

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

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

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Editorially Speaking:

The "WHY" of NATIONAL NEWSPAPER WEEK

By

JOHN B. LONG, General Manager, California Newspaper Publishers Association and Founder of National Newspaper Week

Why National Newspaper Week? The answer to this question which is raised every year goes back to the depths of the notorious depression of the early 30's in the United States.

During those harrowing days the free press of America was made the whipping boy of prominent men and women in high government positions.

We were dubbed "capitalistic press" with a sneering snarl of degrading connotation. These same important officials kept telling the people the nation's editors were owned and controlled by the big advertisers, and editorial policies of American newspapers were "dictated from the counting room". Public confidence and acceptance of our hometown newspapers, like the economy of our country, hit its lowest ebb.

Suddenly, out of the nowhere into the here the Blue Eagle spread its wings as the symbol of the National Recovery Act, which was quickly adopted as the cure-all of all depressions. This plan appeared suddenly, but gave ample evidence of having been worked upon over a long period of time in advance because the program was worked out to the smallest detail, including a federal government licensing provision for every business in the country down to the smallest corner store or weekly newspaper in the great plains, rugged mountain areas, seashores, or desert. Any one could file a charge of a violation of ethics of the Blue Eagle Code and the business institution—large or tiny—thus charged would have to appear personally in Washington, D.C., to defend itself out of its meager resources against the giant prosecution machinery of the greatest government in the history of the world.

As in all cases predicated upon the greatest good for the greatest number, our newspapers went along until suddenly the officers and managers of organized newspaper associations throughout the country came to the sudden realization that the Blue Eagle was a licensing scheme by which to control the press of the country, and the war was on!

Ultimately the Blue Eagle and its codes were declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court, but in the meantime several state newspaper associations in California, Pennsylvania, and Oklahoma, had started illuminating campaigns in their separate jurisdictions to convince the people that their faith in their hometown newspaper as guardian of their freedom, fighters for their right to know, and their key to better living, were still worthy of their respect and acceptance.

These were so successful that seventeen years ago I made the motion at an annual convention of Newspaper Association Managers, Inc., which established as their responsibility an annual observance of National Newspaper Week during the first week of October.

The success of this endeavor is best exemplified by the fact that 56 million people spend \$3,189,000 daily in nickels and dimes for their daily newspapers, and 18 million grass roots Americans subscribe annually to their hometown weeklies. This is the highest net paid circulation of American newspapers in history, and in spite of new competitive media in the field of mass communication.

That is the "Why" of National Newspaper Week.

When You Retire . . .

RETIREE Raises Poodles for Profit. "RETIRE TO—NOT FROM" is the No. 1 rule for successful retirement. Instead of retiring from an occupation, we should retire to a new one. A man who heartily agrees is Harold R. Englis, 67, a ruddy, white-haired gentleman who lives on a suburban farm near Cleveland, Ohio. A former advertising manager, Mr. Englis retired two years ago to a busy and stimulating new career raising French Poodle dogs. This is his second retirement. The first time he tried it he grew so bored that he donned his gray flannel suit and went back to work. "Back in the early 30's I inherited \$22,000 from my father," Mr.

Englis told me frankly when I talked with him at a dog show in Chicago recently; we had gotten acquainted when I stopped to admire a handsome, haughty poodle named "Patrice" that he was exhibiting. "That was a pile of money in those days and it went to my head. I decided to chuck my job and start taking life easy." HIS WIFE PROTESTED but Mr. Englis plunged into what he assumed was the satisfying, relaxing life of the retired. He tossed the alarm clock into the closet and luxuriated in bed each morning contemplating the delights of leisure.

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THE DRIVER'S SEAT

This is the story of Mortimer Wragg—family man, motorist, good provider, responsible citizen. Mortimer isn't with us any more. But this is his story.

Mortimer worked hard and never slapped his kids. Indeed, it was a dark day in the Wragg household when he even so much as screamed at them, and he never raised his voice to his wife. In business, in good works and charitable pursuits, Mortimer was a model of what an upright citizen should be. It was only when he "mounted to the cabin" and put his foot on the gas that he became a menace to society. And to himself.

Mortimer drove his car as if convinced that every other motorist on the road were expendable. That is, he regarded every other driver as a threat to the Four Freedoms in general, and to Mortimer Wragg's share of these Freedoms in particular. Whenever another motorist tried to pass him, he took it as a personal affront and reacted violently. He considered pedestrians a nuisance that should be abated, and he did his best to abate them.

At home a perfect husband and helpmate, Mortimer in the driver's seat was a free-wheeling catastrophe. His wife told him he should have more care for the safety of others, if not for his own. Business associates expostulated. Policemen warned him and smothered him with traffic tickets. But Mortimer smiled and kept on driving—his way. He said: "This is a free country."

"Mortimer is balmy," his friends declared. "In fact, he's nuts."

But they couldn't convince Mortimer. Even a psychiatrist, called in by Mrs. Wragg, gave up in despair and took to his own couch, talking to himself.

One thing Mortimer never could stand was being forced to drive behind another car. To pass what ever might be in front of him, he fractured all speed laws, cut in and out of traffic, and ignored all highway signs and safety markers. He was a schizo on the go, and he took his split personality down the road as if he were roaming the lone prairie.

No one has ever been able to explain how Mortimer avoided disaster for so many years. And no one has ever been able to estimate the miles of shattered nerves he left quivering in other drivers.

But, as it must to all such fools, disaster finally came to Mortimer and it was quite final. Tearing down a highway, fortunately alone, he ignored the brilliant reflective marker that spelled out in the beam of his headlights: "Dangerous Curve."

After they had separated Mortimer from the good earth of his native county, they put up a monument to him—a simple thing bearing this simple inscription: "This is the Only Sign that Ever Stopped Him."

SAFETY VALVE

ECHOES OF BLOOM FAIR

Dear Editor:

The Back Mountain was well represented at Bloomsburg during last week.

Did you see the Lehman-Jackson-Ross strutters?

How about our Lake-Noxen Band?

The FFA's gay in their colored jackets, both girls and boys, serious over breeds of cattle and chickens.

4-H ers—Hand, Heart, Head, etc.

The most thrilling, chilling sight—was "Young America"—ages 7 to 17 swarming over one of the giant tanks which, pray God, they may never have to man.

And the conversation: Old Man—"I see you belong to the Iota Kappa Epsilon Fraternity." Young FFA boy—"You said it, the greatest in America—JKE."

He wore an Ike button.

J. E. P., Harveys Lake.

LETTER FROM OLD FRIEND

Mercy Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

My Dear Dallas Post:

The weekly visit of The Dallas Post continues to be a source of stimulation; for after all, the major and small happenings of a community which one has come to appreciate highly for its civic and social ambitions, and to love, have a positive influence upon one's morale and give to one a sense of emiratus citizenship. So I thank you again.

Since I saw you, quite a little drama has colored and thrilled my life. Stated briefly: On Monday, August 6th, while sitting quietly at my desk in prime health, a terrible chill and fever convulsion came upon me. A doctor quickly found high fever, gave injection, and same condition each day thereafter until Saturday, August 11th, when I was hurried in a taxi to this hospital. I arrived in a dazed condition, but was aware that I was receiving much attention by a num-

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ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From the Issue of October 4, 1946

Five children and a housekeeper flee a burning bungalow in Orange, escaping narrowly with their lives when fire destroys the John S. Mitchell summer home Tuesday morning at 5:30. Mrs. Emily Motichka of Orange rescued the children just in time, pulling blankets through the downstairs bedroom window to protect them after getting them all safely outdoors.

A 1941 Plymouth collides with a 1940 Packard at a blind intersection in Shavertown at Main and Center Streets, with injuries to both drivers, Edward Bell and George Houck.

Fire companies make plans for cooperation on an area wide scale at a testimonial dinner given Francis McCarty, Trucksville Fire Chief. Dallas-Shavertown Water Company puts a new 388-foot well into service, to serve 100 families in Trucksville.

Donald Grose heads the American Legion. Overbrook Gun Club campaigns against careless shooting on the part of youths.

Jackson crushes Dallas 9 to 3. Playoff is scheduled at Jackson on Sunday.

William L. Reese, 78, dies in Fernbrook.

Ruth Hackett, Long Beach, weds Harold A. Brown, Lehman.

Wilma D. Gray, formerly of Dallas, marries John D. Thetga, Johnson City.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Warden, Shavertown, mark their 51st wedding anniversary.

From the Issue of October 2, 1936

Jerry Elston wins the loving cup in the Popular Baby Contest, plus a cash award of \$100. Beverly Ann Whipple takes second place with a \$50 prize. Shirley Ann Welsh places third; Eugene Brobst, fourth; Evelyn Whipp, fifth. Jerry rolled up 8,864,800 votes.

Postmasters will register applicants for Old Age pensions.

Alfred Landon is still leading locally in straw votes for President, but FRD is gaining.

Drought ends, local wells are filling, temperature is dropping.

New well at Irem Temple Country Club produces 110 gallons per hour.

Mrs. Barbara Kiefer, Dallas, celebrates her 91st birthday, alert as ever.

Mrs. Frank Ferry, Dallas, heads Catholic women at St. Therese's.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

EDUCATIONAL TV—Viewers fortunate to have an educational channel in their area should tune into this channel more often. Especially if they are getting bored with commercial television. They will be rewarded by off-beat, interesting and informative programs. The performers are usually well known college professors. Used to lecturing to college students and small discussion groups they have a more intimate way of reaching out to the television audience. During the week the viewer might receive a French lesson, a discussion of current events or explanation of art.

For example this Thursday over WGBH-TV, Boston's educational channel, viewers will be watching Dr. Edwin Burr Pettet, professor of drama and direction of Kirby Memorial Theater, Amherst College.

Dr. Pettet will parody the acting styles of Edward Alleyn, famous actor of Shakespeare's time; David Garrick, the 18th Century fop; John Philip Kemble, late 18th Century Theatop School representative; Edmund Kean, 19th Century realist; Henry Irving, the 19th Century actor; Leslie Howard of the "Boy Next Door, Poor Man's School," and finally, the contemporary, Maurice Evans.

Maybe this type program isn't to everyone's liking, but it might appeal to you. More and more viewers are finding that programs offered by the various educational channels are to their liking.

ROBIN HOOD is back for the second year. The series, "The Adventures of Robin Hood," starring Richard Greene has been very well received by viewers. It has also won the approval of the children's teachers. A number of teachers have written that this is the type of show they allow their own children to watch.

"The Adventures of Robin Hood" are seen in England, Canada and the United States. The most recent debut of this series was in Japan. Australia and Puerto Rico are also scheduled to receive "Robin Hood" on TV screens this fall.

RICHARD GREENE, the star of the series, is a 36-year-old English actor. He is familiar to American viewers who are old enough to remember him in movies produced prior to 1940. His first American

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Huntin' & Fishin' with "SQUIRREL"

This column is made up of comments of the writer and area sportsmen and from material taken from contacts with the Pennsylvania Fish & Game Commission.

BRINGING HOME THE BACON



Bow and Arrow Hunters Enjoying Antlered Deer Season . . .

Bow and arrow hunters are enjoying their sixth special antlered deer season which opened last Monday and will close October 19. The hours for hunting deer with the bow are 6:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time.

Pennsylvania's first separate bow and arrow season was in 1951. In 1951 and each succeeding year until this one a two-week season was enjoyed, and only buck deer with the required "rack" were legal game.

This year, again, the bowman may take only bucks, the same as described as legal game for the later season. But different from the first special seasons in this state the 1956 bow and arrow season runs for almost 3 weeks.

Compared to gun hunters as a group the archers do not bag many deer. But they enjoy many thrills in stalking their quarry in the cool of the fall season, whether or not they score. Not the least of the benefits of these Indian-like hunts lies in the nerve tonic derived from relaxation amidst the beauties of autumn in the wooded hills of Pennsylvania.

I would appreciate it if the archers of this area would write or phone in news of your experiences during the current special season, whether you bag a buck or not.

Keeping Abreast of the News . . .

I don't know how many of you "sports" read the Pennsylvania Angler and the Pennsylvania Game News, but if you don't, you are missing a good chance to keep abreast of news and events of interest to every fisherman and hunter in Pennsylvania.

These two magazines will give you a better understanding of what the Pennsylvania Fish and Game Commissions are doing and trying to do in making hunting and fishing better than it ever was before in Pennsylvania.

This month's issue of the Angler gives a financial review of the Fish Commission from June 1, 1955 to May 31, 1956, and a chart showing how the fisherman's dollar was spent.

The Game News has just completed a topography of each county in Pennsylvania along with a small map of each county, showing where different types of hunting are to be found.

For the small cost involved, you can't go wrong. Following is a poem which is taken from the October issue of the Pennsylvania Angler:

A careful man I ought to be; A little fellow follows me; I do not dare to go astray For fear he'll go the self-same way.

I cannot once escape his eyes, What'er he sees me do he tries. Like me he says he's going to be. The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine, Believes in every word of mine. The base in me he must not see, That little chap who follows me.

I must remember as I go Thru Summer's sun and Winter's snow I am building for the years to be; That little chap who follows me.

"Squirrel" Catches A Coon . . . I went on a coon hunt last Tuesday night with Forrest Sorber of Sorber's Mountain and George Kostenbauder and Ken Martin Sr. of Kunkle. The hunt took us back of Noxen into the Castle Run area. We traveled miles of log roads, the like of which I have never seen before. Some of the roads were just two ruts with water filling them on each side. However, these men are equipped for this sort of hunting, Forrest and Ken both owning pickup trucks with canvas covered backs for their dogs. I was impressed with the knowledge that I was hunting so far back in such a wild terrain, at a time of night when most people were snug in their beds. This kind of hunting was practically new to me, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I think the biggest thrill in coon hunting comes when you hear the dogs break the still quiet of the night with their excited barking, announcing that they have treed Mr. Coon. Then walking through the woods to the dogs, where the hunt usually ends . . .

To the fellows that have never been coon hunting, I say they have missed a real experience, different from most kinds of hunting. Once there will be a special meeting

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Barnyard Notes

THE AWAKENING

There's a new regime in Luzerne County and it finds expression in the stiffening attitude on the part of the Courts and District Attorney's Office toward traffic law violations.

This week five drunken drivers went to jail for thirty days, in addition to receiving fines of \$100 each.

A few weeks ago a Grand Jury returned true bills against nine persons arrested for drunken driving!

This changing attitude toward the drinking driver is not peculiar alone to Luzerne County; it is a reflection of a rising concern that is sweeping across many communities—many counties and many States of the Nation.

Something can and must be done about highway killings! A Nation geared to high speed transportation—where every family is dependent upon automobiles to secure its food; reach its jobs; educate its children; bury its dead; cannot afford to allow the selfish appetites of drinking drivers and the greedy irresponsibility of tavern keepers to endanger normal highway traffic!

This is a mechanical, fast-moving age where there is no place for the addled brain of the drunken driver to endanger his own or the lives of others who have equal right to the highways in the daily pursuit of their occupations and recreation!

Last week for the nineteenth consecutive weekend, the Police of the City of Philadelphia continued their road blocks with a record of nine arrests for drunken driving. A similar number were arrested the previous week. All were held under \$500 bail after the police physicians' examinations!

The States of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Michigan continued their road blocks with equal effectiveness. In Detroit, all police cars display a black flag on a day when there is a highway fatality—a white flag on other days.

There is an awakening everywhere that Safety is Everybody's business—that a man's right to drink is his business—but that when he gets behind the wheel of a car—it becomes everybody's business!

This newspaper salutes the awakening among conscientious law enforcement agencies, police magistrates, grand juries and the courts—and most important it salutes the awakening consciousness of a public grown tired of the blood spilling on our highways!

Accidental poisoning kills more young children than polio, diphtheria and scarlet fever combined. To reduce this toll, 33 American cities have established Poison Control Centers. The Centers are sources of information on "what to do" in almost every conceivable kind of poisoning.

From Pillar To Post . . .

by Mrs. T. M. B. HICKS

That long deferred vacation is going to become a reality if something doesn't happen to upset the apple cart. It involves a lot of preparation.

The Boss says, "Now be sure to write your Pillar to Post before you take off. And of course 'Only Yesterday', and any feature stuff you've been postponing, and interview Betsy, and lay the foundations for the Calendar, and whip the Lehman school board meeting into shape."

"But don't mess around with that stack of two-column cuts on the desk. You can take care of them when you get back. They'll be waiting for you. "How true, how true. Plus another stack that Floyd has been saving up for me for dessert for the past six weeks.

That Pillar to Post, though, that ought to be easy.

"I'll just copy down some poetry," I offered, taking a leaf from Barnyard Notes.

"You might tell everybody about packing a car for a trip," Howard offers in a helpful mood.

I fall for that like a ton of bricks.

Packing a car is right down my alley, and the more there is to put in it, the more of a challenge. If the stuff can't be gotten in at all, that's when the ingenuity comes to the fore.

Looking at the car, I'd say it took considerable shuffling to get six dining room chairs and a large rocking chair into the front, and still have room for the carton of home made jelly, and the stuff from the Value Shop, and the driver.

If the load shifts any, there's going to be a driver minus a left ear. There is just room at this point to sit erect and manipulate the gimmicks on the dash. The rocker has an overhang, but the dining room chairs are wedged so tightly that they can't shift. It will take as skillful a piece of engineering to get them out, as it took to get them in. But that rocker . . .

Probably it won't move.

Anyhow, there are no marble slabs to complicate things.

On one similar trek south, there were five marble slabs stacked up in the back seat, with rugs between them to avoid scratching. They reached to about neck height. It never occurred to me until they were safely delivered that if they had started to skid, one of them could have delivered a very neat rabbit punch, and I'd have been all ready to be laid out in lavender, complete with marble tombstone.

This packing job was very simple, comparatively speaking.

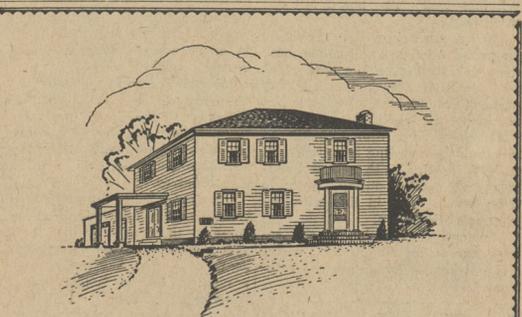
The dining chairs were in and out only half a dozen times, and the rocker only twice. Hardly a packing spree worthy of an expert's medal.

Nothing stabs the upholstery, nothing overhangs the driver's seat except that rocker. And there is a good clear view of the rear vision mirror.

The dining room chairs and the rocker are going to Japan, replacements for a somewhat beat-up array of chairs long overdue for the junk pile.

The requisite flannel shirts and sport coats for the trip are yet to come. They're easier to send parcel post than dining room chairs and large rockers. Japan, they tell me, has a good PX for use of families in the service, but very few PX's specialize in the variety of flannel shirts that can be passed on from big brother to little brother and kept for the next baby, for such time as he starts school six years from now.

Lots of time to make them up. Six weeks before the transport sails.



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