

from - Pillar To Post....

by hix

There was a great to-do in the bird feeder the other night. It rocked violently, and a long straggly-haired tail suddenly swung into sight. "That tail," I mused to myself as I slipped another diagonal strand of cane through the chair seat I was weaving, "that tail doubtless belongs to a squirrel, but if it does belong to a squirrel, it is a squirrel which has dipped his tail in the rainbarrel."

The tail twitched, and a solid looking rump bustled out of the bird feeder. The rump was far too large for any squirrel. It was followed in slow motion by a pair of pink and naked feet, a well upholstered middle, and another pair of pink feet, clinging to the edge of the feeder as the first pair of feet and a prehensile tail groped for support on a slender twig of the pink dogwood tree.

The feet made connections, the tail wrapped itself around a branch, and a pair of shoulders emerged. A head with a pair of beady black eyes and a long pointed pink-tipped nose peered cautiously from the bird-feeder.

The eyes spotted another pair of eyes, and all motion ceased. Completely immobile, we stared each other down.

Then the opossum started to ripple again, and the dogwood branch swayed and rustled as it took the weight.

Backing into a comfortable crotch between trunk and branch, the opossum settled down, his eyes still fixed on the brightly lighted kitchen porch and the canning job.

We held a one-sided conversation.

"So YOU are the thing I thought was a big rat the other day when you slid under the lattice? And are you planning to spend the winter here, raiding the bird-feeder every night?"

Herman shifted his paws and settled himself more comfortably.

We continued. "Don't you know that opossums are supposed to curl themselves up and go to sleep when threatened?"

I tried again. "Don't you know that you are a marsupial? Go and marsupe somewhere else. I do not want to have you producing your young from your pocketbook. It would give me pause to see ten small opossums frisking out and up over your back. They tell me that baby opossums frequently cling to the parent's back, hitching a ride before returning to the pouch."

Herman looked interested, but not perturbed. "Wrong sex."

"Well, go on home to your wife."

Herman meditated. He shifted cautiously on the branch.

"Why don't you hang by your tail? All opossums know how to hang by their tails."

I strung another diagonal cane, pulling it gently until it was tight but not taut.

Herman's unwinking gaze was beginning to get me down. "Beat it, can't you?"

We struck a bargain. I would turn off the light and go inside the kitchen, thus affording him the privacy he needed to let himself down in easy stages out of the dogwood tree.

I snapped off the light and closed the door.

Five minutes later I snapped it on again, and lo, Herman was still with us.

"Give you just half an hour to get down out of there," I said firmly, "and then I will get the broom."

Half an hour later, the dogwood tree was untenanted.

The next night I turned on the porch light hopefully, and started another caning job for Mr. Gilbert. No Herman.

The next night. No Herman.

No Herman anywhere, any night.

"Herman, where ARE YOU?"

C. BURTON DANA ESTATE

DAIRY DISPERSAL

NORTH EATON, EATON TOWNSHIP
WYOMING COUNTY
Two Miles from Tunkhannock River Bridge
(Watch for Arrows)

Due to the recent accidental death of my husband,
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Thursday, October 18, 1962

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SURGE MILKING MACHINE Complete with Two Units

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DON WILLIAMS, Sale Mgr.

Only Yesterday

It Happened 30 Years Ago

A 27 year old Noxen man was crushed to death beneath a cement hopper while assisting the operator in construction of the new bridge across Bowmans Creek at the Noxen Methodist Church. Charles Wright, an employee of the tannery, had finished his work for the day, and was watching operations at the bridge. He stepped forward to help by holding an electric extension lamp, the release mechanism on the hopper was accidentally tripped, and the victim died instantly. Dr. C. L. Boston, passing at the time, pronounced him dead of a broken neck and ghastly crushing injuries.

Dr. Frank B. Schooley was the new doctor in Dallas, moving to Church Street from Scranton.

Construction of the new highway from Lutes Corners to Ruggles was well under way. Two bridges, one near Noxen and one at Orcutt's Grove, were being built by Spooner Bridge Company.

Wyoming Seminary Opinator was added to the list of publications printed by the Dallas Post. Other school publications already being published included the Tatler, of Wilkes-Barre Day School, and the Kingstonian, of Kingston High School.

Barney Oldfield was racing at Bloomsburg Fair.

Enrollment increased at Dallas Borough schools made necessary purchase of 52 additional seats.

The Kirkendall Railway system, all 1195 feet of it, was dedicated in the presence of notables from Wilkes-Barre. Mayor Daniel Hart drove the golden spike, officials of Lehigh Valley Railway supervised. The locomotive bore the name Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Local farmers, deprived of their location for selling produce on Pennsylvania Avenue, were invited by Kingston to use a market space available between Pierce and Market Streets, near the Market Street Bridge.

Died: Mrs. Wallace Traver, 67, Monroe Township. Mrs. Hattie Shupp, 47, Oneonta, N. Y.; James Wrislar, 67, Orange. Mrs. Rebecca Mekeel, 78, Lehman.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Sixteen tons of junk were collected by Dallas firemen. It overflowed the pen. It included cast-iron stoves, bathtubs, chicken brooders, frying pans, side-cars, steel porch swings, and hundreds of iron toys.

Bob Hislop bought the Tally-Ho Grill from Phil Cheney. Phil planned to enter the service.

Soldiers swamped Martha's Script Club with requests for letters. Not only Back Mountain soldiers and sailors responded, but home-sick boys from all over the country, Little Rock to California, lads who seized upon any hometown paper in the barracks and practically wore it to shreds.

Frank Matukitis, Dallas Township football star, was selected for pilot training.

Ralph Rood lost a big shade tree during a heavy blow.

Most of Wyoming Valley's racing pigeons were lost in a storm, but one pigeon from the loft of A. N. Garinger finished the 314 mile flight from Virginia in second place.

Plans were laid for erection of an Honor Roll in central Dallas. Paul Shaver donated a flagpole, Richard Disque a flag.

Heard from in the Outpost: Thomas Templin, Fort Knox; Bob Dierolf, Louisiana; Olin Weber, Richmond; Harry Beck, San Francisco APO; Walter DeRemer, Fort Monroe; Richard Williams, Nashville; George Ray, Utah; Howell Rees, St. Petersburg; Alexander McCulloch, New York APO; Allen Ockenhouse, Fort Sam Houston; Albert Mekeel, Louisiana APO.

Fifth Avenue was showing flannel hoods and firemen's long-Johns, along with stoves of every vintage. With houses at war temperatures, fuel scarce, folks piled on the warm winter woollies after the first heavy frost.

Everybody hung black-out shades, and everybody had a black-out room for longer air raid drills, or the real thing. It was a point of honor not to show a gleam of light when the siren wailed.

Bruce R. Zeiser, son of Mrs. H. H. Zeiser of Dallas, was named foreign sales manager for Nichol-

NATIONAL EMPLOY THE PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED WEEK OCTOBER 7-13.

"THEY'VE GOT SO MUCH TO GIVE THAT WE CAN USE."



HIRE THE HANDICAPPED

We take a dim view of special "weeks"—such as National Pickle Week and International Girl Watching Week. But we do give total respect to one observance—National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week. We hope you'll mark it on your calendar. It runs from October 7th through the 13th.

Purpose of the week is to promote job opportunities for the handicapped. A notable start has been made in this vital area. More than 7,000,000 such workers are now gainfully employed in American industry. Of their on-the-job performance, Donald J. Hardenbrook, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, says:

"Disabled employees in industry have written a record of accomplishment which more than justifies the confidence management has placed in them."

Just what can the handicapped do? Name any job—there's a disabled person to do it. No job requires all of an individual's physical abilities. There are handicapped secretaries, typists, accountants, office managers, engineers, editors, inventors—as well as factory workers, mail stuffers and floor sweepers.

And from Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges come surprising facts. He cites national figures to show that the handicapped are more productive, have better safety records, lose less time from the job, and, generally, are more pleasant than the able-bodied.

During the special week, NAM's president Hardenbrook is asking the Association's 17,000 members to review their job openings with the disabled in mind. It is gratifying that the millions of handicapped now working are holding their own with non-disabled employees.

But the millions not yet employed cost the taxpayers \$800 million annually in public assistance payments. Rehabilitated and employed, these same individuals would no longer drain the tax till. They would not only become taxpayers themselves but they would regain their place in the sun.

son File and American Screw.

James Ritchie, manager for Orchard Farms, and an expert hand with Dorset sheep, died of a heart attack at 53.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Miss Frances Dorrance was tapped for the honor of "Distinguished Daughter of Pennsylvania."

The late Dr. Sherman Schooley was awarded the Hemelright plaque posthumously. Residents who desired to help perpetuate the memory of the beloved family physician contributed a sum for each baby he had brought, and each life that he had saved, toward a fitting memorial at General Hospital, and at the library.

Harry Stuhlmuller, Davis Street, narrowly escaped death when a careening car, far over the center line, caused a head-on collision near Latrobe. He came home after

two weeks in the Latrobe hospital, his hip in a cast.

Two Red Rock boys wrecked their car on Main Street, escaped unscratched.

Brothers Bob and Jerry Scott met briefly in North Korea.

Married: Elizabeth Ann Kramer to James Thomas Glenn. Helen Kalish to Richard Wallace. Bernadine Lennon to John J. Martin. Thelma Troy to John W. Hettseimer. Ethel Hettseimer to John Jones. Jane Schultheis to D. A. Thompson.

Elizabeth Kunkle, 89, died quietly in her sleep.

Richard Nixon was campaigning for vice president.

DALLAS POST HOURS

The Dallas Post is open week-days, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays 9 a.m. to 12 noon.