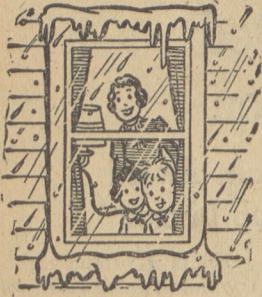


Fair At Carverton

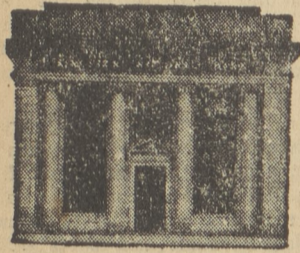
Cheerio Class of Orange Methodist Church will conduct a Fair on Friday evening, October 28, at Orange Community Hall. There will be a Bazaar, entertainment and home made candies, baked goods and aprons will be for sale.



PREPARE your property for Winter

People who have insulated their homes say that the saving in fuel over a very few winters repays the cost. Weatherstripping and storm windows save in fuel bills very noticeably. A coat of paint may be needed to protect wood against winter storms.

You can make these improvements now. Finance on our plan. The cost is reasonable.



The KINGSTON NATIONAL BANK AT KINGSTON CORNERS FOUNDED 1894 Member F. D. I. C.

You Know Me

By Al, Himself

This is the time of year when the mourners get out their crying towels and worry about how many of their fellows are going to be killed in the woods, for hunting season is close at hand. The small game season starts in two weeks. The boys will be after bucks December 1st, and then there will be one day of doe hunting when everybody and his brother will be out blazing away.

Not a hunter, we would probably make an ideal companion for some one who likes to stand in a deer run and shoot. We'd rather take a stick and keep walking while beating the brush, chasing game down for some one else. We just couldn't kill one of those sad, brown-eyed animals—our conscience would bother us—and still we realize our conscience also should bother us if we are willing to chase game toward an almost certain end. If you can understand that philosophy, you can understand the guy who mourns about hunting accidents and makes a fuss about automobile crashes.

We read somewhere that more people die in bathing accidents, than in hunting. We don't know whether that is true and we are too lazy to look it up, but we are sure of one thing no one ever asks people not to bathe. As soon as there is a hunting accident people shout, and the newspapers come out with headlines and wonder why persons still want to hunt.

Newspaper editors, it seems sharpen their pencils for the first hunting accident so they can write an eight column head but ignore entirely the mishaps in a bathtub. This is human nature, we suppose. If we were lying wounded in the woods we would be flattered if a reporter approached with a "walkie-talkie" to get our dying words, but if he appeared in our bathroom while we were in the tub with a broken leg we'd wonder if a guy couldn't have an accident without some idiot walking in on him.

So---we are in sympathy with the hunter. We are henpecked ourselves. We realize what a tough time the hunter must have in getting out of the house to his favorite sport.

So, you wives of hunters, don't worry—your husband, brother or son will probably be safer in the woods during November and the

first ten days of December than we'll be in our bathtub.

We confess that we have an ulterior motive in enjoying the fact that your men folk like to hunt. We hate to pay taxes and the money that is paid in license, reduces our burden. \$1,896,016 in fees with an additional \$48,308 for duck stamps was spent last year by Pennsylvania hunters. Maybe we shouldn't have told you this—but what the heck, it's all printed in the magazine laying at your husband's elbow right now.

We asked Leo Stout, of Shavertown, hunter extraordinary, to look up some statistics for us for this article and he has produced more figures than we ever thought possible, to prove that hunting is less dangerous than many other sports. Maybe we will print some of them next week, or maybe we won't. It is all according to whether we will be in the mood to make statistics interesting.

But ladies, we implore you, don't waste your worry about your men going hunting. They are comparatively safe. Save your anxiety for the kid on the softball field, for the sightseers in automobiles, for the pedestrian crossing a street, and breathe a prayer for us as we place our foot on that lurking piece of soap at the bottom of the tub.

SAFETY VALVE

A Great Community

Dear Friends at The Dallas Post: My name is John Scoble and I live at Carverton. I am a tubercular patient at Philadelphia and White Haven.

I have thanked a lot of folks for their kindness to me but there are others of our community that I don't get to see and probably there are some that I don't know that have been very kind to my family and me.

I belong to Carverton Methodist Church and the folks of the church have been very thoughtful of our needs. The Men's Brotherhood of Mt. Zion, Orange and Carverton churches have been generous with their gifts. I would also acknowledge the people of Community Grange, Carverton. In fact every

THE DALLAS POST "More than a newspaper, a community institution" 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, 1925. Subscription rates: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c. Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille, Bowman's restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Truckville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese'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 we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 65c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 90c per inch.

Classified rates 3c per word. Minimum charge 50c.

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. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

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

Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY Associate Editor MYRA ZEISER RISLEY Contributing Editor MRS. T. M. B. HICKS Sports Editor WILLIAM HART

one in the whole Back Mountain region has been going out of his way to bring us cheery and hope-inspiring messages.

I have worked for Roy Stauffer

Chevrolet Company at West Pittston for a number of years and the boys and girls of that organization and the owners have been real friends to me.

This last week one of the very nice companies in our community—Natonna Mills, through its employees, has established a generous fund for streptomycin for me. Now, there are many who don't know me, and it just makes me feel like jumping out of bed to think that we have such people in our community. I would like to shout "Thank You" to them all. I know I can't do that, but I can let them all know if you will help me through The Post for I know if they are all like me they will have it every week.

It gives me so much happiness to think of the people of the Back Mountain. We may be back mountain folks, but I have found that there is nothing back mountain or backwards in their thoughts of me. It makes me feel good to think we have such nice people in our community and I would like to let them all know that my family and I will always be thankful that we have the privilege to live in such a community. May God Bless every one!

John Scoble and family.

Township Fair

Dear editor: The biggest campaign sponsored by the Athletic Committee of Dallas will be at the School Fair, October 21 and 22.

Started three years ago to pay athletic expenses, proceeds from the Fair will now be used to pay for the fourth largest addition to the Township School since 1927.

This project, the new athletic field, was started by the loyal, interested alumni, men and women of Dallas Township, Mrs. Kate Wilson and your chairlady of the Fair, Mrs. Arthur Newman.

Our ambition is for a bigger and better Dallas, free of corrupt politics and with good will for the youth of our community. Better social, moral and educational opportunities are our aim. The goal is high and our success we feel will be sure.

We wish to thank all of the business people of Dallas for their co-operation and interest and we would like to meet everybody at the Fair tonight or tomorrow night. Sincerely, Mrs. Arthur Newman

Change of Time

Back Mountain Council Junior Mechanics have changed their meeting time from 8:30 to 8:00 p.m. the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

BROADWAY and MAIN STREET

By Billy Rose

This week I'd like to spin a little story—a very, very little story. It's of no great importance, and I won't get mad if the editor decides to file it in the wastebasket, and in its place print some big story about Marshal Tito or Rita Hayworth's baby.

To begin with, this story concerns itself with a church, and a lot of bright people will tell you a church is no longer of any importance in this test-tube and Bunsen-burner age. To make matters worse, the church is in Brooklyn, and—well, I guess you've heard plenty of jokes about how unimportant Brooklyn is . . .

One day last summer while driving past a church on St. Felix Street in Brooklyn, I heard a set of chimes that did nice things to my ears. They were unusually good chimes, and figured to have cost a lot of money. Naturally, I wondered how they happened to be in the belfry of a modest church in a modest neighborhood.

"What's the church with the chimes?" I asked a newsstand proprietor.

"Hanson Place Central Church," he said. "It's Methodist."

"Have they had those chimes long?"

"No," said the newsie. "I think they put them in about a year ago."

The next day I did some telephoning, and I liked what I found out.

When Rev. John Emerson Zeiter, pastor of the church, heard about a new type of electrically-controlled chimes called Carillon bells, he told his congregation about them and said it would be a nice thing for the neighborhood if people going to work in the morning and coming home at night could hear those beautiful chimes. He told his flock the bells cost a lot of money, and suggested they contribute a little something from time to time. Maybe in a year or so, the church could afford the bells.

Next day a member of his parish phoned. "I've been discussing the bells with my business partner," said the parishioner, "and we'd like to donate a third of the cost. But there's a hitch."

"What is it?" asked the Reverend.

"Well, my partner is Jewish," said the businessman, "and we were wondering if that would make any difference."

Reverend Zeiter said he didn't

think it would make any difference at all.

"We think," continued the businessman, "that it would be a good idea to find a Catholic to put up the other third. After all, people of all faiths are going to enjoy these bells."

The next day a Catholic in the neighborhood offered to put up the remaining third, and the Carillon bells were ordered. At the dedication ceremony a couple of months later, a plaque was put up on the wall of this Methodist church, and inscribed on it were the names of the Catholic, the Protestant and the Jew . . .

An that's all there is to this story—this very, very little story. Do I think this one set of electrically-controlled bells is going to eliminate religious bigotry in Brooklyn? Of course not. Do I think the people in Flatbush who hear the chimes are going to be kinder and more tolerant? Again, of course not.

Why, then, am I writing this piece? Well, I guess it's because I'm fool enough to think that even one drop of clean water falling on a dusty street is important. Who knows? It may clean up an inch of ground and give somebody else an idea. One of these days—and I don't expect to be around to see it—a lot of drops of clean water may fall and a lot of dust may be washed away.

Harvest Home Dinner Served at Shavertown

Two hundred seventy five persons were served at the annual Harvest Home Dinner sponsored by the Men's Club of Shavertown Methodist Church Tuesday evening. Kings' Daughters Class prepared the meal.

Program consisted of vocal solos by Mary Jackson and William Burnford, accordion music by Mrs. Helen Finley accompanied by William Rosse furnished music during the dinner. Also on the program was Wayne Gordon.

Robert Haimes, humorist of Wyoming, delighted the crowd with his remarks.

Sadie Hawkins Dance

Sophomore Class of Lehman High School will hold a Sadie Hawkins farmer dance in the high school auditorium on Thursday evening, November 10. Bob Scott's orchestra will play.

Stegmaier's Scores Again! Advertisement for Gold Medal Beer featuring a football game scene and a large bottle of beer. Text includes 'Stegmaier's GOLD MEDAL BEER', 'BREWED TO THE TASTE OF THE NATION', and 'WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA'.

FAMILY FROLIC

7:00 O'clock

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22

DALLAS BORO HIGH SCHOOL

Movies, Country Store, Dancing, Games, Refreshments, for every one

Sponsored By

Borough P. T. A.

Distributed in this Area by Harvey's Lake Bottling Works

ALDERSON, PENNA.

PHONE 3092