

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

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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:

LET'S ALL GO OUT AND GET KILLED

It's the easiest thing in the world to get killed on the Fourth of July. There are several rules:

Be delayed in starting off in the morning, so that you feel in a hurry.

Take a chance on that bald-headed tire.

Figure the guy in front of you on the hill will not speed up when you start to pass him.

Get good and mad if he does speed up, and tell yourself nobody is going to do that to you.

Step on the gas as you get closer to the crest of the hill.

The passenger car coming up the hill on the other side is guaranteed to meet you head-on.

Or if that doesn't work, and you're still alive, get yourself a drink at the next tavern. Get two or three. It's a hot day, and alcohol is cooling.

Now, get out on the highway again. It's all yours.

What's that horrible noise you're hearing? Right in your ear? Somebody screaming? And what was that crash? Couple minutes ago? Two hours ago?

It'll be over in a minute.

The ambulance is coming, but it will be too late.

Brother, you've got your wish.

You're one of the fatalities of the Glorious Fourth.

The undertaker will fix you up so that you don't look too bad to the family.

But it's lots more fun to stay alive.

Only Yesterday . . .

Ten and Twenty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

From The Issue of June 28, 1946

Clyde Cooper plans to build a new plant on his property in Fernbrook, to serve as a processing base and a retail store for ice cream and dairy products.

H. Lewis Chambers, for the past four years instructor in Vocational Agriculture at Mehoopany, and Edward Keller, Ransom farmer, will teach at the Veterans Training School, Dallas Township.

Free Methodists will dedicate their newly remodelled edifice on Mill Street at next Sunday's services.

Jackson loses its first game, now in three-way tie for first place.

Dallas defeats St. Michaels.

Andrew M. Harvey, 56, former resident of Bethel Hill, dies at Geisinger.

Simous F. Wagner, Huntsville, dies at the age of 90.

Mrs. Ada Hice, 88, "The Maples," Demunds Road, passes away.

Beaumont leads in the Bi-county League.

Loy Antrim, and Lewis Ide, both of Dallas, will be married on Saturday.

Rotary Women start a Cancer Fund.

From The Issue of June 26, 1936

Harveys Lake issue.

John E. Whipple's sawmill at Hop Bottom was destroyed by fire early Friday morning, at the height of a severe electric storm.

Court en banc affirms Judge McLean's decision upholding Dallas Borough School Board's right to cancel Norman Dinger's contract and install Harry L. Tennyson as supervising principal. Injunctions were the outcome of a bitter political hassle.

Cheese, 19c per lb.; canned apple sauce, 3 for 19c; pink salmon, tall cans, 3 for 29c; honeydew melons, 19c; ginger snaps or fig bars, 2 lbs. for 15c; little neck clams, 100 for 29c.

Mrs. Ottelia Wenger, 59, of Hillside, dies after a long illness.

When You Retire . . .

By Robert Peterson

A FORMULA FOR RETIREMENT

THE WORD HAMS generally means food or actors. But the letters also designate a famous formula for successful retirement—health, adjustment, money, and something to do.

If you are past 40 and are wondering whether your plans for the future are sound, check them against the following:

HEALTH. The family medic should be giving you a detailed inspection at least once a year. There are various diseases apt to hop aboard in middle age which, unless detected in their early stages, may give you serious trouble in the future. While your M.D. can't make any promises, he can outline the most likely path to follow if you have your heart set on exceeding the Biblical three score and ten.

ADJUSTMENT. You should be getting used to the idea of being an older person. Instead of camouflaging your maturity and loathing each birthday, you should start adopting the philosophy that grow-

ing older means growing in wisdom and tranquility.

MONEY. If you anticipate a pension and social security, you should have a pretty clear idea how much these sources will total when you retire. You should also have a realistic idea of how much money you will need to finance the kind of old age you want. Will you have enough? If not, you'd better map out a personal financing plan for retirement right away.

SOMETHING TO DO. You should start taking a keen interest in several stimulating hobbies that you can continue in retirement. It is a good idea to have both outdoor hobbies, such as gardening or hiking, and indoor ones, such as playing bridge or writing short stories. With such diversity you'll have something absorbing to do in rain or shine.

BERNARD BARUCH REMARKED on his 85th birthday that, "Properly managed, the later years can be exciting and rewarding." In man-

(Continued on Page Five)

Roger Babson

Discusses Making Money In The Stock Market

Babson, Park, Mass., June 28—The only way I have made money in the stock market has been by selling stocks and taking profits at times like this, depositing the money in banks, and waiting until the bottom of the next decline. When the market crash finally comes, I buy stocks.

Buying Into New Industries

In this way I am not a speculator, but am like the ice man in the North who gathers ice in wintry weather and stores it up for people to use during the summer. This same principle, in reverse, applies to those who can fruit and vegetables in summer when they are about to spoil. We all perform a real service and are entitled to be rewarded. We have the courage to sell stocks or buy fruit when others lack the courage to do so. People who go with the crowd make conditions worse. Those who go contrary to the crowd are in a position later to make conditions better when there is much unemployment, no new building, and when commodities are selling below cost.

Others make money in the stock market by performing another kind of service—that is by helping new industries when they are unpopular and taking profits when these industries mature and are popular. Those who follow this second program have the additional advantage of diversification. They also always keep their money working, whereas, under my method, my money is idle about a third of the time. Buying into new industries each year and selling the stocks of a few maturing companies requires much research. Any investor who desires to follow such a program should be prepared to pay an Investment Counselor for selecting these new industries. Furthermore, although General Motors, for instance, has been a "gold mine," yet there have been scores of other automobile companies which have gone bankrupt. It is necessary both to get into the right industry, and also to buy the stock of the right company within that industry.

Wisconsin University's Program

Although swapping maturing industries for new industries is exceedingly profitable when done intelligently, very few individuals or even institutions have the ability

and courage to act on this principle. One college, however, has had a most interesting experience in this connection. I refer to Wisconsin University, which, on its typical Board of conservative college Trustees, had also some bright chemists and engineers. These younger men so failed in getting the conservative Board to adopt a more courageous investment policy that they formed a separate Trust—The Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. They got together seven men who contributed eighty dollars or so apiece, making a total of \$585 to start with on January 1, 1926. They increased this small sum by the purchase and sale of "Growth Stocks" so that, at the present time, this \$585, with accumulated dividends and profits, amounts to over \$17,000,000 with a market value on December 31, 1955, of \$36,000,000. Approximately \$6,000,000 received from Patents and Royalties they gave back to the University for new buildings and increased salaries.

I might also give the names of individual clients which my organization has helped along these same lines. I could also cite a member of my family who during fifty years increased \$600 to over \$1,000,000 by putting the dividends and profits back into newer industries when they were popular and selling these when they became popular. Meanwhile the fund was kept well diversified with only a comparatively small amount in each industry, so risk was pretty well eliminated. All this required, however, considerable work as the entire fund was turned over probably once in ten years. In this case, no attention was given to general market conditions or to the investment cycle.

The Report of a Psychiatrist

Let me close with a story which one of my valuable associates, John D. Riordan, tells. It concerns a friend who had a nervous breakdown on account of his overactivity in the stock market. One day when the patient was lying on the couch and telling of his early life, the psychiatrist said, "I understand what got you into all this trouble. The first thing you seem to remember is your mother rocking you in the cradle and singing 'Bye lo, Bye lo, Baby.' You interpreted this to mean 'Buy low-Buy low!'"

SAFETY VALVE

Dear Mr. Risley:

Jack and I had a grand time at the 25th reunion of our class at Wyoming Seminary. It's always nice to see some familiar faces from the Back Mountain.

Some of them, like Mrs. Palmer, Betty Lee Farr, recognized us, but Melania Hellersperk and the Perrys weren't quite so sure. I know Charlie Perkins didn't know us. Guess we'll have to go on a diet for sure.

We had another brief reunion at my sister-in-law's in Trucksville, Ruth Reynolds. My big brother, Ehrman Reynolds and his wife were there. Ehrman just had a nice promotion and they are moving from Pittsburgh to Stamford, Conn. He is the new assistant chief engineer for Socony Vacuum Company in New York City. Their son, Don, and his new Japanese bride, Yumiko, will be with them for a while as Don is just starting as pilot for the American Airlines. Bill is a pilot for Alcoa Steel and lives in Pittsburgh.

Lots going on here. Fred just graduated from Jenkintown High School and will study metallurgy at Drexel.

Hope you all have a swell summer.

Cordially,
Helen Reynolds Conrad.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

DAVE GARROWAY, our guest columnist for the second week of our vacation asks a question that has puzzled us and a number of his viewers.

HOW TO RISE AND SHINE
By Dave Garroway,
Star of NBC-TV's "Today"

Ever since the TODAY program began back in January of '52, there has been one question fired at me repeatedly: "How do you get up at 4 o'clock every weekday morning?"

Well, I think guest writing this column affords me a fine opportunity to answer this question. Actually, it's a process—this waking-up business—to which I have given a considerable amount of thought—so much, as a matter of fact that I think I literally have it down to a science.

It's all done with electronics. I've built myself an instrument panel which is an arm's length from my bed. Here's how the system works: At 3:45 a. m. a Frank Sinatra record begins to spin automatically. Musically speaking, I find Sinatra provides the easiest listening. While he's singing, the

lights fade on automatically. By this time I'm propped up on an elbow with one eye open. Now I'm ready for the first alarm clock which is set off. Another one rings about ten minutes later. The music and lights seem to take the edge off the nerve-jangling effects an alarm clock can have. The second alarm is across the room, so I have to get up to shut it off. Now I'm ready for the coffee, which started percolating when the music began.

This way I wake up gradually, and it's really a pleasure. I can't stand in front of a TV camera at seven o'clock in the morning with a sour face and expect the audience to stay with me three minutes, let alone three hours. That's why I built this contraption. I used to wake up with only an alarm clock banging away. Sometimes the shock would start me off in a bad mood, which might last for several hours.

Actually all I need is the four hours' sleep I average a weekday night. After five hours I find myself a little groggy, and eight hours are poison. I remember reading a statement made by some doctor who made a study of these things. He claimed that, in effect, the important thing in waking up in the morning—no matter how early the hour—is purpose. A man should have a purpose, a psychological purpose, like a love for his work. After more than four years of getting up before dawn Monday through Friday, putting in a ten-hour day, and almost 3,000 hours in front of the TV cameras, I still look forward to each "Today" telecast. I even find the job relaxing . . . once the "system" gets me off to the studio.

And I Quote . . .

"The way some girls figure, the best way to hold a romance together is with a girdle."—Arthur Nagy.

"We had a couple back home who got married and divorced four times. It was a small town and they kept getting introduced."—Herb Shriner.

"We are all entitled to the pursuit of happiness—but not at 90 miles an hour!"—Arnold Glasow.

"Any politician will tell you—the trick is to hit the taxpayer without hitting the voter!"—Jewell (Kans.) Republican.

Every tomorrow has two handles: we can take hold by the handle of anxiety, or by the handle of faith.

It doesn't do you any good to sit up and take notice if you keep on sitting.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

As if you didn't know—20 million of the 57 million passenger car drivers in the U. S. are women.

Experience is something that helps you recognize a mistake when you make it twice.

Bob Tales

By "BOB"

You've heard of left hand monkey wrenches and other such imaginary tools but here's a new one . . . a left hand checkbook . . . only this isn't imaginary, they have come out with them now for left handed folks. The stubs are on the right side and the books open to the right rather than the left. Anything to make it easier for lefty's to spend their money.

I got the real story from Ralph Hazeltine about the trout we used to catch in Toby's Creek. They were put in there by the late John Miller and the late Asa Shaver, both former residents of Trucksville. These trout stayed in the creek for some time because there was a lot less pollution and not as many fishermen in those days. Alice Gordon informed me yesterday that she remembers eating a nice mess of trout many times that her brother also caught in Toby's.

Every year at Auction time, the stories begin to circulate about how much money this one or that one is making on the Auction but, frankly, most of the talk centers around Howard Risley. He has been accused of most everything in connection with the Auction, from how much rent he gets for keeping the stuff in his barn, to how he rigs the sales so he gets what he wants, and any number of similarly ridiculous accusations. You may not know anything about me, or whether what I write here is the truth, but this I will wager you, (as Harry Ohlman did with another doubting Thomas) . . . that I will put up my house and all the cash I have against your \$5.00 if you can prove Howard ever got one penny as rental, commission, or from rigged sales at any one of the past nine Auctions.

He hears these rumors himself but he doesn't choose to make an issue of them, but it burns me up when I hear it because this I know . . . the only things Howard Risley gets from each year's Auction are headache, the loss of many hours of sleep, criticism and property damage.

Sure he has lots of fun, he bids on what he wants, and a lot that he doesn't want. Myra, Mrs. Hicks, John Tibus and myself all get tied up in the Auction and the business of The Dallas Post suffers as a result, and there are a host of other ways in which Howard contributes each year but he doesn't care. He doesn't care because he believes this town needs a library and this I'll tell you . . . many people deserve credit for our fine library but no one more than this fellow you heard all these stories about. So if you hear folks talking this way, just tell them to bring their \$5.00 around, I'm taking all comers.

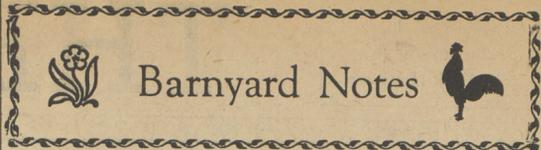
Yes, I know, you say I work for him, and I do, that's how come I know what I'm talking about.

As long as I'm in the mood I might as well talk about another type of person that is just about as lousy as the gossip mongers I just mentioned. This other type is the one who drops off his dog out in the country when he doesn't want the poor creature any more. Such as the owner of a very gentle looking female Beagle hound who threw her out of his car on Sunday near Don Smith's home in East Dallas. She isn't a young dog and has probably served her master well as a hunting dog, but now she is expecting a litter of puppies and so this fine fellow suddenly doesn't want to bother with her. Can you imagine how lonely and heartsick this mother dog must feel?

Don and his wife fed her,—she was starved,—and fixed up a bed for her for the night. They have a big dog, and a cat, which is as much as they can handle so they called me to see if I knew what to do with the dog. What would you tell these folks? A nice hound, whose only crime was becoming pregnant, must end up with a .38 calibre bullet screaming through her brain 'cause the police is the only answer. Her owner must be a real nice fellow . . . I would like to meet him.

To get away from this train of thought I'll tell you what Bill Morgan, Shavertown insurance man, told me today which I thought was pretty good. He said, "Don't drive on the Fourth with a fifth or you may not be around on the sixth." Rather original don't you think?

My thanks to Richard Joos, Dick Clark, Bobbie Moyer, Lee Ohlman, Billie Bert, Les Barstow, Jr., the Bodycomb boys and the other young fellows who so readily answered our call for workers on the barn and transportation committees, and "Shook" Ashburner and his gang who put up signs. And others who help, and never get much mention on committees, are Jake Anderes who's doing a swell job on pick-ups and Sev Newberry who painted signs and Sam Holvey who painted the ox-bow, to say nothing of all the gang at Denmon's who washed the Austin-Healey for free and have it on display in their new parking area. This could go on and on because the list of folks who do the little things is interminable but it's all these little things that make the Auction what it is. And every other town that has tried to match our Auction wonders how we do it. It's not a few big wheels, it's a lot of folks doing a lot of little chores that adds up to success.



Barnyard Notes

You can make up your mind you will never be sure that the Auction will be a success until after it is over!

During the nine years I have been associated with it, I remember none when the barn was not practically empty a week before the big event. This year is no exception!

The stuff that has come in is clean and good, but there is not much of it and the pick-up crews have practically completed the work of gathering in the items uncovered by the general solicitation committee under the chairmanship of Clara Ohlman and Margaret Robinson.

There will be a great variety of baked goods at the Auction, according to Grace Bachman, chairman, who is aware that there has never been enough in the past to go around; but the Auction does need old furniture and items of all kinds from attics and storage rooms to give it color.

Without these items to go over the block, the two-day event would just be another bake sale, fair, carnival or what-have-you—with none of the real color and mellowness that give it its appeal.

Therefore, if you have something that has outworn its usefulness for you but still is usable and might have considerable value for others, won't you bring or send it to the barn?

Each year hundreds of your neighbors do that very thing the last few days before the Auction; but the committee can never be sure that they will do it until the stuff is in the Barn. We need these things this year more than ever because last year the Auction was held an extra day in order to clean the barn to the walls. Little of value was carried over as in some previous years.

The Auction committee does not need any more kitchen ranges, fruit jars, vacuum cleaners, or stove pipe. It does need lawn and porch furniture, chairs, tables, picture frames, children's toys, garden tools, books, plants, vegetables, and any piece with an antique flavor. The refreshment stand is in need of a quantity of instant coffee and anyone who would like to contribute some should contact Sheldon Evans at Evans Drug Store.

There is also a need for livestock of all kinds. Up to now very little has been promised!

The same is true of hams which in the past have been popular contributions from lawyers, real estate men and tavern owners.

There is a need for men to work at the Barn during Auction Days and for young men to act as runners in front of the Auction Block.

In fact if you are not already a contributor, serving on a committee, or having a household of company for the weekend why don't you get in the thick of things. Just call The Post and you'll soon be working for the Auction and having the time of your life meeting new friends.

Remember the Auction is bigger than any individual or organization connected with it. It is the community at work. And what a job the community has done for the past nine years.

From

Pillar To Post . . .

by Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks

Now is the time to give the attic that last minute once-over, in search of things for the Library Auction, July 6 and 7. Not rummage, but usable things that will sell over the block, and bring in funds for support of our Back Mountain Memorial Library. Furniture, lamps, dishes, toys, small children's chairs, all bring good prices. The more varied the assortment, the more fun the Auction is for everybody. Whether you have been asked to give something or not, makes no difference. There may have been blank spots in the solicitation, where house-holders were out or engaged when the phone rang or the solicitor for the neighborhood called in person.

The thing that makes the annual Auction a success is the widespread community feeling that this is one event which everybody can push. There is no class, church, political, or race distinction at the Library Auction. The Library serves everybody on an even footing. Every group in the Back Mountain can contribute, and take a pride in doing so.

The auction, like the library, is unique. Most communities or groups which set an auction in motion, find that it is a tremendous burden, and abandon it after the first year.

This auction goes on year after year, sparked by a wholesome community spirit that refuses to be discouraged by obstacles. It is a big job. Everybody who works on the auction puts his whole self into the labor of love, without thought of reward. People who can ill afford the time, rearrange their schedules and give hour after hour of service.

What is done with the money? Every once in awhile somebody says, "What do you want all that money for? You've already got more books than you can house."

It costs money to run a library. Salaries have to be paid. Coal must be bought. There must be a caretaker to tend the furnaces in main building and annex and mow the beautifully terraced lawns. The buildings need repair and painting.

And eventually, the library will need to build an addition. Already the main meeting room has proved too small for many organizations. Money must be laid aside each year for that time.

So . . . for the one thing in the community which everybody can wholeheartedly support:

Bake a cake.

Whip up a batch of fudge or sea-foam.

Sort over your books and see what you can spare for the book booth.

Pack a dozen fresh eggs in a carton.

And get down those dustcatchers from the attic.

If it is small, bring it to the auction yourself when you come next Friday. If it is big, call for a volunteer truck and driver.

But bring it yourself if you can. It is more fun, and it gives you a chance to see what the neighbors are bringing.

Dr. A. S. Lisses OPTOMETRIST 5 Main Street Dallas Phone Dallas 4-4506 DALLAS OFFICE HOURS Tuesday 1:00 to 5:00 6:00 to 8:00 P.M. Wednesday 1:00 to 5:00 6:30 to 8:00 P.M. Friday 1:00 to 5:00 6:00 to 8:00 P.M. Saturday By appointment only. W-Barre Office 54 So. Main Hours 9:30 to 5 VA 3-3794

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