

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Nazis' 'Process of Selectivity' Outsmarted by Polish Scientist

By BILLY ROSE

Whenever I'm in the mood for gargantuan gab, I hie myself over to a Russian tea room near Carnegie hall where refugees of a dozen nations sit around and give out with tall talk about the old days behind them and the new days coming up.

To give you a fitting for-instance, the other midnight I heard a macabre yarn from a gent who used to teach science in Warsaw, and while I don't know whether it's history or hokum, it strikes me as being worth my allotment of white space today. . . .

During the last year of the war, there was a small concentration camp in east Germany which had been set up for two purposes: (a) to build an underground machine shop, and (b) to make available the required number of human guinea pigs for certain experiments being conducted by distinguished Nazi scientists.



Billy Rose

By SS STANDARDS, the method of selecting these guinea pigs was scrupulously fair. Each morning before breakfast, the 50 men in each of the wooden barracks would stand at attention with a list of their names. He would read off the top name on the list and the prisoner whose name was called would step forward.

The commandant would then hand two small leather disks, one marked with a white circle and the other with a black, to the "trustee" of the barrack for examination. Then the commandant would drop the disks into his hat, and the prisoner would draw one of them.

If he picked the one with the white circle he was safe until his name came up again 50 days later; if he drew the black one, he would be shipped out that Saturday night.

In December of 1944, my tea-room friend—the scientist from Warsaw—was cattle-carred to this concentration camp and assigned to a barrack occupied almost exclusively by captured Russian soldiers. He was asked the usual questions, and when the Russians found the newcomer was a Pole, they quickly let him know that the fraternity of races as preached by Moscow was confined to Kremlin publicity handouts.

And when he further admitted he had never joined the Party—not for any big ideological reason, but simply because he was a scientist and had no interest in politics—the Red army men decided he was an enemy of the state and began to plot against him.

THE POLE, however, was more worried about the disks in the hat than the whisperings going on about him. Under the lottery system, it would be almost two months before his name was called, and since news had filtered into camp that the Russian forces were only a few weeks away, he kept telling himself that liberation might come before the date for the drawing. But as the days turned into weeks, and still no sound of far-away cannon, he resigned himself to taking his 50-50 chances with the hat.

The night before the fateful morning, the scientist was lying awake in his bunk when he felt a tug at his blanket. It was a young Czech who had been badly mistreated by the "trustee," and who had often mumbled about getting even.

According to the kid, the comrades had figured out a plot to make certain the Pole would be shipped off to the Nazi experimenters. The "trustee" had cut a leather disk from his shoe and made a black circle on it, and when the commandant asked him to examine the disk, his plan was to palm the one with the white circle and substitute his own, so that either would mean death to the non-Party man.

For a long moment, the scientist looked up at the slat ceiling of the bunk above him. "Thank you," he finally said to his friend, "I think I'll be able to manage."

Next morning when his name was called, he saw the "trustee" palm the white-circled disk and substitute another. But he pretended not to notice, and when the commandant held out his hat he smiled and selected a disk. "White or black," he said, "I'm going to have one good meal in this miserable camp." And before the officer could stop him, he popped the bit of leather into his mouth and swallowed.

The SS man frowned. "Crazy Pole," he said, "what good will that do? There is still a disk left in the hat. If it is black, you picked the white; if it is white, you picked the black."

"That is quite correct, Sir," said the scientist.

Safety Valve

GREETINGS FROM TUCSON

March 16, 1950

Dear Mr. Risley, The folks gave me a subscription to the Dallas Post before they moved to Tucson. I had looked forward to receiving it each week in Princeton, and now that I'm visiting here in Tucson it's nice to know that each week a Dallas Post is sent our way.

We came out by plane January 9th and plan to return to Princeton some time in April. My two children, Joanne and John, have been enjoying this Arizona sunshine every day, but we find it is time to return to their daddy whom we left studying hard, as he will graduate with honors in June.

My brother Sandy, a student at the University of Arizona in Tucson, was recently installed as president of Acacia fraternity. He has a weekly column in the state Masonic paper, the "Arizona Free-Mason". James Warkowski, son of Dr. J. S. Warkowski, Harvey's Lake, enrolled in the freshman class in the university in February. Jim is also a member of Acacia.

Eloise Hunt has received her appointment at Veteran's Hospital in Tucson.

Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. Sandel Hunt) enjoyed the change in climate. They both look better than I have seen them look in years. Dad is building a new ranch-type house in the beautiful Catalina foothills.

We also say thanks for our Dallas Post. Keep them coming.

Sincerely yours, Isabel Creager Mrs. Edwin Creager P.S. Regards to Mrs. Risley and Joe Elicker.

DISAGREES WITH AL

Editor: After reading Al's feeble attempt at political satire in last week's Post, I am convinced he should limit his journalistic abilities to local yarns.

First of all he selected a poor basis for a tale of woe, a newspaper caption. Read a report in the New York Times and then read the same report in the New York Daily News, and you will see the difference. Al sounds like a combined authority on Egyptian culture and a super-psychanalyst to tell what one is thinking by his grimace. I see no reason to drag the tower of Pisa into this. More was contributed to the welfare of man by Galileo in one moment from this tower than Al or I have contributed in our life span. Furthermore, I think entrance upon a poverty stricken area upon an ass is more appropriate than an entrance in a limousine.

Some of this "galivanting" can be good. America has been thrust into the role of world leader and conqueror; a role she does not care for, one she is not used to, and one she is bungling miserably. We cannot pursue the course of isolationism to combat any "ism"; the last war decisively proved that. I'm afraid we need more "galivanting" or harbingers of American cheer and good will, whether it be a congressman or a student. We can arm Europe to the teeth to combat communism, but they are defenseless without psychological security.

True, there have been many wild and woolly investigations, but all man made organizations are as fallible as the men comprising them. I still contend there are as many conscientious congressmen such as Douglas, Lehman and Pepper who could retire and lead a normal life but choose to serve in public office. We can't blame congress for the Rankins; it is you and I who put them there.

Respectfully yours, Irving Koslowsky 307 N. West End Ave. Lancaster, Penna. March 20, 1950

(Continued on Page Eight)

THE DALLAS POST

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ONLY YESTERDAY

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

Ten Years Ago

March 22, 1940

New road to skirt business areas to avoid curves. Relocation of the Dallas-Luzerne Highway, plans for which are awaiting official approval in Harrisburg, will bypass present business sections of both Shavertown and Dallas.

Construction will begin at the Truckville Y, where the new road will veer away from the present location to follow the old streetcar right of way past Mt. Greenwood. Beyond this point the course of Toby's Creek will have to be changed for a short distance.

The new road will cut across wooded territory to join the concrete above Fernbrook Park. Since most of the territory bisected by the new highway is undeveloped, damages are not expected to be prohibitive.

The highway will swing to the northeast to bypass Dallas, but a spur road will lead to the business district. Five roads will intersect at the main corner of Dallas.

Twenty more buildings to be erected in Goss Manor. Winter's end sees resumption of '39 boomlet. New homes rise as area finds increasing favor.

Plans for new Luzerne-Dallas Highway stimulate building. New areas now inaccessible to traffic or building are expected to be opened up with the completion of the new highway.

C. A. Franz retires from business on Main Street, Dallas. His store, in operation since Dallas was a hamlet, will pass to Harold Titman.

Twenty Years ago

March 28, 1930

Fire destroyed three cottages on the Idetown-Harvey's Lake road, with an estimated loss of \$2,500.

Russell Miers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Corey Miers Kunkle, will become a partner in the Devens Milling Company effective April 1.

A new one-story, four-room school building will be constructed in Beaumont near the site of the present Monroe Township school.

The old building which housed the store of Mane Fleming for several years on Main St., Dallas, was demolished this week.

Snow flurries this week created a driving hazard and caused motorists to drive with caution.

Rev. Harry F. Henry, Shavertown Methodist Church, has received another of a series of threatening letters from bootleggers. Dr. Henry has been leading raids on bootlegging establishments.

The Association issued 34,223 registry and transfer certificates to Pennsylvania breeders during 1949.

Read the classified Column

The Book Worm



The Bookworm is conducted for and in the interest of Back Mountain Memorial Library.

BOOK LIST

Thursday's trip to Scranton to buy children's books for the library netted Miss Miriam Lathrop, librarian, and Mrs. H. Smith, a member of the Book Selection Committee and story-teller extraordinary, a bag of books that will go a long way toward replacing out-worn volumes and replenishing the shelves with bright new stock.

Space does not permit a review of each of the books, but here are the high-lights:

Four small books by George Mason are Animal Homes, Animal Tracks, Animal Weapons, Animal Sounds. These are specially recommended to Dallas Borough second grade, the class now engaged in a fascinating study of local wild-life. The descriptions of animal homes range from a hollow tree to a beaver dam, tracks from that of a cottontail rabbit to a Rocky Mountain goat, weapons from the lethal spray of a skunk to the shock given off by an electric eel, sounds from a bird-song to the terrifying bellow of a bull alligator.

First Book of Dogs, and First Book of Cats, both written by Gladys Taber and illustrated by Bob Kuhn, give breeds and characteristics, tips on care and feeding, all presented for young readers in language which they can understand.

The Child Next Door, written and illustrated by Helen Binyon, is designed for the very smalls.

The Little French Farm, written by Lida and translated into English by Louise Raymond, is illustrated in bold primary colors and stars birds and beasts rarely seen on an American Farm. There are peacocks and guinea hens, donkeys and goats, in company with the conventional horses and pigs and lambs and pigeons.

For older girls there are Watch for a Tall White Sail, by Margaret E. Bell, the scene laid in Alaska, the time 1887, and Wishing Star, by Mabel Cleland Widdemer, laid in Tarrytown in 1835, a mystery.

Goldfish, by Herbert E. Zim, features all sorts, including the variety that resemble a nineteen-twenty-two Pierce Arrow.

Joel Chandler Harris has been written up in a biography by Alvin E. Harlow, the beloved author of Uncle Remus presented with such ease and understanding that any child in the upper grades of secondary schools would be interested.

For the benefit of children, but written for their mothers, is a book on parties, by Frances W. Keene. This book contains a wide variety of interesting material on party-giving, including instructions for making favors, table decorations, prizes, menus for parties for every holiday in the year, directions for playing games, blue-prints for a dance from invitations to refreshments. It is called The Keene Party Book.

KUTZ BAKERY TRUCK BATTLES HEAVY SEAS; SHIPS HUGE WAVE

Bernie Williams is still separating cinnamon buns from slush.

On Tuesday morning Bernie parked his Kutz Bakery truck in front of Charles Gosart's Grocery, Shavertown. Balancing a tray of pastries on an experienced hand, Bernie left the truck door open and entered the grocery store to make a delivery.

A snow plow with a bone in its teeth, raising a spectacular bow-wave of slush, swooshed along Main street at a greater rate of speed than recommended for snow-plows.

The tidal wave inundated the truck, passing completely through it and hitting the window of the grocery store with a resounding splash. Bernie used a shovel to clear the floor of his truck. Gosart hired a window washer.

All local snow plow drivers disclaim credit.

Holstein-Friesian Cow Changes Hands

H. P. Riley, Dallas recently sold a registered Holstein-Friesian cow to Carl Bednarski, Wyoming. Change of ownership for this animal, Fanny Ormsby Sylvia Pansy, has been officially recorded by The Holstein-Friesian Association of America.

The Association issued 34,223 registry and transfer certificates to Pennsylvania breeders during 1949.

Barnyard Notes

LOVELIEST OF TREES  
A. E. Houseman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now Is hung with bloom along the bough, And stands about the woodland ride Wearing white as Easter tide.

Now, of my three score years and ten, Twenty will not come again, And take from seventy springs a score, It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom Fifty springs are little room, About the woodlands I will go To see the cherry hung with snow.

NICE IF IT'S TRUE

Considerable paper work appears to have been done on the Back Mountain Community Center. The following editorial from Wednesday night's Times-Leader is revealing. Presto! We are now ready to sit back and enjoy an evening of relaxation in our new \$250,000 Community Building.

BACK MOUNTAIN GOING PLACES

The Back Mountain Community Center, now about to materialize, is a refreshing example of teamwork. It goes to show what can be accomplished when men and women are willing to do things for themselves and not wait for a government handout.

The center would have been a real achievement for a single municipality. But here it is necessary to weld ten townships and a borough into one unit, a monumental accomplishment in civic cooperation in itself.

It took time and effort, but not even a war could stop the movement. In fact, capital was made of the conflict by designating the center as a permanent memorial to the veterans, an added incentive to bring it into existence.

While towns in that area go back to colonial days, the Back Mountain as an entity is comparatively new. And it is setting a stiff pace for the older sections of Luzerne County, so many of which do not have community centers. Wyoming Valley towns on the outskirts of Wilkes-Barre talk a great deal about them, but plans do not get beyond the discussion stage.

The proposed community center will be a further unifying influence in the Back Mountain which seems to be going places.

BETTER THAN AMOS & ANDY

Every once in a while we wander away from the Barnyard, and when we do, we wonder if it isn't better to stick to the daffodils and seed flats.

It was that way Wednesday night when we attended the meeting at Dallas Township High School to pick a site for the new Back Mountain Community Center—which the morning's Record had revealed as a reality and the evening's Times-Leader had heralded as an accomplishment.

Apparently writers on both papers were far from the fighting line and not on the fund raising committee when they presented as an accomplishment that which would have brought color to the dusky cheeks of Kingfish.

It has been a long time since we have heard the Amos & Andy program. They tell us much has been changed; but anyone who attended the Community Center meeting would have enjoyed it—just for old memories.

Only 205 Covered Bridges Remain On State Highways

The covered bridges of an earlier day are yielding to the Pennsylvania Highway Department's onward march of progress. Nine of the romantic old structures were replaced by more practical concrete or steel structures during the last year to the delight of motorists and the regret of admirers of early Americana.

But 205 of the old timber structures remain on the State Highway System. They of course carry weight limitations principally under the five-ton class but there are several capable of bearing heavier loads.

The bridge across the East Branch of the Brandywine Creek on Route 502 in Chester County is capable of a 13-ton load as is the Route 21023 bridge across the Yellow Breeches in Cumberland County. Indiana County has a covered bridge that will carry 15 tons.

It is across the Little Mahoning on Route 32095. There is another 15-ton bridge on Route 500110 where it crosses Sherman's Creek in Perry County. There are two 10-ton covered bridges. One is on Route 01005 across the South Branch of the Conowago in Adams County and the other on Route 21032 across the Conodoguet Creek in Cumberland County.

Greene County leads in the number of old timber bridges with 22 followed by Bedford, Columbia and Washington Counties each with 21. Clinton, Franklin, Northampton and Northumberland Counties are down to their last one.

In several counties of the State, historical societies and similar public spirited groups have taken steps to preserve for posterity these examples of an early century's engineering ingenuity and skillful craftsmanship.

Alfred D. Bronson

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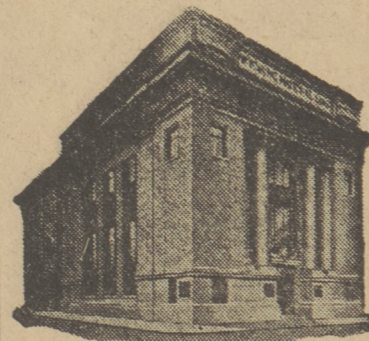
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