

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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Editorially Speaking:

Send Those Entry Blanks In Now . . .

Right at this moment James Kozemchak, chairman of the Back Mountain Christmas Lighting contest sponsored by Dallas Senior Woman's Club, is discouraged.

Jim has been a prize winner year after year in these contests. He has artistic ability. He is a photographer whose arrangements have been noteworthy for their beauty.

This year he thought he would like to lend his efforts toward making the Christmas home decorations in the Back Mountain area outstanding. He would not enter his own decorated home in any contest but he would start early and encourage everybody to enter an enlivened Back Mountain Christmas home lighting contest.

He has spent hours of work on the project. He has chairmen and committees working. The judges have been selected.

The results? Not one single entry to date. Maybe everybody is too busy with holiday activities. Maybe the money usually spent for home decoration is going to Hungarian relief this year. We doubt it.

But if you are going to decorate your home, why not enter the contest now. It will be work, and it will be fun—and the judges won't miss viewing your efforts. That can happen only if you make out your entry blank and send in your dollar immediately.

Wherever you live in the Back Mountain area you are eligible for this contest.

Give Jimmy and the Woman's Club a break!

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From Issue of December 13, 1946 Dale Dodson, Shavertown, sails for the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd's expedition.

A Nanticoke man shoots a spike buck in doe season and pays \$100 fine.

Orlando Schooley, father of Dr. F. Budd Schooley, dies at his son's home on Lake Street.

Mrs. Lena Hackling West, Towanda, formerly of Noxen, becomes the bride of Frank C. Shanberger, Elmira.

Margery McHale, Trucksville, is wed to Gilbert Manchester, Newport, Rhode Island.

Removal of price restrictions on meat causes a big swing away from poultry, with two million pounds consigned to cold storage in Pennsylvania.

From Issue of December 11, 1936

Dallas Businessmen's Association considers putting up lights in central Dallas, as well as erecting a Christmas tree.

Daddow-Isaacs is suggested as a name for the Dallas American Legion, which expects to establish permanent quarters on one of several locations now under advisement.

Henry M. Laing Fire Company discusses a new building.

Soccer is suggested as an alternative for football at Dallas Borough. Kingston Township school board retains Edwin Hay as president at the December reorganization meeting.

Norman Johnstone says Wyoming Valley Motor Club will continue its battle for major highway projects for this area during 1937.

Dallas Post continues its drive for toys for needy children of the area.

Dr. George K. Schwartz again heads Dallas Borough School Board. Russell Case is reelected president of Dallas Township School Board.

Ninety-year-old Aunt Bessie Wilbur, Franklin Street, Dallas, born in the old Linskill school house in Lehman Township, gets written up by John Bush as being a crack shot, as having attended the movies once in her life, and as having cast one vote, Hoover for reelection. And, as being an expert at hair-flower making. One superior piece of workmanship contains the hair of one hundred people; plus one dog.

William Heath's eleven-room house at Harveys Lake is destroyed by a \$20,000 fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Parrish, bride and groom, are honored by a super-size Skimelton, courtesy of the Dallas Businessmen's Association, armed with gasoline drums, tin pans, shotguns and whistles, and led by the fire truck with moaning siren.

Earliest ice in many years is being cut at Bert Bryant's pond at Meeker, where nine-inches is present at Raub's Dam.

Arthur Kiefer, Claude Street, fractures his leg in two places in a fall from a ladder.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

CHRISTMAS ROUND THE WORLD, a series illustrating the celebration of the Yuletide season in foreign countries, begins on "Micky Mouse Club" in the week of December 17-21.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME. A special week-long Christmas edition of "Home," beginning Monday, Dec. 17, will supplant "Home's" regular format.

Christmas through the eyes of children will be presented on Monday by ten six-year-old youngsters from St. Dominic's Foster Home, Blauvelt, N. Y., who, with their teacher, Sister Bernadette, will set up a Christmas creche.

Tuesday, the children from the Siloam Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, will reenact scenes from the Nativity in a tableau.

And so it will be each day of the week, a special Christmas program with the Don Craig Carolers on hand each day.

THE LITTLE FOXES on the "Hallmark Hall of Fame" will co-star Greer Garson and Franchot Tone. It is the story of a ruthless family in the post-Civil War South.

Franchot Tone will shave the beard he has been wearing for his long engagement in a New York revival of "Uncle Vanya."

Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., the son of the late Frank J. Tone, president of the Carborundum Company of America, Franchot attended Cornell University. It was when he was a member of the college dramatic club that he decided that he would become an actor.

Greer Garson won her education through scholarships to the University of London and the University of Grenoble in France. After a brief business career with a London advertising firm Greer decided to make acting her life's work. (Sunday 7:30-9:00 p. m.)

LORETTA YOUNG SHOW will star Miss Young as a warm-hearted, fun-loving nun whose Christmas revolves around a boy, a bike and a Christmas tree in the play "Three and Two, Please" (Sunday, 10-10:30 p. m.)

BARRY JONES, Elsa Lanchester and Richard Derr will star in "Miracle at Lencham," a Yuletide story of how a visiting American motion picture star brought prosperity to a run-down little English town on the Robert Montgomery show Monday night at 9:30.

THREE STARS, Roddy McDowall, John Laurie and Rex Thompson head the cast for "Kaiser Aluminum Hour" drama of two young brothers in love with the same girl. Set in a small Welsh town, the story is related by Sache (Rex Thompson), 11-year-old crippled brother of the two young men who love Gwyneth (Joanne Linville) Tuesday, 9:30 p. m.

OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS—By overwhelming requests, "The United States Steel Hour" will bring back Gracie Fields in

(Continued on Page 3)

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 Commissions.

Area Deer Hunters

Have Successful Season . . .

BASIL E. FRANTZ, Kunkle, downed a 5-point buck weighing 122 pounds on the third day of the season at Centermoreland 2 minutes before five o'clock. With the exception of two years, Basil has killed a deer every season since he was sixteen years of age. The 5-pointer brings his total to 22 deer.

BARRY ENGLEMAN, 14 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Engleman, Noxen, bagged a nice 4-pointer in Root Hollow on the first day. It was his first buck and weighed about 125 pounds hog-dressed. Barry was hunting with seven companions who were staying at a cabin at the top of Root Hollow.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, 15, Trucksville, shot an 8-point buck in the area near Lovelton on the first day at 7:30. He was hunting with a party of six who were staying at the cabin owned by Bob Hislop.

JIM COOKE shot a spike buck on the second day of the season at noon near Orange.

FRED DODSON, Dallas R. D. 1, shot a 4-point buck on the first day in Potter County. He was staying at "Cooney" Honeywell's cabin near the Sinnemahoning Dam.

GUY ZERFOSS, JR., Trucksville, hunting with his father and brothers Donald and Charles on his grandmother's farm, the Alice Edwards place in Mooretown, got his buck the second day of deer season shortly before sundown. This makes his third deer.

CARL GORDON, 19, hunting at noon on opening day on his brother Gordon's farm at Broadway, bagged a 6-pointer, weight about 127 pounds, his fourth buck in five years of hunting. In the party were his father, Lawrence Gordon, Eugene and Bert Gordon, Harold Post, and Joe Long, Speed Elston, Jimmy Croop, brother-in-law Ronald Kenney, and his father Frea Kenney.

ROBERT KREIDLER of Noxen shot an 8-point buck near Mooretown.

ROBERT TURNER, 16 year old hunter of Noxen, shot a buck in that area the first week of season.

ROY NEWEL, 17, of Noxen, also downed a buck in his home area.

THOMAS BEAN, 14, of Noxen, bagged a buck at 20 Limited, South Mountain, while hunting with his father, Elvin Bean.

RONALD SWINGLE, 17, of the Noxen area shot a buck on Rope's Mountain.

STEVEN TOMKO, 14, shot a buck on South Mountain. He is also from the Noxen area.

CORIC TURNER, Noxen, downed a buck at the Ide Farm, Harveys Lake.

It's A Sad Story, I Missed One . . .

Just as we passed through Terrytown last Saturday morning, enroute for a day of deer hunting at Spring Lake, my hunting buddy and I spotted two deer standing in a field. One was a buck! Till I got the car stopped, fumbled around in my pockets for shells, and finally got my gun loaded, the deer had started to move off down through the field. My buddy got in two quick shots, while I, slower on the draw, only got one. To my knowledge, the buck is still running.

I try to console myself that, after all, the buck was about 175 yards away, had a small rack, was a small deer, and anyway I didn't want to kill one that early in the day, but somehow this kind of reasoning didn't help me any. I still felt like kicking myself all over the field.

I also heard of another hunter who had bad luck. George Hayner, Beaumont, whose name I won't mention, missed one last week. It seemed that the barrel on his gun had a curve in it! Better luck next time, pal.

Believes In Starting 'Em Right . . .

"Torchy" Wilson, proprietor of the Noxen Inn at Noxen, believes in starting his boys out the right way in hunting deer. Both of his boys, one a 12-year-old, have high-powered rifles.

I would like to thank "Torchy" and his wife for the information they have given me on local deer kills made by hunters in the Noxen area.

Mail That Big Game Kill Tag . . . Many of the required big game kill reports on bears taken in the recent season have been received at the Game Commission's Harrisburg office. But a large number are yet to arrive.

All successful antlered deer hunters are urged to mail their 1956 buck kill report as soon as possible. The report card can get lost or mislaid if not sent as soon as the hunter returns home.

A legal requirement provides that the kill card shall be mailed within five days after the close of the particular big game season. Aside from this, the Game Commission gleans valuable information from these reports which help determine Pennsylvania's big game management program.

Barnyard Notes

Yesterday as Clifford Fink, The Dallas Post's superior pressman, was putting the finishing touches on Wyoming Seminary's attractive Christmas Opinator, I was impressed with the great changes that have come about since we first started printing the Opinator more than 24 years ago.

The beautiful, two, three and four color covers are still cut from linoleum blocks by art students under the supervision of Miss V. Helen Anderson, who is probably one of the outstanding artists in this field to be found in any secondary school.

My mind recalled the many fine young editors—both boys and girls—who have edited the Opinator over these years and even before that time during my student days. I can safely state that more than fifty percent of them are now the outstanding young and middle-aged leaders in Wyoming Valley, one is a Broadway theatrical producer, another is a top-notch author and professor at Williams College and I could go down the list with the names of men and women who showed great promise during their student days and have lived up to that promise in their later life.

Wyoming Seminary is a great institution—second to none except in age and snobbishness.

Let me point you a few facts.

This year more than \$52,461 in scholarships was given to 142 students in the College Preparatory Course. These awards were made under the terms of the will of the late Kathleen M. Hunt. In addition six Hunt scholarships, totalling \$1,510, were awarded to eighth grade students, five to students in the School of Business, and four in the School of Music. Sixteen other scholarships throughout the schools totaled \$4,200.

I am not aware of any similar scholarship fund in any other private secondary school in the country. Despite the fact that the school is sponsored by the Methodist Church, those scholarships are granted without regard of race, color or creed.

The capacity of the College Preparatory Department is 500 students. In order to balance the Classes and maintain the 500 enrollment, Dr. Ralph W. Decker, president, has set up a schedule as follows: Freshmen, 119 students; Sophomores, 119 students; Juniors, 136 students; Seniors, 136 students. There are seven sections of seventeen students each in the Freshman and Sophomore Classes and eight sections of seventeen students each in the Junior and Senior Classes.

At this early date there are openings for the 1957-58 term for only eighty-seven Freshmen; four Sophomores; forty-seven Juniors and six Seniors.

Wyoming Seminary has come a long way since the days of its beloved late president, Dr. L. L. Sprague; but it still adheres to the finest traditions of scholarship and democracy that make it respected and honored wherever its alumni take up their responsibilities as citizens.

All of us know the answers to the simple questions of life, but few of us will admit that they apply in our case.

If a man has learned to use his brain, he can work while riding in a bus, waiting at a station, or listening to a dull speech. That is, he can think up new ideas, make decisions, or review recent events.

If I couldn't write, I doubt that I would be heard since the women I know talk so much and listen so seldom.

From Pillar To Post . . . by Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks

With days growing shorter and shorter, and weather about to take a long slide toward the zero mark, now is the best time in the world to begin thinking about daffodils.

Less than three months until the first crocus. Three months to the day for the first bluebird. And only two months until the first frost-bitten robin.

Can you believe it? Winter isn't here yet, but spring is on the way.

Folks who live in Florida or California can't possibly have the same feeling about the first tender green shoots of winter bulbs, and that sudden, overwhelming bouquet of purple and white and yellow blooming bravely in a snow bank.

For crocuses, you need perspective, and a sense of proportion. One day, there is a melting drift. The next day there is a crumbling of the soil, a hidden motion far beneath.

And the very next day, there stands the plump little spear, tender but oh, so hardy, holding within its tightly clasped hands the promise of color, preserving its secret until the sun warms it, retreating into itself when the snows pile up again around it, but never deviating from its purpose.

Spring should come with a rush, daffodils following crocus in swift burst of gold, tulips following daffodils in a dazzling riot of color.

The grudging spring of the far northwest starts in January with the camellias and the whistling of the California quail, but it unfolds so slowly that its progress cannot be noticed. In that climate, winter is akin to spring, and summer is cool and springlike, moving imperceptibly into fall. It is always cool enough in summer to permit fireplaces in the long evenings.

Seasons should provide contrast. The flaming tapestry of fall, the peace of winter's snow, a time for the world to draw its breath before life crowds in upon it, cool dawn after a hot night, sunshine after rain, a refreshing shower after a long drought, the misty grey of fog along the seashore, clouds lying upon the mountain-tops, the flashing brilliance of an ice storm made incandescent by a shaft of sunlight piercing the sullen snow clouds.

A climate that boasts eternal summer may offer an easy existence, but existence is not life.

Life presupposes challenge.

And constant change is the very essence of challenge.

Maybe it will be a long cold winter.

But spring is on the way.

There is a clump of orange crocus buried deep in a sheltered corner of the flowerbed, waiting for February 26. It never fails.

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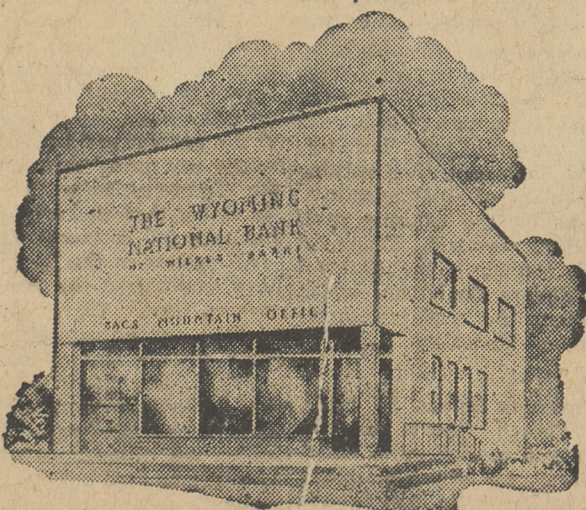
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