

**THE DALLAS POST**

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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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.

**Roger Babson Says:**

**Babson Discusses Uranium**

Readers are still being pestered by Canadian brokers to buy uranium stocks. News items about building reactors on college campuses keep up the interest. From studies, I believe that your money, if put in savings banks, can be both safer and more profitable than if put into a speculative clay bank.

**Uranium Is Valuable**

Uranium will have its uses, but for many years these will be confined to military purposes, especially in connection with ammunition, shipping, guided missiles, and movable electrical plants. Uranium, however, is subject to many competitors, including water power, oil, natural gas, and cheap coal. These other natural resources will hold down the price of uranium, especially in view of its great quantity all over the world. The main thing for the oil and gas people to fear is legislative persecution such as the electric utilities suffered under Roosevelt. The recent action of the U.S. Senate, however, in connection with the natural gas bill, shows that there is no reason to fear such destructive legislation at present.

Probably the first competitor that all these natural power resources will face is the unused power from the sun. This has tremendous possibilities and will some day be harnessed. Looking ahead many years, I see much more profit in buying properly located land in Florida, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and southern California, where the heat of the sun is great, than in buying land in Colorado, Utah, or somewhere else with the hope of getting uranium.

**Don't Forget Gravity**

Grandpa used gravity to help regulate his tall clock; later it was used to develop power from falling water. There are other uses for gravity, though they are very few at present. Yet, when we think of the tremendous unused power of the ocean tides, we realize the possibilities of harnessing gravity. Today gravity power is where steam power was 200 years ago. Men of that era knew steam would lift the cover of a kettle; but no one knew how to harness it. For details, write the Gravity Research Foundation, New Boston, N.H.

The secret of harnessing most power is to have a "differential" which will enable the power to work in opposite directions. The

great work of Watt's in harnessing steam was to devise the reciprocal engine, which provided a differential, permitting the steam to automatically enter opposite ends of the cylinder of his engine. This means that the harnessing of gravity may await the discovery of a partial insulator of gravity,—probably some new alloy. As there are millions of different alloys which have not yet been tested, it is possible that a partial insulator of gravity will be discovered.

**Remember the Revolution**

As you read this column, do you realize that you are moving at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour? (The world is approximately 24,000 miles in circumference and the day consists of 24 hours.) This revolution offers the greatest opportunity for free power. Furthermore, it will not need a differential in order to be harnessed. The most helpful thing is that most physicists, astronomers, and other scientists agree that they do not know what makes the world revolve! They do not accept seriously the standard theory that—like a baseball—our globe was sent twirling when it was thrown off from the sun or some other planet and has been twirling for billions of years ever since.

In view of experiments with toy meters, where the revolving armature has no electrical connection with the magnetic field, another theory is possible. This is, that the interior of our globe consists of some new metals or alloys making it the rotor of a great meter. The field of this meter is the electrical waves coming from the sun and other planets or generated by the clouds. Thomas Edison told me that more static electricity is used in one thundershower than is produced each day by all the power companies in the U. S. When this static electricity can be harnessed, I forecast that every factory will have a large revolving globe on its roof which will furnish power, light, and heat for the factory without cost, or without consumption of our natural resources. For further details write Babson Institute, Babson Park 57, Mass. Therefore, don't put too much money into any one thing, uranium, oil, natural gas, water power, or even gravity! The first principle of successful investing is proper diversification.

**Bob Tales**

By "BOB"

It certainly is a relief not to have our boy come in all wet with snow now he comes in covered with mud.

The fellow was right who said, "One of the greatest satisfactions in life comes from being able to park on what's left of the other fellow's nickel."

Billy Berti, Alvin Schaffer and Don Bulford deserve a lot of credit for their expert handling of the oxygen in the case of the Quare baby who came so close to dying. Of course we can't forget Doc Gallagher either, though saving lives is his business.

Harold Payne and Dan Richards better check up on the third party who is holding the funds they collected some years ago in their "cussin' box." There must be considerable interest accrued by this time.

The terrific crowd that attended the Himmler Theater to see "The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell" the other night, tends to prove that folks will still desert their television sets when there's a real good movie to see. Maybe it wouldn't be necessary for local theaters to close part of the week if good shows were booked more often.

Coal dealers, insulation men, fuel oil dealers and a few others selling merchandise for winter use, are about the only ones benefiting from winter's reluctance to release its grip on this area. However, even these men are at the point now where they are willing to trade a few extra shakels for some nice warm sunshine.

Don't you feel just terrible about those poor people who spent the winter in Florida and had to come home last week to shiver along with the rest of us?

To that fellow who wrote in "Safety Valve" last week that The Dallas Post was only good for wrapping up weekend garbage, I only have this to say: You're not very smart or you would subscribe to a New York paper. They have a lot more pages and the garbage doesn't seep through as quickly.

If all the folks who sing in volunteer choirs in churches throughout the area are as nervous about singing a small solo part in their Easter cantata as I am, there will be a rushing business in nerve medicine at the drug stores.

Two free tickets to the Himmler Theater this week go to L. E. Cottle, Shavertown. Stop in at The Dallas Post for your tickets.

Happy Easter to each and every one of you.

should know all the facts and both sides of the story before making a caustic comment." But the rest of your letter mutilated the essence of its value.

"Bob Tales" is just a warm handshake in this friendly neighbor paper, because it is the everyday chatter about ordinary people, whom all of us know, written by a fine ordinary guy. Now that you have given me the idea, I do believe he has the qualifications of a Steve Wilson!

No, Mr. Openize, 99 out of every 100 people are not going to agree with you on what you have written. There are some who will, of course, but more will agree with Bob Tales convictions of equality, charity and compassion.

That's why we love the paper. Simple as you think it is, it creates a close bond in a growing community, with equal privileges for all. You had better get your teeth sharpened Mr. Openize, I'm afraid you'll be eating your hat.

From one very ordinary person.  
Amy M. Scott  
Lehman

**CARDINAL AND THE WINDOW**

Dear Editor:  
I saw in The Post where the Bird Club had gotten together and were swapping stories. I can tell you one that, perhaps, you won't believe.

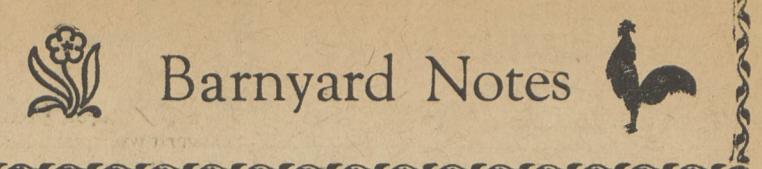
When we lived on the farm, it must have been 1941 or 1942, we had threshers and I was getting dinner for them. I kept hearing a thump, thump and when I had time I investigated. There was a Cardinal flying against the window.

We had a wide porch all the way across the front of the house, closed part way up. I opened the window, it was March, but not very cold. He would light on the window sill but he wouldn't come in.

I had a lot of flowers on a bench—ferns, geraniums and glxias. I thought it was the greenery he was after, but I never found out. We had chickens at the time and we kept a dish of scratch grain on the porch swing. Both male and female would come to eat as well as other birds.

I was told it was bad luck to have a bird fly against the window. I thought it was wonderful! He made a soiled place on the glass as large as a good-sized pie plate.

Later he came around to the living room window on the other side of the house. We took a picture of him; if only it had been color film, but you can see in the picture entitled (Continued on Page Seven)



**Barnyard Notes**

**THE DONKEY**

When fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon the thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will;  
Starve, scourge, deride me, I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools! for I also had my hour;  
One far fierce hour and sweet,  
There was a shout about my ears  
And palms before my feet.

—Gilbert K. Chesterton

I had promised myself a year ago to run the above verse in this column on the Friday before Palm Sunday. Then I forgot it, until last Sunday driving slowly and alone along Sutton Road, it suddenly came to mind. It's a lovely spot there where you drive down grade and first catch a glimpse of the fields beyond where Hillside Farm pastures its sheep. Perhaps it was the recollection of the ewes and their lambs (there were none about on Sunday) and an association of thought with the Sardinian donkeys at Hayfield Farm that brought Chesterton's verse out of my memory.

I first ran across it carved on a stone plaque in Brookgreen Gardens, South Carolina. I must have started to read it two or three times on different visits without completing it. Then last year I read it all and promised myself that I should run it here.

This community can take pride in the fine business place Caddie LaBar is erecting along Memorial Highway, but it takes double pride in the fact that Caddie is a native son.

Look about you and you will find that most of them look for their "Acres of Diamonds" elsewhere. Caddie is a product of Dallas; born here, and educated in the Borough Schools where he taught and coached before and after entering military service. His dad was for years a Republican stalwart and Borough Councilman.

I took the opportunity Saturday afternoon to go through the new addition. The storeroom has a beautiful western exposure and is second to none in the Back Mountain area. But it was the basement that fascinated me. Not that it is different from any other store basement, for it isn't, but the stock is. The basement is almost completely filled with boats—canoes, rowboats, motor boats. I remarked that I was not aware that he had built such a large business in this line, and asked him how it came about. For generations people at Harveys Lake have used boats, but to my knowledge Caddie is the first Dallas businessman to cater to them.

He grinned and pointed to two large concrete tanks at one side of the basement. "That's what brings 'em in, and when they're in, they see the boats, and when they buy boats, that helps me to build this addition." What was in the tanks? Live bait, of course! Perhaps you've seen that sign in front of Caddie's place. It has been there almost since he opened his Sunoco Service Station. "Live bait, night-walkers etc." Acres of Diamonds are where you find them! Caddie found them in his own back yard and in the brook at his farm in Dallas Township.

**SPRING RITUAL**

Today I saw an act of faith  
A man was on his knees,  
Not in a pew, but by a fence  
Planting apple trees.

—Sudis' Stuart' Hager  
in The Farm Journal

It looks as though Dallas Borough and Dallas Township have finally decided to be married—so long as they don't have to go to bed together.

**From  
Pillar To Post . . .**

by MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

Old Ironsides, they call me around the Dallas Post, a tribute to having lived so long and developed such a tough crust that minor ailments can not get a toehold; and even major types slink off after a day or so of futile effort to make inroads.

But it does seem as if there should be some limits. When Che-Che gnashes his teeth and makes a flying leap for me, I expect some measure of sympathy instead of the matter of fact surmise, "Bet that monkey broke a tooth."

Che-Che's small furies come on at intervals, like those of a manic-depressive. One moment he'll be sitting on the counter nibbling on a rubber band, and the next instant, he'll be carrying his leash in his tail, holding it high aloft to avoid tripping, and raising havoc as he rushes back and forth by leaps and bounds.

We're thinking of having his teeth floated, a measure frequently employed with horses to render them harmless in the clinches. A Nicholson file for every purpose.

In his calmer moments, Che-Che searches hopefully through a shock of white hair. It has been suggested that to avoid frustration leading eventually to juvenile delinquency, some small fragment of insect life should be introduced into the picture, to make the search interesting and profitable, but up to date this suggestion has met with a stone wall of resistance.

Che-Che would like to go back to the tropics where his relatives still happily swing through the trees by means of prehensile tails. His small black hands, chilly from inaction in a cage, grasp at soft woolen sweaters for warmth. Out on leash, he crouches under a desk lamp, soaking up the synthetic sunshine with his humped back, his tail curled around his body for further insulation against an unkind spring temperature.

Che-Che is a challenge to everybody in the office. So far, the only person he hasn't taken at least one nip out of, is Myra. Myra is immune to monkeys. Myra can pick him up in the midst of any sort of exhibition of madness, tuck him under her arm, and drop him into his cage without turning a hair. Screaming his undying hatred of his pet enemy of the moment, Che-Che always nibbles gently at Myra, never closing his jaws.

With anybody else, Che-Che closes his jaws with steam behind the scrunch. It is a fortunate circumstance that when he searches through a head of hair, he is too engrossed in the probable pickings to attack the ears standing out prominently at the side of the head, otherwise they'd be perforated for earrings.

There is always that uneasy feeling, however, that Che-Che just might get bored with the mop, and yank off a couple of ears in good clean fun. He is nothing but a mass of tendon and muscle, sparsely upholstered with hair, and as loaded as a coiled steel spring. A monkey three times Che-Che's size could yank off an arm or a leg, given sufficient leverage.

Visitors are advised to keep their distance if Che-Che is in a temperamental tizzy, something which occurs without warning, but always as a result of some fancied wrong.

Che-Che knows who tells on him. Call attention to the envelopes he is slyly abstracting from a box, and pure hate gleams from his eyes. Shut a drawer against marauding fingers and he screeches his anger, snatches up the rubber cement, or starts shredding the morning Record with furious little teeth.

Folks who are successful with dogs and cats, and feel that they have a way with animals, are completely deflated after a bout with Che-Che. They spend hours trying to enlist his cooperation, offering him bits of candy, clucking through the bars of the cage, and pinning medals on themselves when he deigns to purr instead of yammer.

But he's awfully cute, looking like a sad little old man or a very homely baby. And maybe, just maybe, next week he will forget about hurling that rubber cement and do a spot of purring.

**Editorially Speaking:**

**What Are We Waiting For?**

The fairly vital question of "How fast is too fast?" is no longer a problem of highway construction or of automotive design, of horse-power or brake effectiveness. It's gotten way beyond that into the speculative realm of the human mechanism and its responses.

As matters stand, the car can take considerably more than the driver. Hence, the differing notions of what speed limits should be: 60 miles an hour on the New Jersey and Pennsylvania Turnpikes, 65 on the new Ohio Turnpike and 55 on most of our other super-highways. On modern, "trouble-free" roads, with wide-swept curves, gentle grades and exceptional range of vision, the steady, uninterrupted pace keeps creeping up somehow as the unaccustomed sense of security slows down the reflexes. As the minutes and the miles go by, the sense of speed diminishes, and with it the awareness of how rapidly slower vehicles are overtaken, and of the distance required for stopping.

"Highway hypnosis", they call it. And at night the conditions are magnified, complicated by oncoming headlights and roadside shadows. "Night-vision" varies widely among drivers, and the same person's night-vision may be excellent or poor, depending on his state of health.

But, day or night, if a vehicle on the road up ahead is presumed to be moving when it is actually stopped, the scene is set for tragedy. The very instant a car or truck or bus is disabled on a busy high-speed highway, that vehicle should be so distinguished. Too many truck drivers, for instance, have been killed by oncoming traffic while in the act of putting out or taking in the pot torches, red electric lanterns or portable reflectors required by law. And in the case of a passenger car disabled on the highway, where the law requires no protective devices, the peril is equally great.

The fact is, most of these vehicles, commercial and private, already have the basic equipment for snapping the oncoming driver into alertness and the instinctive reaction to slow down. An auxiliary switch installed in the present turn-signal system or on the dashboard provides four simultaneously flashing lights—one at each corner of the vehicle— that telegraphs the idea of danger and commands automatic response.

This roadside protection—for both the man with the flat tire and those who must pass him—is provided for now in the Uniform Vehicle Code of the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances. Simple attachments to convert your turn-lights to this double duty are available now. The American Trucking Associations recommend such signals. They may soon be standard equipment on new cars.

The question is: "How much more blood must stain our highways before this flashing 'disablement flare' becomes mandatory?"

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

**THE GUY LOMBARDO SHOW** which premiered last Tuesday night in the spot formerly filled by the "Meet Millie" show proved to be a big disappointment. There was mighty little of what most viewers had tuned in for—the sweetest music this side of heaven. Instead they were given a mixed-up show overloaded with commercials. There was a time consuming give-away of four diamond rings. With all the super give-away shows with hand-picked contestants it is hard to understand why the producers thought the viewers would enjoy hearing four uninteresting contestants read letters about their favorite songs rather than listen to Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. The viewers were hoping for another musical show like Lawrence Welk's.

**KATHERINE CORNELL** one of America's great actresses, makes her TV dramatic debut as the star of her most popular stage success, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," on "Producers' Showcase" Monday, April 2, (8-9:30 p.m., EST).

Twenty-five years ago, Miss Cornell starred in "The Barretts of

Wimpole Street" in 1931. Since that time she has appeared in only one play and that was not her own production. The 20 plays she has produced have all been directed by her husband, Guthrie McClintic, who will also stage the TV colorcast.

**ANTHONY QUAYLE** will co-star with Miss Cornell as Robert Browning, the poet.

**COLLEGE CIRCUS TROUPE**—in a departure from its regular weekly policy of presenting professional circus performers from all over the world, "Big Top" has reserved its broadcast of Saturday, March 31, for a full-hour, 12-act performance by 45 regular college students from Florida State University. All of the 45 are serious students, planning to become doctors, lawyers, engineers and nurses. None plans on making the circus their career. Two of the students were offered contracts but they turned them down.

**WIDE WIDE WORLD**—Like to go on a roller coaster ride. A camera strapped to the nose of a roller coaster car at Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey will enable viewers to have the sensation of plunging dizzily for 85 feet—if they want to.

In New York City it is circus time. "Wide Wide World" will watch as the elephants lumber across West 49th Street, followed by the famous Liberty horses and the caged big cats.

**HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**—Viewers will get a ringside seat at Madison Square Garden, New York on the eve of the Public opening of the big

**Only Yesterday . . .**

**Ten and Twenty Years Ago in The Dallas Post**

From the Issue of March 29, 1946  
Dogs leashed, kept off streets in obedience to rabies-control edict. None shot this week.

Alfred M. Camp, Trucksville, injured when his car skidded in mud, is discharged from Nesbitt, recovering from abdominal injuries.

John King, Loyalville, cuts artery in foot with ax while felling a tree.

William Shelley, Beaumont, watchman at Ruggles Lumber Company, injures knees and spine in a fall downstairs at the plant.

US Employment Service processes 500 at the newly opened office in Dallas last week.

Servicemen's news: Discharged: Warren Stanton, Ted Schwartz, David Schmeer, Zigmund Harmon, James Fritz, Irvin Miller. Loren McCarthy and Howard Johnson, enter city business at Lehman. Danny Kozemchak is stationed at Guam. Jack Conyngham is taking his junior year at Yale, Guthrie is on Guam.

Donald Hughes, recently discharged from service, opposes Harold Flack for Republican nomination.

Deaths: A. C. Veraille, 52, Huntsville Road, after a long illness. Gary Clyde Brace, two months old, first child of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Brace, Shavertown; William Wandell, 67, East Dallas, following a two years illness; Mrs. Samuel Harman, form-City.

**... Safety Valve ...**

**A WORD OF THANKS**  
The Dallas Post  
Dallas, Pennsylvania  
Attention: Mr. H. Risley  
Dear Mr. Risley:

It is with the deepest appreciation that I want to express my humble circus.

A description of this hour-long preview of the 1956 Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus will be given by Bob Cummings and his wife, Mary. The Cummings family are ardent circus fans, never missing a circus in Hollywood. Also enjoying the sawdust spectacular will be their two oldest children Robert Richard, Jr. 10 and Mary Melinda Ruth 8, (CBS-TV, Tuesday, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST).

**THE ARTHUR MURRAY PARTY** returns this Thursday to TV, with the same formula it had in the past. Each week Arthur and Kathryn will demonstrate the latest dance steps. The premiere broadcast and subsequent shows will feature guests from the entertainment and sporting world. (CBS-TV, Thursday, 10-10:30 p.m.)

**DAVE GARROWAY** is a fellow who enjoyed staying up late and sleeping in the morning. But now he's a success and that doesn't always mean easy living. He gets out of bed at 4 a.m. every weekday. He must be at the "Today" studio in time for a 5 a.m. rehearsal, and is "on camera" from 7 until 10.

The remainder of the day, until 5 p.m. is absorbed by production meetings, interviews, picture sittings, sales meetings and other activities related to his show.

thanks to everyone who assisted me and my family during our recent misfortune.

It was heartwarming to see the many strangers who so willingly offered assistance, and the many kind friends who were so genuinely concerned.

I thank God, and pray that he will reward each of you, for your kindness and cooperation. We are sincerely grateful, and at the present time, can only say thank you very much.

Mike Kozick  
And Family

**BETTER SHARPEN TEETH**  
Dear Editor:

I hope MR. OPENIZE will be kind enough to read the "Letter to the Editor" this week because—wasn't it his brilliant idea that the people in Dallas should do just that? Here are a few remarks that I feel impelled to express, to clarify some very confused ideas he seems to have, regarding our newspaper.

"The Dallas Post" to all Back Mountain people, represents a close friend and neighbor. It makes no caustic comments about people, places or things, but it does give every contributor, a chance to express his or her opinion by cooperation of the free press.

This does not signify that the editor agrees with each and every statement, but he proved his impartiality of self conviction, by printing your letter, regardless of its derogatory insinuations and insults.

Your letter had one very fine statement which I quote, "One