

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

Editorially Speaking: THE LONG HARD ROAD

The election this week of Peter D. Clark of Dallas as chairman of the Republican Party in Luzerne County completes a cycle started more than twenty years ago to make the County organization respectable and worthy of the support of decent citizens as well as politicians.

At times during those years, Pete fought an almost single-handed battle. There were discouragements and there were periods when it looked as though self-interest and cynicism would triumph over the most rudimentary idealism. But Pete learned to play practical politics and keep his eyes on the ideal of decent government at the same time.

When the County organization led by John Fine began to crumble from its own corruption; when men with decent standards, like Newell Wood, felt that they were strong enough to challenge the old leadership; Peter Clark was the man to whom they turned for encouragement and who organized the fight to make the Republican Party the party of all the people in Luzerne County.

The Republicans who were led to victory by Peter Clark are now doing a magnificent job at the County Court House. No one knows, better than they, how far from their goals; but they are on their way and they know it. So do the people of Luzerne County!

In the days ahead when some of their moves may not be so popular as they are right now, it will be well to remember that the County Organization headed by Peter Clark is working for all of the people—the decent hard-working citizens—not the jail birds, patronage seekers, and corruptionists.

Only Yesterday . . . Ten and Twenty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

From the Issue of June 14, 1946 Dallas Township plans school for veterans.

Hail and wind storm does extensive damage, felling trees, and crushing Hillside green house. A Centermoreland barn is struck by lightning and burned.

Caddie LaBar expects to break ground shortly for his new service station on Memorial Highway.

Teen-age League is up against a problem — no baseballs available. Anybody got a baseball?

Bread and flour are in short supply, due to exportation of basic foodstuffs to war devastated countries.

William Patterson and Stewart Rose, veterans, have purchased the Droshinski farm in Lehman, and with their Puerto Rican brides, sisters, plan to raise chickens.

Rev. Fred M. Sellers, former pastor of Shavertown Methodist Church, dies in Staten Island.

Samuel R. VanHorn, 76, former resident of Outlet, dies.

Frank Wesley Blossom, Buckwheat Hollow, 70, dies of a stroke. Margaret McHenry, Dallas, is wed to Howard Wallace, Missouri.

Marie Hudak, Overbrook Avenue, becomes the bride of Michael Silic, Shavertown.

Maude Jones, Goss Manor, is wed to Max F. Johnson, Andover, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Line, Dallas, will celebrate their Golden Wedding on Tuesday.

From the Issue of June 12, 1936 Farmers face heavy loss from drought, following heavy frosts earlier in the spring. Creeks are very low.

Judge William McLean dismisses the injunction against Dallas Borough school board. Dismissal of Dinger, he says, is authorized.

Leafie Ferrel, Dallas RD, and John Millard, Noxen, were married before an audience of 2,200 in the Wilkes-Barre Armory, by Rev. Charles Gilbert, as one of the features of the Home Show.

Second link in the Tunkhannock highway may be improved beyond the Luzerne County line this summer. At this end the highway is in very bad shape.

Dallas Township ends tie for championship with a 2 to 1 victory. Bowmans Creek, closed for stocking with trout, will be opened again for fishing on Saturday.

Mrs. John Kennan, Truckville, is buried at Evergreen.

When You Retire . . . HE PLAYS THE HORSES by Robert Peterson

TWO BRIGHTLY painted hobby horses in front of a white stucco house a few miles from Myrtle Beach, Ga., caused us to slam on our brakes as we were driving by last month. Here was something different. Most roadside stands along this busy New York-Florida highway feature such prosaic products as woven baskets and chenille bedspreads. But here was an item blessed with a little originality.

"I've been making 'em for a couple years now," said the horse-maker, Mr. George Upson, 72, when we found him amid sawdust and shavings in the garage adjoining his home. "Never thought I'd make any

Roger Babson

Discusses Wealth

Babson Park, Mass., June 14—I dressed man who had traveled over a thousand miles to discuss "Beauty," which to him included architecture, paintings, music, jewelry, and even perfume. "These," he said, "are the few things which we find in the oldest tombs of the wealthiest Egyptian Pharaohs."

What About World War III? One of these men is an international oil expert who has just returned from Arabia. He states that a small area in the Far East contains more oil than all other sections of the world. He doesn't believe that World War III will happen during our lifetime; but if it does, the war will be for the control of this fabulous wealth of oil. He says: "Arabia is where the United Nations Headquarters should be located!"

Another very interesting man, one of the nation's greatest "fundamental physicists," is interested only in studying atoms. He thinks that our banks, factories, and stores are mere "peanuts," and that I should not waste time studying them. He talks of the marvelous possibilities from rearrangement of atoms so as to make anything cheaply—perhaps life itself—and the securing of free power from or through the air.

Archeologists Make You Think Another interesting man is one who has just returned from excavating the great city of Carthage in Northern Africa. Here are found seven layers of cities, averaging some seventy-five feet, one below the other. All were once rich and powerful; all but the last have been destroyed. This man would not own any property in any valuable large city. He says: "The safest investment is a small, fertile, well-watered farm in the center of the United States." Based on all previous history, he foresees within one hundred years a complete collapse of our "experiment with Democracy," to be followed by a Dictatorship and later a Monarchy.

My next choice is a famous parapsychologist from a leading university. He is studying the most advanced methods of psychic communication, including clairvoyance, telepathy, and other extrasensory powers. He hasn't much use for telephone wires or even present methods of broadcasting. To hear him talk, you would think we were still living in the "Stone Age," with little realization of our powers to think or communicate.

What Is Beauty? My last visitor was a shabbily

ADVENTURE THEATRE, a new suspense series of half-hour film features made in England and never before seen in this country will star Paul Douglas as host, commencing Saturday, June 16 on NBC-TV (10:30) and continuing through Sept. 1 when the Hit Parade returns.

TOM D'ANDREA and Gloria Blondell—the Gillis—will move back as neighbors of the Rileys in "The Life of Riley."

DANNY KAYE—Some of the most worthwhile broadcasts we have heard were those of Danny Kaye explaining his work for the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund. Edward R. Murrow must have heard them, too, for he assigned two camera crews to follow Danny through 11 European countries where he entertained at medical and nutritional installations of the international child help organizations.

Early next Fall, Murrow will present a special 90-minute telecast of Danny's goodwill tour on his "See It Now" series. The occasion will mark the official TV debut of the world-famed entertainer.

PATTI PAGE takes over for four weeks for vacationing Perry Como. It appears most likely that Patti will play the role of Betty Compton in "The Jimmy Walker Story," with Bob Hope.

CHAMPION MUSIC—On the \$64,000 Challenge, music is piped into the champion's booth while the challenger is answering the question. The producer figures this distracts the champion's attention and keeps any information from filtering into his booth.

Rimsky Korsakov's "Schenherabade" is used each Sunday night.

To Resume Story Hour Mrs. H. W. Smith will conduct a children's story hour at Back Mountain Memorial Library today, Friday, from 2 until 3 p.m. The group will meet under the big maple tree on the side lawn.

My Neighbors By BILL PAULSON

"Hello, Mr. Rooter? . . . How about a guaranteed annual rainfall for us farmers?"

Eanne (Patty), a youngster has been very friendly with an old woman named Googy. Before Googy died, she gave Eanne five pounds with the request that when she died, the child should buy an angel and put it over her grave.

Unable to secure one, she settles for a mis-shapen angel. The angel is set up in the cemetery. Because of its appearance it incites a storm of protest and the authorities decide to remove it. But Eanne goes directly to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

WALLY COX will return from a long absence from TV. In the Fall he will star in a new half-hour comedy film series titled "The Adventure of Hiram Holliday." It will be on the NBC network Wednesday at 8 p.m. Cox will portray a quiet newspaper proofreader.

Bob Tales

By "BOB"

Don't you want your portable television set? It's sitting down at Birth's Ezzo Station on the Main Highway unclaimed. All you have to do is come up with the missing numbered ticket. It is 009616.

Reading a pamphlet titled "Shop-lifter Racket, Tricks of the Trade," put out by the Acme Stores for all their managers, I came across some interesting items. Didn't realize folks would go to such extremes to steal food. For example, "We still hear of customers buying four rolls of toilet tissue, unwrapping one roll, jamming a stick of butter into each roll, then rewrapping the ends nice and neaty," or "occasionally a safety razor is used to slit the cellophane on two prepack meat items, to permit switching the lower price tag into the higher priced item."

If these folks would use their ingenuity for more worthwhile pursuits they would be making enough that it wouldn't be necessary for them to steal.

The new increase agreed upon by the group of Back Mountain hairdressers will curl your hair without an appointment, but these folks have to live too. You can't buy baby pins for nothing, you know.

Many of the group that make up the congregation of the Prince of Peace Church are scratching their heads over where the \$50,000 will come from for their proposed addition.

We understand that Clyde Cooper has purchased another dairy . . . is that right Clyde?

Speaking of dairies, if you want to see one of the finest in this area ask Sperm Harter to take you through their newly-equipped plant at Hillside. It's really a honey! This isn't just my opinion . . . Harter's was recently given rave notices by "The Pyramid," a magazine published by the Chester-Jensen Company.

The old back roads are becoming rather crowded these days . . . especially after dark. Young lovers like seclusion. One of my haunts in the "old days" was a little road leading into the orchard overlooking Posten's Pond, just off the dirt road going up the hill past Bulford's barn. Pretty wonderful on a moonlight night, wasn't it dear? Wouldn't advise you to seek out this place now though 'cause it has become too well known and traffic is too heavy.

Prediction: By July 15th the Brooklyn Dodgers will again be at the top of the heap in their league.

And how about that Dallas Legion team? These boys play the finest brand of ball you can witness anywhere in this area.

Wanted: Young college, prep-school or high school grads who have access to an automobile and who would enjoy getting a group together, with a hammer and a few tacks, and riding out in the countryside to tack up the Auction posters. Please apply The Dallas Post. You won't get paid of course, but think of the fun you'll have.

Winner this week of two free tickets to The Himmler Theater is Dan Shaver, Shavertown. Come into The Dallas Post and get your tickets Dan.

Little Lost Pup By ARTHUR GUTERMAN

He was lost!—not a shade of doubt of that; For he never barked at a slinking cat,

But stood in the square where the wind blew raw, With a drooping ear and a trembling paw

And a mournful look in his pleading eye

And a plaintiff sniff at the passer by That begged as plain as a tongue could sue,

"O Mister! please may I follow you?"

A lone, wee waif of a tawny brown Adrift in the roar of a heedless town—

Ah, the saddest sights in a world of sin

Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Well, he won my heart (for I set great store

On my own red Bute—who is here no more),

So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,

And who so glad as that small lost pup!

Now he shares my board, and he owns my bed,

And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread;

Then, if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,

And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,

He asserts his right to assuage my woes,

With a warm red tongue and a nice cold nose

And a silky head on my arm or knee

And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league about,

He's as full of pranks as a school let out;

For he romps and frisks like a three-month colt

And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.

Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair

Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air!

Barnyard Notes

WHERE PROFITS COME FROM

The average manufacturing company spends most of the working day paying off the costs of doing business, and only about 19 minutes are left in which to earn profits, according to an editorial in the publication "SERVICE."

"In the normal eight-hour working day, 19 1/4 minutes are a pretty small part. It is close to quitting time before these few minutes, all that is left of the day, are 'minutes for profit,' in the average manufacturing company," says the magazine.

"Further, only about half of the 19 1/4 minutes result in dividends for the owners. The rest of the profit minutes are used for reinvestment in the business."

Three hours and 55 minutes will be used to pay for materials and supplies, "SERVICE" estimates. Assuming the working day begins at 8 A.M., that takes until 11:55. To meet wages and salaries will take two hours and 19 minutes. With one hour for lunch, the clock moves to 3:14.

"To pay all taxes, federal, state and local, uses up another 43 1/4 minutes," the magazine observes. "It is 3:57 1/4. Repair and replacement of facilities will require 29 minutes. For research and promotion, 14 1/2 minutes more are used up. By now it is 19 1/4 minutes before the day ends, at 5 P.M. In this short time, the company must earn the profits it must make in order to stay in business."

OPOSSUM IS GOOD EATING

A reader who is apparently having 'possum trouble sends us the following: "Though you might like the enclosed article, written by Ken Kimball, camp cook, and published in a Colorado paper—Denver Post if correct—adds another game animal to the sportsmen's table, as the animals are becoming very numerous."

"Northerners do not know how to clean and dress an opossum. To a gallon of boiling water add about a half cup of lime and scald opossum quickly. Pull off hair, scrape at once, and remove innards, tail, eyes and ears. Cleanse thoroughly with hot water. Remove opossum, dry, cover with cold water, add a half cup of salt and let stand for 12 hours. Remove from salted water and pour over hot water almost to cover. Boil until skin is tender. Let stand in broth for an hour, then bake with sweet potatoes, placing opossum flat in roasting pan and adding salt, pepper and a little stock."

SPRING BOUQUET — 6 years old

Hands clasped tightly behind his back And a sparkle in his eyes He asks me to guess what he's hiding there And it's sure to be a prize.

Is it a fish that he has caught in the brook Or a riddle for me to explain — Or is it a choice bit of candy he saved for me? Never the right one do I name!

"Do you give up," he proudly asks? As I can't guess it time after time. I have to "give up," because I'd never guess Its a bouquet of dandelion!

CORSAGE — 10 years later

"Order a corsage of roses for the prom," he said But gee Mom, I sure wish it was orchids instead. I forgot to ask her the color of her gown

As he looked at me with his assumed manly frown. "Do you think this tie will go well with this suit, "Oh golly Mom, I bet she'll look cute."

"Do you think the flowers will come on time," he said? And I reassured him with a shake of my head. The time sure has flown since that day in spring

When the corsage of dandelion to me he did bring. —By Miriam Herbert Williams

From Pillar To Post . . .

by Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks

Either the poison ivy is more virulent this year, or the kids were more enthusiastic in their attack upon its stronghold down in the woods. In any event, after that battle with the pine needles, hurled from two opposing forts built of hastily garnered brush and trailing vines, the small and practically naked urchins started scratching.

All over. Not just in spots, but everywhere.

The long and lanky twin suddenly became globular, his face twice its original size. His ears stuck out straight from his head, and he viewed his surroundings through slits instead of eyes. Coated with Calamine, he walked about in a daze, trying not to scratch.

Scratching, explained Barbara, with a surreptitious dig at her swollen ankle, would spread the trouble.

The rest of the seven children were not in such a plight. Their poison ivy was confined to smaller areas.

The clock-watcher escaped entirely, except for one small patch on his knee. And how Scotty developed that, is a mystery, unless he used somebody else's towel.

Scotty's idea of a vacation, at eight years of age, is to gallop through one library book after another, timing himself by the kitchen clock. Cowboys and Indians, he approves of, but only on T-V or in the movies, where a spectator may watch from a comfortable sitting position. Repelling marauders from a fort leaves Scotty completely cold. It burns up too many calories, which must then be replaced by forced laying aside of the current work of fiction and application to the plate at the dinner table.

It was fortunate indeed that the seasonal trip to the amusement park at Harveys Lake was made before the poison ivy set in. For a solid week the kids had to stay out of public places for fear somebody might leap to the conclusion that they were suffering from measles, chicken pox, or a mild case of leprosy.

In times like these, the outdoor movies are simply wonderful. Waiting until it is almost dark, and then lining up in the traffic jam at the entrance, is the accepted technique when escorting children who are not at the moment socially acceptable. Nobody has time to inspect the passengers. The manager says, "Anybody here over twelve years old?" and punches out two adult tickets. The kids get in deadhead, poison ivy and all.

The day they started back to Virginia, the kids looked human again, though still scaly with calamine lotion, nearly enough restored to normal so that gas station attendants would not feel the urge to shrink back and cover their eyes.

How do you get rid of poison ivy? Treat it with clorox? kerosene? weed killer? The woods are full of it.

Do You Have Any Work For A POWER SAW? * Trees Cut * Trees Trimmed * Fireplace Logs Cut Ask For Free Estimate On Work BERTI & SONS Phone Dallas 4-5731