

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

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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.

National display advertising rates 84¢ per column inch. Transient rates 75¢.

Local display advertising contract rate, 60¢ per column inch. Political advertising \$1.10 per inch.

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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 ZEISSER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. B. HICKS
Advertising Manager—ROBERT F. BACHMAN
Photographer—JAMES KOZEMCHAK
Mechanical Superintendent—CLARK E. RUCH, JR.

Barnyard Notes

Today is the first of bass season. Myra always remembers it, though I don't believe she ever baited a hook in her life. Still, during her childhood, the opening of bass season cast an electric spell over her household! For days before the first of July there was the scent of rubber boots and waders, wicker creels and Three-In-One Oil. Flies were tied and there were magic words—Nigger Pond, Promised Land and Vosburg on masculine tongues. It is twenty-one years since her father's rods and reels were put aside; but Myra will always feel that electric pulse in the air—come the days before the first of July!

Granny returned from New England Wednesday night with tales of rain every day but one during the two weeks she was away. While she was visiting her son at Kingston, Rhode Island, her great granddaughter, Cathy, aged 3, came down by train with her mother from Providence. Cathy's first brief train ride was a wonderful experience. As her mother prepared to leave the coach at the West Kingston station, Cathy rebelled, weeping: "Mommy, put another nickel in and let's go round again!"

The sloping fields at Huntsville are being made more beautiful by the precise rows and neat white fences that surround Henry Pool's vegetable garden; but the crowning touch are the six bright red geraniums in green flower boxes that flank his rural mailbox. It's one of the prettiest ideas we've come across in a coon's age!

And speaking of coons, David Estus, who has a way with all of nature's small creatures, has a baby coon. It was a little frightened when David cuddled it there in his arms under the cherry trees while I was weeding the garden; but it is packed full of mischief. Its inquisitive nose and sharp eyes recalled at once another baby coon of a generation ago. That one had a habit of gathering bits of colored glass and of reaching for trout in the spring pool on my grandfather's farm in Susquehanna County. Davy's has the possibility of a wonderful pet; but we're keeping our fingers crossed about the Game Commission.

Ed Haskell's devoted little sheep dog "Wendy" is lost; the victim of her own devotion. On a recent trip to Durham, N. C. where his wife, Ann, is taking advanced work at Duke University, Ed took "Wendy" along. This time, however, Ed travelled by car and not by the familiar bicycle which "Wendy" always trails and on occasions has guarded for two or three days on Main Street, when Ed has gone to town by bus. "Wendy" soon became a familiar figure on the Duke Campus and spent much of her uneventful time snoozing in front of the door of Ann's father's office. Then came the day when a Western Union boy left his bicycle in front of the door while he delivered a message. When he departed "Wendy" followed, probably in an attempt to save her master's beloved wheel. That was several weeks ago. Inquiry at the Western Union office, newspaper classified ads, notices on University Bulletin Boards have turned up no trace of "Wendy".

A few mornings ago a Dallas Township man who has his business in Wilkes-Barre picked up a fellow commuter on Pioneer Avenue as the latter was waiting in front of his home for a bus. He had hardly settled down in the seat beside Eddie when without introduction he began to berate Jews. The tirade continued all the way to Kingston. There the passenger got out. Departing, he introduced himself. "I didn't get your name," he added as an afterthought. "Finkelstein" said Eddie who is a faithful member of Prince of Peace congregation. Since then Eddie has passed his companion of that morning often waiting for a bus on Pioneer Avenue, but he has been unable to induce him to ride again with him to town.

Those who have a taste for the best in soft ice cream have a treat in store for them at John Tibus' Sno-Mountain stand on Memorial Highway. Made entirely from the products of local dairies, the ice cream served by Mr. and Mrs. Tibus is unsurpassed. Try a cone or a quart over the July Fourth weekend and be convinced. And don't forget the Pup; they serve 5¢ dips in special paper cups for favored canines.

Among the many good bread bakers who will this year bake for the Library Auction, none has taken on a bigger assignment than Mrs. David Joseph of Spring Street. She has promised to bake into crisp brown loaves all of the flour I send her! I shall send over a small 25-pound bag first. If that works, there'll be no stopping either of us!

I have a similar deal with Marietta Gay, although Ernie may not yet have informed her. He says she will bake into cherry pies all of the sour cherries I send. There are five trees loaded—and ripe—and the robins this year are not on Marietta's side!

A couple of good bird cages are needed for the Library Auction. Not to confine the auctioneers, but for parakeets that have been contributed by local breeders. If you have a bird cage that is just waiting for a tenant, send it to the Auction!

The eleventh annual Lehman Horse Show is the oldest continuous Horse Show in northeastern Pennsylvania and this year will have the largest entry list in its history. It is also offering cash prizes for the first time. For a safe Fourth, among delightful surroundings, spend the day at Lehman!

Life in these parts will not return to normal until after the Auction—July 8 and 9.

Babson's Statement

Babson Discusses The Future

Babson Park, Mass.—Since President Eisenhower's great address at Pennsylvania State University last week, I have been much more hopeful of the years ahead. This world may be entering a new Industrial Revolution commensurate with the two previous great Industrial Revolutions of a century and more ago. **Great Industrial Revolutions**

The first was based upon the invention of printing by movable type, upon the development of education combined with Bible reading, and upon the discovery of America. Thus, the three great men of that day were Gutenberg, John Rogers (my ancestor), and Columbus. The second Industrial Revolution was due to the harnessing of steam and steel, the development of democracy, and the building of railroads and steamships. Thus, the three great men of that time were Watt, Washington, and Stephenson.

My purpose this week is to impress upon readers that future history may show we are now entering a third great Industrial Revolution. This could come from the harnessing of uranium, the development of labor unions accompanied by the redistribution of property, and the possibilities of aviation. The three men responsible for these developments were Einstein, Roosevelt, and the Wright Brothers. The first two Industrial Revolutions, with the exception of the discoveries of Columbus, were largely confined to nations and bounded by national lines. **Airplanes Making Great Changes**

Let me now state that any third revolution will know no national boundaries, but must be a world revolution. For instance, uranium is found everywhere and can be used anywhere; the masses all over the world are demanding property, education, and opportunity; while airplanes, telephones, and television know no boundaries. They are reducing the size of the world to the size of an average country a generation ago. Today I call London by telephone as freely as I called New York a few years ago. Members of my organization are lunching with me today; and they are having breakfast in London tomorrow morning. Furthermore, the difficulties of communicating with the people of other nations, which handicapped the two previous industrial revolutions, have been eliminated by radio and television.

The stock market, of course, will have had breaks. Then will be the time to buy more of the stocks which will profit from this new Industrial Revolution. The main purpose of this week's column is to get you to become world conscious and to recognize the great possibilities ahead. Some look upon advances in electricity as bringing on a new era; but no, electricity is simply a new method of distributing power already manufactured by coal, oil or gravity. This same applies to electronics and many other inventions which people are going crazy about. Actually, these are incidental. Great new eras are based on the use of a new power; material, spiritual, political, or a combination of all, as "Billy" Graham is preaching.

How To Lose Money
All kinds of speculative promotions followed the inventions of Watt, Stephenson, and especially Columbus. Hundreds of new companies were formed and floated to get gold from Mexico or Peru, to enjoy the Fountain-of-Youth in Florida, to import sugar, spices and slaves from the West Indies, to get timber and ore from Virginia or New England. The settlement of Gloucester—my home city—was undertaken by an English company to make money by gathering the cod, halibut, and mackerel which were said to fill Gloucester Harbor. A few of these companies made money, but most of them, including the Gloucester enterprise, went broke.

Too many investors of those days thought only of themselves and tried to get rich by speculating in individual companies; but they lost out. Those, however, who did not attempt to speculate in these new companies but who got the vision that a new industrial revolution was fanning out before them, applied this vision to their own business, whether banking, insurance, manufacturing, merchandising, or foreign trade. They became wealthy. I forecast that those who now get and so usefully apply this vision will be likewise rewarded.

Let Us Now Be Optimistic
So, I close with this appeal. Let us forget, for the present, World War III, Russian Communism, threatened Stock Market Collapses, Juvenile Delinquency, and all the other pessimism featured today. Instead, let us think of what Aviation, Chemistry, Wonder Drugs, Television, Weather Control, Cybernetics, Automatic Factories, and the greatest of all, uranium will do for us who get this vision and are anxious to work. Even this does not mean bothering your head to find some uranium stock to buy. The fact is, future history may look back upon the present stock markets as you and I look back on horses and buggies! Therefore, may we awaken to a new vision. May we think how we can use airplanes, uranium, and especially advertising, to develop our own business, and help our children and grandchildren. Without doubt some stocks are good

short sales at the present time; but don't now sell the world short!

One more thought: On the 6th of last December I completed fifty years in very active business. This year, 1955, I am devoting to selecting 2,000 enthusiastic persons—preferably those physically handicapped as I have always been, but who have the Vision—to represent me and the United Information Service in 2,000 cities. A list of these selected cities will be sent, on request, by my Babson Park, Massachusetts, office. Any reader who can help in this work will be doing a good thing both for the person selected and for the merchants of the community in which he or she lives. If you doubt it, read in the Bible the first sentence of Verse 18, Chapter 29, of the Book of Proverbs.

Looking at T-V
With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

SPORTS—The N. Y. Athletic Commission has finally given its sanction to WABD, New York video station to televise wrestling matches not from an arena but from a regular TV studio.

Free ticket distribution to either Studio Five, which seats 400 people or the Adelphi Theater, which seats 1,000 will be left up to the sponsor. The Athletic Commission must still assign doctors, referees and other officials to the studio-borne matches.

It is felt boxing will probably follow suit, since fight promoters have been collecting most of their money from TV rights.

A fight from a regular studio set-up could be tele-produced more easily and the cameramen could place their camera where they pleased, something they are not allowed to do at arena staged sports events.

THE TOP THREE TV shows rating wise for 1955 were Groucho's "You Bet Your Life," "Jackie Gleason" and Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" in that order.

MEN IN BLACK, a new film series about the clergy, couched in "Drag-net" and "Medic" style, will replace "Treasury Men in Action" this fall. This is a reverse in the trend of avoiding dramatic shows with a religious theme.

A three-man committee has been formed to pass on scripts, each representing one of the major faiths. Committee comprises Capt. Maurice M. Witherspoon, a Presbyterian and v.p. of the Military Chaplains Assn.; Father George B. Ford, of the Corpus Christi Catholic Church in New York, and also a v.p. of Freedom House, and Dr. William F. Rosenblum, rabbi at Temple Israel, N. Y., and head of the Synagog Council of America.

LORETTA YOUNG'S illness has caused indefinite postponement of her return to TV and top Hollywood stars will pinchhit for the new Loretta Series. Rosalind Russell will be hostess on three. Other guests will be Van Johnson, Alan Ladd, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnez, Groucho Marx, Barbara Stanwyck and Danny Thomas.

ETHEL AND ALBERT is one summer replacement that is by far superior to the show it replaces, "December Bride."

It is a live show with plenty of action, wholesome humor that rings with realism for portraying family life.

UPBEAT a new summer series premiering Tuesday, July 5 over the CBS network will present top song stylists twice a week each Tuesday and Thursday at 7:45 to 8 p.m.

Scheduled to appear are Mindy Carson, Theresa Brewer, Don Cornell, Georgia Gibbs, Joan Webber, The Four Lads and Tony Bennett.

Each show of the 13-week series will feature tunes made popular by the stars. "Upbeat" regulars will include the "Honeydreamers," a dance group, and Russ Case's orchestra.

NEW USE—Television will be used to trap reckless drivers on the new Massachusetts Turnpike.

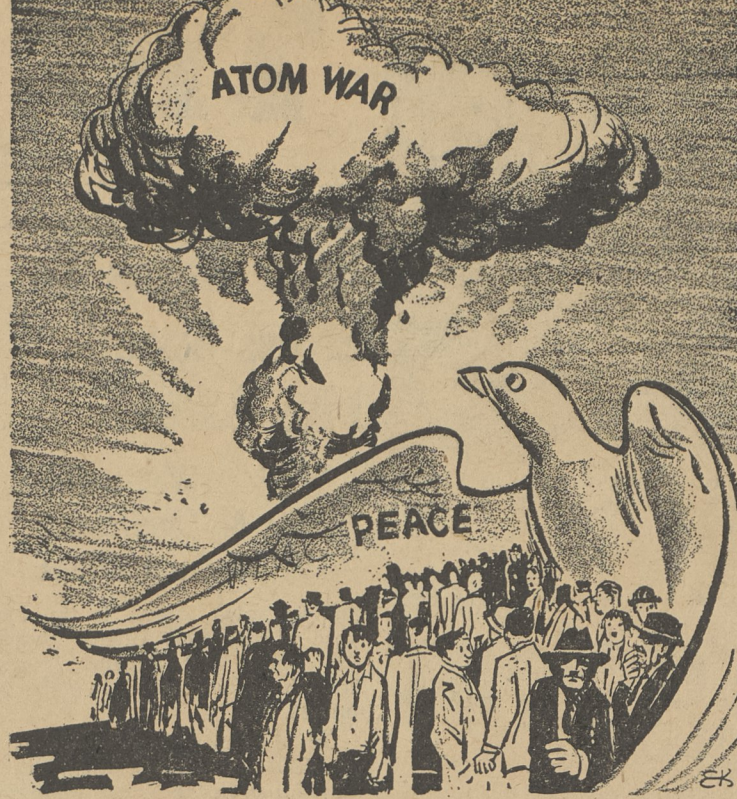
Speed limit on the road will be 60 miles an hour. Radar speed checkers will be installed within range of the television cameras to record any infractions and puncture drivers' arguments.

PREMIERE presentation this Friday of the summer drama series "Undercurrent" opens with a chiller for a warm evening. Jean Byron stars as a young schoolteacher who is first puzzled by the odd behavior of her landlady's seven-year-old son and later becomes frightened and seeks to flee from "The House on Judas Street." (CBS-TV, 10 to 10:30 p.m.)

STATE POLICE SAY
Early inspection may save your life, your car: Inspection often brings to light hidden defects... mechanical faults that would become worse, or even disastrous, if they weren't discovered.

"A wife's someone who sits up with you when you're sick, and puts up with you when you're not."

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You Are The Jury . . .

The Case of the Noble Hunter

Jason Amadeus Perrywinkle was an aristocrat; the blood of five generations of natural hunters ran through his veins. From the crowded city, he traveled to the country, where he led a dog's life. For Jason Amadeus Perrywinkle was a brown, short-haired, registered German pointer with a long pedigree and a short tail. And his owner, Frank Gunnison, loved him until and after June 14th of the same year, when he passed on to happier hunting grounds at the action of Frank Gunnison's neighbor, Bill Quirt.

All of which happened because Bill Quirt was a farmer with a flock of sheep. When Bill found several of his sheep killed by strange dogs, he and his son kept a day and night watch; but the killers were too smart, and did not kill the sheep when they were around. Nothing happened for a while until one afternoon, hearing a noise in the flock, they came up to the scene, against the wind; and saw 2 dogs, one a brown short-haired pointer with a short tail, tearing and chewing on a freshly-killed sheep. Bill took heed; the short-haired pointer was shot and killed. It was Jason Amadeus Perrywinkle.

Frank Gunnison was heart-broken. He sued. "Jason Amadeus Perrywinkle," he argued, "was of noble blood and a hunter, it is true, but he was a gentleman born and bred. We all enjoy our mutton, and that he was feeding on it, is true, too. But nobody saw him kill the sheep. When Bill Quirt saw him feeding, he just guessed that my Jason had killed it, with no attention being paid to the other dog. Nothing can repay my grief, but should collect his value."

"I tried my level best," said Bill Quirt, "to catch the killer, but he was just too smart for me. I figured it couldn't be Jason Amadeus Perry-

winkle, myself, because I thought that only mongrels were so smart. But when I saw him and the other dog eating my sheep, freshly killed and torn, there was no doubt in my mind that Jason had become a sheep-killer, and I protected myself as the law permits me to do."

If you were on the jury, would you make Bill Quirt pay Frank Gunnison the value of Jason Amadeus Perrywinkle?

Bill Quirt did not have to pay anything. In discussing the decision, the judge said that Jason had become a public nuisance, a trespasser on Bill Quirt's land and that any reasonable person would figure that he had killed the sheep. "It matters not," the judge said, "whether the sheep-killing dog is an aristocrat or a mongrel. Each suffers the same fate." (Based on a 1949 case.)

Bob Tales

Dallas Borough should do something about the horrible odor emanating from a sewer opening right in the middle of town. This is not a new problem, but nothing has ever been done about it. If I were a visiting summer tourist and got wind of it I know what impression I would have of Dallas.

Dallas Township has an odor problem too. Near the corner of Upper Dallas-Demunds Road and Rt. 309 there is a dumping ground for the most disagreeable smelling liquid. It is delivered there by a tank truck from Natona Mills and is evidently waste chemicals that they have used in their processes. I believe the farmer wants this on his field for fertilizer but it sure is hard on the neighbors. On certain days you can smell it a quarter of

the way to the dump.

Raymond Moore, Dallas R. D. 3, is this week's winner of two free tickets to the Himmler Theater. Come to The Dallas Post for your tickets Mr. Moore.

SAFETY VALVE

WORD OF THANKS
Dear Editor:
This is to thank you for the splendid publicity which you gave us not only before our recent Antiques Sale but also after it. We women of Prince of Peace are most grateful. We had 124 more people attend this year than last.

I'm sure that much of the success of many Back Mountain activities and projects can be attributed to the friendly and generous cooperation of The Post.

Gratefully yours
Helen C. Woodruff
Pioneer Avenue
Trucksville, Penna.

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