Well, it turns out I'm no different

than most folks when it comes to

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to

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that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISLEY
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Editorially Speaking:

The Illusion of Suburban Economy

The illusion of Suburban Economy is dispelled in the current issue of Luzerne County News-letter, edited by Dr. Hugo V. Mailey, and published monthly as a community service by the Political Science Department of Wilkes College.

Dr. Mailey says:

In the rapid expansion of America's cities in recent years, the problem of the urbanite has been to establish a home for himself at the highest social level in an economy in which costs are rising. Homeowners have desperately tried to get out from under the property tax load. It has been a fond illusion of many that moving into the suburbs will accomplish this. Actually, such a result is unlikely under the best of conditions. It is true there are a few ways in which savings in taxes can be made by establishing a suburban home.

In the first place, if the core city is seriously corrupt and the suburb is not, a saving equal to the waste can be made.

In the second place, very large cities suffer from increasing costs per capita. Beyond a certain point, cities lose any advantage of large scale operations and begin to encounter cost increases.

In the third place, crime rates, health and slum problems, and welfare expenses are all likely to be greater in the core city and hence more expensive.

Lastly, by moving into the suburbs, it may be possible to have the state and county perform the services that are performed by the core city and borne by the core city

The picture of large savings is likely to be illusory, however, and for many reasons. First, a urbs almost certainly means an increase in fire insurance

Secondly, any real tax advantages caused by location in the suburbs (advantages in the site value of land) tend to become capitalized in the sale price and accrues to the seller and not the buyer. The buyer loses through jerrybuilding or skimping on building materials because of inadequate building codes.

Thirdly, low taxes is really a polite way of saying no services. Many suburbs do not have all the services that urbanites expect. In moving out of a city, a septic tank may be necessary. This causes worry about contamination and a falling water table level. And, as population increases, sewers may be necessary. The result is a total loss of the investment in a septic tank.

Fourthly, services that are available are likely to be performed by amateurs. This means that they are not likely to be either satisfactory or inexpensive.

Fifthly, taxes may start at what appears to be much lower levels than those of the city, but the suburbanite can be assured that they will increase at a rapid pace. If one family is attracted to a particular suburb, many others will be, too. As population density increases, the need for urban services increases. Each new service must be paid for by additional taxes. Water and sewerage systems must be installed. Streets need paving. Street lights must be installed. Urbanites demand many services.

The discovery that these services must be paid for results in bitter disillusionment to the suburbanite who had believed that suburban living included the having of the cake as well as the eating of it.

Roger Babson

difficult problems.

Traffic Congestion lem of cities, and especially of our necessary because of unregulated larger metropolitan centers, is traf- automobile congestion. fic. For a good many years now, I Downtown Area Blights have been telling my friends and readers that heavy traffic and insufficient parking spaces are choking our cities to economic death.

Traffic congestion is hastening the exodus of business enterprise from our large cities. But even more important - heavy traffic is slowing down our whole economy and limiting our gross national product. Millions of productive hours are lost because of traffic snarls. In Chicago. to cite but one example which could be multiplied by thousands, busses

The Conference of Governors, were stationary a few years ago meeting at Atlantic City recently, only 10% of their trip time. Today, received a special report on the owing to more frequent and longer But to the men, in humbler task plight of American cities, which are traffic delays, these busses are sta- | The silent, timid, passers-by. now facing some peculiar and very tionary 40% of their trip time. This is one important reason for the May I still welcome simple souls need of higher fares. Five cents of That bearing burdens, trudge along old way. Of course, the most pressing prob- every bus fare which you pay is

A second urgent problem of our teriorate too rapidly. The great Receive the "Brother Heart" that cities of our country are centers of power and commerce which testify to the fulfillment of the American dream. Yet, as I travel around the country, I am often appalled at the shabbiness of so many of our urban communities. In too many cities, entire streets have been permitted

(Continued on Page Seven)

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

HOME (NBC-TV, Monday through lock Creek R. D. No 2, on Monday Friday, 11 a.m. to 12 noon, EDT) night, intent on pleading my case will have a format change based on and proving I wasn't guilty of going the results of a viewer survey made through a stop sign. We searched at the conclusion of the program's up one country road and down an-

fashion, travel, entertaining etc.) we thought we were fairly lost, we will be scheduled on set days of the came to a store with the JP's name week, so that the viewer may pre- on it. Real nice fellow he is, too. famous and unknown who have in- ance that it wouldn't affect my Toby's Creek for dumping purposes.

only as the results of the viewer closed. 'Home's" viewer mail. The new other folks, however, is this .

She was feted with a combined Arlene's famous uncle, Dr. Varazdoctor's son, Victor and his wife, and Arlene's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Davis (Mr. Davis is among those present at the party. When the vivacious Arlene arriv-

ed everyone exclaimed admiringly except her two aunts.

"Take off the hat, Arlene," they

"I've been researching in the blistering sun and my hair is all limp.' "I don't like a hat on Arlene, do you" one aunt asked the other.

I like Arlene better without one," the second answered.

everyone is going to treat me in with." Boston I won't come again!"

a famous plastic surgeon.

ED SULLIVAN for the third Force orchestra.

TALENTED NANETTE FABRAY is mistakes. naving troubles as far as contracual guarantees are concerned.

Nanette, who is off the Sid Caesar show propositioned NBC-TV for a minimum of four TV appearances next season at \$25,000 each plus the away. fiancing of a pilot for a half-hour

NBC didn't care for this kind of guarantee, so no deal.

MICKEY MOUSE CLUB - Walt Disney is plotting the up-coming "Disneyland" and "Mickey Mouse Club" more for adults than ever before. Certain format changes are believed made to attract adult bankrollers in the face of a dearth of for-the-kid sponsors.

GALLUP vs. ROPER — Those old NO for an answer. pollster competitors are at it again, this time on television. With Dr Frank Gallup already set with NBC-TV for the convention-election coverage, CBS - TV this week signed Elmo Roper for its side.

Poet's Corner

Life's High-Way

God, ever give me grace to bask Not only in the arched eye Of Kings; and those the World calls

"great"

Life's High-Way, in the heat of day Arriving never at their goals Sequestered and without a song.

May God give me the grace to gaze

Be Kind, my Brother, O, be Kind! J. E. P., Bard of Harveys Lake. February 17, 1956.

of an overturned tin pan.

If you want to be sure you will hear the phone ringing while you're

Bob Tales

paying fines. I loaded all the family in the car and headed out into the country looking for Vernon Cease, Justice Of The Peace, Hunother, believe me, Hunlocks Creek Two basic changes will be made. R. D. No. 2 spreads out all over the First, service material (on food, place, and by blind chance, after through the kindness of Dr. Z. L. dict that she can see fashions on I told him I was pleading "not rooms and kitchen. Tearing down Monday, for example, or food feat- guilty" and he says that's alright of the old church hall will furnish ures on Tuesdays and Thursdays. with him but he would have to set materials. The new land will be Second change in the format will up a hearing at some later date improved for church socials and be in the type of general feature when he, the arresting officer and other outdoor activities. material which will be presented. It I could all get together. I hated will be of broader interest and will to make the trip again at a time is up again in Dallas, with residents tend toward "first person" journa- that would probably be when I was appearing before the Borough Coun-

survey, but on the strength of One thing I'll pass on to you format will be inaugurated on Sep- watch yourself on a Sunday afternoon. The Jackson Township police ARLENE FRANCIS. Editor-in- have a nice little secluded place at Chief of "Home" has found that be- the bottom of the hill behind an ing a television star doesn't mean abandoned house and a big cinder she can escape the eagle eye of pile where all the roads meet at family criticisms. Recently Arlene the outlet of Huntsville Reservoir. paid a visit to Boston to do a show The stop sign is way up the hill, rom the Boston Public Gardens. practically invisible, and if you stop there at the sign you can't see press party and family reception. whether there are any cars coming, and, if you go to the foot of the hill stad Kazanjian and his wife, the to stop, then go across, the boys come out a whistlin' and a yellin' and brother, you've had it.

Jim Oliver applied for member-Arlene's mother's brother) were ship in the Isaacs-Unger-John Rattlesnake Club by claiming he had killed his first rattler up at their cabin. Since the initiation fee is When he went to look for it it was gone. Now who or what would "I can't," she whispered back, bother to take a rattlesnake skin. You'll have to try harder than this From The Issue of July 31, 1936 Jim if you expect to make the

Every member of her family watch- because the streets were awfully man and Dallas. es Arlene with great pride. Fame is rough and needed resurfacing. Only | Donald T. Kester resigns as coach not something new for Arlene's now the same crew is back shovelfamily. Her father, Aram Kazanjian ing and brushing like mad to get Belleville high school faculty. was a famous Armenian-American the newly laid stone into little piles Merle Shaver, West Dallas paintportrait photographer, her uncle is that they are throwing back into ing contractor, falls from a scaffoldthe trucks . . . and the streets are ing at John Sullivan's home on just as bad as ever. Somebody Huntsville Road, and sustains a secutive year, devotes his entire goofed! Either the tar was no telecast to the top talent of the U.S. good or not mixed properly, 'cause Air Force, including the Air Force it didn't hold the stone at all. Or Fencing Team, which will compete perhaps, since Jim Besecker's gone, in the Olympics this year; the crack there's no councilman on the board Judo Team and the 160-piece Air who can spare the time to super-

> Want to own a brand new, spic and span gas station and go into one mill. The amount saved is about business for yourself? If you do enough to cover legal expenses inlet me know, there's one in the curred for three court actions, none middle of Dallas you can lease right of which got anybody anywhere

Trucksville. The Trucksville Mill a bad taste in everybody's mouth. Poultry Shop will be closing up 'cause Stan and Dot Moore are going back into the teaching profession and Dr. Crompton will be where the old Acme Store used to

Franklin P. Jones was right when he said most children take no, No, Coming back from Wilkes-Barre

the other day when it was hot and traffic was at its worst, I began to think, with nostalgia, of the summer days when I was a youngster iving in Trucksville and, after my clarinet lesson every Saturday morning in the city, I would board the open trolley, the one with the running board all around, and no sides, and ride out home into the cool, fresh country air, with nothing but green trees and foliage on each side of the tracks and no traffic except maybe another trolley car coming the opposite way and we would all wave at the passengers in the other car. Ah, this modern . there are certain aspects of it that you can have, I'll take the

Rocky, one of Charlie Gosart's right hand men, is completely happy in his new kingdom, another meatcutting department in the basement where all the meats are processed cities is the tendency for in-city With sure compassion, to my heart Rocky reigns supreme and wields On twisted bodies, tortured minds, for the freezer customers. Here Dallas Area Schoolmen a mean cleaver so don't disturb him in his domain

Winner this week of two free Ralph G. Lewis, Summit Avenue, Trucksville. Stop at The Dallas Post for your tickets Mr. Lewis.

Maybe the country is in good want to be President.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From The Issue of August 2, 1946 W. L. Lemon, Carverton, loses his barn, his winter hay, and his automobile at the height of Wednesday night's electric storm, when the barn is struck by lightning.

Jackson Methodist Church acquires an adjoining plot of ground Smith. A basement will be excavated under the old church building, with facilities for Sunday School

The question of sewage disposal lism — stories about people both the busiest and so, after his assur- cil to complain about the use of

driving record or my insurance, I Clarence A. Boston, Nicholson, is Both these alternations in the gave in like most folks do and de- named cashier of Abington National 'Home' format — predictability of cided paying the \$10.00 fine was Bank, Clarks Summit. Mr. Boston programing and emphasis on broad- the path of least resistance and it was vice president and cashier of er feature material—were made not was worth it to have the matter Nicholson National Bank for ten

Rotary Club will study sewage disposal.

Lehman volunteer fire - fighters break ground for the new fire hall Plans are to build a cement block structure for housing of equipment adding kitchen, recreation and dining additions later.

Reunions of Frear-Parrish, Lord and Sutton families are held.

The matter of an old railway right of way is plaguing St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Shavertown The case is in court, William Valentine representing St. Paul's, Donald Coughlin representing John Ferguson, who claims that when the right of way was no longer held by the railway, it reverted to its original owners, not to the church property which adjoins. Mr. Ferguson destroyed the woven wire one rattlesnake skin, Jim was fence erected by the church, and asked to produce the evidence. allegedly plans to build a garage there. The church asks for an injunction to prevent such action.

Mrs. Jane A. Brundle, helpmeet grade. Sounds like you might be of retired Methodist minister Rev. trying to hoodwink your old pals Joshua Brundle, Trucksville, ends a "Well, it's a very pretty hat, but and they've been around too long. long life of service to others. Born The N. Y. Daily News published on the Isle of Man, Mrs. Brundle a letter to the editor from an East lived in England and Australia At which point, Arlene wailed. "I Orange, N. J., man who said: "I'm Widowed, and returned to the Isle wore this hat to Grace Kelly's wed- sick of this Taft-Hartley Bill. I of Man as postmistress of Foxdale ding and I love it and if this is how say we should pay it and get it over she met Rev. Brundle when he was an evangelist on the Isle of Man, A couple weeks ago several roads and came to America with him. She didn't mean a word of it, be- in Dallas Borough were closed to Eagerly entering into pastoral work, cause the Kazanjian and Davis traffic while the Borough Road she made a lasting impression upon families and their famous niece are Crews spread tar and then covered every community in which her husa mighty close knit family group. it with fine stone. This was swell band was stationed, including Leh-

at Dallas Township, to join the

compound fracture of the left leg.

Jane Whipple, Dallas, is in the lead, heading sixty babies in the current Post Baby Contest. Chief Ira Stevenson, Harveys

Lake, recovers a stolen bike in vise these jobs and avoid such Wilkes-Barre. Judge John Fine sets Borough

school millage at 29, a reduction of but caused much furor among the August will see quite some contestants, postponed important changes along the highway in work of the school board, and left

Alex, the tame bear, who spent the winter at Kirby Park Zoo after taking on all comers in a wrestling match at Noxen, and doing a spomoving into his newly renovated of gasoline pump sitting while reoffice in Pete Malkemes's building pelling boarders, has gone on a diet of watermelon, with consequent improvement to his disposition. Emory Newell, who won him in a raffle from Squire R. A. Davis, plans to bring him to the Lake on Sunday, and pit the 200 pound bruin against 145 pound Howard Johnson, no holds barred.

Springfield Boy Scouts, encamped at Alderson last week, plan to return again next summer.

Doris Hoyt, Beaumont, becomes the bride of Russell Newell, of Noxen.

Jeanne Appleton, formerly of Shavertown, is married to John Stephanson, Wyoming.

Jack Sordoni rescues a fisherman from Harveys Lake, after ramming the unlighted rowboat with his motor launch.

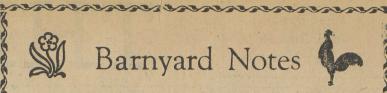
The Graham Hotel in Tunkhannock changes hands, Harry D. Bull of Towarda purchasing the hotel from Lesley and Wesley Lewis. Robert D. Major, Lehmar, passes

away. With his father, he once owned much of the land which became Hayfield Farm, with its sale to the Conyngham family in 1910.

To Meet With Robinson

Dallas Area School Board nemtickets to the Himmler Theater is Robinson tonight at 7:30 in the adbers will meet with Raymond W. ministration offices, Dallas, to discuss operation of the new join ure along lines satisfactory to Harrisburg. Mr. Robinson is Pennsylvania upstairs, put the instrument on top shape, after all — a lot of people State chief of consolidation and transportation.

Barnyard Notes



I am always happy when Joe Pooley, the self-styled Bard of Harveys Lake, drops in for a brief chat.

in a service of the s

First because he was one of my early instructors at Wyoming Seminary; second because he comes from a family for many years identified with the printing industry (his father was the proprietor of Pooley's Printery in Kingston); third because he is a delightful companion and conversationalist.

A graduate of Harvard at sixteen, he was until nine years ago headmaster of a private school in Madison, New Jersey, where one of his best friends was publisher of the weekly Madison Eagle.

There was a time though when I was not so eager to see Joe, and the less he had to say, and the less I had to answer, the better. That was the spring night many moons ago when he, a young instructor, and I, a freshman, met under awkward circumstances in my room at Wyoming Seminary. My roommate, later to become an admiral in Uncle Sam's Navy, had selected that night, of all others, to stray off campus after lights. And it happened to be Joe Pooley's night on halls! But that is another story ending with the future Admiral on campus during Commencement Week.

Joe keeps up a continuous correspondence with scores of boys who are in military service and now and then tells me some interesting incident from their letters.

One of his proteges is John T. Biezup, son of the late Frank and Mrs. Biezup of Center Avenue, Kingston, a graduate of Kingston High School, Wyoming Seminary, Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point, N.Y., and holder of the L.L.B. degree from Yale Law School.

John is serving as Advocate for the G.I.s stationed in Japan who get in trouble. He was an ardent fisherman at Harveys Lake, Beaver Run, Bowman's Creek and the Susquehanna. His interest in fishing has (according to Joe) "persisted even unto the ends, or at least to the other side of our Earth as viewed from Harveys Lake, Dallas or the Back Mountain of Pennsylvania."

In a recent letter John spoke of an unusual fishing experience in Japan. Quote: "Last week I drove up to the mountains a 140 miles from Kami-Seya. The area is a noted Shrine (Nikko) noted for fishing, skiing and hunting. I drove up to a smaller lake beyond Nikko-called Lake Yunoko, about one and one-half miles in circumference, but packed with all kinds of trout. The location of the lake indicates that it was the center of a long extinct minor volcano.

"The mountains rise sharply from its shores. At the upper end are Spas, hot sulphur springs which the Japanese have siphoned off for baths, emitting both smoke and steam. But the lake is cold with blue and strangely sulphurous water, still the people catch fish there. 'When I asked what we were to use for bait my companion handed me a four inch piece of wood. I scratched my head and fig-

ured that Japan is a topsy-turvy country, so anything is possible! "About this time my companion broke open one of the pieces of wood and in the center was a yellow grub-worm about two inches long. The Japanese call it "buddha-mushi," or fat worm-like The Buddha. It is found in wild grape vines. The Japs go out and look for little holes in the vine. When they spy one they cut about two inches on either side of the hole and so keep the grub ensconced until used. However, they must be used before they hatch out into wasp like creatures

"The trout really bit these succulent grubs. We fished in water about fifteen feet deep and caught sixteen brook trout. My companion caught a "brookie" about twenty inches long. It was the biggest "brookie" I have ever seen. There are rainbows, silver trout and land-locked salmon in the lake; but we caught none of these that day. "Later we took a hot sulphur bath in a Jap lodge. The bath is taken in a large pool about ten feet in diameter. One Jap who could

(a Sumo is one of the fat monstrous Japanese wrestlers) so I must match the weight. 'Oh, yes, the trout are not native to Japan but were imported in the 1920s and have thrived. Next week I plan to go fishing in

speak no English looked at me and pointing said Sumo-Ah-Sumo

one of the lakes at the base of Fujiyama." John Biezup Lieutenant U.S. Navy Kami Geya, Japan.

From

Pillar To Post . . .

by Mrs. T. M. B. HICKS

It was a happy development that Myra's kittens all turned out to be perfect ladies, and the Hicks kittens all bouncing boys.

That is, happy for the Hickses. The kitten population took a noticeable drop over the weekend. The one remaining kitten, a homely specimen with stripes and a long thin tail, misses his brethren. He taps absentmindedly at a spool, chases his tail in a half hearted manner, and mounts the nylons in quest of comfort.

Perched on a knee and purring so vigorously that he vibrates, he prods with unsheathed claws, slitting his eyes in sensuous delight, and flattening his body against the welcome warmth.

And now Myra, who inserted the ad in the first place, is stuck with four kittens. Debbie and her father took a look at Myra's litter first, and fell in love with it. Cajoled and pampered by Mrs. Zeiser, the four little kittens were a picture of plump contentment, ready to make friends.

The Hicks kittens, emotionally disorganized from having been shooed out of the kitchen on the end of a broom five minutes before they were requested to put on a good act for the visitors, peered warily from beneath the stove on the kitchen porch, and approached the feeding bowl with caution. What was the idea, they wanted to know, of being chased one minute and coaxed the next? With an eye apiece on the small girl with the beautiful black pigtails, a reminder of the rapid transit weekend a few days earlier, when grandchildren, whooping with delight, had attempted to capture them and hug them to their bosoms, the kittens were ready to pack up and leave at an alien approach.

Captured by a stratagem, they clawed and struggled, resenting inquiry into their personalities.

Debbie pointed out the one with the white bib. Seized from the rear while lapping a saucer of milk, he was thrust headfirst into a cardboard box with breathing holes. The cardboard box heaved and humped, and emitted outraged howls.

Debbie's pigtails bristled. These kittens, she announced silently but unmistakably, were a poor substitute for Myra's cooperative offerings, regardless of sex.

Another kitten, gray stripes with white paws and vest, ventured too far from his hiding place and joined his brother in the box. The commotion within was renewed. It subsided as the prisoners comforted each other.

It seemed unlikely that the kittens would still be in the box when the car reached Shamokin, where they were to make their

home with Debbie's grandmother. I've been afraid to call up and ask. They may have flown out

the car window before going ten miles. But the one that remains has calmed down and seems determined to be the family pet. So maybe all is well down in Shamokin.

Dr. A. S. Lisses **OPTOMETRIST**

5 Main Street Phone Dallas 4-4506

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