clams on the menu.

"That's just my dish," grinned Jim who hates every variety of fish served on Fridays. So loosening his belt and settling back with a satisfied smile at the pretty little waitress, he ordered "Steamed Clams. I love steamed clams."

There was a bustle at a nearby table as four men, obviously from New York or Philadelphia, found their seats. Not familiar with Rhode Island menus, they had the waitresses running in circles explaining the nature of each kind of fish. Finally they, too, settled on "steamed clams."

It wasn't long until the waitress brought Jim's order in two agate dishes—and placed beside them on the table one of the biggest bowls of drawn butter that Jim or I had ever seen. He was elated. "Gee, they never give me butter like this at home!"

Then he looked suspiciously into the agate dishes and tackled the clams with some misgivings. "These are the darndest clams I ever saw. They're all out of shape, covered with seaweed and look like garbage," but he was game!

"How do you eat these things?" he asked innocently, as he carefully examined the protruding long black tipped necks, looking for all the world like a shriveled Woolly Bear or chicken's boiled windpipe. For anybody but a native New Englander the fare certainly was repulsive!

The tremendous appetite was beginning to vanish! Then I remembered. I had forgotten to warn Jim that clams in New England bear little resemblance to the clams served in taverns and at clam-bakes in Pennsylvania.

Years earlier I had gone through a similar experience with my mother, when on a trip through New England, she had innocently ordered "steamed clams" at an inoffensive little shore restaurant.

Her injured pride expressed itself in no uncertain terms: "You should be ashamed to sell such things as clams" she indignantly told the incredulous proprietor.

Then it was I learned that the seafood New Englanders love as fried and steamed clams are in reality true clams—soft shelled, and that the clams Pennsylvanians and Marylanders love to steam are in reality quahogs. Ask for quahogs in any New England restaurant, and you'll get what you want—the hard shelled variety and possibly larger than the Little Necks so popular in the Middle Atlantic states.

Jim never did finish his soft shells, carefully covering one agate dish with the other when he had finished half of them. "Darned if I can do it!" he said regretfully. Then wishfully looking at that full bowl of drawn butter he added, "They never do give you enough butter at home, and up here where you can't eat the clams look how much they give you!"

As we paid our check and departed sullenly from Mother Carey's establishment we could see over our shoulders that our friends from Philadelphia, or maybe it was New York, were also learning the hard way—that when a New Englander says, "clams" he means soft shells and what a Pennsylvanian really wants, are quahogs!

From Pillar To Post...

by Hix

In case you see Hix limping along on foot instead of driving the English Austin, think nothing of it. The English Austin is in the hospital in Richmond, getting its clutch removed, and a new clutch installed. From all the frenzied phoning back and forth, you'd think it was in the operating room, attended by a pair of Dr. Kildares equipped with retractors and head mirrors, masked to the eyebrows, and breathing painfully under a general anesthetic, with nurses around the clock lying in wait.

It turned out to be a pretty expensive vacation. It probably would have been cheaper to check in at the Ritz, with hot and cold running servants and breakfast in bed.

But there were a lot of compensations. And after all, the vacation was all but over when the car gave up sixty-four miles south of Richmond, within stone-tossing distance of the spot marked with a black X on my map, where disaster struck about fifteen years ago. (Or was it sixteen? How can anybody keep track of time?)

This time, the car didn't go off the road and climb a telephone pole. It just quietly died. It followed the tow truck into Richmond with great docility, rolling up the expense as it trundled along.

But, as noted above, there were compensations. Going down to Charleston, there was that delightful ferry trip across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, where huge equipment is already anchored and bridge construction well under way. Something over twenty miles of bridge and tunnel will eventually put the ferries out of business, but at this point they are making hay. Everybody wants to have a look at the mammoth undertaking. Miss a ferry these days, and another will be right along. To be sure, by water it takes a lot longer than it will take when the bridge is open, but the breeze on the upper deck is a welcome relief after a hot day of driving along Route 13 down through Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, to Cape Charles.

Virginia Beach doesn't look like it used to. It was a quiet homelike beach before progress caught up with it. No possible reason for lingering there. Twenty years add up to many changes.

Tom and I went on through Norfolk, negotiated the turn onto Route 17 south, and kept going. There would be a nice motel any minute.

There is a motel proprietor down thataway who coins money late at night. He makes no effort to catch his clientele until after dark. Then he sits out front with a crab-net, catching cars as they hurtle out of the fastnesses of Dismal Swamp. For miles and miles of lonesome road there isn't a thing. A driver begins to wonder if all the motels have rolled up the sidewalks, and when lights show up dead ahead, with the welcome Vacancy sign blazing, it seems like tempting providence to keep rolling. Who knows when the next motel will appear?

The proprietor claims he does very well indeed, late at night. As we registered, two more cars rolled thankfully into the compound, and by three o'clock in the morning all units were filled, and Mr. Whozit turned off the lights and turned in. He catches up on his sleep in the daytime.

It was an easy drive to the Isle of Palms, near Charleston, on Monday, and the swimming was superior all week. Next time, we'll remind ourselves to get going on Friday instead of tempting providence