

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.

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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.

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Safety Valve . . .

DO SOMETHING NOW!

Editor
The Dallas Post
Dear Mr. Risley

The horrible slaughter and maiming taking place on the streets and highways in your community can be drastically reduced.

You would not sit still while thugs roamed your streets killing and injuring boys and girls and men and women. You would not wait until some member of your family or a close friend was a victim before swinging your newspaper into action to bring a halt to such lawlessness.

Why are you so complacent about the murder and maiming done by motor vehicles in your community? The people are just as dead or just as seriously injured as though attacked by a thug.

Why don't you and your newspaper do more about this mass murder that cost some 38,000 lives last year?

This terrible crime is not going to be curtailed until each community gets down to business combating it. National and state programs pave the way, but the actual work must be done on a community level.

Your newspaper must lead the way in your community, the same as you do in any other major community problem. Take off the kid gloves and get down to brass knuckles in battling this vicious problem.

Each community has its own problems, so tailor your efforts to fit your own area. We urge you to give this project top priority. Even if it means reducing the toll by only one death or one injury—remember that one may be yourself or a member of your family.

Sincerely,
Quinta E. Beauge, Chairman
Penna. Newspaper Publishers Safety Committee

SAME THING APPLIES HERE

Dear Editor,

Ernest Joiner, the free-wheeling editor of The Ralls (Tex.) Banner, has suggested a reform that might well be appropriate in some other communities also. In his column, "It Sez Here," Editor Joiner observes:

"When Lester Bownd's haystacks caught fire Tuesday, he had no idea how popular he was when he turned in the alarm. He didn't know that 150 automobiles would overrun his property, tie up traffic for an hour, have drivers make damned fools of themselves.

"But he must have appreciated the interest these 150 people took in leaving their jobs to make such nuisances. We never learned whether the fire truck got through the open-mouthed group or not.

"We do know that when 100 cars answered the fire alarm at the Reese home last week, the building was lost to flames because the fire truck and its firemen couldn't squeeze through traffic to tie hose onto a proper hydrant.

"And for pure excitement, the drivers of about 100 cars gave their families quite a thrill Wednesday night when the fire boys were called to extinguish flames at Roden's grocery.

"You budding pyromaniacs keep on fouling up firemen's attempts to extinguish fires, and sooner or later the law will be forced to lock you up, or else some responsible citizen will take an elm club and thrash you within an inch of your life for impeding the work of the fire department. And we want pictures of it when it happens." (The emphasis is ours.)

There's something wrong somewhere when the same sort of horse-power that makes it possible to fight fires more effectively prevents today's highly efficient (and expensive) equipment from getting to the fire. Next thing, we'll have to get decoy fire trucks to lead the 200 hp drivers with 100 gnat-power brains

to the other side of town when a fire breaks out.

Bob Taylor
Sincerely,

EVEN SAINTS GET DISCOURAGED
26 Broad St., Pittston, Pa.
Saturday, March 17, 1956

Dear Howard:

Sports page headlines strike my funny bone, principally because I'm not a sports fan and take their vocabulary literally. But I had to laugh at March 16 Dallas Post page 9: "Saints Topple Prince of Peace!" And then "Saints Stage a Comeback."

Maybe you don't know the saints very well, but I've worked among 'em for 37 years. Sometimes I think they threaten to topple the Prince of Peace but then the Prince of Peace proves Himself equal to the occasion. Of course the saints aren't supposed to be opposing the Prince of Peace in the first place, because the Prince of Peace is sure to win in the end.

Sometimes the saints get discouraged and carry a sure-nuff defeatist attitude, and then again long comes something that puts a little more pep into them and "the saints stage a comeback."—After looking over the paper I see the reference is to sports teams after all, and not to the saints and the Prince!

Charlie
(Rev. Charles Gilbert)

ANSWERS LETTER WRITER

Dear Mr. Editor:

My hat is off to the newspaper men. I didn't realize that they had such superlative powers to judge and analyze personal opinions as Alan Kistler did in your last issue of The Dallas Post.

In the first place my statements or "news items," as it was put, are based on facts and not opinions. When Mr. Kistler stated his opinions I wonder whom he consulted about them for basis of fact? Certainly not Swanson!

Any opinion Mr. Kistler may have had was based strictly on hearsay, because he did not attend the meeting in question, neither was anything mentioned or brought up about any private garbage dump or any other dump.

Can you blame me, Mr. Editor, for defending myself, especially when one Mr. Al Martin, the Committee member incumbent for the South District of Lake Township and now seeking reelection, was passing the word around that a certain person "had a nice speech prepared for Swanson at this meeting, and they were going to put Swanson in his place." To use the expression "to put Swanson in his place" to me is an attempt to embarrass.

I had no intention of putting anyone on the spot. I was just exercising my right to defend myself. Let the chips fall where they may.

Very truly yours,
Supervisor Carl T. Swanson

WRITER WILL EAT HAT

Editor
The Dallas Post
Dear Sir:

I see where "BOB" has stuck his neck out again! First with a comment about Oral Roberts, and now in the issue of March 9 one about the Autherine Lucy case. I believe he has been watching fighting editor "Steve Wilson" on TV too much and it has given him a complex of some kind.

The North didn't want prohibition shoved down its throat—why try to shove integration down the throat of the South? Northern newspapers would do well to clean up their own back yards. If, for example, the people of Wilkes-Barre (or any other place for that matter) tried to interfere with Back Mountain problems, what publication would be the first to put up the loudest

Roger Babson Says:

Shorter Work Week In Offing

Babson Park, Mass. — Today's news features on automatic factories, cheap automatic power, and political uncertainties are grist for the labor unions. Their leaders are saying these things will cause unemployment and that the only cure for unemployment is a shorter work-week. Talk is of a 30-hour week; but my guess is the first move will be to a 36-hour week—then a 32-hour week.

What About Automatic Factories?

Factories have constantly become more automatic for the past fifty years. The great advance, however, has come with the development of electronics. Some industries, such as the oil-refining industry, have already become eighty per cent automatic; it has had no unemployment and is paying the highest wages ever. Union labor leaders cannot yet show that the automatic factory is causing unemployment.

In the long run, automation may bring a shorter work-week; but the change will be slow. The rebuilding of a manufacturing plant to be self-operating is very expensive. Thousands of consolidations must take place before such revolutionary changes will come about. There, however, will be more opportunities for new companies which can start from the ground up with the very latest automatic machinery. However, my chief purpose this week is to suggest certain industries which should definitely benefit from a shorter work-week.

Leisure Beneficiaries

Best known is Spalding (A.G.) & Bros., one of the largest manufacturers of baseball, basketball, football, golf, tennis, and skiing products. Headquarters in Chicopee, Massachusetts. Last year their stock paid \$0.50 (and 5% stock) and now sells at about \$19.

Brunswick-Balke-Collender, largest manufacturer of bowling alleys, billiard tables, and gymnasium equipment. Main office in Chicago. Common paid \$0.25 (plus 5% stock) last year and sells around \$28.

Stanley Warner Corp., one of the best movie theater companies, interested in Cinerama. Subsidiary manufactures latex products. Offices are at 1585 Broadway, New York City. It paid \$1.00 last year and sells around \$16.

Manhattan Shirt Co., one of the

largest manufacturers of shirts, for both men and women, and of other forms of clothing such as pajamas, neckwear, and sportswear. Head office is at 444 Madison Avenue, New York. Stock paid \$1.85 last year and sells around \$37.

McCall Corp., one of the leading publishers of fashion magazines; also controls REDBOOK. It operates a large dress-pattern business and does a large amount of printing for READER'S DIGEST, NEWSWEEK, U.S. NEWS, etc. McCall should benefit from a shorter work-week for women. It paid \$1.20 last year and sells at about \$21.

American News Company, large distributor of magazines, newspapers, and paper-covered books. It has valuable concessions at railroad, airplane, and bus terminals, serving tourists. Reading will increase with the shorter work-week. Headquarters are at 131 Varick Street, New York City. It paid \$1.50 last year and sells at about \$32.

The "Do-It-Yourself" Business

All companies catering to the "do-it-yourself" trade should benefit from the shorter work-week. I especially have in mind the American Machine & Foundry Company, 261 Madison Avenue, New York City, and the Black & Decker Manufacturing Company, of Towson, Maryland. These have fitted up many of the "tool rooms" which have been built in the basements of houses and farms. Furthermore, American Machine & Foundry makes bowling alley equipment and is becoming an important factor in automation, guided missiles, and atomic-energy reactor equipment.

Another group which should benefit are companies which cater to the painting of walls of homes with rollers. My favorite corporation here is the Glidden Company of Cleveland, but there are many others.

If you want to benefit from all phases of the "do-it-yourself" movement, buy the stocks of the United Stores Corporation, having 460 stores retailing, at low prices, most of these products. I especially recommend the 2nd pd., at \$10-\$11, and the common around \$5.

ALTHOUGH THE STOCKS OF THESE TEN COMPANIES SHOULD PROPER BETTER THAN MOST OTHER COMPANIES DURING A BUSINESS DEPRESSION, YET NO STOCKS WILL THEN BE FOOL-PROOF AS TO PRICE.

Bob Tales

By "BOB"

One of the strangest requests that I've heard was made of Eva Ochs, formerly of Kunkle, who works at the Globe Store in Luzerne. A customer bought two pairs of shoes, but wouldn't take them with her unless they were broken in first. Consequently, Eva, who wears the same size, finds herself wearing someone's shoes for two weeks to break them in. That's what I call really bending over backwards to serve a customer.

A little fellow stopped in Evans Drug Store the other day and when he left the boys were having hysterics. The youngster changed a nickel into five pennies so he could weigh himself, and get his fortune told. When this was completed he put another penny in and said, "I'll put this one in for my sister. After putting in this second penny he got off the scale and said, "That's funny, she weighs the same as I do!"

One of the ladies who has an account at a local bank was unable to do her own banking so she sent a messenger with a note asking to have a check cashed and the money sent to her in different size bills. One of the young fellows who handled the matter was confused by her request. He measured the bills and sent back a note saying that all the bills were the same size. She sent back the messenger with a note saying, "If you can't give me different size bills then send me those with different pictures on them."

If you have some spare time, and some courage, and are a mother who is interested in little boys, then call James R. Shoop, of Cub Pack 281, Dallas Methodist Church. This pack is desperately in need of another Den Mother.

Along with a Welsh copy of a song sheet, Mrs. Arch Austin sends me this note typewritten hastily:

Thanks for the Eisteddfod ad. It made many of us glad.

My typewriter works quite well. Perchance the bifocals I must sell! With the enclosed sheet you might try

The original "CWM RHONDDA" to sing or cry!

The unfortunate loss this week, to the entertainment world, when Fred Allen died, brings to mind a story concerning the late comedian. He was on the program for a writer's banquet in New York City and, though writers and critics are difficult to talk to, Fred's speech was labeled the funniest and best handled in the history of after-dinner speakers. This was indeed an accomplishment . . . and the climax of the evening, because the following speaker was the virtually unknown young governor from Illinois—Adlai Stevenson. Stevenson got to his feet and said, "When I came into the lobby of the hotel this evening I saw Fred Allen standing over in the corner with a worried expression on his face so I went over to see what was the matter, and he told me he was expected to give a speech this evening and wasn't prepared. Feeling sorry for Fred, said Adlai, 'I gave him mine.'" With that he sat down. Pretty fast thinking for a young fellow, and it brought down the house.

Winner this week of two free tickets to the Himmler Theater is Harold Kittle, of Trucksville R. D. Your tickets are at The Dallas Post. Come in and get them and enjoy a show.

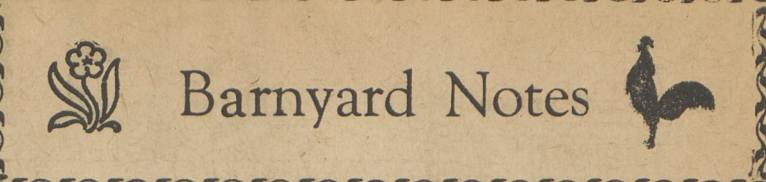
This type of compulsive drinker appears originally as a fairly well-adjusted individual. He is generally known as a good fellow, the effervescent personality, bubbling over with enthusiasm in his interests and activities. He likes people, and is constantly surrounded by admirers who are delighted with his company. His uninhibited nature is distinctly different from the neurotic type, who is basically a self-centered, selfish person. This type could not be considered a neurotic at the beginning of his drinking career.

After drinking moderately for years, a bad situation, loss of job, or a family tragedy might be the trigger that sets him off into uncontrolled drinking. Instead of trying to solve his problem, he would seek escape from it through alcohol.

Until now, his use of alcohol has been casual—not for the relief of anxiety or tension. Hence, his drinking motives undergo a serious change. If he continues, his difficulties will increase, and he will finally resort to alcohol as a chief means of escape. Eventually, this will bring about complications in all his affairs.

Now the vicious circle of events begin to fall into a pattern similar to that experienced by the neurotic type drinker. Both types feel, look and act alike as the symptoms of advanced alcoholism develop.

I have briefly described two easily identified personality types. But individuals vary, and so does the degree of alcoholic addiction. We in Alcoholics Anonymous use the terms "high-bottom" and "low-bottom" drunks. A high-bottom drunk sensibly seeks aid before losing job, home, social position, etc. A low-bottom drunk loses all, descending to some dismal skidrow before coming to his senses.



Barnyard Notes

For many of us Sunday nights will be a little less bright and a lot less fun because of the passing of Fred Allen of the "What's My Line?" panel.

Time Magazine reports that the current Gallup public opinion poll indicates that Eisenhower would win with the greatest landslide in American history if the election were held today!

We're convinced that we must follow the footsteps of those eight Kunkle young men who spent last week end at their cabins in Potter County.

From their accounts, Potter County must be one of the most interesting spots in the State. One of the reasons for their visit was to look over their cabins, some of which have to be moved higher up the rugged hillside out of the path of the impounded waters of the great new flood control dam on Sinnemahoning Creek.

The area abounds with excellent fishing and a variety of game. What one of the boys thought were the bright eyes of a raccoon in his flashlight's beam, turned out on closer investigation to be those of a bear. That's the kind of a country it is. A place to visit in an open car—come spring! Its even more rugged than the Wellsboro country.

Somebody must have the answer. I haven't. How do you keep hens from eating their eggs once they've acquired the habit? I thought there was only one bad actor among our flock, but when I penned her up, I still found egg shells in the nests. Two more are now her companions in prison and one New Hampshire Red has found her way into our roasting oven; but still eggs disappear and eggshells are in the nests. I'm almost convinced that there isn't one of our fifteen hens but will eat eggs! (They have plenty of oyster shells and grit before them all the time.)

A lot of people think the birds are fooled by the weather. They're not. Listen any morning to their songs. Even in the midst of last weekend's heavy snows, their songs were songs of spring. There wasn't a winter note in them!

Rogue has shifted so long for himself, that he has little regard for discipline. Since he usually has good dog sense, there are few times when his will and his master's come in conflict and, therefore, few occasions for a clear cut test of "who's the boss?"

Tuesday morning I was late with the chores. Instead of feeding him as usual in the cellar, I decided to wait until I was ready to leave for work and set his dish down just outside the cellar door. There he could eat at his usual leisurely pace—he is the slowest eating dog the Lord ever made, never bolting his meals or snatching at a feeding hand. In the meantime I could go on to work instead of waiting to let him out as I would have to do if I fed him in the cellar!

I could see that he wasn't too well satisfied with the arrangement and considered it an affront—that I should put him in a spot where he would either have to gobble his breakfast or give up going to work with me.

"You can take it or leave it," I said, "but you'd better eat now and come over to The Post later."

Then I hurried out the path without further thought of the sullen Rogue mincing at his food on the hot house steps!

I had barely reached the front porch at The Post when Ray Hedden stopped to pick up some printing. I unlocked the door and turned to hand him the packages that were on the counter. As I did so, a forlorn figure appeared on the threshold. It was Rogue plodding along with his breakfast dish between his teeth. He set it down gently on the floor—and began the morning meal.

From Pillar To Post . . .

by Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks

The advent of the twentieth grandchild should probably classify as some sort of a milestone, a large and shining shaft to mark the termination of a path bristling with smaller and more modest markers. Actually, Colin Stuart's arrival, coming as it did on press day, was filed for future reference in the Take It or Leave It department. There was a time, twelve years ago, when his squalling entrance into a breathless world would have carried the impact of an earthquake.

A person becomes accustomed to the periodic announcement, phrased apologetically over the phone: "Well, you might have known it—it's another boy. Can't seem to manage a girl, somehow."

It is like that imperceptible slipping from the age of fifty-five to sixty, and beyond, in easy stages, practically overnight.

All of a sudden, here is another grandchild, chubby and pink cheeked, curling of eyelash, crowned with a soft blonde fuzz, peering through amazed blue eyes at a strange world and hoping that it is densely populated with adults who will bring rays of warm bottles, dry diapers, and kindred creature comforts. And of course, a boy.

Other families seem to manage girls! Some even have an oversupply of girls. They burn incense to the fates and pray for boys. You'd think the law of averages would do something about it, but the fact remains that some families run strongly to girls, and some to boys. I have a cousin who was determined to produce a girl if it bankrupted the family, and who, after the seventh boy, adopted a girl. Easier that way, she stated with finality. Why buck fate?

Charlie and Persis now have boys enough for a basketball team, and one cheer leader. In the immediate family connection there are fourteen boys and six girls.

Households are overrun with tops and marbles and dogs and battered bikes, with dolls taking a back seat. Snowed under by the boys, the little girls assume that they are boys, too, and they go in strong for dungarees, sneakers, and sport shirts.

On Sundays they blossom out in the garments of their sex, disguised briefly as little girls, before reverting comfortably to blue jeans.

It should surprise nobody that they lick their brethren in the flying of kites and the shooting of marbles. Girls, being behind the eight-ball in this man's world, have to prove their prowess.

You've got to be better than good to keep your nose above water in a household of chattering boys, or retreat into helpless tears. Survival is the thing. Teeth and claws come into it, and a knowledge of the tenderness of an opponent's shin.

"Mamma, he's picking on me," is usually answered by the abstracted, "Settle your own quarrels. You've got what it takes."

The fur flies briefly, and harmony is restored.

That's the advantage of a large family. Nobody regards a family scrap as a production or a career. The kids have to get along with each other on the principle that in union there is strength. Temperamental outbursts get short shrift. If you want to have fun, you cooperate. If you want to sulk, go off and do it in your own room where nobody else is exposed to the gloom.

A marvelous preparation for the heady competition of an adult world.

New Officers Are Elected By Rotary

Newly elected officers of Dallas Rotary Club to begin their duties on July 1 are: Francis Ambrose, president; Dr. L. E. Jordan, vice president; Harold Titman, treasurer, and Leslie Warhola, secretary.

Newly elected directors are Arthur Ross, four years; Dale Parry, one year. Other directors whose terms did not expire are: Harry L. Smith and Dr. Robert Bodycomb.

Assistant Agent

Thomas B. Jurchak, a native of Jefferson County and a graduate of Pennsylvania State University School of Agriculture in 1952, has assumed his new duties as assistant Luzerne County Farm Agent.

Poet's Corner

If Man Would Learn

If man would learn to live by God, Then there would be no need For war—for guns, for bombs and such For strife, and hate and greed.

If only man would realize With what triumphant glee, The devil looks upon these things His work; it's plain to see.

Why does man make it, oh so hard From sin to find release? When, if we'd all just seek God's way We'd find our earthly peace. Edna Drabick Johnson