

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

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Single copies, at a rate of 8¢ each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Berts Drug Store, Dixon's Restaurant, Evans Restaurant, Smith's Economy Store; Shavertown—Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucks-

ville—Gregory's Store, Earl's Drug Store; Idetown—Cave's Store; Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store; Sweet Valley—Britt's Harveys Lake—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store; Sweet Valley—Britt's Store; Lehman—Moore's Store; Kingston—The Little Smoke Shop.

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 this material be held for more than 30 days.

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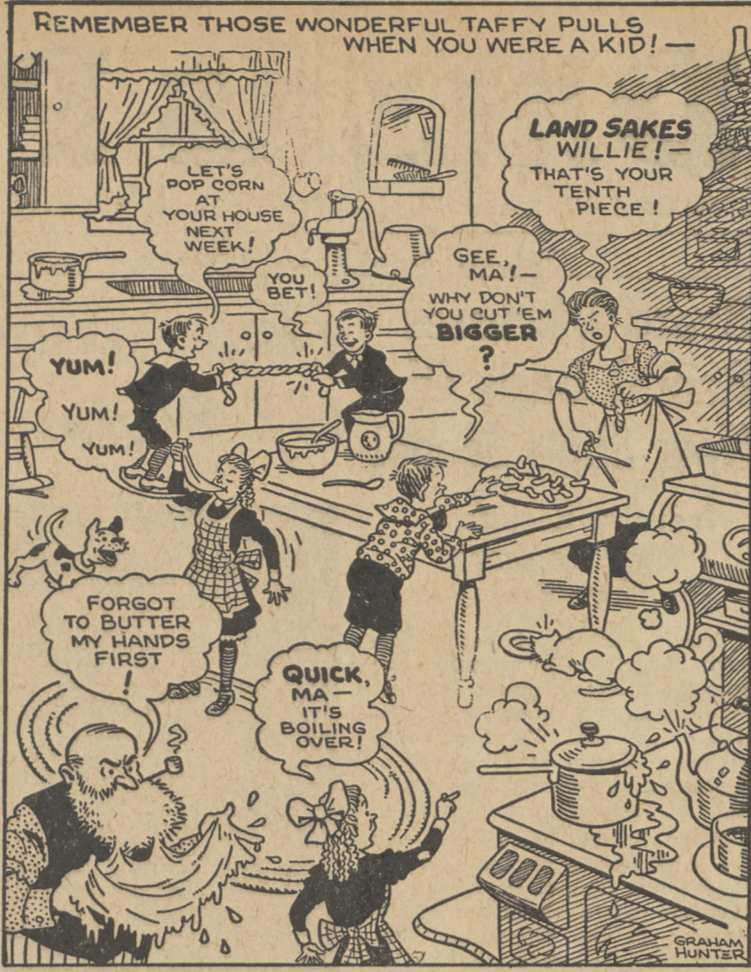
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Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

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

Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISLEY Associate Editors—MYRA ZEISER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. B. HICKS Advertising Manager—ROBERT F. BACHMAN Photographer—JAMES KOZEMCHAK Mechanical Superintendent—CLARK E. RUCH, JR.

IN HOMETOWN AMERICA



ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From The Issue of March 9, 1945 Roy Schultz, Harveys Lake, dies of polio in New Guinea.

Lester Culver, Carverton, is missing in action in Germany. Seventy-eight young farmers, previously deferred, are called for pre-induction tests by Shickshiny Board 5.

Harrisburg offers 2000 volumes to form a nucleus for the new library. Donations surpass the \$13,000 mark.

Heard from in the Outpost: Dick Phillips, South Pacific; Alfred James, England; Cragg Wetzel, Lake Charles; Dick Dymond, Camp Parks, Cal.; Alan Kistler, Philippines; Guilford Atherholt, South Pacific; Albert Crispell, Philippines; Ralph Snyder, South Pacific.

Advice from Rev. Charles Gilbert about coloring old to get rid of that zebra effect.

Married: Dorothy Harmon, Fernbrook, to Howard Whitesell, Sweet Valley. Dorothy Boney, Sumpter, S. C. to Walter Lewin, Fernbrook. Died: Claude Isaacs, 53, formerly of Dallas, in New Jersey. Mrs. John R. Richards, 59, Trucksville.

George London, formerly of Harveys Lake, wins Flying Cross.

From The Issue of March 8, 1935 Letter-writers enthusiastic about changing name of Dallas.

Kingston Township is granted emergency appropriation of \$3,500 for schools.

Eight children escape down a ladder from burning Shilenski home at Outlet.

Deaths: R. K. Hislop, Forty Fort, aged 67. Mary Traver Hopper, South Run, 20. Rose Marie Malik, five months, Chase.

Coffee, 19¢ per lb.; pink salmon, 10¢ tall can; eggs, 27¢ per doz.; hot cross buns, 12¢ per doz.; boneless veal, 23¢ per lb.; boiled ham or corned beef, 25¢ per ½ lb.; Malt Syrup, large can, 39¢.

Polite Skunk Repays Girvan Hospitality

A well-fed skunk curled on the welcome mat last Friday caused Mrs. Francis Girvan to change her mind abruptly about entering by the kitchen door. Returning at noon with the makings of lunch in a paper sack, she tiptoed to the front door and eased herself through, wigwagging frantically to her children to bypass the kitchen porch, and for goodness sake scrape the mud off their shoes before tramping through the living room.

Andy Slikk detoured with the mail. The family dog, a nondescript but canny animal, mourning his lost breakfast, sat safely on the hill, awaiting developments.

As fascinated eyes watched from the kitchen window, the skunk yawned, stretched, foraged in the empty dog-dish for one last crumb, and strolled off down Lakeside Drive, leaving not a trace. Polite skunk.

Fire Auxiliary Dinner

Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company Auxiliary plans its annual dinner Tuesday evening at 6 at the home of Mrs. Grant Shaner, Parrish Street. Members are asked to bring a covered dish and individual place-settings.

Bob Tales

The Wyoming National Bank, with its new branch in Shavertown, has chosen a good Advisory Board but it would seem they would have been wise to choose a Back Mountain man for cashier. After all, he's the one who will meet the people. At any rate, we welcome the new branch as another forward step in the steady growth of our community.

Speaking of new developments in this area, you will soon see a local grocer build a new store; a nursery enlarge its headquarters and a new clothing store open its doors.

Lt. Co. Carey of the Salvation Army explained, "We're those people who stand on street corners telling you where you'll go if you don't behave. Then the band starts playing . . . and you know what it's going to be like."

If it took large business corporations as long to make decisions as it is taking our schools to decide on jointure we would still be driving a horse and buggy.

I've just accomplished quite a feat . . . I completed my first book since television.

You missed it if you didn't see the stalwart basketball team Kiwanis put on the floor in Tuesday night's game against the rough team of Dallas-Franklin teachers, and a couple of ringers from the Westmoreland faculty. It's a toss-up which bounced more . . . the ball or the tummys.

Just received a nice note that reads like this:

"Have just read the column 'Bob Tales' and would like to ask one question: Has somebody on the staff gone nuts? Backman, or whoever writes the column states that he saw a faith healer on TV and calls it the 'most fantastic performance' he has ever seen. I have been in Canton, O., Cleveland, Akron, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Buffalo and have carried many people to meetings of these so-called 'Faith Healers.' They and their ilk have been exposed time and time again. It don't take much intelligence, or a great amount of reading to know that these healers have stoges or shells in the audience working with them, and they throw their crutches away, stop limping and etc., when they get the high sign from the m.c. Many cities refuse even to rent auditoriums to these people.

It certainly was a let down to read such trash in The Post and that one of the authors recommends it to people. In my opinion such things can lose more prestige and customers for The Post in 5 minutes than you could build up in 50 years."

Signed, V. T. Y.

My answer to this letter is that I have asked our minister to see what can be found out about Mr. Oral Roberts the Healing Evangelist and I also wonder how come the NBC network allows this if there isn't something to it, and I still say that those who haven't seen Mr. Roberts on Sunday afternoons ought to view it just for the experience.

A rather eccentric gentleman was in the office the other day and, after he left, someone remarked: "He's a good egg . . . but pretty well scrambled."

Got a note from Jack Griffiths who's in Germany now. He says he met up with Frank Wagner of East Dallas and also Kenzie Matcett of Elmerest. The boys seem to be enjoying their time in the service.

Winner of two free tickets to the Himmeler Theater this week is Shel-

Safety Valve

IT'S THOSE GROSBEEKS AGAIN

Dear Mrs. Hicks:

The little bird sanctuary on my upper porch is in trouble. Evening grosbeaks, too numerous to count, have arrived, and "Operation Squirrel" is going forward as planned by the furry invaders. I am hoping the grosbeaks will soon return to their home grounds in Canada, and that by using just swinging feeders I can discourage the squirrels. Their agility and ingenuity almost passes belief, and it is fun to watch them; but my preference is for the little birds. The vivacious, lovely chickadees, nuthatches, tufted titmouse (or is it Titmouse?) tree sparrows, feed together like congenial friends at a church supper.

I have a fine "flight deck feeder" outside one of my windows, and after the greedy grosbeaks have cleaned it up early in the morning, I refill it with special food for the little birds. The grosbeaks are gorgeous, I am glad to have seen them, but my curiosity is now entirely satisfied.

I planned to put trees planted in tubs on my upper porch, but because of the squirrels will have to arrange a different setting. I will manage something. Perhaps when their deep-freeze caches are thawed out they will abandon my cafeteria. My sympathy goes to the bird lovers in the Back Mountain whose problems are akin to mine.

Affectionately Mabel H. Jones Mountain Top

It won't be long now. The grosbeaks will take off almost any day, leaving the field to the small birds. "Pretty is as pretty does," is an old saying which is applicable.

—Mrs. Hicks

Can Santa Claus Catch Up?

Mexico March 2, 1955

Dear Editor:

It has been my wish to in some way express my appreciation to the community we recently left to come to Mexico. We lived in Dallas for the past six enjoyable years, but because it was off the beaten track of all my business activities, we sold our home and land. (The old Ross farm in East Dallas.)

The sale to Mr. and Mrs. Yoenglin was consummated across an international border without a hitch. They have plans for developing the land.

We still feel we are members of the community and may again locate there, but in the interim we would like to keep in touch with our friends and business associates.

Some of our experiences through the last part of our journey should be interesting. We were delayed for five weeks in Laredo, Texas, awaiting my working visa. A tourist can go through very easily.

Sometime in the near future we will send you a description of the last lap of our journey to Salamanca, the night before Christmas Eve, with two children wondering if Santa Claus would or could catch up with us.

Please enter our subscription to the Dallas Post.

With best wishes, we are Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Ferrell.

don MacAvoy of Shavertown. Pick up your tickets at The Dallas Post as soon as possible. Hope you enjoy the show.

The Florida News accounts of Harris Haycox's heroic rescue of an unknown child from a charging alligator gave young Jimmie Richardson a big thrill . . . until he turned to page five and found there wasn't any such page and that his hero was going in for the gag treatment while on his winter vacation.

Twenty-one guns constitute a presidential salute.

Barnyard Notes

I don't want to bore you, but in anticipation of my semi-annual report, I'd like to say that in just ten days I will have gone a full six months without smoking a cigarette.

As recently as a year ago, if any one had offered to bet me \$1,000 that I couldn't quit smoking cigarettes, I would have refused to take him up. That proves how insecure the dyed-in-the-wool smoker is when he has to rely on his will power.

Six months ago I wouldn't have believed it possible that I could stop smoking even for a day. The confirmed smoker lives in constant fear that he will be caught at home or in some isolated place without a cigarette or where he cannot readily obtain one.

Some may question my use of the word "fear" but what is it that sends a man out of his comfortable home at 11 o'clock at night in search of a package when he finds that he has only one cigarette left in the house. If it isn't fear, maybe it's panic.

He must have a cigarette for the first thing in the morning, or for those sleepless minutes in the middle of the night, or at any instant when there is a drain on his nerves. All tight situations require a cigarette, and relaxation requires several, too. So he must have enough in the package to carry him through.

All confirmed smokers will agree with me. Only the dilettante—the smoker of less than a package a day—will tell you how easily he can quit if he wants to. He, too, would probably have quite a struggle if he really attempted to stop. But the real smoker, the fellow who has smoked from one to three packages a day for thirty years, will tell you that it's no cinch to quit and that he doesn't believe he possibly can do it. And he probably has more guts and more will power than thousands who never smoked a cigarette in their lives. Virtue that has never been tested finds it easy to moralize.

Hundreds of thousands of smokers want to quit but they go through the almost daily torture of fighting a losing battle. They are confident that smoking is doing them no good and that they ought to stop for the sake of their health, but they can't. Their defeat is not actually physical. It is mental.

I am aware that there's nothing more disgusting to a fellow in need of help than a guy who can pound his expanded chest and boast, "Well, I quit."

I'm not boasting, I just want to help if I can.

In my own case, I find that I have all the old symptoms that I had before I stopped smoking, plus one more. I am now fat around the middle and between the ears. It is the penalty all will have to pay who wait too long before they say "Goodbye, to Lady Nicotine". So I can't promise that smoking is the root of all masculine ailments. I suspect that a lot of symptoms are blamed on smoking that do not have their origin in the habit.

I feel sincerely that the earlier in life a person quits smoking, the more beneficial will be the results, but a lot of pleasure will be lost, too. No one can deny that smoking at times is most enjoyable. But since it is almost impossible for anybody to smoke moderately, the same thing for most smokers is to quit.

The easiest way to quit is by controlling your smoking. Start with a new package every morning so that you can have an actual count of the number of cigarettes you smoke each day. Don't carry the package in your pockets where you can reach it automatically and go through the subsequent pattern of withdrawing, lighting and puffing a cigarette. When you smoke a cigarette, smoke it for enjoyment, not as the result of automatic nervous reflexes.

Within a matter of days, you will have cut down on your consumption. If you revert to old habits you'll still have the knowledge that you can cut down and control your smoking if you want to, and without any evil effects.

The practice of controlled smoking will have given you some confidence.

Then one Saturday night, plan to go to bed with only a couple of cigarettes in the house. Maybe it would be good to hand them to your wife and tell her to hide them.

Sunday morning while the pressure is off, stay in bed as late as you can sleep, or half sleep or what have you. Don't smoke as soon as you jump out of bed, wait until after your late breakfast. You have now probably been without a cigarette for twelve hours. You are already on your way.

If you've really got guts, you can use them now. Don't ask your wife for a cigarette. If you stick it out, by tomorrow morning the worst will be over. Sounds silly. Well, maybe it is. Remember, there are a couple of cigarettes still in the house, you can have them anytime you want them, but you won't want them if you go out on a limb and tell everybody you meet that you've quit smoking. Get yourself in a position where its more humiliating to smoke than to stay away from it.

And if you really want a drag, come over to my house. There's a new carton in my smoking cabinet and dozens of others hidden in pottery jars, desk drawers, sugar bowls and colored glass doobabs. They have been there since September 21, 1954. I know I can smoke one anytime I want it.

Poet's Corner

Lost

CARL SANDBURG

Desolate and alone All night long on the lake Where fog trails and mist creeps, The whistle of a boat Calls and cries unendingly, Like some lost child In tears and trouble Hunting the harbor's breast And the harbor's eyes.

Well-Baby Clinic Leaves Fire-Hall, Goes To YMCA

Well-Baby Clinic, sponsored by Visiting Nurse Association and the Dallas Junior Woman's Club, has changed its location from Shavertown Fire House to Shavertown YMCA headquarters, where it will continue to operate on its former schedule on first Thursdays of the month. Parking and other facilities are much better.

"The fellow who can't get to first base with his girl should try a new diamond."—Sidney Brody

Babson's Statement

Babson Discusses Should U. S. Strike First?

Babson Park, Fla.—In view of the latest news from Russia, businessmen and investors are much excited regarding the new book published by D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., New York City, entitled INFLUENCE OF FORCE IN FOREIGN RELATIONS. As the author, Captain W. D. Puleston, is a neighbor of mine and recently gave a most dynamic address at the Webber College Winter Conference, I must comment thereon and advise everyone to read it.

Eighteen "Fatal Mistakes" Captain Puleston told me last spring of these "mistakes." Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the late President's wife, was visiting my home in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. I asked her what she thought of these "mistakes" for which the Democratic Administrations were reported responsible. Mrs. Roosevelt answered: "Well, notwithstanding Captain Puleston's so-called 'mistakes,' we won two wars, didn't we, Mr. Babson? Perhaps someone should write a book on the EIGHTEEN MASTER-STROKES which won these two wars!"

Personally I believe that, although a fearless critic, Captain Puleston is eminently fair in his judgments. He emphasizes mistakes made by Republican statesmen such as Root, Hughes, Kellogg, Stimson, and President Hoover equally with those made by Presidents Wilson and Roosevelt. He points to Wil-son's statesman-like, but unheeded, appeal to European leaders in 1916 to seek a "peace without victory." Similarly, Puleston has pointed to mistakes made by military as well as diplomatic leaders. He carefully cites proof showing the undue subordination of the trained military to untrained civilians. Politics, between 1909 and 1941, by weakening our armed forces, caused first Germany and then Japan to attack us on the incorrect assumption that they could defeat us before we could prepare to fight.

What Should U. S. Do Now? Strike First? Businessmen and investors want to know what Captain Puleston thinks we should do NOW. This is it:—Increase the nation's defenses, particularly the strategic industrial areas, against air attacks; devise more efficient methods to prevent delivery of bombs, or retention of any such bombs now held in the country by enemy agents; keep a large proportion of our land, sea and air forces, particularly fighting planes, always on the alert; prohibit the entry of unidentified planes into certain important areas; finally, and most important, decide now what will never gain await an "overt enemy attack."

Americans have been led to believe that their Government is committed to awaiting an enemy attack with nuclear bombs. Puleston points to an honorable and long-accepted middle course, namely, if any enemy nation, possessing the ability to destroy us, disposes its forces in position to do so, we should immediately mobilize and station our forces in position to strike the enemy and defend the United States. When in all respects we are ready, inform the hostile government that if within 48 hours it does not demobilize its forces, we will take any or all measures to protect our country. If the potential attack should be immediately delivered, as mobilized, we would get an even break; if the enemy then demobilizes we can prevent war. If, in spite of our

warning, it continues to hold its forces ready to spring surprise attacks. WE THEN SHOULD STRIKE FIRST. Under International Law, having given the foe fair warning, we would be fully justified, claims the Captain.

Politics May Be a Factor In case we are in World War III or "sitting on a keg of uranium" in November 1956, it seems as if President Eisenhower would be certain of re-election. I cannot imagine a better-trained man for the Presidency under such a condition. Whether or not the Republican strategists have this in mind, I leave to you readers to decide. The Presidential election coming next year certainly complicates the situation. Certainly, the character and location of each industry should be most carefully considered. Also read "The Natural Cycle of Government," an important mimeographed brochure, written and published by Edison E. Shrum of Forniell, Missouri.

Readers should study the history of Formosa before deciding what attitude the United Nations will take. The fact is that FORMOSA was a part of China for centuries until 1895, when China was forced to "give" it to the Japanese. The Japanese developed Formosa and made it what it is today. At the close of World War II, the Japanese were compelled to give up Formosa and return it to China. Strictly speaking, there are two Chinas today—the Mainland under Communist Administration—and Formosa under the conservative Chiang Kai-shek. Both claim sole representation in the United Nations. Thus far only Formosa, ruled by Chiang Kai-shek, is a member of the United Nations.

What Of The Future? My Forecast Although we should hold Formosa, I forecast that Formosa will sometime again be an integral part of China which will have a compromise government such as General Marshall recommended. Before then both Chinas will be members of the United Nations. I further forecast that World War III will be avoided for this year at least. Even though Captain Puleston seems logical in saying that only by "striking first," after fair warning, can we avoid being destroyed, I doubt if the American people would support "striking first" based only on Formosa. Yet, the recent vote of Congress indicates that we might. Certainly we are in a very critical situation.

Businessmen will be tempted at least to postpone capital expenditures until the air becomes clearer. Investors will consider the stock market very selective. Even now investors are purchasing mainly the aircrafts, metals, and oils, together with certain other stocks which should prosper as "war babies." Wise investors will probably not buy stocks of companies in large cities vulnerable to bombing. Furthermore, all investors should keep in mind the probability that prices, wages, and money rates would probably be "fixed" immediately at the start of any World War III, and a severe profits tax be re-enacted. President Eisenhower might veto some of this legislation; but with the Democrats in control of Congress it could be passed over the President's veto in view of Russia's attitude.

"Driving's a lot like baseball—it's the number of times you get home safely that counts." —H. G. Hutcheson

Advertisement for The Second National Bank of Wilkes-Barre. It features a large circular logo with the number '2' and the bank's name. Below the logo, it lists the Main Office at Market and Franklin and the Kingston Office at Wyoming at Union. The text asks 'Will Your Executor Inherit A New Profession?' and explains that by naming the Trust Department of the Second National as Executor and Trustee, one can protect their estate and their beneficiaries with extra safeguards. It offers a confidential discussion with no obligation. Contact information: From Da's ask operator for ENTERPRISE 1-0654. No charge. Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.